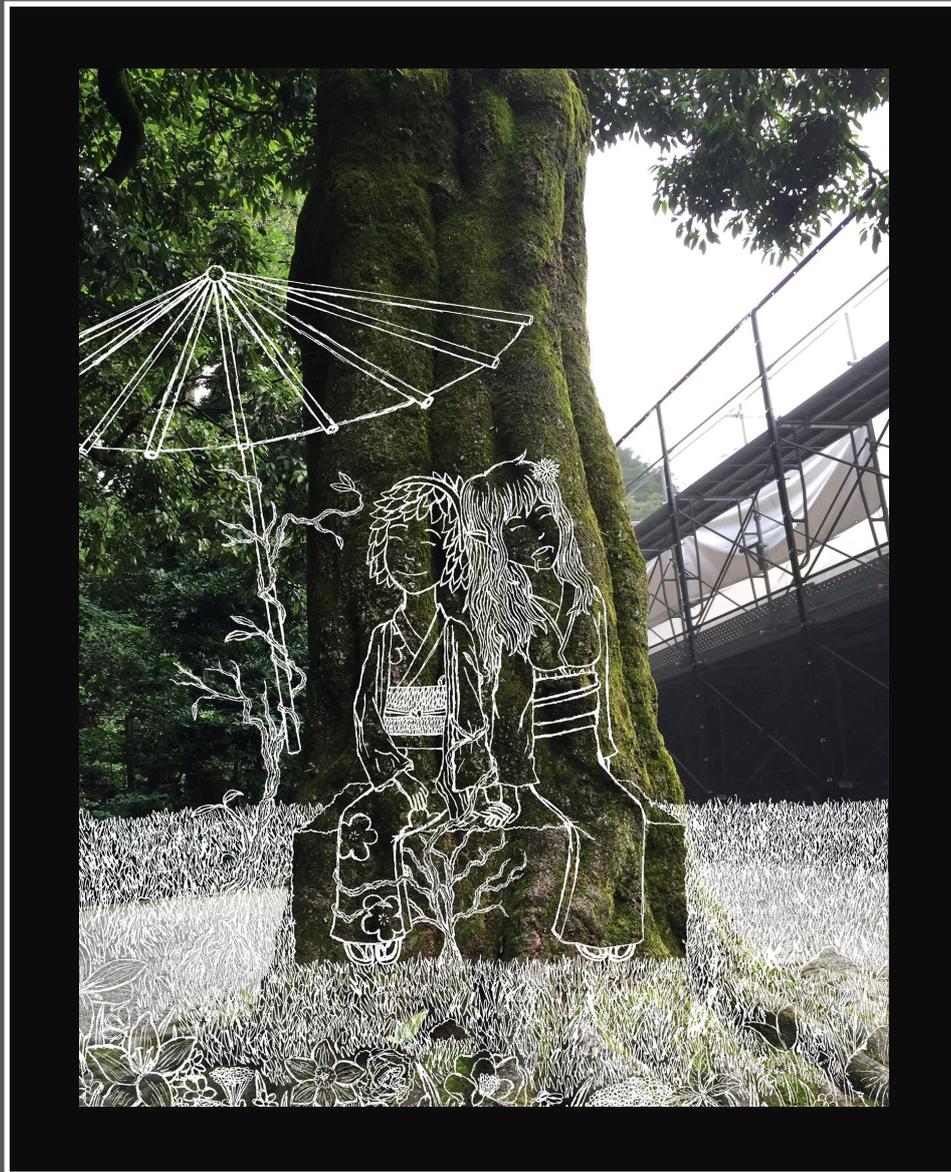


the zweihander



October 2018

Issue Drei (III)

FREE

AGM EDITION

SYDNEY UNIVERSITY POP
CULTURE & GAMES SOCIETY

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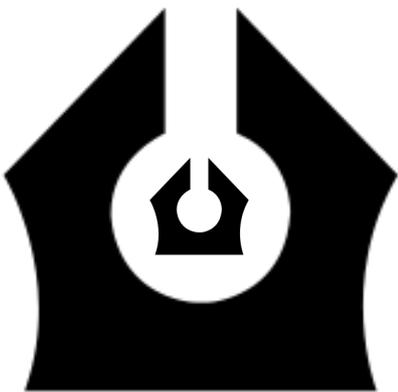
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October 5

Cover Art

Ethan Bookstein

Editorial

Let us open by giving sincerest thanks to you, dear reader. You who have seen this magazine, moved towards it, lifted and opened it, and finally turned your eyes upon this very editorial. Every action, every choice you have made in those brief moments gives meaning and value to The Zweihander, and for that you have my thanks.

Further thanks to the writers, artists and creators who have contributed to this humble yet loyal magazine. Your creative spirit and tireless effort fuel the voice of the Zweihander and SUTEKH as a whole.

The Zweihander's doors are open to you now and in future. If in time, you feel the urge to add your voice to these tales, artworks and musings, feel free to send in your works to editor@sutekh.org.au. We at SUTEKH have an open mind, and appreciate all forms of media from your sci-fi epic to the memes you'd post on Sithposting.

If you are a new face to SUTEKH I hope you enjoy your momentary visit between these pages and the society as a whole, and hope even more so that you visit again.

Kelvin Fairclough



About the Exec

President

Thomas Selvaraj

president@sutekh.org.au

```
Thomas@sutekh:/~$ cat introduction.txt
Hi, my name is Thomas Selvaraj and I'm
the current President and IT officer of
Sutekh. My hobbies include plenty of video
games, Magic the Gathering and RPG games
like D&D and Pathfinder. Sutekh has been a
great part of my Uni life and I hope it
can have a positive impact on you too!
```

Vice President (librarian)

Aaron Samuels

vp_librarian@sutekh.org.au

Hi, I'm the Vice President/Librarian of Sutekh. I'm responsible for keeping people out of the cage and lending members books. My main hobbies include video games, board games, dumb anime shit and plastic model kits

Secretary

Christopher Kenshole

secretary@sutekh.org.au

Howdy, I'm the secretary so I take minutes during the meetings and will be the one typing away like a stenographer. I will have at least one packet of candy with me at all times. I have lost a small fortune to Magic: the Gathering and the rest of what I own on Steam summer sales. I survive purely on sugar, sunshine and hugs. It's great.

