

# OUT OF CHARACTER



ISSUE 3 2018

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*Cover art "The Owl and the Harp", by Jess McHale*

# ਘਰਿਨੈ ਏਵਨ ਿਸ ਸਟੇਜ਼?

Well friend, SAGA is a place you can come and play games, and a group that wants to help you to play games. To put it into constitutional jargon:

*“The aim of the Society is to encourage the hobby of gaming, including but not limited to role-playing games, wargames, board games, and card games, and to aid its Members in the pursuit of these hobbies.”*

## Board/Card Games

While we acknowledge the value and fun that can be had from classic, childhood games like Monopoly or Cluedo, our members are more interested in what I’ll call modern, or hobby board games. Monopoly is 83 years old now, and we feel that board game design has moved on in some really interesting ways since then. It is an evolving hobby, in a similar way to video games. We play anything from classic “gateway” games such as Settlers of Catan or Ticket to Ride, right through to hot, just released games. SAGA has a large collection of board and card games, and we bring a selection to each of our Tuesday and Thursday sessions. As a SAGA member, you can request specific games from our Asset List to be brought along and even borrow games to play in your own time.

If you like video games, party games or puzzles, you might like board games.

## Tabletop Roleplaying Games

You might be familiar with the most popular roleplaying game played at SAGA at the moment, Dungeons and Dragons, through its appearances in various pop culture such as Stranger Things or Community. You might even watch Critical Role, produced by Geek and Sundry. At SAGA, we are interested in this and many other tabletop roleplaying games. For the uninitiated, a tabletop roleplaying game is essentially a storytelling game played around a table where we all play characters and follow along with their trials and successes. In most games, we roll dice to determine our character’s success or failure.

If you like story writing, voice acting or miniatures wargames, you might like tabletop RPGs.

## Live Action Roleplaying

Live Action Roleplaying, or LARP, is what happens when we put aside the dice and table and embody our characters more fully. Instead of describing what our character might do, we just do it. You might have seen depictions of LARP on TV with big battles in a field and people whacking each other with big foam swords. While there are lots of opportunities for this kind of LARP in the North Island, the Christchurch LARPing scene favours what we call “theatreform” LARPs. These could tell any kind of story under the sun and are usually more focused on the problems and relationships of a group of people than on large scale fantasy warfare.

If you like cosplay, acting or films and literature, you might like LARP.

We meet every Tuesday and Thursday evening from 6pm-10pm to play games. It is free to come along and a year’s membership is only \$5!

# The Owl and the Harp

An Actual Play Report by Jess McHale

**Avalie**- Elf Ranger and her companion, Sahar the panther

**Bar'ric**- Human Path of the Storm Herald Barbarian

**Brena**- Halfling Rogue

**Elon**- Half-Elf Conjuration Wizard and his familiar, Spots the owl

**Fry**- the Oath of Redemption Paladin

Once upon a time in the land of Ophitia, there was an abandoned tavern. A young half-elf, Elon, hoping to follow in the footsteps of his deceased adventuring human wizard father, convinced Brena, a halfling thief, Bar'ric, a fancy pants wearing human farmer, and Fry, a wandering dragonborn, to invest in the tavern to fund an adventuring party of his own. And so, one sunny post-abandoned property auction day, the four would-be tavern owners set foot in the pest-filled building. To their great surprise they found more than the bones of their economic future, they found a squatter and fifth member for their party, the elf Avalie. With her came a harp. Together they set up their tavern battling snakes, rats, bats and Elon's mother's disapproval. Bar'ric's axe tasted its first blood from his foot. Shortly after, they undertook their first adventure. They slaughtered a gang of cow stealing goblins and a wyrm. They came away with a wand of wonder and the inspiration for their first hit single 'She lives'.

After bonding through truth or oblivious-brushes-with-death using the wand of wonder, the party turned their attention to doing public good. They became well known for rescuing children and dragging the corpses of giant monsters through the town square.

The party gained a collection of unusual friends:

**Yurla**- fisherwoman and Mother of Fish

**Marko Moss Boi**- a young powerful druid boy

**Moe**- a magically conjured elephant

The Owl and the Harp had well and truly found their adventuring feet.

Venturing farther afield, the party met a tielfing prophetess living in a town with a different method of animal husbandry than most. It was here too that they traded monster and child sacrifices for the undead. Wandering deep into a mine in search of reported zombies, they encountered the goddess of dark pools- Clio.

With the dark goddess growing in power and the continuing silence of country's guardian goddess Selûne resting heavily on the party's minds, they set off for the capital city. The party battled a ghost and a wizard, bothered the ship building residents of New Shipton and took pity on an ignored cat. Upon reaching the city, the party explored every alley. They wisely invested nearly all their coin by purchasing a collection of several hundred rocks enchanted by student wizards. Fry and Brena snuck away to drunkenly steal New Shipton's cat and accidentally sink a boat as a trial use of some of the rocks.

