

# PLAYBOARD

ENTERTAINMENT FOR PLAYERS • MARCH 2001 • www.dirkdancer.com

Waste Not

Want Not

You Kill It  
You Eat It

Talk with  
Diva De Via

WOMEN OF  
FANTASY  
SPEAK OUT:

Victims of  
Fashion or  
Artistic  
License?

More Uses  
For Your  
BDF

**PLUS:** Enjoying The Secret Pleasures  
of Polymorph Spells



# PLAYBARD

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*Ravens Bluff's number one graces the cover of our amazing first issue.*

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*Have you ever felt guilty about leaving deceased monsters in your wake? Now you can stop feeling guilty and live by the creed: you kill it, you eat it.*

## 3 Our Interview with the Women of Fantasy

*It looks like a glamorous life, being idolized by the masses. But, is it all that it is cracked up to be? Some leading women of fantasy tackle the tough questions on life styles and dating.*

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*DeVia speaks out on what is past and what she hopes to see. Visit her in this pictorial interview.*

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*Will there be one?*

### Contributors to this issue:

Kern [drowtales.com]

Reinder Dijkhuis [rocr.net]

Geejay Fua [lovarianadventures.keenspace.com]

Emily Teal Young [www.saucybard.com/emiko/daer/]

Fugli Troll [dirkdancer.com]

... and of course, let us not forget the fine folks at keenspace.com

## Read DeViations Lately?



[dirkdancer.com](http://dirkdancer.com)



## Go There



## Buy Stuff



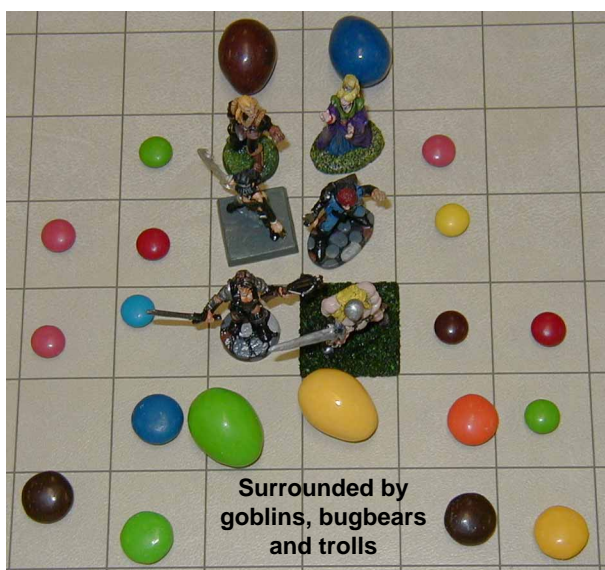
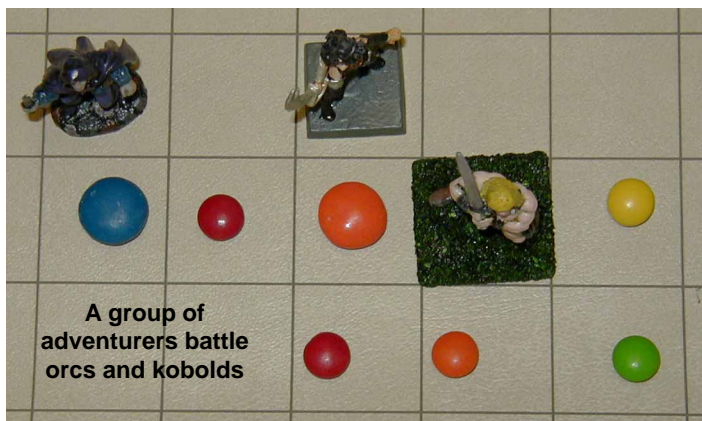
Now!

# The Playbard Advisor

**I have noticed a peculiar habit at some recent game gatherings. Several times after a rather heated combat, people reach out onto the field and ingest their opponents. Is this normal? Who would have thought of such a barbaric act?**

It is anyone's guess who started this curious culinary custom, and we hesitate to call it barbaric. The practice of which you write sounds like the time honored tradition of many gaming tables called "you kill it, you eat it." This custom has been around for ages and has been practiced by game referees for as long as many can remember. It may have originally been an attempt to sweeten the reward of winning a combat. Whatever its roots, here are the official rules for adding it to your home campaign.

To liven up your combat antics, use edible tokens to represent opponents on the table. Since it is never a good idea to ingest strange matter, you will want to make sure that everyone has washed their hands, and that your battle mat is clean before undertaking this sort of adventure twist. All miniatures with lead in them should also be painted and thoroughly sealed prior to using them at the same table. The basic idea is simple: whoever puts the last hit points on any opponent on the battle field gets to eat the candy that represents that creature.



