

# THE SCATTERPOINT SENTINEL

A RunePunk™ Journal

Date 12-29-06

3pm

50 Fathoms

Hensley

Cleveland Savagery '06

8pm

Shaintar

Fannon

Editor

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## Cleveland Savagery

Welcome to the Sentinel. It is a little a place I keep track of some of the things that take place in my RunePunk realm. This issue, however, is a wrap-up of the Cleveland Savagery on the weekend of December 29<sup>th</sup> – 30<sup>th</sup> of 2006.

While at Origins '06 an idea was born. Basically Norm, Al, and I decided that come hell or high water we would find a way to get in a weekend of gaming sometime before the end of year. As it turns out we just barely made it.

Thanks to Norm, Wally Harder, the owner of Gamer's Haven was good enough to open his doors to about a score of folks for a great weekend of Savagery. The store was well stocked, had plenty of tables for gaming, and a friendly staff. Did I mention there was a great pie shop down the block?

Okay down to the gaming. We had a full selection of genres to choose from.

### Friday

Time	Game	GM
6pm	Shaintar	Fannon
6pm	RunePunk	McGuire

### Saturday

Time	Game	GM
10am	RunePunk	McGuire
10am	Deadlands	Spencer
3pm	12 to Midnight	Wisniewski

## Lady and the Locket

RunePunk – David McGuire

My first story of the weekend, it was an introduction to RunePunk with the character's all started off as Novices. The group consisted of mostly Savage World veterans, so we got right down to it.

<u>Character</u>	<u>Player</u>
Teddy Brokenpipe	Jeff Armstrong
Eric "Gloomstrider" Johnston	David Barton
Scary Poppits	Pam Barton
Varaq	Allen Bohannon
Devlin Smythe	Adam Spencer
SwingLinnert-148 "Swig"	Tom Wisniewski

### Story by David McGuire

The group of novices had come together at the Fenwick, a flywheel (pub) in downtown GreyMesa, to discuss their future. The group consisted of Teddy Brokenpipe, a Ferren inventor with a good heart, Eric "Gloomstrider" Johnston, a hardboiled former whitecloak, Scary Poppits, a newly "born" Andari runecaster trying to adjust, Varraq, an honor bound Malakar warrior, Devlin Smythe, a hopeless romantic of a demonologist with a price on his head, and of course "Swig", the driven and heroic Overwrought. While the group bandied about the possibilities over mugs of glee, adventure found them.

The story started humming along as the group saw a beautiful Andari Lady come in and pay the barkeep a large sum of money. The Lady soon walked out the rear door to the alley drawing with her a quartet of grubs with blood on their mind. Eric and Scary were already in motion before the door closed. In one of the funnier moments of the night, Scary ran across the flywheel floor in a most un-ladylike manner. Sadly she didn't notice the drunk sprawled along

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her way, and she tripped and fell into the lap of one of the cotters (working man) sitting nearby. With a startled yelp the man stood and backed away, frightened by the pale little runecaster.

The rest of the group rushed out into the street and found the Lady accosted by the grubs. The fight was swift, brutal, and totally onesided. Swig's mighty Neumo awls combined with Eric's PitchPit and Varaq's claws were just too much. But then again the fight wasn't exactly over just yet.



**ALLEY FIGHT**

Out of the swirling fog at the mouth of the alley came a group of Bluecoats, Ferren syndicate. They announced their presence and cocked their FlintFlicker Fifties to make their intentions clear. They wanted the Lady, or more specifically what she was carrying. Eric stalled them for a moment by confusing them with a great line of bs, "she doesn't have it!" While the Bluecoats puzzled out what to do next, the Lady tossed a silver locket into the midden, near where Scary had taken cover, and bolted off into the night. Over her shoulder the Lady, whispered a promise of reward for the item's return.

The Bluecoats came back to their senses and let fly with their FlintFlicker Fifties. Lead filled the alley as the group took cover and returned fire. In the initial exchange even mighty Swig's iron hide got dented. Worse yet, poor Scary, who just threw a couple of wee little lightning bolts, drew a lot of attention. Two heavy rounds slammed into her, blasting her into the afterlife with a bang.



**SCARY DIES**

The Ferren continued to advance as Devlin, from the cover of the flywheel's window, unleashed some Demonic bolts. Varaq rushed forward and engaged the Bluecoats in melee. Teddy wound up his Lil' Digger array and burrowed down into the alley and popped up behind Twitch, the Bluecoat enforcer. The two Ferren tore into each other with guns and claws.