Refocusing the party gained access to the palace through Elon's mother, a high priestess of Selûne. The party entered a scene of crisis control at the highest level. On the strength of the prophecy, Selûne's guidance and the party's youthful self-sacrificing attitude, they were sent to collect pieces of a conduit to aid the goddess Selûne.

First on their list was a piece located in a temple in the neighbouring country of Tridor. Marko Moss Boi introduced the party to Fern, a young druid girl. Her forest surrounded the ancient and seemingly evil ziggurat. Completely to plan, the party fell into the ziggurat. Once inside they battled giant crustaceans, bored water women, cat man statues, wights, zombies and their own conscious. They lost each other through temple traps and reunited to defeat a giant skeleton and retrieve the conduit piece. Upon exiting the ziggurat, they met Fern again. As an apology for opening the temple and because caring for small animals was not one of their many talents, they passed into her care Dwayne the baby roc.

The party then headed farther into Tridor in search of more conduit pieces and buyers for their pillaged treasures. They met Godiva, the gecko lady, and learned of an abandoned and mysteriously forgotten town. Naturally, this town became their next destination.

When last seen, the party had vanished a painting, demolished a stone wall and been temporarily set back by a locked door.



## KAPCON 2019

Wellington's annual RPG convention

19 - 20 January 2019

Two days of tabletop roleplaying and  
LARP, from fantasy to sci-fi, from  
horror to grand strategy

<http://www.kapcon.org.nz>

## Getting into Warhammer: Age of Sigmar

A Help Piece by Robbie, Robert, and Stanley

So what is Warhammer: Age of Sigmar? You probably know what Warhammer is; people wargaming with beautiful models, rolling dice, and planning out their actions. I like to think of it as like a D&D battle with models on the grid – except more visually stunning, you control units rather than one PC, and the rules are easier. Age of Sigmar (“AoS”) itself is a particular game of Warhammer; it’s not just a new edition of Warhammer Fantasy Battles. The old world literally exploded and a new game was born of the pieces of that shattered world. That means fantasy races fighting with swords, arrows, and spellcraft.

It is an excellent time to get into AoS; it was released around two years ago. The rules are simple and streamlined, the lore hasn’t developed to the point that it’s inaccessible to new players, and most of the models have seen a design update... and they look gorgeous. People are still excited and there are regular tournaments in Christchurch. Because it was released around two years ago it’s also easy to get models for cheaper (even pre-painted if that’s what you’re into). There are two reasons for this: firstly people are selling their armies because they have gotten what they want out of it and are going to start over with a new army, and secondly all the start collecting sets are cheaper. AoS second edition just launched this year as well, and the community has been growing exponentially.

So how do you get into AoS, lucky for you I have provided the stepparoonies:

### Step 1) Play Some Games

It might seem like a bad first step but before you start choosing, collecting, building, or painting you might want to play some games first. You might have a friend who can let you play a few games with their army – just to see what it’s like. If you hate the game Age of Sigmar itself then you might be of the mind that you don’t want to get into the game just for the models (though you might). Figure out if you enjoy the game before you spend any money on it.





## Step 2) Learn About the Different Factions

If you like the game and want to get into it then you'll want to look around a bit and decide what your favourite faction is. Age of Sigmar has a lot of beautiful lore; storytelling is a surprisingly large part of this hobby (if you want it to be). There are so many different armies to collect, build, and play that it would be hideously stupid to try collect all of them. So look into the options and see what ones jump out at you. The main factions are:

**Order:** A collection of groups that want to protect their civilizations from being damaged; some of them are the angelic Stormcast Eternals, the lizard/dinosaur-people Seraphon, the blimp-dwarf Kharadron Overlords, and the Free Peoples just trying to survive.

**Chaos:** Demons and their followers who are hell-bent on conquering and ruling over the mortal realms; some of them are the mortal barbarian Slaves to Darkness, the demonic bloodletting demons of Khorne, the gurgling rotbeasts of Nurgle, and the excessive and sin loving demons of Slaanesh.

**Death:** Made up of the thralls under Nagash Supreme Lord of the Undead; some of Death's armies are the spectral Nighthaunt, the zombie-like Flesh Eater Courts, and the Legions of Nagash.

**Destruction:** Wild peoples who love battle, freedom, and anarchy; they include the rampaging orruk warbands of the Ironjawz, the tundra dwelling and mammoth riding Beastclaw Raiders, and legions of spider worshipping gerblins called the Spiderling Grots.



### Step 3) Pick what You Think Looks the Coolest

Once you've learned more about all the different options and had a few jump out at you, it's time to pick from them. You're going to spend a lot of time looking at the models as you assemble them, paint them, and battle with them. Assuming you're happy with their lore, and their play style, the thing that's going to be the most important element that will impact your fun the most is which looks the most pleasing to you.

### Step 4) It's Time to Buy

Now that you have picked what army you want to go with you'll need to buy your first kit. "Start Collecting" boxes. They are a good place to start and they are often the best value for money – some players have built legal and competitive tournament armies through start collecting boxes alone.