What counts for scoring a kill is that the creature is incapacitated. Thus, if the second level halfling rogue puts the last three hit points on the dragon, effectively killing it, then that character's player gets to eat it. If a wizard effectively casts hold spells and the incapacitated creatures are subsequently killed by others while they are held, then the wizard should get credit for that kill. This might not be the case if the held creatures have some way of effectively fighting while held. Ultimately the referee must make the decision of who gets the battlefield carrion, but most decisions of this sort are straight forward.

To represent the opponents, one will want to select some tasty tidbits. Celery and carrots may be healthy, but no one wants to fight to eat them. As a rule, vegetables are often spared by adventuring parties and give free passage through the realm. Gummi candies come in various shapes and sizes, but can squish in a referee's back pack or melt in a hot car when left unattended. Hard candies are easy to transport, and are of a good size for the task, but most gamers prefer chocolate if it is kept cool and unmashed.

Some referees will use one type of candy to represent all the monsters, while more creative ones with larger budgets may use candies of varying sizes and color to represent different opponents. Once you have tried it a few times, you will know what level of preparation you feel comfortable with.

# Playbard Interview: Women of Fantasy

Our editorial staff tackles some of the finer points of being female in a male dominated fantasy world.

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*Women in fantasy have been the center of debate for some time. Ever since Frank Frazetta and Boris Vallejo started painting scantily clad fantasy heroines, the discussion of propriety and taste have raged on. We thought that our readers might wish to join in the debate but after hearing what some of the leading women of fantasy have to say on the topic.*

*Our interview was brief yet productive with some notable fantasy women represented. Ariel managed to take some time out from Tales of Drow Sorcerer [drowtales.com]. Kel dropped in from Rogues of Clwyd-Rhan [rocr.net]. Nadine managed to spare a few minutes from Lovarian Adventures [lovarianadventures.keenspace.com]. Neesa hails from the yet to be published Daerinnid Chronicles [www.saucybard.com/emiko/daer/]. And, of course Tess can be found in DeViations [dirkdancer.com].*

**PB:** What do you think draws readers/fans into your particular fantasy world?

**Ariel:** Realism I think. We don't hide anything from you, sex, violence, sadness, sorrow, action, blood, it is all shown. Also our world is in color and very special! It been tested for nine months already as I speak. And, our race is one of the most interesting also, known by the audience of role players.

**Kel:** I suppose the way the really fantastic elements are always out of the picture makes the world I live in seem more plausible. I mean, I'm half elvish but you don't see a lot of other elvish people unless the stories demand that they become visible. Or, those of us who are witches are shown arguing with each other rather than flying on broomsticks and such like.

**Nadine:** Hmm... if you are referring to the Realms of Lovaria, the comic hasn't shown much of the place yet but I assure you that it is a very interesting place indeed. But, if you are referring to the comic that depicts our lives, that's a different matter. According to Lord Geejay, the scribe that writes our comic, he thinks it's because of the action, the pacing of the story, the humor and of course because of me! Hahaha.

**PB:** I heard that it may also be because of that rogue called Helix.

**Nadine:** What? No, no, no. That arrogant pervert show-off doesn't even have any fans. And, he keeps butting in on my fights, it's very annoying! I just hope he gets tired of hanging around and leave us alone. We don't need him.

**Neesa:** Well, I know it's 'cause the world I'm from 'as a 'ole lotta diff'rent people, each wi' their own story. So readas 'ave a lot o' stuff ta do.

**Tess:** I would like to say it's the incredibly subtle humorous writing and gripping plot line, but I suspect it has more to do with brief outfits and compromising positions. Humans have this whole nudity taboo, which is odd since all you seem to try and do is get each other to remove theirs, often without disturbing your own.

**PB:** What do you think of the clothing that you wear in your adventures?

**Ariel:** Well for sure I don't share the taste of DeVia, no skimpy outfits for me! I prefer soft silk dresses. They are very common where I come from, and are usually glossy. My favorite color is purple. So a purple dress or armor if I have to shape change for a battle! Scythes and armor are cool, but not all the time since my shoulders are kind of tiny. I like to look special too.