Now all of this fighting and gunplay had not gone unnoticed, from the other end of the alley came yet another player, Whitecloaks (townguard). The Whitecloaks came in cautiously with guns ready. They really had hoped the disturbance would take care of itself, but alas...

While the Whitecloaks came up the alley, Eric dug in the midden and recovered the silver locket. He threw Scary's slight form over his shoulder and ran across the alley for the safety of the bar. Swig, spying the Whitecloaks, headed into the bar, followed by Varaq. Devlin slammed a few more demonic bolts into Twitch's backside, stunning the Ferren enforcer. This gave Teddy the time to burrow away and make good his escape.

Which in the end left, poor wounded Twitch Skytower to answer to the law... Suffice to say a group of Whitecloaks collected a healthy bribe this night.

The group rallied together an hour later in a nearby empty warehouse. Devlin took Scary's corpse and performed a summoning. A confused and somewhat angry Scary was brought out of the realm of the dead and back to ScatterPoint, this time as a Demon. Great, she still hadn't gotten used to being an Andari, or dead even, and now she was a Demon with a nasty set of claws.

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*GM Note: This was mostly by fiat, but I thought it worked quite well within the context of the story.*

The group was now back together again. They examined the locket and tracked down the jeweler who made it in Midtown GreyMesa. The group roused up the tired old Ferren jeweler in the middle of the night to get some answers. This led to some interesting moments when Scary stopped the jeweler from smashing the locket with his magical hammer. In fact, Scary became quite the negotiator. Soon the group was on their way to Uptown to find the owner, one Lady WinterWood.

Teddy bluffed the group past some bored Whitecloaks with a story about the lot of them delivering a message on behalf of Scary's former employers, the Von Klapp family. The way was not quite clear yet though, for a group of enterprising grubs, supported by a trio of winged Malakar, ambushed the group as they crossed a bridge in the spire.



**SPIRE AMBUSH**

With lessons learned from the earlier fight, the group lets them have it. Devlin and Scary unleashed bolt after bolt, while Swig and Varaq literally tore their way through the grubs. Teddy went to work with his Snappers and Eric unloaded with his guns. In other words, the grubs and their flying friends were down in less

than half a minute, with only one survivor running off into the night.

Our story concluded as the group finally met up with Lady WinterWood. The Lady was thrilled to have her locket back and even happier to have a group of jobbers to call upon in the future.

## Finding the Seeker

Shaintar – Sean Patrick Fannon

Sean ran an introductory level story for his Shaintar: Immortal Legends.

<u>Character</u>	<u>Player</u>
Koran	Norm Hensley
Keira	Shellie Hensley
Something with a "K"	Andrew Kurawas ?
Something with a "K"	Jeff Lucarelli
Swiftarrow	Tom Ziegler

### Synopsis by Norm Hensley

The PCs were members of Grayson's Grey Rangers. They had been having nightmares about a man from the East that was being consumed by flame and darkness. So they were sent to a town on a routine mission to deliver a special item and were given permission to check out a grove of trees from their dream that happened to be near the village they were visiting. After fighting a minotaur and his lackeys they discovered that the man from their dreams was called "the Seeker" and was being held in a nearby town. The PCs ventured to the town, befriended a goblin that gave them the low down and proceeded to kick some tail. After a brilliant battle, they released the Seeker from his bonds. The Seeker helped them escape.

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## Dead Letter Office

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RunePunk – David McGuire

My second story of the weekend, Saturday at 10am was a more advanced story with the character's having been advanced to seasoned.

<u>Character</u>	<u>Player</u>
Lancer – 77	Sean Patrick Fannon
Goldsworthy Gurney	Norm Hensley
Teddy Brokenpipe	Tom Ziegler
Devlin Smythe	Dave
Tweek “Gloomstrider”	Sarah

### Story by David McGuire

The story started off with the group traveling to RiddleRock to take on an unusual bounty at the University. The group sat in a receiving room waiting to speak with Professor Tidwell, a functionary on the University's administration committee. The group consisted of five seasoned jobbers: Teddy Brokenpipe, a Ferren inventor with a good heart, Goldsworthy Gurney “GW”, an up and coming young human inventor, Devlin Smythe, a hopeless romantic of a demonologist with a price on his head, and Lancer-77, a heroic Overwrought, and Tweek “Gloomstrider”, a rough and greedy little Ferren survivor.

