

# THE INNER KINGDOM UPDATE

JUNE 2011

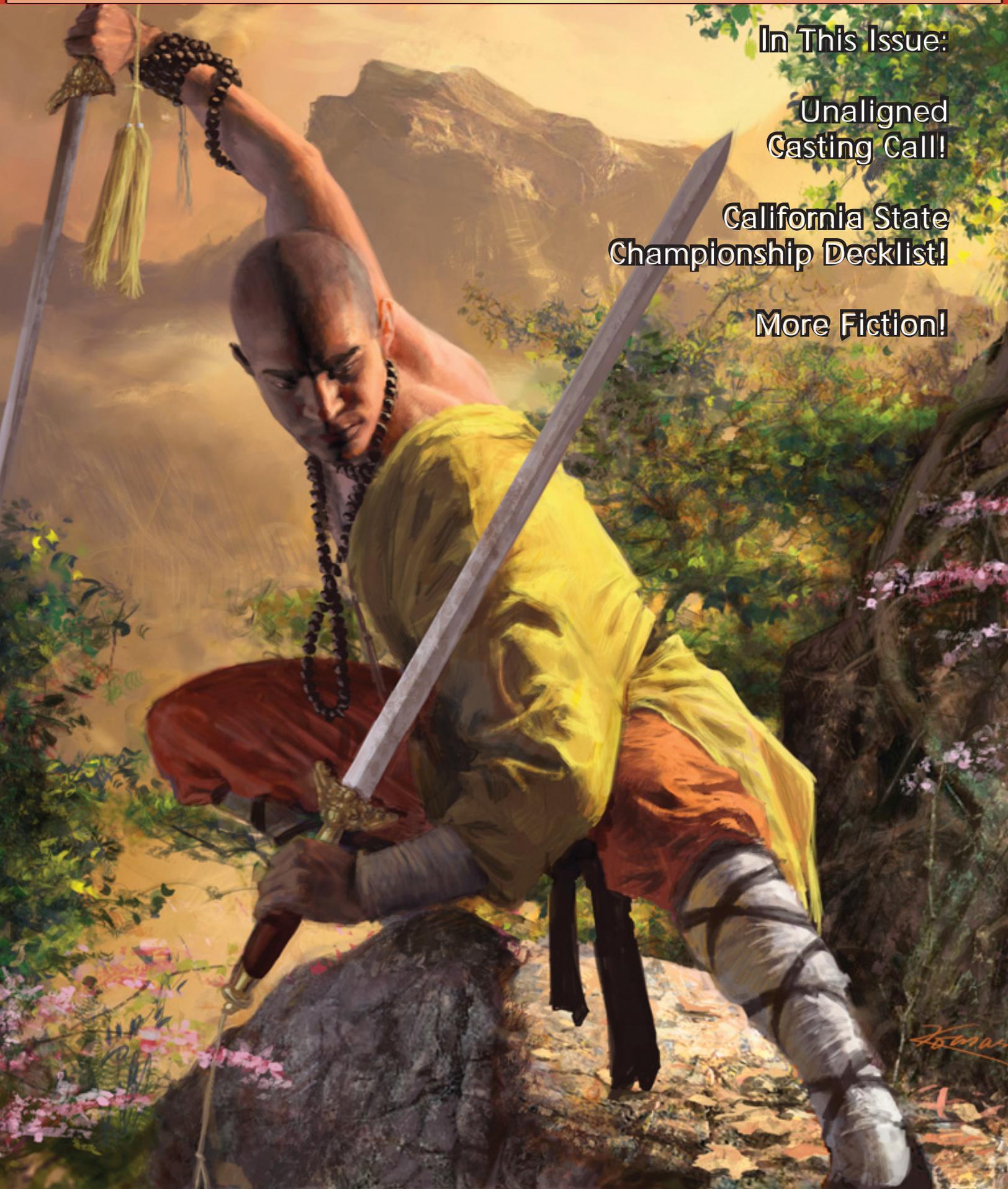
VOLUME 2, ISSUE 6

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# KublaCon 2011

## California State Championship

### Event report by Michael Stadermann

#### New Heroes

Winner: Earl Miles

4 players showed up for the New Heroes, and three had made decks. I gave Earl the Syndicate deck, playing the (inferior) Purist deck myself. Jeremy played Syndicate and Miguel played Ascended. We played non-timed rounds until someone won twice (or we got bored, in which case we would have tallied the points to determine the winner). In the first game, only I had a good draw and stomped the opposition in short order. Game 2 and 3 saw more interaction, but were fairly quickly won by Earl.

#### Whirlpool of Blood

Winner: Earl Miles

This was the by far best attended event: 9 players, including two players from Nevada, Tom and Kat, who had played the game ages ago but hadn't seen any of the new cards. They both put up a great fight though, with Tom making it into the finals, quite an accomplishment in a tournament type that heavily favors the players who know the card pool. Everybody (barely) managed to finish on time in the first round, but in the second round, all tables except for the leading table timed out, which screwed everybody on match points and led to a final that was a repeat of the round two game. The final ended around 2pm, after I had failed to spot either of the two 1-cost Lotus resources in my hand of 12 cards, because I was fixated on having to play Agathon for my 4th Lot resource, and so I couldn't stop Earl's push for the win with Underworld Coronation.

#### Final Brawl (State Championship)

Winner: Jeremy Dale

I was hoping to get at least 6 players for this event, but we got the usual suspects again: Earl, Jeremy Dale, Miguel and myself. So we just decided to play non-timed rounds until we got bored and tally up points again. It turned out that that would be just two games: the first game was won reasonably early by Jeremy. The second game dragged on: Miguel was playing a Reiger Battleground deck, which needed keeping