### Step 5) Assemble Your Models

You're going to need plastic cutters to cut the pieces off the sprues, a hobby knife to tidy them up where they were attached to the sprue, a mold line remover so you can take out the edges where the model was printed, and some super/plastic glue. Then just follow the instructions.

### Step 6) Paint Your Models

Prime your minis or base coat them. Then do the base colours. Use any layer paints on top of the base coats to get a strong colour. Do a wash of those areas to bring out the details and then highlight them to make them pop.

### Step 7) Game

You are ready. Learn the rules more as you play.

### Recommended Media:

- "Getting Started with Age of Sigmar" An official AoS magazine (can find it on Mightyape or some local game stores.
- "2+ Tough" A storytelling and lore based youtube channel.
- "Vince Venturella" A painting based youtube channel.
- "HeyWoah" A competitive play based youtube channel.



## Stormcast Eternals Faction Guide

Chaos continues to pour through the realmgates, the mortal realms have fallen into darkness. A bolt of lightning is followed by a triumphant roar of thunder, an army of warriors clad in golden armour appear from the heavens.

Azyr's realmgate has finally been unlocked and Sigmar has sent the Stormcast Eternals to restore order. The Stormcast are an army of immortal warriors created by the God King Sigmar himself. Sigmar hand picks each of the realms greatest warriors and the moment they fall in battle he pulls their soul up to Azyr – 'The Realm of Heavens' for their soul to be reforged as a new member of the Stormcast Eternals.

Sigmar knew his only hope to defeat the daemonic infused Chaos hordes was to create his own army infused with the power of Sigmar himself. The reforging process can take days, weeks or months. During this process Sigmar infuses their soul with a fraction of his powers turning them into supernatural angelic warriors. Whenever a Stormcast is slain, Sigmar pulls their soul out of their body and returns it to Azyr where the reforging process begins again – while this seems like the perfect army, Sigmar has found some traits in the Stormcast that have been reforged multiple times that cause him to worry about the future of his army.

When you command a Stormcast army, you are commanding a force of God-Infused Heroes, it only sounds overpowered because it is. The Stormcast army has the widest model range out of all armies in Age of Sigmar, they are also the only Order faction that can ally with any other Order faction, so no matter what army you play - if you are on the side of righteousness the Stormcast Eternals are willing to join your army.

FOR SIGMAR!



## Sylvaneth Faction Guide

The forest stirs. A low noise can be heard through the trees, like the sound of rustling leaves but growing in intensity with every passing moment. The forest creatures grow silent, sensing what is about to occur. With the creaking of wood, the plants and trees seem to begin to move as new shoots sprout and budding flowers begin to blossom. Beings appear from the darkness between the foliage, slow at first, but as the call of Ghyran grows louder and increases in tempo, the creatures move faster and their numbers grow. To the casual observer, the sound is both beautiful and haunting, but it would be enough to drive one mad if they dallied too long. With a great groan the very trees uproot themselves and begin to move. There are shrieks and the cracking of wood, as hordes of dryads can be seen emerging from the gloom. Towering treelord ancients awaken from their slumber, as glowing forest sprites zip and zoom around them. The forest is heeding the Everqueen's call to battle, and the spiritsong's call cannot be ignored. Nature and Order must be protected from the the armies of Chaos and Destruction. The Sylvaneth are gathering.

The Sylvaneth are assembled into what are called 'Wargroves', a fancy name for your own army. There are a multitude of suggestions of how to build different Wargroves, but the best place to start for a new player is definitely the Start Collecting box. In it you will find a host of dryads (the grunts, or base units of your army), a branchwych (a formidable spellcaster and leader of the dryads), and a treelord - a giant walking tree which can be assembled into three different models, all with different strengths and abilities, and all equally terrifying. Beyond that, you can expand your army with tree-revenants (fast fighters who can play the pipes of war), formidable Kurnoth hunters (who can be assembled to fight at range or in melee), the leader of the outcasts and war-mad Drycha Hamaderth (cast out by the Everqueen due to her vicious war-crimes), and the Everqueen herself, Lady Alarielle (a winged woman riding atop a war beetle - a beautiful model). With the ability to travel the realmroots and teleport across the tabletop between Wyldwoods (Sylvaneth forests), the Sylvaneth are one of the most mobile armies - once you get the hang of them.



*Lady Alarielle, poised for battle atop her wardroth beetle*

## The Smoke Storm Rises

A Narrative retelling of an Age of Sigmar battle between Ironjawz and Sylvaneth.

Ralda snapped her stinging eyes open and coughed black air out through her tusks. The hulking, ironclad forms of her warband drifted back into focus. The rusty red iron, the jagged choppas, the skulls they adorned themselves with, and the bored dark green faces. The Smoke Fist clan of the Ironjawz host had not seen a battle for weeks, and so her orruks were growing idle. Darude, her finest warrior, stepped forward.