**Kel:** I don't have a problem with it. Most of the time I'm lucky to wear any clothing.

**Nadine:** I'm a conservative dresser. I do see a lot of women warriors who aren't wearing much clothing. I think it'll be very difficult for me to concentrate on defeating an enemy if I'm always worried that the only piece of garment I'm wearing will be ripped into pieces while in the heat of combat. (Nadine blushes slightly) I also wear this garment as a sign of respect for my father. You see, I don't know my father but my step-parents told me that when they found me in the forest, I was wrapped in a cloth with the design you see on my shirt and Blade here. I figured, that the design must be my family's coat of arms but I have yet to find this particular coat of arms here in the realms. But I'm still looking. When I find it, I'll know that I'm finally back with my family.

**Neesa:** Well, I ‘aven’t got a ‘ole lot, but I love this blue dress Daer gave t’ me. It’s comfy an’ th’ cola’ bring out me eyes.

**Tess:** I thought it would be more comfortable to go nude, but the guy in wardrobe keeps handing out costumes on a regular basis. I least like the thong design that I had to wear for our beach wear shoot. It’s hard to keep your mind on what you’re doing with a thong riding up on you. I’d rather just do the whole thing nude, but that damn censorship fairy keeps putting in her two bits and we have to put on something to cover ‘strategic areas.’

**PB:** Is there anyone special in your life right now, and do they understand the added pressures that effect you?

**Ariel:** Special?... sigh... they always end up dead. I still have a lot of friends trough, but they are all scattered far away from me right now. Yes, they do put lot of pressure on me. I always try to help them but it usually only brings disaster. I have to be strong.

**Kel:** Jodoque, who is my husband and will be the father of my baby is pretty special, and I’m really proud of being able to say that with a straight face. But seriously, he’s understanding enough. He’s got a lot to deal with on his own.

**Nadine:** Special? I never knew my real parents and my step-parents died when I was 13. I guess the only thing special to me is the group I’m with now. They are very nice people. We all get along pretty well, except... that Helix is being such a pest. Let’s move on to the next question.

**Neesa:** There’s only one man fo’ me, and tha’s my Daerinnid! ‘E’s verra tall an’ smart an’ ‘e’s rescued me a dozen times. I would’n ‘spect Daer ta worry ‘bout me, though. ‘E’s got enough on ‘is mind.

**Tess:** No, they don’t tend to last long. The creatures on this plane tend to break a little too easily.

**PB:** What is your vision of the perfect date?

**Ariel:** Date? I don’t really understand why humans date each other. Most drow don’t even know what love is, and for the few who know, they find it inside their hearts in secret when they see each others. I don’t think a date is necessary, trough I remember what was the closest thing to a date for me was: going to the arena and shouting at my lover, cleaning his wounds after the battle, and ending both sleeping in each others arms.

**Kel:** A nice round number, preferably around the summer solstice. I’ve always been fond of July 1, 1,000.

**Nadine:** A date? Hahaha. I do not have time for dates. I just want to improve my fighting skills and hope that I get accepted into Baron Zeigfried’s army. Well, anyway, I’m not really interested in dates.

**Neesa:** Well, I s’pose a nice evenin’ a’front o’ a fireplace wi’ some roast pig.

**Tess:** What an odd question. I suppose he would have to pick me up in a carriage and take me to a rousing show before we retired to his place for some energetic copulation. Then for dinner afterwards I would need a good vintage wine. It would be a shame to eat him with only something cheap to wash him down.

**PB:** If you had one wish, what would it be?

**Ariel:** I wish, I wish so much. My greatest wish is peace. I want peace for me and my friend. I think I’ll become crazy if things continue to evolve this way. I see my friends passing so close to death so often. Damn DMs! I hate Cybernic and Sanjay so much. I wish they would be nice to me but they only think about making me sad, they love to see my will broken and defeated. Humans are really nasty. Human men even more so.

**Kel:** I wish I would stop having those nasty dreams about dolphins. They give me the willies.

**Nadine:** Only one wish? That’s a toughie. I really want to see my real parents again of course and I also want to be accepted into Baron Zeigfried’s army. I suppose finding my real parents is more important to me but I know that is very improbable. Well, if I couldn’t have either, I guess, I’ll just go with this wish: world peace. Thank you.

**Neesa:** Jus’ t’ be wit’ Daer forever, but ‘e keeps runnin’ off while I’m sleepin’. I’d like t’ start a fam’ly wi’ ‘im, just like th’ one I used ta ‘ave. A li’l girl or two an’ an inn someplace ou’ in th’ country.