down to stop explosion, and I was playing a revamped version of Dirty Demons, which kept burning to a minimum thanks to 4 Demon Whiskeys that showed up early. It always felt like there wasn't a whole lot of stuff on the table to take, and I couldn't draw more than one of my Bloody Hordes (or any of the bigger demons) to go for the win myself. In the end, Earl won by blowing up the Devil's Rope that was protecting my damaged NDT with a Glimpse, and I didn't have enough power to Torture his Mutator. After that, we decided to call it, and Jeremy won the Championship by a single Game Point!

# California State Championship Deck

“New Heroes ++” by Jeremy Dale

## Characters:

- 4 Mars Colonists
- 3 Street Racers
- 1 Street Sweeper
- 2 Street Sensei
- 1 Zero-G Sumo
- 1 Hirake Kazuko
- 1 Rei Okamoto
- 1 Street Doc
- 2 Tattooed Man
- 1 Nihilist
- 1 Devandra Chelal
- 2 Mars Program Executive

## Other:

- 2 Fingertip Razors
- 2 Bandolier of Throwing Knives
- 2 Hyperalloy Blades
- 1 Platinum Upgrade
- 1 Improvised Weapons
- 1 Corporate Warfare
- 1 Price of Progress
- 2 Reprogramming
- 3 Data Mining
- 2 Catching Bullets

## Sites

- 6 Great Wall
- 3 Moon Base
- 1 Martyr's Tomb
- 1 Lagrange Four
- 1 The Wireless
- 1 Cybermod Parlor



## Origins 2011 Shadowfist Schedule of Events

1. Who Wants Some?	All Weekend Long!		
2. Demo and Learn to Play	Wednesday	1800	2 hours
3. Demo and Learn to Play	Thursday	1000	2 hours
4. New Heroes (Nationals)	Thursday	1400	4 hours
5. New Heroes Finals	Thursday	1800	2 hours
6. Whirlpool of Blood	Friday	1000	6 hours
7. Who's the Big Man Now?	Saturday	1800	4 hours
8. Final Brawl (Nationals)	Saturday	1000	6 hours
9. Final Brawl Finals	Saturday	1600	2 hours
10. Comrades in Arms	Friday	1800	4 hours
11. Ritual of the Unnameable	Sunday	1000	4 hours

Origins Game Fair

June 22-26, 2011

Greater Columbus Convention Center

Columbus, Ohio 43215

# “Hanging Judge” by Damian Breslin

The wind roared as dust fell in waves upon the ground. In from the sandstorm walked a man, his visage rippling in the heat. As he drew closer, his silhouette shifted to the form of the relentless wanderer Texas Jack Cody.