“Boss? Did the Waagh! show you the way?”

“Yes. The source of the power is close. Pack up camp boyz, we’re heading into the wyldwood!”

“WAAAAAGH!”

“WAAAAAAAAAAGH!”

“WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!!!!”

The orruks downed their food, and snatched up their packs. The riders mounted their grunting war-pigs, and Smoke Fists headed westward... into the forest. Enthusiastic screaming filled the trees, ironclad boots hit the ground. Ralda’s prize was near - the stones from an treelord ancient’s grave could be built into a forge that could craft magical armour for her boyz.

The Waagh! guided her clan through the forest for hours unimpeded. The clearing was found. The stones were found. The orruks got to work quickly; felling trees and excavating the stone led to constructing the forge right on site. Ralda oversaw the next steps herself, imbuing her magic into the metal and the orruks banged the metal into shape with their fists. Then Darude’s voice broke the rhythm of the smithing.

“BOSS! Sylvaneth incoming!”

“Form ranks around the forge, boyz! Riders, get on your Gruntas”

Wrapped in vines, covered in thorns, wielding magic of the forest, the dryads and their branchwych walked into the far side of the clearing. Ralda’s toothy mouth formed a smile, her warband would get a fight and it would be an easy victory. But then the ground shook, the treetops parted, and a Son of Durthu strided into the clearing - its imposing size slapped the smile from her face.

“Riders! Flank around and catch the branchwych from behind! Darude, take as many choppas as you can and bring down that treelord! Gurzag -”

Blazing light flashed from the Son of Durthu’s greatsword and cleaved across the field through Ralda’s shoulder. She could not longer feel her staff in her hand, instead just the warm wet of blood soaking her robes. The Son of Durthu charged forward, cutting down Gurzag’s unit in almost one strike. Feeling faint, she saw riders flanking left and charging the sylvaneth wizard. Darude was taking his forces right up the middle, right into the swings of the Son of Durthu.

“Duff up the big thing, boyz!”

The great treelord reached forward and impaled an orruk with its branch like fingers - treating iron and flesh like paper. Darude stood before it, Ironjawz shoulder to shoulder together with him. And then he did something cunnin', he kicked up the dirt, shoveled it with his spear. The brutes around him saw and followed suit. The Son of Durthu looked around, the orruks at his feet disappearing from his sight in a local sand storm. The brutes started chopping in the dust, the treelord was easy target to hit with an axe - even without the visibility. The Sylvaneth leader swung blindly, missing too often, his legs being chipped away. But as the dirt cleared, the Ironjawz were revealed. Darude leapt forward with his jaggard spear and hacked at the shoulder. As it splintered he grabbed the Son of Durthu's arm and pulled. The wood split, and the greatsword fell to the ground.

But the treelord let lived, as brutes swarmed over him he turned his vengeful eye to Darude. He took up his impaling fingers and forced them at Darude's chest. The Son of Durthu pierced flesh... but not iron. Darude stood in shock - looking in the eyes of Ralda.

Brutes threw themselves on the dying treelord, as the riders finished slaughtering the rest of the sylvaneth.

Ralda snapped her stinging eyes closed and coughed black blood out through her tusks.

"I was goin' to die from my shoulder wound anyway." She spluttered.

"Boss..."

"Darude, are you fightin' right now?"

"No, warchief."

"Are you lootin'?"

"No, shaman."

"Are you rockin'?"

"No, Ralda."

"Then you muckin' about, mate."

## Kickstarter- An Addiction

My name is Ciarán, and I'm a Kickstartaholic

A pretty high proportion of the board games in my collection were the result of Kickstarter projects, and I think it's time I did some reflection on my time on the crowdfunding platform.

The first thing is that there has been quite a shift in the kinds of project and companies that use Kickstarter. When I first started looking at and supporting projects, most of the games I saw were from independent designers and publishers who wouldn't really have a chance self-publishing if it weren't for the crowdfunding model. When I backed a project, it felt like I was making a difference. Some would blow up and become incredibly popular. The project would throw stretch goals and rewards at us to try and keep up the momentum. Nobody really knew what they were doing but it was all very exciting.

Nowadays, most projects I see are from companies I am already familiar with. Level 99 Games, Cool Mini or Not, Gamelyn Games, Grey Fox and more are now experienced and respected developers. They use Kickstarter more as a handy pre-order system than a necessity. Everything runs on Kickstarter exclusives and meticulously planned stretch goals. I could buy most of the games I back now at retail after the project, but... ooh, the shiny extras, the early arrival, the hype, the FOMO!

I am trying to take it a bit slower, but every now and then a project comes along that drags me back in. Checking up on the comments and updates as a project is funding is incredibly exciting. When the project ends, however, you have nothing to show for it for months... but you could always back another and get that feeling again.