IT Officer

Thomas Selvaraj

it@sutekh.org.au

```
Thomas@sutekh:/~$ cat introduction.txt
Hello, my name is Thomas Selvaraj! I'm the
IT Officer of Sutekh. I help maintain the
Sutekh server and assist with other IT
problems Sutekh members may have
```

Vice President (events)

Helen Munro

vp_functions@sutekh.org.au

Hey, I'm Helen :)

I'm Vice President (events), and I'm responsible for helping run and plan events (not in that order) amongst other things. I like a range of things and wasn't sure how to express them so I just information dumped instead:

Favourite Games – Magic: the Gathering, Pokémon, Starbound, Age of Empires, Baldur's Gate, Cookie Clicker, Monkey Island, Minecraft, Skyrim, Portal, Spyro, Tales of the Arabian Nights, Machi Koro, Cryptic Mandala

TV Shows – Rick and Morty, Black Mirror, The Good Place, Firefly, Steven Universe, How I Met Your Mother, Stargate, Futurama, Doctor Who, Star Trek, Adventure Time, Doctor Horrible's Singalong Blog

Movies – Matilda, Mrs. Doubtfire, The Island, Toy Story 3, Mr. Nobody, The Incredibles, The Prestige, Inside Out, The Truman Show, Bicentennial Man

Favourite Books, Plays etc – Jurassic Park, So B. It, Les Misérables, The Fault in our Stars, The Hunger Games, Hamlet, Goosebumps

Other Stuff – Goldfish, Bullet Journaling, Cats, Drawing, Nail Polishing, Eating, Writing, Sleeping

Feel free to say 'hi' at an event :)

Editor

Kelvin Fairclough

editor@sutekh.org.au

Salutations! This is your friendly neighbourhood Zweihander editor. I help members get their articles and artworks into our humble magazine and publish it for all your fine ladies and gentlemen to enjoy. I love meeting new members and introducing them to the inclusive and wonderful world of games and roleplaying. My current media fixes are Radiohead, Adventure Time and Stardew Valley. Hope to see you soon!

General Exec

Yanni Markovina

generalexec2@sutekh.org.au

I'm Yanni Markovina, General Executive at Sutekh, which means I basically help out with random stuff, but mainly I am the Monday Mario hype man and a double agent working for the Pokémon society

I am born from French and Croatian parents, and I love life. Specifically, the things in it that concern music, film, video games and basically all popular culture. I don't just enjoy seeking out facts: I seek to devour them. I am among the few people who believe that The Simpsons still had a lot of good seasons after Season 9. I write and perform music, make short films sometimes and strive to be content and happy. Most of all, I love people. They are so wonderful

Queer Officer

Mitch Tredinnick

queerofficer@sutekh.org.au

Hi to everyone reading this, I'm Mitch Tredinnick, the Queer Officer, both in title and description. My role in Sutekh is to be a point of contact to anyone in the LGBTQIAPK+ community who feels that they are being discriminated against, either in or out of the society. If you need someone to talk to, or have any problems with another member, or even just feel uncomfortable then please feel free to come to me. If you don't want to do it in person then I'm always on Facebook, and I'll try to get back to you as soon as possible

General Exec

Tanay Sagrolikar

generalexec1@sutekh.org.au

As General Executive, I help out the other Exec at events. I love video games, board games and reading. Please feel free to approach me if you need anything

New Members Officer

Michael Scott

newmembers@sutekh.org.au

Hey everyone! I'm Michael, your new members officer. I'm basically just another Exec but for anyone coming along for the first time this year that makes me the friendly face to talk to. I'll always be happy to start up a game with you at events and you can talk to me if something is bothering you. I'm interested in practically any type of board/tabletop/card game. I also enjoy some casual commander MTG and regularly play D&D. Again, if you're new and unsure about who to talk to, I'll be a great person to come to first.

Women's Officer

Helen Munro

womensofficer@sutekh.org.au

Hey I'm Helen 2.0 (kidding I'm the same Helen). I'm the Women's Officer for Sutekh and I'm here for anyone to talk to if they feel like something within Sutekh has made them feel uncomfortable, unwelcome, unequal and/or offended. I'm always happy to listen and will take any concerns seriously and won't go telling the world. Please don't be scared to talk to me about issues as through communication we can make the society a better place for everyone. For more about me, ditto all the stuff from above under VP Events

Treasurer

Harrison Fricot

treasurer@sutekh.org.au

Greetings sentients, I am the treasurer, and I look after the money and these twelve cans of tomatoes. The tomatoes are not part of the job. I am a war gaming and roleplaying enthusiast including games such as, but not limited to, Infinity, Warmahordes, Dungeons and Dragons (5th).

About the Exec

Sponsorship Officer

Lachlan Blow

sponsorships@sutekh.org.au

Hey there! I'm Lachlan, Sutekh's sponsorship officer. I talk to organisation and try to get discounts and bonuses for Sutekh members and the society! My hobbies include reading, bushwalking, playing video and board games, watching anime and other TV shows. In particular I love things with a sci fi bend and can't get enough of puzzle and strategy games. If you need to find me, start arguing about time travel in the vicinity of the guy wearing purple.

Publicity Officer

Geoffrey Ng

publicity@sutekh.org.au

Heya, this is your publicity officer! I'm responsible for putting up the weekly events on the Facebook page. I also made a video promoting the society (go check it out on Facebook) and the banner for the Facebook group. What led me to join SUTEKH were my interests in board games, but mostly Magic: the Gathering. Now as one of the execs, I wanted to give back to the society. Other than board games and MTG, I also like watching anime and gaming. I've recently played Rainbow 6: Siege, Warframe, and Monster Hunter World.

Unfortunately, I may have to leave due to some circumstances. I had a fun time spent with the society and hope that people will continue to enjoy and have fun at events!

Feel free to say hello!

Helen's weird gooey ball thing she bought from Target

(They didn't know what it was either).

Their name is :

Orby McBlobface



The path of the warrior can be long and arduous, but a true hero persists through all obstacles.' Feat. Coco the Dog in all her nobility." Lachlan Blow



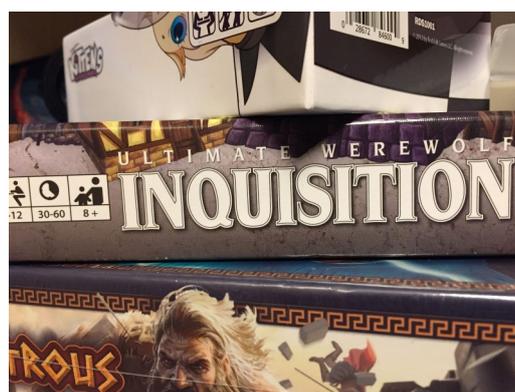
12*Tomatoes



Editor's Cat



Geoffrey's Game Selection



Sponsors and Partners

Reader, did you know that Sutekh has friends?! Friends that sell awesome nerd things for money?