He scraped his heels on an age-worn fence that encircled a little town called Rus- tler’s Cove. He knew it to be a place outlaws gathered to exchange tales of their exploits and to escape the law. The lawmen in this town had shit-for-brains, so even with the ‘Hanging Judge’ amongst them, the crooks still considered it safe.

He had taken but a few steps past the gate when he saw a man trailing a familiar horse -- the same horse that was stolen out from under him by his crafty prey. Cody rushed behind the man and snatched the bridle from him. The man yelped and fell to the ground in shock. He recovered, took one glance at his stern assailant, and bolted.

Cody paid him no mind as he ran his hand firmly yet gently across her snout. “Well I was wonderin’ when I’d see you again. You off and took to another rider.” He gave a rough pat to her neck as dirt billowed from around his hand. “I forgive you an’ I know you’d never take a stranger to your back without a fight.”

He turned his head at the sound of an altercation coming from the center of town. He walked past a row of boarded up houses and a stone well. Off in the distance lay a lonely jailhouse with a guard slouched in front sleeping, his head bandaged. At the center of town was the main attraction. A platform stood with three posts rising high at the back, each with an arm extending out from the top. They pointed ominously toward the town gate and the hellish desert beyond.

Behind this wooden spectacle lay the courthouse where the commotion was coming from. It was the only building in town that didn’t look like it had recently been struck by a twister. Jack walked toward the white-washed building as a lawman stumbled backward down the courthouse steps. A white-haired, red-faced man stormed through the doorway behind him. It was the notorious ‘Hanging Judge’, and he was pissed.

“What in the hell do you mean he got out again?!” The robed Judge exclaimed. “I can understand him trickin’ ya the first time, but twice in a row, you idgit -- what would your momma have to say about this? You think she’d be proud to know what a fool of son she’d whelped? Get outta’ my damn courthouse and find that good-fer-nothing sheriff of yours and tell him to get over here as soon as he’s done with whatever’s keepin’ him from doing his doggone job. Now get!” The man jolted to his feet and ran off toward the prison.

Jack slowly walked toward the large man



# “Hanging Judge” by Damian Breslin

Continued



whose face was now red as a raspberry. “Now what’s got the honorable Earl Mason all in a huff this time?”

“Well if it ain’t Jack Cody!” The judge opened his arms wide as if he were welcoming a friend. “What’re you doing ‘round these parts, stranger?”

“Well Earl you look like someone took away your favorite toy. What’s got you in the guff?” Cody grinned slyly. “Someone slip poison in your morning eggs?”

The judge stared blankly at Cody before working himself up again. “Dipshit deputy lost a prisoner up for trial today! I’ll have Hoosgow Jackson in the noose one of these days, I assure you!” The judge resumed his raspberry color display as he stared in the direction of the jail. He paused for a moment before turning back to Cody. “Say, you caught yer little damsel yet?”

“Nah, but she’s not far. I’ll get her.” Cody dismissed the judge’s prodding.

“She’s a slippery one ain’t she? Think she might be a bit too much for ya, Jack?” The

judge was grinning eagerly as he closed in on Cody. Judge Mason went to put an arm around him but was stopped short.

Glaring at the good judge, Cody clenched down on his arm like a vice. “You’re one to talk. You had Jackson behind bars and you couldn’t even manage to keep him there. Don’t be preaching to me what you can’t manage yourself.” He tossed the judge’s arm aside.