Out of the projects that I have backed, there have been very few that I have had any regrets about and even fewer where I have been at all screwed over. I have little to complain about in terms of what I have gotten, but I definitely spent a bit more than I would like to have (USD figures can be more than you think).

I think the biggest danger is if you're a bit of a completionist. Some companies like CMoN will slide in new add ons throughout the campaign which, if you bought them all, would increase what you're spending by a huge amount. Be wary and think about whether you really need every expansion to a game you haven't even played yet.

I would recommend giving Kickstarter games a look if you have some spare funds. There's some high-quality games out there. Just make sure that you pace yourself and reflect regularly on your habits.

## CHRONICLE 01: Lizardfolk, Not Dragonkin

A story by Eric Porter

Nesvroth's haunted eyes fluttered across the smorgasbord of notices pinned outside the Broken Compass. Adjusting the glaive on his back with a jangle of chainmail, he focused on the ornate nail pinned to the board. The Chronicle stood out, beckoning for his attention.

"Of course... as the sun sets, the moon rises. Looks like these folk are boarding the deep end,"

Making a mental note to find Bran Timewise and check in with the Wakeman family, Nesvroth steps towards the door to the Compass.

A few days later, a jittery gnome with two leather satchels and a large multi lensed goggle set approaches Nesvroth. "Hi, hi, are you Nesvroth? I was told you wanted to investigate the lumber attack where the man was poisoned. If you would like some help I would like to come along. I want to learn more about the locals and what's in the jungle. I have some skills in Herbalism and Alchemy, so I may be able to help with the poison in the future if I know what was in it. As well as learning about the jungle I'm also collecting materials for another project I'm working on."

It's at this point he realises he has said all of this quickly, seemingly without taking in a breath and stops himself. "Sorry I do that sometimes. I'm Fizzcrank, and if you want it I'm here to help."

In the following moment of silence, a young man seizes the moment and speaks, stepping forward, "Um, I would also be interested in investigating the lumber attack." Turning to face him, Nesvroth is presented with a human male about 20 or so, with shortcut brown hair, in a tunic and leather boots that look like they were once of fine quality but are heavily worn. A glint of gold on one of his fingers draws attention to a ring.

"I have some skills in magical matters, mainly healing injuries, which I'm sure will be handy if we run into any of those lizard folk. Also as you can see I'm not very intimidating so people won't feel scared to talk to me during our investigation," Forcing a smile.

Ma'resh, introducing herself as a Tiefling wearing no real armour, or weapons, aside from a pistol and a few daggers on her belt. "Nesvroth?" she asked, finding the dragonborn with the seedlings of a party in the Compass. "Name's Ma'resh. Hear you're thinking about looking into the lizardman problem. Want another set of hands?"

Nesvroth quietly assesses each member as he starts putting a plan into action. "I believe the best course of action at this stage is to collect as much information as we can, in order to prepare ourselves on the field." A small discussion ensues, with the result of the tiefling & dragon to visit the Wakeman widow and the gnome & human to inquire with the mayor.

The Wakeman residence appears as nothing more than a small shack. A little unkempt along the path, but considering the circumstances, not unexpected. Ma'resh gives a gentle rap at the door as Nesvroth is only half present, in his examination of the building.



“What do you want?” A harsh, olive skinned human woman answers the door. Ma’resh makes a quick jump back, no longer obscuring the sabre from Nesvroth’s view. Regaining her composure, Ma’resh empathises, “We were hoping we could ask about your husband and the circumstances of his death?”

We are escorted in and offered a drink. “Grog is all we have here, what I’d kill for a cup of tea.” Producing a small engraved tin from his pack, Nesvroth hands it over with a smile. “Not quite the same fare of human tastes, but Mountain Starlight is the tea preference of Silver’s. I hope this will do, you may keep the container.” The look of astonishment, mixed with happiness sweeps across Hickma’s features as she fills an ornate teapot from the kettle.

“What would you like to know about my husband?” We quickly find out that he was struck down with poison barbs on the southern fringes of the forest. The attacks are nothing new and have been ongoing for some time now. They only occur on the North-western road out of town, around the lumber yards.

We were also told to speak with Burk, the doctor, if we wish to know more about the weapons used by the enemy. Furthermore, previous hunting parties have been unable to go deep into the forest, largely due to pitfalls and poison barb traps existing in the woods.

Upon returning to the Broken Compass, the two groups compare notes. The mayor is one, Nithroel Eltaris, who has a hearty affection for drinking large quantities of alcohol. The poison used to coat the darts and traps smells strongly of aniseed. There have been four previous attacks, all conducted by camouflaged lizardfolk. A reward of 10 gold pieces for each small black egg with green speckles has been issued in exchange for the investigation.

After a round of drinks, it is decided that the party as a whole will visit Burk on the way out to the field. The infirmary is a moderate sized shack, clearly purposed for isolating the sick and healing. Burk, who oversees the place, is a burly half-orc. “You not sick! What do?”