**Tess:** Oh, definitely not peace. I just want to lose this thong.

**PB:** Thank you for your time ladies.

**Ariel** ran away in the darkness.

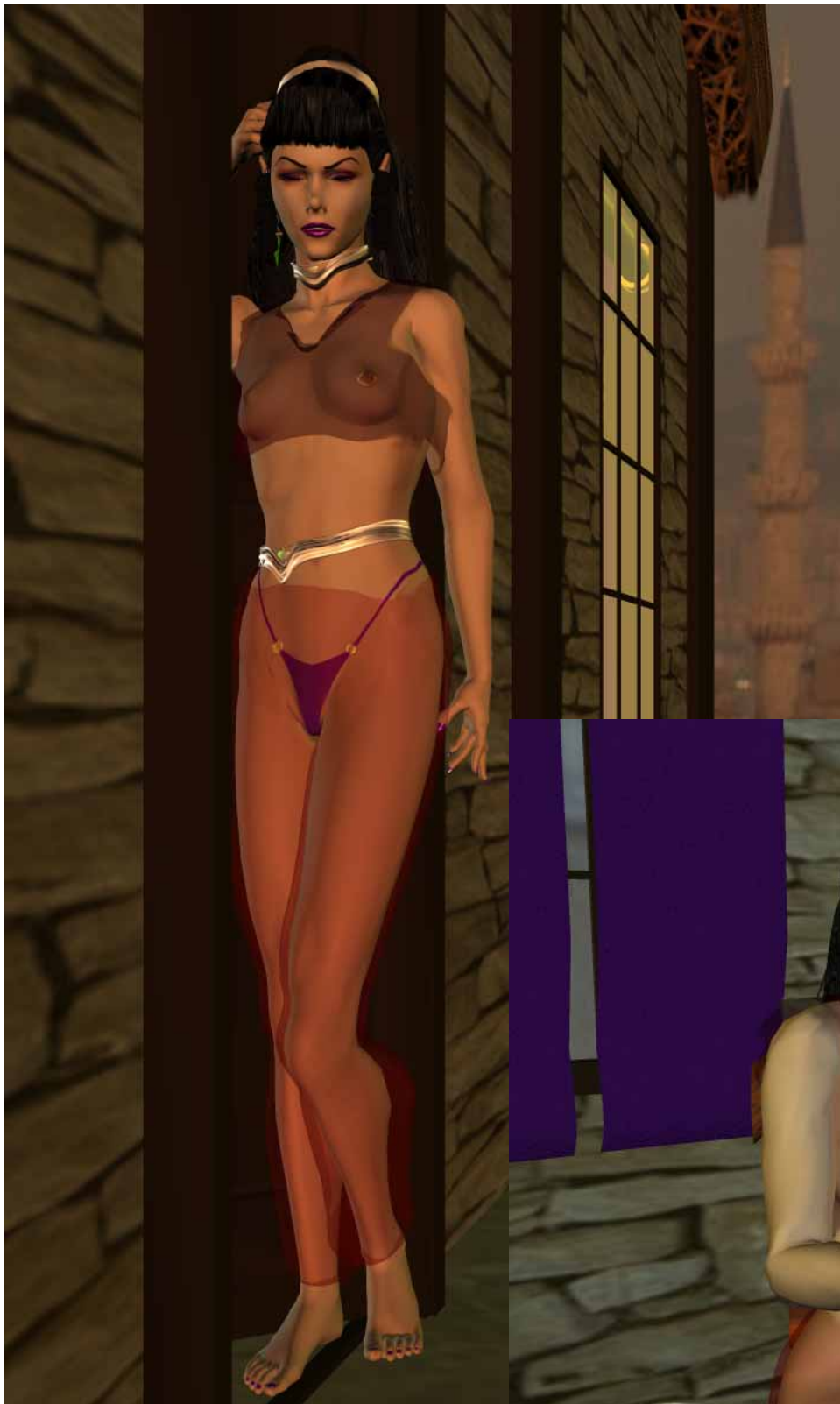
**Nadine:** Thank you also for inviting me over. Er... yes Blade, we can go now.