Thanks to the work of our lovely Sponsors officer, being a Sutekh member gets you discounts at your favourite online and in-store retailers for all your gaming needs!

Oh, what a day! What a lovely day!

Feel free to use these deals (how?) the next time you blow your hard earned cash on hobbies, and your friends at Sutekh will make the cost of fun lighter.



Sponsorship Deal

5% off all items for Sutekh members

(Town Hall, Central, Bondi)



Sponsorship Deal

10% off all items for Sutekh members



Sponsorship Deal

5% of all items (online) for Sutekh members



Sponsorship Deal

10% of all items (in store) for Sutekh members



Sponsorship Deal

10% off drinks for Sutekh members

It's April, 1968. In the UK, shadow Defence Secretary, conservative Enoch Powell, delivers what will come to be known as the 'Rivers of Blood' speech. He decries levels of immigration to the UK, claiming that British people are being made "strangers in their own country".

Historians allege that, come 1970, the popularity of Powell's views on race will deliver power to the Conservative Party.

Meanwhile, on the BBC, Doctor Who has spent a year having the Doctor protect vulnerable human communities from being taken over by invasive aliens.

II, 1963

Meet Malcolm Hulke. Hulke has roots in the left-leaning Unity Theatre—a movement strongly linked with the Communist Party. Hulke was once a party member himself, and is under MI5 monitoring as a result. Unity Theatre believes that drama should pursue realism "to educate, to encourage political action and to allow working class politics and cultural expression".

Hulke is being courted by the BBC to write for their new science fiction and edutainment series Doctor Who.

Hulke makes two pitches for Doctor Who plotlines—one about a mirror-Earth where women rule and men struggle for their rights. It's considered promising, but ultimately rejected for lacking a monster. That's because, only in its first season, Doctor Who is already dominated by the Daleks. This horrific race, hell-bent on genocide, is explicitly fascistic and xenophobic. They are pure evil, and the Doctor must defeat them at all cost. This is not a show with room for complex, political storylines; it is a show about fighting monsters.

III, 1967

The Doctor has since 'regenerated' (a plot device introduced to explain recasting the ailing lead actor). Doctor Who has increasingly started to, as Elizabeth Sandifer writes in TARDIS Eruditorum, "collapse... alien races into humanoids and evil". In their pursuit of a worthy successor to the Daleks, the writing team begins to construct a universe full of pure evils seeking to conquer the human race.

This logic finds its clearest distillation in the story formula referred to as the 'base under siege': a trope where humans in an isolated 'base', such as an Arctic research facility, must fend off the invasive monster-of-the-week. It's a trope that's about to shape the show's production for over a year.

Hulke challenges the logic the show is developing. He scores his first credit on the program as half of a writing partnership for the thriller *The Faceless Ones*. The resolution to Hulke's plot, that the monsters known as Chameleons are neither ideologically homogeneous nor truly evil, is one that will recur in scripts Hulke eventually writes by himself. Unlike the Daleks, the Chameleons are a race of individuals capable of dramatic involvement in the script. A faction of the Chameleons agrees with the Doctor's pacifist offer to withdraw—diplomacy, rather than annihilation, resolves the plot.

Hulke will not write for the program again until 1969, with the ten-episode long serial 'The War Games'. To resolve this epic story, the Doctor summons a *deus ex machina*: his own people, the Time Lords. After resolving the main arc, the Time Lords place the Doctor himself on trial—for meddling in other species' affairs. The Doctor argues he has a moral duty to defeat the ideologically evil monsters such as the Daleks. The Time Lords aren't convinced; as punishment, they exile the Doctor to the Earth and force him to regenerate once again.

IV, 1970

Doctor Who returns in 1970 for a seventh season, but it's no longer filmed in black and white and it has a new lead actor. Its production team has been overhauled, and is led by Barry Letts, who as producer "liked stories to have a reason".

Letts will later write 'The Green Death' in 1973, where the Doctor champions environmentalists against Global Chemicals, a corporation shirking responsibility for the disastrous effects of its industrial waste. For the first time, a producer is in harmony with Hulke's approach, and in the 1970 season Hulke becomes one of the major creative forces in the history of Doctor Who.

Britain is now post 'Rivers of Blood'. The Conservatives are in government.

Hulke deliberately avoids writing obviously 'evil' monsters, or giving them uniformly 'evil' ideologies. In the thirteen episodes Hulke eventually writes, however for six he will be a ghost writer, he casts the Doctor as a diplomat rather than annihilator. It is telling that in Hulke's only credited script for 1970, 'Doctor Who and the Silurians', the Doctor immediately attempts to establish that he and the titular creatures can understand one another. Something new to the Hulke formula, however, is the depiction of human military figures driven by xenophobia. It is a fundamental readjustment for a show that the previous year had been satirising pacifism and embracing belligerence.

V, 1973

By 1973, Doctor Who has undergone a moral evolution – and Hulke has been a major force behind this change. He's also been the only writer to have contributed at least one script per season since the seventh season. His script for the eighth season in 1971 is perhaps his most overtly anti-capitalist: colonists have fled Earth, an industrialised dystopia, only to be threatened by the commercial interests of an intergalactic mining conglomerate.

His politics, it seems, introduced and normalised the show's left-wing bent. In a 1972 story by Bob Baker and Dave Martin, 'The Mutants', the Doctor sides against representatives of an Earth Empire who refuse to cede self-government to a colonised race of metamorphic aliens.

Despite his significance, Hulke breaks with the production office in 1973. His script for Doctor Who's eleventh season, to be broadcast in early 1974, sees meddling from BBC executives: Hulke considers this an injury to his reputation. Despite apologies from the BBC, Hulke never contributed a script to the series again, instead focusing on a burgeoning line of Doctor Who novel adaptations. He died a few years later in 1979.

VI, 1977 – 2015

It is 1977, four years since Hulke's break with Doctor Who. 'The Sun Makers' airs on the BBC: a story about a corporation that has privatised society and turned the human race into wage slaves. The Doctor stokes up a revolution to overthrow the capitalist overlords.

It is 1985. 'Vengeance on Varos' depicts a government beholden to the interests of vast intergalactic corporations.

It is 2015. In Britain, Brexit is a mere year away. The alt-right is ascendant, but hasn't yet reached the mainstream heights of Donald Trump.

Doctor Who airs two episodes featuring an alien race attempting to integrate into human society before a small group of militant aliens initiates an open war. The humans respond by considering genocide. The Doctor makes impassioned pacifist offers to restore the pre-war status quo, helping the aliens to resume their lives as part of society.