Nesvroth strides forward, greeting Burk with a traditional clasping of wrists, “We were interested to ask what you know of the poison barbs, friend.” He gestures over to a large wooden chest, “No use to me, you can take them!” Fizzcrank sees his opportunity and is already digging through the contents, matching the aniseed, taking samples and noting the tropical feather adornments.

There are two patients present, one with a shoulder puncture from what looks to be a broken spear, the other is sweating heavily with a cloth over their forehead. Glancing at each other, Ma’resh moves towards the puncture victim, closing the wound with magical stitching invoked from a spell. Nesvroth takes the other patient, placing a hand on the sun motif on his chest, the other resting on the cloth. The fever is absorbed by the paladin, before being evaporated.

Burk is astounded, followed by the realisation that his afternoon is at least free for other matters. Thanking him for his time, the party heads out.

“Fizzcrank, what did you find from the barbs? Are they magical in nature?” Looking up at Nesvroth, he replies, “no, not at all, definitely the same mixture although dated but otherwise not magical or potent. I took samples, wanna see? They might be useful, I’m sure of it.”

The path leading north-west out of town meanders its way through the grasslands, creeping closer to the jungle trees on the horizon. It is a few hours travel, with the wind coursing through the long grass. The smell of wild flowers ebbs and flows mixed with the occasional leaf from the occasional clusters that live this far from the forest.

Eventually, the party reaches the lumber yard. Half felled trees rest on the ground, axes embedded in the bark. Hardened blood spatters coat the ground, mixing with the dirt. Aside from the remains of battle, the birds sing happily from the trees chorusing with the buzz of insects. With no activity present, we push onwards.

The jungles heat and damp intensifies as the light passes through the canopy. The shafts of light break through the jumble of leaves, illuminating the clouds of insects along with the undergrowth. The denseness of the brush slows progress, but this slows us enough to be cautious.

Sir Robert, acting as a guide, escorts us around all sorts of traps along the path. Tripwires, darts and spikes embedded into the trees. Pit falls are evident all along the path, acting as deterrents for any who cross into this territory.

A javelin flies through the party, embedding itself in a tree beside Credulan. Two more swiftly follow, the first falls short, the second grazing Ma’resh’s shoulder. Chaos mixed with confusion erupts, with reactionary spells being cast.

A bolt of light guided from Ma’resh’s hand strikes the first assailant down. The second is claimed by a spherical bottle of green acid, courtesy of Fizzcrank. Sir Robert takes two down with his rifle, leaving gunpowder and smoke in the air. Ma’resh, now alert, singes the last in the shoulder, sending it slamming into a tree.

The small creatures are long tailed, with tribal garb, tropical feathers and adorned with poor quality copper metal chains and amulets. Lizardfolk, for sure, but very small and agile, each equipped with a knee quiver of darts. Ma’resh, healing her shoulder graze, whispers, “if we wish to negotiate with the lizards, we shouldn’t mention this encounter.”

Nesvroth quietly digs a shallow grave for the intact bodies, with Ma’resh finishing a small blessing. Continuing along the pathway, the trail opens up into a small clearing where there are three crude tents. The sweet smell of cooking meat and wood smoke carries on the breeze, as the party slowly emerges from the trees. The light is blinding as our eyes adjust.

On the other side of the clearing, beyond the tents, sits an obelisk protruding 30 feet into the air. The slab of stone it rests upon is punctuated in the corners with a similar coloured pillar, each with a capstone. Beside the overgrown plinth, a rickety wooden pen has been constructed, filled with hissing salamander creatures. The acrid smell of aniseed emanates

from here, but Nesvroth's focus is on the small lizard chanting at the obelisk, adorned with a tropical feather cloak.

"We mean you no harm, we simply seek answers!" The guttural sounds of Draconic greet the air, carried to the chanting priest. Although a different dialect, it is clear in the tone that we are a problem here and not welcome.

Ma'resh quickly casts a comprehension spell, receiving, "You dare insult the sacred place with your vile tongues. Leave now or I will unleash my pets on you." Conveying this to the rest of the party. Immediately, Ma'resh begins moving towards the pen, almost willingly but greatly pained. Credulan and Sir Robert quickly co-ordinate, rapidly dismissing the threat of the priest.

With a salamander swiftly approaching Ma'resh, Nesvroth breaks into a run, as she draws and fires her pistol. The sinking weight behind the glaive savagely drains the remaining life from the lizard, which is then enveloped in a blinding ray of light.

A flash of light faintly reciprocates from the obelisk, enough to attract Credulan's attention. Casting a light spell of his own, a rumble is felt more than heard. The light begins to pulse, amplified through the cracked stonework of the plinth. As the overgrowth begins to tear away, the obelisk begins to rise. As the rumbling intensifies, the stonework raises with gathering speed. A few moments later, Credulan sits atop a large stone temple, built in the shape of single raised teocalli.