Fivers, Professor Tidwell's mousey little secretary, came out and beckoned the group to follow him. He sat them in his bosses' plush office. He even saw to it that Lancer-77 had a sturdy chair. Professor Tidwell came in the room like a cold front. He sized up the little group in an instant and nearly caused Lancer-77 to blow a socket. He also lingered for a bit when he saw Devlin, couldn't quite place where he might have seen the demonologist before. After a brief introductory interrogation the Professor got down to business.

Professor Tidwell explained that a librarian, Penelope Winthrop had gone missing some two weeks previous and strange things had been going on downstairs in the lower libraries. It was like pulling teeth to get the Professor to talk,

but talk he did. Apparently the library was a repository for the books written by the higher-ups of the University. And recently another group of jobbers had undertaken this job and met with failure. In fact only one still lived, he was a certifiable basket case. Finally the Professor agreed to pay a sum of \$10,000 royals to have the problem dealt with.

The group readied themselves in Fivers' office. He gave them a photograph of Penelope and filled them in a bit more about the strange goings-ons downstairs. Finally armed and ready the group strode down into the depths.

Lancer-77 led the way with his built in Arc Lights. The path ahead revealed a plush receiving and reading area. The current occupants were some hungry slag rats, a ferocious combination between a rat and an alligator. The slag rats were dining on the remains of some of the previous jobbers who met their fate in the reading room. Tweek, Lancer, and G.W. made short work of the slag rats.

The group searched the area and moved forward cautiously into the hall. Teddy and G.W. heard some muffled cries for help coming from nearby. Teddy used his Lil' Digger array to burrow under the walls and came up into a grisly display. A trio of red robed cultists were devouring the remains of was once a man. Chained to a table nearby was a gagged young lady, the source of the cries. She squealed as Teddy dove back down into his hole, she obviously feared she had been abandoned. Teddy ran over and told the other what he saw. Lancer started tearing through the walls, while G.W. ran around to see if he could find another entrance.

Lancer pounded and blasted his way through the walls, while G.W. found a locked door leading into the room in question. G.W. picked the lock while; the others followed the Overwrought through the walls. As the wall fell away, Tweek scrunched past Lancer and raced across the room to the chained girl. A few quick cuts with his ghostblade and the girl was free; even better he pocketed a bit of her jewelry. The cultist got up from their meal and got a look at the group. They each summoned up a rust puppet, an amalgamation of old parts infused with the spirit of an angry ghost.

Lancer and Teddy tore into the rust puppets, while Devlin hurled one his explosive rune

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shards at the cultists. The shard pulsed blue and released a tremendous blast that vaporized the cultists instantly. The fight was over and the reality of the abattoir sank in. The group made a hasty retreat into the hall and regrouped. Devlin, with aid from Max his demonic servant, and Tweek took the girl up to Fivers. Sadly she was not Penelope, but instead a member of the cleaning staff who had gone missing just this week.

The group finished exploring the first floor and readied themselves for the journey down a spiral staircase to the next floor. Before heading down the stairs, Lancer called out a challenge, in response the whole building shook for a moment. The stairs led down to a trove of broken mechanical parts. The group sifted through the pile, while Lancer committed to overwatch. This proved to be a wise decision, since the cultists were organizing for an attack just down the hall.

Lancer blew the head off of the first cultist to make the mistake of putting head out in the open. What followed was swift battle with a force of cultists, rust puppets, and lowly acolytes. G.W. and Devlin's bolts quickly whittled the numbers down. However, one of the cultist's bolts seared G.W. for a wound. As the last of the cultists fell, Lancer charged forward into what used to be the main library. Now it had become a temple and playroom for Mandrox, a nasty Fallen (Demon of the Fifth Circle). Tied to the massive stone pillars that supported the shelves were mewling prisoners.



Beyond the pillars sat Mandrox upon a massive throne of witchgrass. In demon's hand was a bloody golden goblet. Mandrox grinned at the group and took another sip. Kneeling nearby was a fair young girl in a dirty green dress. She was the girl from the photograph, Penelope, but

it was plainly obvious thanks to her blank wide eyes that she was no longer in control of her own mind.