A spectre haunts Doctor Who – the spectre of left-wing Malcolm Hulke.

Originally published in Honi Soit, July 30, 2018, p. 18

Erelias Theradin stepped out of the portal that had spontaneously appeared in front of him onto the quiet streets of Arkenshire. He casually surveyed his surroundings. Nothing notable. Not much of an audience. Oh well, it was a convenient opportunity. He opened his bag of holding and pulled out a random instrument. It happened to be a lyre, carved in the likeness of a lyrebird. An interesting choice, an instrument made to look like the bird named after that same instrument. And though the work was clearly of fey origin, the wood and strings were foreign, from the Material Plane. Running a hand over the instrument, Erelias began. To the average person, it would seem only a simple ditty, perhaps not even well played. Only those with an affinity for the vibrations of the Weave would hear something truly special.

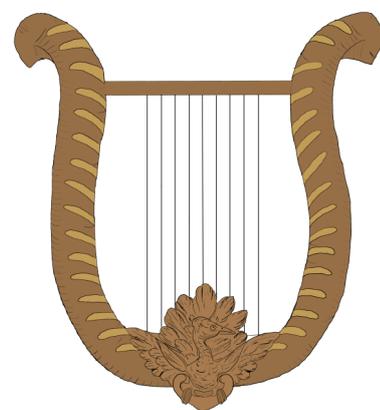
It was a few minutes before he noticed movement in his periphery. He made no motion to hint at having seen anything, but kept a watchful eye. It appeared to just be one figure. Well, it was more than he expected. The figure was small, features obscured by a cloak. However, it did not approach as Erelias had expected. It abruptly stopped short thirty feet away, then dashed into a nearby alley. A few moments later, a sliver of hood and face peeked out from behind the building wall. A timid one, he mused. After some consideration, he fed a few more strands of the Weave into his song and directed them towards the little thing, just to see what would happen. The effect wasn't immediate, but it was obvious. The figure was drawn to the music and moved almost unconsciously towards him. Erelias saw it slowly but surely leave the safety of its hiding place, until almost half its body was visible. It didn't notice its hood slip back a little either. Erelias did. A child, and a half-human at that. It was growing dark, but in the fading light he could still clearly make out her red curls and wide-eyed awe. Purple eyes. How ... interesting. Something about her seemed a little strange, but he paid it no mind. He returned to the song, and as usual, projected the Weave. It wasn't as strong here, but it was still present, just different. But occasionally, he would observe the little thing and find her seemingly following the ebb and flow of magic.

It grew dark. The little thing still hadn't moved from her spot for the past few hours. Erelias added another strand of Weave...Twang-twang-twang. He looked down at the ten broken strings with mild irritation. As expected, an instrument made from the materials of the Material Plane, even with fey craftsmanship, couldn't withstand such high magical resonance. He muttered a few curses under his breath in Sylvan and dropped the lyre onto the ground. As he raised his head, he caught the eyes of the little thing that had remained watching this entire time. A moment passed in stillness, then he observed as panic flitted across those eyes and the girl pulled back behind the wall.

He didn't bother going after her. She was too skittish, and he hated running. He turned and stepped through the portal as it closed behind him. It was an uneventful trip. A waste of a lyre, he supposed, but it hardly mattered, he had plenty more. The half-human looked thoroughly enraptured enough to pick up an instrument herself. Inspiring a new generation; that should be enough to cover his bardic responsibilities for the next hundred years. If the little thing was determined enough, she could go find someone else to teach her

Of this he was certain. Erelias Theradin was many things, but he was no teacher.

[The story ends, until chance, or fate, brings about a chance meeting]



Instruments of Change Part 2

Cherry Chimchim

Erelias Theradin was walking through the forests of the Feywild when he heard a lovely sound. Soon he came across a small figure huddled inside the hollow of an Ambriar tree, sobbing. Well, perhaps “lovely” was the incorrect term. But the voice had potential. And at least she had chosen a nice tree. The Ambriar’s leaves stood on end as he approached, a clear warning. Erelias raised a hand.

Peace, my friend. I am Arannior Liadon. I wish you and your charge no harm. I merely wish to speak to her.

The Ambriar froze at the name, then slowly lowered its leaves. Erelias continued unimpeded. The huddled figure seemed oblivious to the exchange.

“Greetings little one”

The figure’s head snapped up at his voice. Erelias caught a glimpse of slightly pointed ears before the girl scrambled backwards in fear. So, a half-human. He switched to Elvish.

“I will not hurt you. Do you understand?”

Her eyes showed no recognition of his words. Interesting. So she was raised among humans. He repeated his words in Common. There was a pause, then a small, unsure nod.

“Then do not be afraid. Come out and let us speak plainly in the light.”

She shook her head furiously at this and tried to retreat further into the safety of the Ambriar’s hollow, but the Ambriar shifted and with a ripple through its body, gently nudged her out of the opening and sealed the hollow closed behind her. The moment light hit her skin Erelias realised the reason for her fear. She was not just a half-human, she was half-drow. How very... interesting.

The girl herself seemed incredibly shocked, looking back at the Ambriar, face full of confusion and fear. Clearly she had not realised the Ambriar’s true nature. Her attention then flipped to Erelias and she froze, seemingly caught between wanting to get as far away from him as possible and staying a safe distance from the Ambriar. As her eyes turned to him, he saw... that shade of purple seemed... familiar. Erelias then noticed her arms were wrapped around a rather large object. An instrument that was extremely familiar.

“Where did you get that lyre?”

Her eyes opened even wider in fright. “I didn’t steal it! It’s mine!” she cried with that sweet voice and hugged the instrument even closer to herself. Her frantic response caught Erelias a little by surprise. But on second thought, it was not surprising she had met with similar but perhaps less fortunate situations. He squatted down and held out both hands, palms open, showing her he had no weapons and meant no harm.

“I only have a few questions. It would be very kind of you to answer them.”

She didn’t respond, but his words and actions seemed to confuse her. Erelias understood. She must have been taught to hide, to be afraid of what she was. He waited. Eventually, she calmed down enough to speak.

“I found it. It was broken. Mother helped me fix it. She...”

She trailed off. Erelias could guess with certainty what happened to her mother. As for her father... if he wasn’t dead then the little thing must have never met him.

“May I look at it?”

She took a step back and shook her head, reed-thin arms trembling from gripping the lyre so tightly. She looked up at him with pleading eyes.

“Please, I... it’s the only thing I have left of her.”

“Do not fear, I will not take it from you.”