A feeling of calm and light sweeps over the party, Nesvroth and Ma'resh easily attune to it. An aura of warmth surrounds each member, almost akin to rays of light on our backs. With the afternoon slowly fading, it is decided returning to town is the best course of action.

# EXCAVATION

*Themes: Action, Heist  
Campaign types: Starship*

**Outline:** The characters are digging for something

**Set the scene:** (Read this first)

"The weak suns beat down on the cold desert sands as you work. After some searching you located the target, and now you've almost dug your way down to it. But you need to finish the job quickly and get away before your pursuers show up."

**Questions:**

- What are you digging for, how did it get there, and how did you learn about it?
- What Faction is also seeking what you're digging for, and how have you beaten them to it?
- What measures did you take to make sure your excavation wouldn't be detected, and what has inadvertently left you exposed?
- What planet are you on? What dangerous creature is said to lurk in this area?
- What nasty surprise are you going to discover when your excavation reaches its target?

*Uncharted Worlds is a "Powered by the Apocalypse" roleplaying game about planet hopping adventures.*

*The above is an unpublished "Jump Point" or set of ideas and questions intended to help you get a game started, from Malcolm Harbrow.*

*You can find much more content for Uncharted Worlds and more here:*

<https://www.drivethrurpg.com/browse/pub/10407/Malcolm-Harbrow>

# EVENTS

## bodycists of dice

South Island's Premiere Annual Games Convention



6pm 31<sup>st</sup> May 2019 – 6pm 3<sup>rd</sup> June 2019

Location TBC

\$20 Entire Event or \$10 Day.

\$5 discount for GMs or SAGA members.

Our largest annual event, with scheduled roleplaying and LARPS and a huge variety of board games available all weekend. Flagship event submissions are now open.

Visit <http://saga.org.nz/bod/> to fill in the submission form.

## phoenix

Christchurch's Annual LARP Convention



4pm 23rd August 2019 - 6pm 25th August 2019

Waipara Adventure Centre, 137 Darnley Road, Amberley

Catered - \$85 Not Catered - \$55

Come along for a weekend full of LARPs! Flagship submissions are now open.

Visit <http://saga.org.nz/phoenix/phoenix/> to fill in the submission form.

## minicon i-iv

Low Stress Weekends of Fun, Accessible Gaming

Saga Inc. puts on four Minicons a year, each consisting of a weekend of semi-structured game sessions, usually at least one LARP and lots of board games on offer. Our 2019 dates are not yet set in stone, but they are always free for Saga members and a gold coin donation for non-members.

## 7<sup>th</sup> Sea Season 2 Finale: Episode 14-15

An actual play report by Chloe Sutherland

The day leading up to the meeting at La Champ du Triomph et du Souvenir is a chance for tentative rest and preparation. While Bastien spends time reconnecting with his sister (and discussing the precise terms of his agreement), the rest of the gang meets at that lovely hole-in-the-wall across the road from La Chateau de la Vie. As they sip coffee, Mirabelle commissions a nearby artist to paint campaign posters for Estelle Marchand and Marcelle Reneau in the upcoming appointment of Musketeer Lieutenant and Captain Lieutenant.

The cheque is dropped off by a mysterious waiter along with a large skeleton key. Together, they realise it opens the locks in La Prison de Cardin and link the relative quiet in the streets to an effort by the less sympathetic musketeers to detain potential meeting attendees.

They enter the prison under the guise of minor noble Mirabelle d'Arisent wanting to visit a flower girl involved in the riot. A quill-pusher, and his faithful poodle, shows them to the low security wing and explains that they have also been full to the brim as they keep the streets clean for La Toussaint celebrations. Yseult and Niccolo unlock as many of the cells as possible while Mirabelle holds the administrator at swordpoint and the three of them (with a hundred others) escape the prison through one of underground levels. They blast through the wall with Houbleton's stolen firearm, but not before freeing an assassin imprisoned for attempting to kill King Leon during his coronation.

They lead the people to the growing crowd, including Bastien, at La Champ. Niccolo (as the All Star) encourages them to form a resistance based on respect, love and peaceful disobedience while also musing on his past relationships. The effects of La Toussaint become clearer as spirits of past Montagnoise join with the crowd. The speech is cut short as agents of the Crown set fire to the border hedge, limiting the exit to the bridge lined with loyal musketeers and city guard.

Through the commotion, Niccolo spots the knight from his dream - one of the spirits in the crowd. The spirit approaches and encourages Nicollo, passing on the mantle of Hildraed the Avalonian Knight. As the knight steps away, he reveals the person he was possessing to pass on his final message to be Adele du Bois - the second infant that a young Giovanna helped hide away 20 years ago.

As the flames close in, the crowd realises the guard intend to silence the revolution permanently. Abandoning the peaceful approach, Mirabelle engages with a fencer in the front ranks while Yseult leaps the bridge on Wilfrith and charges the group from behind. At the last second, the ranks break.