Lancer plodded forward and blasted a round into the demon's chest, to little effect, while Tweek ran forward and started cutting the prisoners down. Mandrox stretched his arms over his head and bade Penelope to deal with "these interlopers". Penelope rose stiffly and turned towards the group, her lips moved out of rhythm with the horrible sounds coming from her mouth. From her fingertips horrible purple energy flew out across the room. Fortunately the G.W.'s gyrospheric defensive device deflected the bolts harmlessly.

Teddy used his burrowing machine to come up directly beneath the ensorcelled Penelope. He grabbed the girl and pinned her arms. Devlin raced forward, recalling all he could about the Fallen. As Lancer dove across the last few yards with his claws held high, Mandrox put down his goblet and sighed, these interlopers were indeed shattering his calm. With a quick move, Mandrox leapt out of his throne and the massive overwrought smashed it to bits. The Fallen was now fully upset, he began to list categorically how he would torture the group and rip them in to thimble sized gobbets.

*GM's Note: A great play of the Villainous Verbosity, followed by Adam using the Ace card on the Banishment roll.*

Devlin reached for his runic necklace and held the rune of banishment. It was now or never. The tethers of power that bound Mandrox to this plane were strong, but they were no match for Devlin's cast. A whirling green vortex opened under Mandrox and sucked him down. After a heartbeat the vortex hiccupped. Mandrox leered out of the vortex promising vengeance before being drug back down. It was done. The enchantment over Penelope was broken. After a quick search the demonic book, which caused the mess, was located and destroyed. All that was left was the collection of a well earned bounty.

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## Deadlands Reloaded

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Deadlands Reloaded – Adam Spencer

Adam's Deadlands story on Saturday at 10am was a big hit.

<u>Character</u>	<u>Player</u>
?	David Choma
?	Andrew K...
?	Allen Bohannon
?	Alex Kupiel
?	Tom Wisniewski

I know there was a lot of a fighting and dying going on over this table. I know several folks were pushing up daisies at the end.

Here are few pictures of the battle with the demon tree...



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## Innana's Kiss

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12 to Midnight – Tom Wisniewski

Tom's modern military horror, Saturday at 3:00pm, was a story for some seasoned soldiers fighting in Iraq.

<u>Character</u>	<u>Player</u>
Sgt. Bubby – NCO	Jeff Armstrong
Guido – AFV Gunner	David Barton
Myra – Medic	Pamela Barton
Jumbo Leshay – Grenadier	Allen Bohannon
Melvin “Chicken” Harlow – SAW Gunner	David McGuire
Steve – Observer	Ryan Stishal

### Story by David McGuire

This story was set in modern day Iraq. Our little squad was sent out to retrieve a device of some sort that was supposed to be located in around the village of Al-Bakar. Secondly, we were to look for a Fedeyene leader named Al-Qirba. So we dutifully headed out in our trusty M2 Bradley up that old dusty road.

*What follows are the notes of a debriefing meeting 7-24-05. Agent John Smith's field interview with Specialist Melvin Harlow.*

The story started with a bang, more specifically an rpg. The Bradley ground to a halt as the track links came off the guide wheels. Perhaps a dozen men were involved in the ambush. We laid down some accurate return fire and took cover in the rocks nearby. After a quick sweep of the area, we realized not only was our ride destroyed, but also our radio wasn't working. At least I found me a Feddy rpg, only one round though.

Sgt. Bubby said we were way too far up the road to hoof it back to the base, so our best bet was to continue on to Al-Bakar on foot. He hoped the radio reception would be better up in the hills. The march wasn't too bad, just a bunch of rocks and sand in our boots; now the village that was another animal all together.

Al-Bakar turned out to be sorry collection of mortar huts and ruined buildings. The folks all stank beyond high heaven. One of them yelled at me when I tried to look in one of the huts. I was gonna unload into him, 'til Sgt. Bubby told me to stand down. He ended up regretting that decision, 'cause them locals were hostile. They snake charmed the Sarge into going in one their shacks. That's where they tried to jump him. Matter of fact the whole village went ape sh\*t on us. We opened up on 'em and let 'em have a taste of the big green machine. When the smoke cleared they was all down. Sure some of 'em still wriggled and smoked a bit, but that must a been because one of popped a willie pete, or something.

Myra set to patch up our nicks and bruises, while Lashay, Steve, and I searched the village. Okay mostly I shot the crap out of the shacks, but Steve did a good job of checking my shot patterns. Hell, he even found a classy looking Feddy pig sticker. Some sort Persian sword he said. Myra nattered on about something weird with the bodies, but I had enough of them when they was up walkin', so I moved up to the trail so I could cover the squad.