She eyed him warily. Erelias made no motion to suggest any other intention. For a long time, he waited patiently and watched. She was a mess, arms and legs littered with bruises and scratches, her face thin and sunken. She probably hadn’t eaten or slept in days. And now that the initial rush of adrenaline was fading, he could see she was exhausted, and desperate for someone to trust.

“I promise I will return it to you.”

The child looked down at her instrument and looked back at him. Erelias recognised the signs of an internal debate in her uncertain eyes, but eventually, she loosened her grip and slowly, reluctantly, held the lyre out to him. Erelias took it gently in hand. He didn't pull when he met with resistance as she held on a moment longer. Finally, she let go. He could hear her heart hammering through the Weave.

Erelias examined the instrument that was now in his hand. A little worn, but it was definitely the same instrument he had carelessly discarded only a short while ago, minus a string, but Mended it seemed. He looked back at the girl, whose entire being was on edge. Her hair was white, not red, and her silvery skin was a clear sign of what she was, but Erelias remembered those eyes, filled with awe, not fear, once upon a time. He held out the lyre to her. Her eyes flickered between him and the lyre as she hesitantly reached out for it. She visibly relaxed once the instrument returned to her two hands. A little smile appeared on her lips. Erelias wondered what it would be like if melodies passed through those lips instead. That would truly be... interesting.

"Play something for me."

She started at his sudden words.

"I... I don't know many songs," she stammered.

"Play what you want."

She still seemed unsure, but still she ran her fingers over the strings, testing. Left-handed. Interesting. After a while, she looked back at him and he gave a nod of encouragement. At this, she began her chosen song, plucking the strings for the opening chord. It was weak, unpractised, but then she closed her eyes, took a deep breath and *sang*.

There was nothing special about her song, a lullaby of some sort, and she obviously couldn't weave magic into her music, but... The song carried with it a resonance, foreign to the Weave of the Feywild, but still it inspired a feeling. That feeling... it was... warm. Erelias heard. He *listened*.

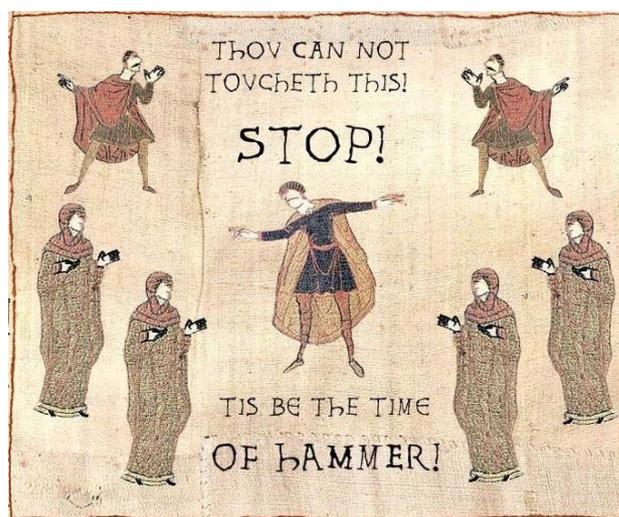
As the last note of her song faded, she looked up at him nervously. Erelias showed no emotion, his face was concealed by the hood of his cloak anyway, but inside, he felt... He looked into those eyes, that despite everything they must have seen, still carried a spark of hope. She was a little singer. A *carmentia*.

He stood up and walked away from the Ambriar, back the way he came. The girl watched, confused. He paused, and with a slight turn of his head, he spoke.

"Come, Carmentia."

He continued without another word. A beat later, he heard the rustling of hurried footsteps trailing after him.

Erelias Theradin was no teacher, yet he now had a little thing following in his footsteps.



Editor's Note

This is a prequel to a D&D Character (Carmentia Silverthorn) who participated in a campaign run by the Editor.

If you are interested in Carmentia's adventure's as an adult, check out Sutekh's Roleplaying Facebook page, **Sutekh Tabletop Roleplaying** for the "Yearly Review" post, where her adventures are recorded in audio format.

Additional written stories about Carmentia's back-story and journey can be found @

<https://www.fanfiction.net/s/13037031/1/The-Instruments-of-Change>

Semester 2 Events

Sutekh hosts events 6 days a week for you to meet like minded gamers and relax after a long day at work or uni. Here's our guide to the plethora of events that suit your range of interests. Feel free to say hello to any executive members you see or bring a friend. We hope to see you there!

Monday Mario

Why have lunch when you can satisfy a more basic need, like watching incredibly addictive TV shows? The first hour is dedicated to the regular show we'll be watching one episode a week. The second hour is for you guys to pick whatever random episodes you'd like to watch from whichever show takes your fancy.

1:00-3:00 pm, Holme Meeting Room 2 (The Media Den)

Tuesday Table Talk

Are six sided dice just too mainstream for you? Do you crave the sweet release of roleplaying? Do you want to find a D&D group or talk to experienced players and Dungeon Masters about your hopes, dreams and despairs? Then Tuesday Table Talk is the place for you. We discuss roleplaying and have a chill time.

2:-00-4:00 pm, Manning Meeting Room 2

Wednesday Cards and Carbonation

Celebrate the end of Hump Day with SUTEKH at our smaller scale gaming event with smaller scale games! Come along to play games including Munchkin, Tsuro, Smash Up!, Dixit, The Resistance, Dominion and Coup. To help you survive the rest of the week, we'll even have regular deliveries of FREE chips and pink lemonade

4:00-6:00 pm, Isabel Fidler Room, Manning Top Floor

Thursday Movies and Munchies

Thursday Movies and Munchies is a special time in the SUTEKH week where we get together to consider the greater things, such as the fact that light is made of atoms (Not a fact) or if we'll ever manage to watch a certain movie. Snacks are provided as we get together to watch a movie voted on by those lucky enough to get to watch it. Keep an eye on our Facebook page for special weeks when we go out to the cinema to catch the latest movies with discounted tickets!

6:00-10:00pm, Holme Meeting Room 2 (The Media Den)

Friday Pizza and Games

Considered by most critics to be SUTEKH's flagship event, Pizza and Games is much like its name describes, and event where we, the members of SUTEKH, gather to celebrate the wonderful thing that is pizza by eating it whilst playing games.

Pizza's begin at \$2 for ACCESS card holders and \$8 for non ACCESS holders.

6:00-10:00pm, Holme Reading Room

Steamy Saturday

Are you unable to attend events during the week? Do not fear, we have you covered! Every Saturday SUTEKH jumps online to play some multiplayer games! Every few weeks we'll try a different game, from old classics you know and love, to new and exciting games we've never tried before. Find out more below!

8:00pm – late, Sutekh Mumble Server (ask an Exec)

Vine motif?