Our heroes clash with the awaiting Crown Loyals. Bastien dodges across the bridge railing. Yseult tramples through the crowd on Wilfrith. Nicollo and his knight fight confidently in tandem. And, at the frontline, Mirabelle continues facing off against the leader of the group before he is defeated by a small trip and a long river.

Once done, our heroes and the people convened in the garden of Le Grande Cathedrale to discuss their strategy. They opt to intimidate and convince with the size of their force rather than continue the violence - then move to enter the building before the fire draws the attention of those inside.

They dramatically fling open the doors to catch the aristocracy unawares - insulated from the surrounding turmoil by large tapestries of previous rulers and noted historical figures across the Cathedrale's windows. The group stand off against a protective wall of lightning guard barely lifting a blade. They use their warfare expertise to attack the morale of the crowd, their powerful rhetoric to expose the misdeeds of the nobility and the crown's own weakness against them. Eventually, the resolve of the lightning guard weakened and our heroes were able to step through, arrest Louise de Montaigne and present her with:

### The Demands of Le Cathedrale:

No unfair imprisonment

No forced billeting of soldiers

Representation in the form of a peasantry parliament

~~Formal apology to Castille~~

With his daughter in the hands of Revolutionaries, King Leon rushes back to Charouse to negotiate.

Will it last? Is Montaigne now a free and represented country...or is this just the first (well, second) revolt in a much longer journey? Only time will tell.

## Board Game Assets

- 7 Wonders
- Agricola
- Alibi
- Android: Infiltration
- Apples to Apples Go
- Arkham Horror
- Atlantis Rising
- Battlestar Galactica
- Betrayal at Baldur's Gate
- Bingo/Housie
- Brass
- Camel Up
- Carcassonne
- Ca\$h n Gun\$
- Castles of Mad King Ludwig
- Chez Cthulhu
- Chinatown
- Chrononauts
- City of Horror
- Colosseum
- Colt Express
- Cosmic Encounter
- DC Comics Deck Building Game
- Descent
- Diplomacy
- Dominion
- Doom: The Board Game
- Dungeon Fighter
- Dungeon of Fortune
- Egizia
- Elysium
- Family Business
- Finca
- Fluxx
- Gang of Four
- Ghost Stories
- Hanabi
- Incan Gold
- Jamaica
- Junta
- Junta: Viva el Presidente
- King of Tokyo
- Kingsburg
- Lanterns
- Libertalia
- Lord of the Rings
- Lords of Waterdeep
- Love Letter
- Magic Maze
- Mahjong
- Middle Kingdom
- Munchkin
- Once Upon a Time
- Pandemic
- Power Grid
- Princes of Florence
- Race for the Galaxy
- Red Dragon Inn
- Rococo
- Roll for the Galaxy
- Saga
- Scythe
- Sentinels of the Multiverse
- Settlers of Catan
- Smash Up
- Splendor
- StarCraft: The Board Game
- Steam
- Suburbia
- Summoner Wars
- Talisman
- The Middle Kingdom
- Ticket to Ride
- Tobago
- Trax
- Treehouse
- Tsuru
- Viceroy

For any asset queries, including borrowing SAGA's games, contact:  
[quartermaster@saga.org.nz](mailto:quartermaster@saga.org.nz)

## RPG Assets

- 13<sup>th</sup> Age
- Battlemats
- D&D DMG 3rd edition
- D&D Psionics Handbook
- D&D 4<sup>th</sup> Edition
- D&D Starter Pack (5<sup>th</sup> ed)
- Dungeon Crawl Classics
- Dungeon Tiles
- Dresden Files
- Edgerunners
- Fiasco
- Fudge Dice
- Gamemastering Secrets
- GURPS Basic Set
- King of Chicago
- Knights Adventurous
- Pacific Rim
- Paranoia
- Pendragon
- Star Wars
- Space 1889
- Spycraft
- The Boy King
- The Floating Vagabond
- Toon

## LARP Assets

- Larps from the Factory
- Laws of Ascension
- Laws of the Hunt
- Nexus
- Passion Play

# handy links and interesting things

Find us online

**Our website:** <http://saga.org.nz>

**Facebook Page:** [www.facebook.com/sagainc](http://www.facebook.com/sagainc)

**Trello:** <https://trello.com/b/zs9KCAIE/the-saga-bag>

**Slack:** <https://sagainc.slack.com>

**Looking for group:** If you want to organise a game or see who is going to be there on a specific evening "SAGA Inc. – Looking for Group" on Facebook is where you want to go. It's great for organising both one-off games and long-term campaigns, as well as grabbing people for larger board games that require some organisation. <http://tinyurl.com/z46psz>

**Rooms:** Next year we will not likely be able to use the Wheki rooms. Stay tuned on our facebook page for updates about our new home for 2019.

OUR FINAL BOOKING FOR 2018 IS THURSDAY 20<sup>th</sup> DECEMBER. SAGA WILL RETURN TO REGULAR TUESDAY AND THURSDAY SESSIONS SOON.