The Sarge collected himself; he was looking a bit rough, covered in vomit and blood. We tried the radio again, but it wasn't working. Actually Steve said the radio was working, but something was interfering with it. Sarge looked up the way and saw a trail up to the plateau to the north. He figured the radio would work for sure up there.

Right, sure sarge.

So we humped our butts up the trail and as the sun was setting we came across some ruins. Can't swing a dead cat around here without find some Babylon this or Mohammed that. Myra of course went right to dig up the graves that were some fancy columns. Sarge just let her go on and on about some little monkeys that them dead guys must of ate. Whatever sawbones, just keep that crap away from me.

Guess what sarge? The radio still doesn't work. In fact the interference is worse. So back down the hill? Nope. Sarge says we were going to camp out up here. In fact, we're going to go down this fancy door into the ruins. Myra still keeps up about some nasty stuff about the corpses, but I finally figured her out, she was pushin' for a section 8. I should have figured it earlier.

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Well things don't get better down in the ruins. Jumbo and Steve find a passage and Sarge decided we should check it out. We march on into the darkness past some fancy doors and nasty little traps. At the time I figured it must have been some sort of Fedeyene bunker or something. I was wrong.

We worked our way out into a big chamber full of pillars and such. Down here we found some nasty Feddys riding some sort of mechanical bulls. We opened up on 'em, guns blazin' and laid them out. In fact, I even dropped that Al-Qabir bastard. Myra set to patchin' up our hurts, and we searched the chamber. I didn't dwell on the oppforce too much. I saved my worryin' for the movin' targets.



**CHAMBER OF PILLARS**

Well I don't know how they did it, but them Fedeyene boys had put an elevator in the back of this chamber. Well the radio didn't work, but Sarge didn't even try to tell us it would work if we road the elevator. We did it anyway.

The elevator opened into a giant cavern, so high I couldn't see the far walls or the top. Sitting out in the cavern with the only lights on, was some sort tank or craft. I figured had to be some sort a ruskie or zipperhead stealth bomber, or some such. Well we didn't get to look at it much, before some more bull ridin' Feddys jumped us. They were plenty tough, usin' some sort of taser

spears on us. And they were quick; they were on top us in a no time.

We went cyclic, but it wasn't enough. Sarge and Jumbo went down hard. Steve got knocked around, but he cut one of the pair bad with his fancy pig sticker. The lot of us retreated back into the elevator, but things weren't getting better. Sarge wasn't movin' no more and someone was screaming. Hell it was probably me. I snatched up that Feddy rpg, mashed the up button on the elevator and jumped out to join the Feddys for one last dance. Soon as them elevator doors closed, I mashed down on the trigger and slammed a rocket grenade into the feet of the Feddy. The blast caught both of the big bastards and blew them into plate-sized chunks over say twenty yards and threw me back against the door.



**THE FINAL BLAST**

Not sure what all took place next, I wasn't all put together right then. My buddies came back down and dragged me back in the elevator. They told me that much. A couple hours at the aid station and now... Well now I am talking to a suit. Sure you're wearing the uniform, even got a name. Smith, is it. Well, Smith, I sure could use a shower and some bunk time so get the pencil out of you're a\$\$ and let me get out of here.



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## Friends Reunited

50 Fathoms – Norm Hensley

Norm's swashbuckling game, Saturday at 3:00pm, was a story for legendary characters out to settle a score with Blackbeard.

<u>Character</u>	<u>Player</u>
Klay – Doreen Knife Fighter	Adam Spencer
Andor – Korindian Martial Artist	Sean Patrick Fannon
Tomas de Oringia - Firemage	Brain Sass
Faniferous – Kraken Wind/Water Mage	Cathy Bray
Jack “Bloody Handed” Kennedy – Pirate extraordinaire	Ed Dale
Kage - Samurai	Tom Zeigler
Jordan O'Malley - Swordswoman	Dee Rooney

### Story by Norm Hensley

When last we left our fearless adventurers they had lost a sea battle to the infamous Blackbeard the Pirate and two of their comrades were captured. So they limped off for repairs. Meanwhile Blackbeard headed to Torath – Ka to sacrifice the two PCs and more dark powers. The adventure began as the Keiran Cutter “Carribus’ Hope” drew close to Blackbeard's ship anchored in a small bay on Torath – Ka.