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Across

1. Stick in one's ____
5. Savoury taste
10. British rump
14. Nostalgic time
15. Made over
16. "The ____ shall inherit" Hearthstone quest
17. Great mathematician who died too young
(Not Galois)
18. Type weak to water and grass
19. Jerome Squalor's fashion obsessed ex-wife
20. IGN's RPG of year in 2000, with a re-release in 2013
23. Tree trunk
24. There are 24 in 24: Abbr.
25. Artefact stolen by Skull Kid in LoZ
31. Can be hot or cold
34. Liara T'Soni's race in Mass Effect
35. Archer's former agency
36. "Prince ____" ("Aladdin" song)
37. "My ____ man"
38. Franco and Trump have both had one on Comedy Central
40. Cut short
41. "I ____" Death Note character's intro
42. Classic FPS
43. Flavour choice at EasyWay
44. Bro, for one
45. Xbox games have 1000 of these type of points
48. Cheer
50. Grate
51. Wil Wheaton's role in Star Trek
57. Rooibos & Russian Caravan, to name two
58. "The ____ Juror" - film in 30 Rock
59. Iroh's younger brother
61. "Time to ____ the donuts!" Early morning Michael Scott greeting
62. Gradient
63. Andopolis, in Freaks and Geeks
64. A gram prefix?
65. Where the circus fire was?
66. Part of an egg

Down

1. Ciao, to internet users
2. King in the North
3. Length x width
4. Like Bertie but not Jeeves
5. Writer Le Guin
6. There are 5556 in a league
7. Commotions, often about nothing
8. Tall retired Rocket Yao
9. "I'm an ____ man, Michael." GOB
10. Muslim priest title
11. Strategy game similar to Mafia, with "The"
12. Second last match
13. Barely get, with "out"
21. Dwarf in "The Hobbit" whose name sounds like famous blue fish
22. Gracias, to internet users
25. Papas musical friends
26. Korra's hinted love interest
27. iPhone hacks
28. What Vice City is based on
29. Bottom became one
30. Command to Odie
32. Ridley Scott classic
33. Fluid measurer/transferrer (alternate spelling)
38. Mythical bird strong enough to carry an elephant
39. Look at that!
40. It's bittersweet sometimes
42. Matilda creator
43. <
46. Adventure seeking
47. Where some limited edition MTG card sets come from?
49. Good thing
51. Come away from slowly
52. Once, once upon a time
53. Christmas time
54. Berry prefix
55. Auditore da Firenze's first name
56. There are 8 of them in a fringe MTG deck
57. Not lame version of, don't go there!
60. "We like ____" - Smash bros.

Fade In:

EXT. The entrance of a cave on a mountainside: Late Afternoon

A barbarian named THORN GUTTURAL (25) and a young elf named BILL (17) stand at the entrance to a cave. Thorn has straggly long black hair, bulging muscles that are poorly contained in rough leather armour, and a large claymore strapped to his back. Bill is considerably shorter than Thorn, and has fine, mid-length blond hair, pointed ears, delicate facial features, and a sky blue tunic. The entrance to the cave itself is surrounded by large grey stones with fluorescent green spirals on them.

THORN: You sure this is the place?

BILL: Positive. See those markings on the rocks there?

There are telltale signs that this is the hideout of the evil wizard JANGOLAIN. Thorn snorts.

BILL (CONT'D): You know come to think of it, I guess that kinda defeats the purpose of calling it a 'hideout' doesn't it? I mean, isn't the purpose of a hideout to hide in a specific place and NOT be found? So, by having such an obvious marker of where you're hideout is, it's not really a hideout, it's more like a big flashing sign that says "Hey! Over here! Look this way! I'm right over..."

THORN: Argh! Will you stop being such an annoying piece of piss? If not, then I might just have to shoot a line of piss all over your face.

BILL: Hehe. Sorry about that. So, what's going to be your plan of attack to reclaim the Guardian Sapphire? That evil Jangolain is sure to be guarding it pretty well.

THORN: (smirking) Well, let's just say that the moment I see that old wizardly sack of shit, I'm gonna rip his beard off, and slice him in half...right down the middle.

BILL: Ha ha! Yeah! That'll teach him for stealing the Guardian Sapphire from the people of Fogville, and forcing them to endure a slow and gradual death. But that's why we are gonna get the Guardian Sapphire back and return it to Fogville and save the town, right Thorn?

Thorn groans and cracks his neck.

THORN: Do you always have to speak in exposition? Now come on, let's get that Guardian Sapphire.

Thorn strides past Bill and into the cave.

BILL: Hey! Wait for me!

Bill runs into the cave after Thorn.

INT. Cave Tunnels: Night: Thorn and Bill walk through the dark, damp cave, dripping with water from the ceiling. Bill finds a torch and lights it with a small fire spell. Thorn snatches the torch from Bill and uses it to light the way forward.

BILL: I feel that we are very nearly approaching the Guardian Sapphire of Fogville. I can sense its aura.

Thorn says nothing, determined on making his way through the cave.

BILL (CONT'D): By the way, I know I might have said this once before, but I must thank you again for inviting me on this quest. I know that I could never have had the courage to do this on my own, so I'm just glad I can assist someone as strong and heroic as you. I really appreciate it.

Thorn rumbles a low growl and rolls his eyes.

THORN: You're pretty sappy, you know that?

BILL: Ha ha. Yeah, I suppose I am. But still, by retrieving the Guardian Sapphire, you're not just helping me, but everyone else in Fogville. We are all in your debt.

Thorn grips the torch tighter.

THORN: Let's just keep moving. Without words preferably.

Thorn and Bill continue down the winding tunnel in silence. Bill smiles as he looks up at Thorn. They turn left into a large room.

BILL: Look! There it is!

INT. The Main Chamber of the Cave: Night: The main chamber of the cave is large and circular shaped with a domed ceiling. The Guardian Sapphire sits on a pedestal in the centre of the room. It is the size of an ostrich egg, and it sparkles with a brilliant blue light, illuminating the entirety of the chamber. A dome-shaped, transparent protective shield covers the Guardian Sapphire. The shield glimmers in the light. Thorn's eyes fixate on the Guardian Sapphire with passionate intensity.

BILL: Okay, we won't be able to get anywhere near the sapphire until that barrier is broken. I guess that it's my time to shine now!

Thorn scans the shimmering barrier with a scowl.

THORN: Well go on. Break it then.

BILL: Sure thing!