“No need to get all in a huff!” Mason backed away from the cold anger resonating from Jack Cody. “I don’t catch ‘em or lock ‘em up. I just give ‘em a fair trial and see to it someone else gets ‘em their last meal. Not my fault the law in this town is a bunch o’ flea-bit-ten morons.” The Judge rubbed his arm where it had been grabbed. “Now you shouldn’t go assaulting an honorable man of the court like myself less you’re aiming to give up your ghost!”

Cody turned away from the judge and guided his horse toward the stable, leaving him standing there with a dogged expression. Judge Mason threw his arms up in defeat as he stormed back up the steps to the courthouse.

“Aw, hell. You go off an’ chase yer little filly to yer heart’s content. You best stay on my good side or don’t come back! I’ll have you hog-tied before you can whistle Dixie!”

“Good luck with that.” Cody smirked as the dust whirled around his heels with each step. He turned the corner and left Mason to wallow in his anger. He didn’t care to let the honorable judge warm up to him. There was no telling what that man would do to get what he wanted.

Cody made his way to the stable, his horse close behind. It sat on the edge of town not too far from the jailhouse. He tied the bri

# “Hanging Judge” by Damian Breslin

Continued

dle to a haggard looking beam and went inside the attached lodging.

Crouched over a small box was a man, unaware and mumbling to himself. The man shot up as Cody cleared his throat.

“What the?! I didn’t steal nothin’, this was my maw’s may she rest in peace!”

It was the man he’d taken the bridle from earlier. His face was pale and ironically resembled that of a horse. His brow beaded with sweat as he eyed the ranger.

“Don’t worry none. I ain’t after whatever you didn’t steal there.” Jack briefly showed his teeth in an eerie grin. “You run the stables here? I need to rest my girl for a bit.

The man winced at the site of the Cody’s smile. “You meanin’ the one ya snatched from me afore? I don’t mind if’n she belongs to ya. Found her wanderin’ the desert all worn out and such. I-“ The man was stopped short.

“She’s mine. I have some business to attend to and I’d rather not take her if I can’t be sure I’ll bring her back.”



The man swallowed hard. “I guess I don’ mind none. How long ya wantin’ to keep ‘er here?”

“Not sure. If it’s cash you’re worried about, I’m good for it.”

“Oh no, I’s just-“

“Can you put her up or not?” Cody interrupted.

“Y- yeah don’t you worry,” the man stammered. “She’ll be ready an’ rarin’ when ya get back.”

“Good.” Cody tersely replied. “Question.”

“Yessir?”

“What happened to the jailhouse guard the night Jackson broke out?”

The man paused for a second before replying. “Seems ol’ Hoosgow Jackson gave ‘im a right konk on the noggin, or so I heard. Did it with his own ball an’ chain too! His gang came to break ‘im out, but he was out ‘fore they got to the jail. That-“

“Where are they now?” Cody was growing increasingly agitated by the man’s incessant banter.

# “Hanging Judge” by Damian Breslin

Continued

“Beg your pardon?” The man wrung his hands nervously.

“The Jackson gang. Where do they hang out when they’re not busy breaking their boss out?”

“Well, they’re only rumors but...”

Cody motioned to the man to follow as he walked out of the room and toward his horse. “Rumors’ll do.”

“Ah, well...” The man started into a long-winded description.

Cody grabbed a few things from his rucksack and stored them in his saddle. He patted his horse on the rump and stared into the dying storm as he took in the man’s prattle. “Perhaps I can shake something out of ol’ Hoosgow.” He thought to himself. “Jackson escaping and my horse finding her way here is quite the coincidence. He might just be of use, one way or another.”

Jack Cody tossed his rucksack over his shoulder yet again as the horse-faced man finished his rambling. With blood on his mind, he sauntered off toward the invisible horizon until the sand had completely enveloped him.



Check back in July for the next exciting installment of the Shurikens and Six Guns Shadowfist Fiction!