“Run out the guns and prepare for battle”, said Bloody Handed Jack. He was acting Captain since Jainey Hook had been captured. The Players all readied for battle and started rolling for cannon shots. In my games, I do not allow the spending of a benny to reroll a critical failure (double ones) and so there were several cannons that exploded terribly on the “Hope” as PCs rolled up the double ones!

It would seem the “Revenge” was not expecting a fight and so there was less than a quarter of her crew aboard. Andor swung across and quickly headed below decks to see if Captain Hook and Father Shamus were on board. After a quick

search he found the holds empty and dove overboard to swim to shore.

The Mages sent their Elementals onto “the Revenge” to wreak havoc as Jack, Kage and Klay all jumped or swung aboard. “The Revenge” was badly damaged and on fire, thanks to Tomas' Fire Elemental. As they fought the undead pirates Klay realized that something was wrong. One of the undead was spending too much time preparing something and not enough time fighting! As he hurried to see what he was doing Jack headed back to the “Hope” since his orders weren't being obeyed. Meanwhile, Jordan picked off pirates on the deck with her spectacular aim.

Kage made quick work of the masses of undead pirates as Klay saw that there was an entire hold full of TNT! As Klay stabbed through the undead pirate he realized he was too late because the fuses had already been set. Kage and Klay managed to jump overboard just before “The Revenge” blew into a million pieces and sank to the ocean floor... waiting to be resurrected by some dark power.

On shore the PCs quickly found the trail that was left by Blackbeard and his pirates. The jungle was quiet... Too quiet.



And as they carefully picked their way through the dense vegetation they were ambushed by

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giant Monk Apes! It seemed as if these apes were being directed as they fought with terrible speed and efficiency. However, the heroes quickly prevailed as the jungle was covered in Monk Ape blood and bits of goo. (At this point several adventurers had to leave and their characters turned into allies to be run by other PCs).



**MOM LOOKS MAD**

Then a terrifying shriek pierced their ears. Mama was looking for her babies! A 60' tall Monk Ape came crashing through the jungle canopy and she was mad! Of course, this threat was easily dealt with as the PCs Firemage ended it's short charge with a barrage of fire bolts!

The PCs once again took up the trail but were much more cautious this time. They sent Klay and Andor forward as scouts, which paid off. They realized an invisible opponent was following them. They killed her and each drank what they thought was an invisibility potion. Turns out they were right!

The group finally came upon a set of ruins where Captain Jaaney Hook and Father Shamus were tied to an altar. There were blue green fires lit all over the place and there were lots of undead pirates watching the scene. Both Andor and Klay got up close to the action using their Stealth and the invisibility potions.

Bloody Handed Jack had a score to settle with one of the Wild Card undead (from a previous adventure) and Jordan just wanted to shoot, stab and kill anything that moved!

And so with lots of dice rolling a few good one-liners Blackbeard was killed, the ritual stopped and the two PCs rescued!

## The Lost Company

Shaintar – Sean Patrick Fannon

Sean's Immortal Legends game, Saturday at 8:00pm, was a story for legendary characters. Sadly timing and the onset of the plague curtailed the length of this game.

<u>Character</u>	<u>Player</u>
Dothan	Allen Bohannon
Ogchar	Norm Hensley
Sable	Craig Henson
Sigmund Volsung	David McGuire
Skeezzer	Tom Wisniewski

Story by David McGuire

Dothan, Ogchar, and Sigmund set out to meet up with Skeezzer and Sable. We had hoped to unravel the mystery of the disappearance of some allies within the regions of the forest.



**THE HEROES GATHER**

Our travels took us to a large gully filled with fresh burial mounds. Soon we found ourselves embroiled in a nasty fight with nearly a company-sized unit of Prelacy commandos. When the smoke cleared we were able to

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question a few of the prisoners, but the answers we were given left us with far more questions.

## That's A Wrap!

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Well that is definitely enough for now. I do wish we had gotten a few more photos. Specifically I wish we would have gotten a photo of Norm's ship deck he put together for his 50 Fathoms story. And I really would have liked to remembered to get at least one group photo. Oh well, perhaps next time. Suffice to say we had a good time in Cleveland and the whole gang looks forward to more get Savagery in the future!



***DAVEPUNK!***