Bill stands directly in front of the barrier and holds out both his hands. After mouthing the words to a spell that are eerily similar to *NSYNC lyrics, a beam of red magic shoots out from Bill's hands, which shatters the barrier. Bill turns around to face Thorn with an accomplished look on his face. Thorn's eyes are wide and his grin is sinister.

THORN: Good job kid.

Thorn quickly unleashes a powerful kick into Bill's stomach. This sends Bill hurtling towards the ground. Bill coughs up a bit of blood. He looks up at Thorn with his eyes wide.

BILL: Ugh...Thorn...What are you doing?

THORN: You've played your part. There's no need for you to be alive any longer.

BILL: You...you were using me this whole time?

Bill shuffles backwards whilst still on the ground until his back is against the wall of the cavernous room. Thorn follows him with measured stomps until he is standing directly over Bill.

THORN: I needed someone who could break a magic barrier. You fit the bill...BILL. Heh, you know it's kinda sad just how gullible you are.

Thorn begins to take the claymore off his back. Bill starts trembling.

THORN (CONT'D): That Guardian Sapphire will make me the strongest barbarian this land has ever seen. I'll be unstoppable! And I don't need you, or anyone else gettin' in the way of that!

BILL: But...but what about the people of Fogville? Without the power of the Guardian Sapphire they will die!

THORN: You think I give a freckled fuck about them?

Bill begins to tear up, wincing in anguish.

BILL: How can you do this!? Why do you commit such betrayal?

Thorn flashes a menacingly toothy grin.

THORN: Quite easily.

Thorn lifts his claymore over his head, preparing to strike Bill.

THORN (CONT'D): I just fuckin' love power!

THORN (CONT'D): I just fuckin' love power!

Thorn swings the claymore down on Bill with tremendous force. Bill successfully manages to roll out of the way of the strike.

THORN: Give it up runt! You can't escape!

JANGOLAIN: Nor can you...

A ghostly, echoing voice is heard out of nowhere, followed by the sound of wicked cackling. Thorn and Bill stop and scan the cave to find the source of the voice. Suddenly, the tall, gangly physique of JANGOLAIN (over 100) appears hovering over the Guardian Sapphire. Jangolain has long ghoulish fingers, a thin white beard that goes down to his waist, and is clothed in a billowing black cloak. He emanates a bright purple aura. Somewhere off in the distance, Rebecca Black's "Friday" starts playing.

BILL: Jangolain! You accursed scum!

JANGOLAIN: Ha! I choose to take that as a compliment! But even still...

For no particular reason, with a wave of his hand, Jangolain shoots a small beam of red magic at a nearby spider, which then bursts into flames with a pitiful whimper.

JANGOLAIN (CONT'D): Am I really that bad of a guy? At least I make no secrets about my evil ways. You're friend the barbarian there has just tried to maliciously murder you! Oh what a deceiver! And you thought he was such a nice guy. He truly is the worst kind there is!

Thorn grits his teeth in frustration and turns his claymore to Jangolain.

THORN: Listen you sweaty sack of dick cheese! Let me make one thing clear. I don't give one hot shit about anyone except me, so you're wasting your time with that morality shit. So I'm gonna kill this kid, kill you, and then grab me that Sapphire and be on my way. You got that?

JANGOLAIN: Ha! Well I guess we're not so different after all. So, you want the supreme power of the Guardian Sapphire too? Well, I'll give you more than you could ever want! Ha!

Jangolain swoops down to the Guardian Sapphire and places his palms over its gleaming surface. His eyes roll into the back of his head and glow a deep crimson red. Wind begins to blow around the wizard. With his mouth agape, Jangolain hoarsely begins to sing.

JANGOLAIN: (singing) "Hey, I just met you/and the this is crazy/but I don't like you/so lazer baby!"

A blinding beam of bright blue light shoots out from the Guardian Sapphire and engulfs Thorn as Rebecca Black's "Friday" is replaced by a blaringly loud version of Carly Rae Jepsen's "Call Me Maybe".

THORN: Aaaaaarrrrrrggggggghhhhh!!!!

Thorn's claymore is knocked out of his hands. He collapses to his knees in pain, stuck in place by the blast of magic. His body convulses in a torturous agony.

BILL: THORN!Nooooooooo!

JANGOLAIN: Yeeeessss!!! Dieeee!!!

Bill looks toward the exit of the chamber, suggesting that he is contemplating running away. He looks back to Thorn, whose convulsions are beginning to slow as his life energy is weakening. After hesitating, Bill rushes around to the side of Jangolain, who is too distracted by the beam of energy that he is blasting at Thorn to notice. Bill picks up a rock and hurls it at the side of Jangolain's head. Jangolain falls down, temporarily stunned, and the blast of magic disappears. Bill rushes to Thorn's side.

THORN: (weakly) Bill...But why? ...After...What I did...?

Bill slaps Thorn across the face.

BILL: There's no time for that now! Pull yourself together! You're the only one that can take down Jangolain!

THORN: But...I'm too weak...

BILL: I'll heal you up the best I can, but you just have to fight!

Bill places his hands over Thorn's chest and conjures a warm yellow light.

BILL (CONT'D): I don't care if you end up killing me, but you must kill Jangolain!

Thorn's body shines with a rejuvenating glow, and he stands up once more. He looks at Bill in confusion, before quickly turning to face Jangolain, who has just risen to his feet.

JANGOLAIN: You insignificant, shitty pieces of shit! You think you can pull a fast one over me!? I am the mystical wizard Jangolain, bitch! You cannot stop me! No one can! With the power of the Guardian Sapphire, this world will be mine!

THORN: Save the monologues for the underworld!

With a throaty yell, Thorn charges at Jangolain, his right fist reared back and glowing red. Jangolain begins to charge a spell, but he realizes that he hasn't got enough time. A look of sheer fright crosses over his face.

JANGOLAIN: Oh shi-

Jangolain is cut off as Thorn's fist connects squarely with Jangolain's heart. A mighty explosion surrounds the impact, the force of which blows Bill off his feet and turns Jangolain's body into dust which then blows away. Jangolain's piercing wail can be heard echoing throughout the caves. Carly Rae Jepsen's "Call Me Maybe" silences. Thorn stands and puffs his chest out triumphantly, then sighs, and turns and walks over to Bill, who is lying on the floor of the cave.

THORN: Hey Bill. I...I'm sorry.

Thorn leans down and extends his arm out to Bill, offering him his hand.

THORN (CONT'D): I was a real dick back there. I couldn't have done this without you, please forgive me.

Bill looks up at Thorn with a gleam in his eye. He smiles, and clasps Thorn's hand. Thorn pulls him up.

BILL: Hey, it was nothing. So, what are you gonna do now, kill me or save Fogville?