# CASTING CALL: UNALIGNED



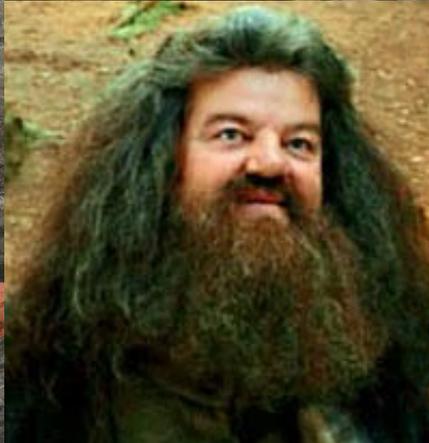
Noriko Watson

We open with the high-tech, razor-blade-fingered, site-taking badass who is as deadly as she is beautiful. Queue *Arrested Development*'s Portia De Rossi, who perfected her managerial look of death in the short-lived *Better off Ted*.



Marauder Lord

Between *Rambo*, *Rocky Balboa* and *The Expendables*, Sly Stallone has spent the last few years showing the world he's still got what it takes to be an action star. That said, some cybernetic enhancements couldn't hurt.



Shung Dai

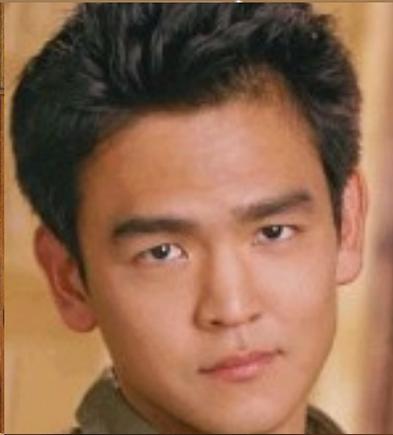
Although Robbie Coltrane has been on the acting and comedy circuit for ages, most Americans know him best in the last decade as Hagrid of *Harry Potter* fame. With the last movie done now, we're hoping he won't mind one more stint with massive facial hair.



Lusignan the Fool

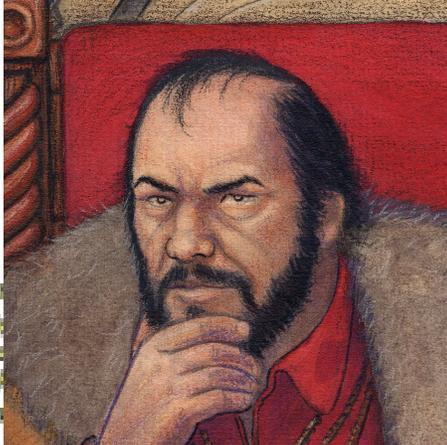
X-Files alum Robert Patrick gets to don the most ridiculous outfit in the *Shadowfist* world when he takes on the eccentric role of the brilliant Lusignan. As an added bonus, we'll see if he can also nail the role of the sacrificial Automaton.

# CASTING CALL: UNALIGNED



## Yakuza Enforcer

Having demonstrated some wicked fencing skills in *Star Trek*, John Cho is primed and ready to move on to throwing daggers and start training as a Japanese mob hitman.



## Zino The Greek

Zach Galifianakis would doubtless have an interesting take on how to approach Zino, but we are nothing if not capable of laughing at ourselves and developing characters in new and interesting ways. I would imagine Zach's portrayal to look something like Herod from *Jesus Christ Superstar*.



## White Ninja

This casting job had everything to do with the eyes and Brenda Song, recently seen on *The Social Network* going spectacularly crazy and setting fire to stuff, is the perfect choice.

Thank you for reading this month's issue of The Inner Kingdom Update. Contact us at [icediadem@yahoo.com](mailto:icediadem@yahoo.com) with feedback and suggestions on how to better service the Shadowfist community.

*Inner Kingdom Games, Inc. is Daniel Griego of Austin, Texas and Braz King of Toronto, Ontario*