Thorn walks over to the pedestal and picks up the Guardian Sapphire. He holds it aloft, before handing it to Bill.

THORN: I think it's time to do the right thing.

BILL: You know, I think that might just make you the strongest barbarian in the land.

Thorn and Bill smile and laugh together.

FADE TO BLACK.

Embered One (Thylemek Watcher)

Gargantuan Ascendant, Chaotic Neutral

Armour Class: 19

Hit Points: 315

Speed: 40ft

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
24(+7)	18(+4)	18(+4)	18(+4)	22(+6)	18(+4)

Skills: Athletics +9, Stealth +8, Survival +13, Perception +8

Damage Immunities Necrotic

Senses Blindsight 120ft

Languages Valskrain, Common

Challenge rating nuts

Redirect Attack When this creature is hit by any targeted spell or attack it can be retargeted at one of its tails

Writhing Mass Any attack rolls that score below 21 do half damage. Creatures that start their turn in the base of The Embered One take two withering assault attacks. The Watcher has a base size of six inches (diameter) and can carry or pick up other creatures when it moves through them (DC 18 Dex); these creatures are restrained. If a creature starts its turn restrained by The Embered One, The Embered One may make three Withering Assault attacks against that creature as a free action. The Embered One may carry up to 12 medium creatures, 4 large creatures or one huge creature.

The Stars Are Right As a reaction 3 times per long rest th Embered One can set the number on any die roll after its rolled.

Spellcasting: The Embered One is an 16th level caster and knows the following spells with a DC 18 (spells marked with * are from the Dark Arts Player Companion, available online for free)

1st level: Snare, Entangle

2nd level: Flaming Sphere, Vampire's Kiss, Gust of Wind, See invisibility*

3rd level: Counter spell, Umbral Form, Fear, Haste*

4th level: Draining Thread, Greater Invisibility, Wall of Fire*

5th level: Awaken, Scrying, Dominate Person

6th level: Heal, Investiture of Flame, Bones of The Earth

7th level: Project Image, Divine Word, Fire Storm, Whirlwind

8th level: Clone, Dominate Monster, Control Weather

Actions

Multiattack An Embered One can make Three Withering Assault attacks as a bonus actions, one Bite Attack and One Elderwood Attack as an action.

Withering Assault: *Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, 15ft range., one target. Hit (2d8 +7) Piercing Damage.*

Elderwood: *Melee Weapon Attack: +12 to hit, 10ft., one target. Hit; (4d12 + 14) Piercing damage, if the creature hit is two sizes smaller than the Embered One they must make a constitution saving throw equal to half the damage dealt. On a fail ,roll on the system shock table found in the dungeon masters guide (page 273).*

Bite: *Melee Weapon Attack: +12 to hit, 10ft., one target. Hit; (2d10 + 7) Piercing damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 19 Constitution saving throw or take an additional (3d8 +4) necrotic damage and is now infected, at the beginning of each of its turns it must make a DC 20 Constitution saving throw. If it fails this saving throw three times it is reduced to zero hit points if it dies it becomes a Thylemek Child (zombie stats, remove undead tag).*

Extra Actions

The Embered One has three tail ends that act on their own initiative. They must remain within 100ft of the Embered One

Lashing Tail

Medium Thylemek

Armour Class: 16

Hit Points: 60

Speed: 40ft

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
16(+3)	14(+2)	14(+2)	18(+4)	12(+1)	18(+4)

Senses Blind sight 60ft

Actions

Withering Assault: *Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, 15ft range., one target. Hit (2d8 +3) Piercing Damage.*



Lore

The Embered Ones are a race torn between their oath to uphold the cycle of life and the bloodlust that gnaws at their mind. Elegant creatures of wood, stone and fire, they act as the guardians of holy places in the wilds of the world where outsiders should tread lightly, and when it comes time to hunt nowhere is truly out of their reach. Gifted with a foresight that rivals that of the gods they can be an invaluable ally to those who earn their trust and a sentence of doom on those who cross them.

Legacy of Life

Even when killed an Embered One is not truly dead, but will often transfer to a backup (known as a Flame Touched) placed in a living thing where they will begin to grow again, this could be a field, tree, person, creature or monster. The soul of an Embered One is ancient and many will have multiple Flame Touched infected with their essence. Those looking to gain their favour may offer themselves to become one of these Flame Touched, knowing the death of their new-found friend may result in a messy outcome.

After its current body is killed, the Embered One will instantaneously transfer its soul and memories to one of its Flame Touched, empowering its new host with a sliver of its own strength as it begins to modify the biology of its new host shaping it towards the form of an Embered One. If the host lacks sufficient strength the Embered One will instead feed on this failure before leaving in its juvenile state to find a new host, often burying itself in a place rich with magic or life or implanting itself into a new larger creature. After 30 years of growth the Embered One would have returned to its adult size and return to its home or seek vengeance on whatever killed it.

Masters of Form

The physical form of an Embered One is bipedal with three extremely long prehensile tails with their own sets of eyes and mouths and a swarm of other mouthed tentacles hanging around the legs, they are often armed with a long wooden spear formed from wood harvested from their own bodies. But their monstrous form is only the tip of the iceberg, an Embered One possesses the ability to modify life in their sight, twisting the land and creatures around them into a form that they find more appealing and heavily modifying their environment to better accommodate their demanding diet of both magic and flesh. Even in its absence an ecosystem often will not recover from the Embered Ones meddling making their death catastrophic blow to the environments where they reside.

Immortal perspective

There is a saying 'an Embered One never sees you, it sees your ancestors, your parents, your children. It does not see you because in its eye your life is already decided and concluded.' Although a possible exaggeration of their power, no one has ever proven this saying wrong. The Embered Ones possess a foresight that they use to hunt, guide or even to see how their environment must be modified to ensure stability, they see beyond the choices most mortals see to how they will echo for generations to come and if they put their mind to it could easily conquer most civilisations. However, war is for the young and the Embered Ones are anything but, they are driven by a responsibility to their lands, to what end no one is sure, and the Embered Ones don't deal in absolutes and straight answers. It is perhaps better to hope they continue to tend to their lands and leave well enough alone (but let's be honest, a bard is going to try and seduce it).

Fourth Century Dice Tower, Imperial Rome (Germania Inferior), discovered in 1985



Front Inscription

PICTOS VICTOS
HOSTRIS DELETA
LVDITE SECVRI

Top Inscription

UTERE FELIX VIVAS

Front Inscription

The Picts are defeated
The enemy is destroyed
Play in safety

Top Inscription

Use it and live luckily



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