**Neesa:** Oh, tis no’ a problem! I ‘aven’t got much ta do ‘cept cookin’ f’r me bandits. The pleasure’s all mine.

# Harem of One

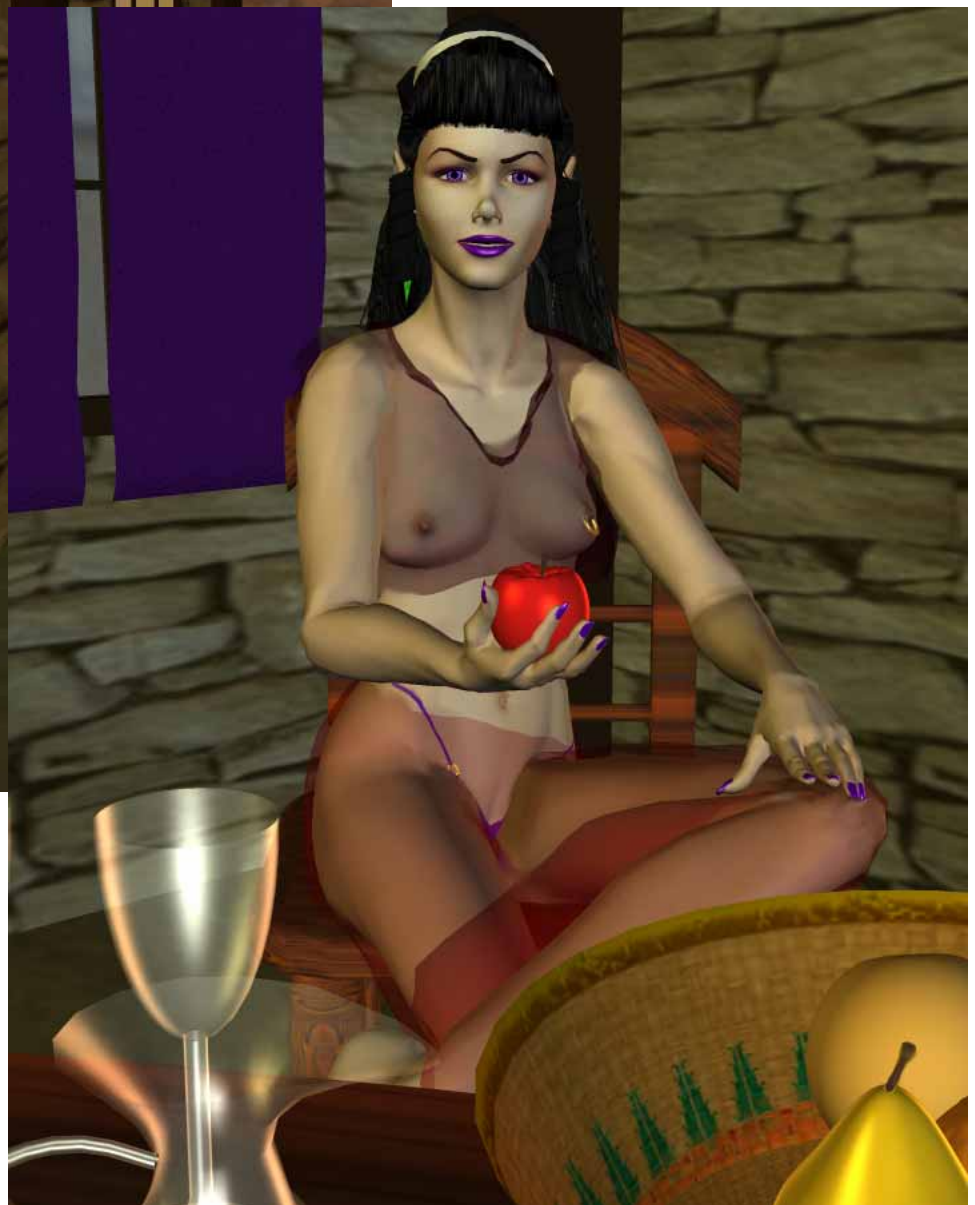
Who ever would have thought that this scrawny little waif from Crows End would grow up to be the darling of the Ravens Bluff elite? Ask almost anyone on the street and they might shrug you off, but Just ask her and you will learn that it was all part of a grander plan. Even





making a plan. But if you set a target first, all you need to do is keep aiming and trying. Sooner or later you'll hit something. My goal was simple; I just wanted to be famous." It is obvious that she has been successful in her quest for fame this far.

Her name is now very recognizable. To most who have seen her from a distance on the various stages in Ravens Bluff and Procampur, her name is more recognizable than even her face. Just by placing the name of DeVia Dirkdancer on their marquees,



her sister never dreamed that DeVia Dirkdancer had her rise to fame planned from the start.

"It's all about goal setting," she smirks. "It's partly about planning but it is more about goals. If you don't have a goal, there's no use in

theaters are sure to sell out tickets for the opening night of any production. As DeVia herself is the first to point out, “I didn’t have a proper name, growing up in an orphanage, and the names that children make up are usually cruel. The earliest one I can remember was ‘twigs.’ I guess they called me that because my legs were long and skinny, and I wasn’t big enough to be called ‘sticks.’”

Looking at her now, we are reminded about a fable concerning a certain duckling and the taunts of others. “I remember that they started calling me ‘deviant’ because I was always going where no one else would, mostly by talking to the older people and shut ins in the neighborhood. I didn’t like the name at first, but when it stuck as

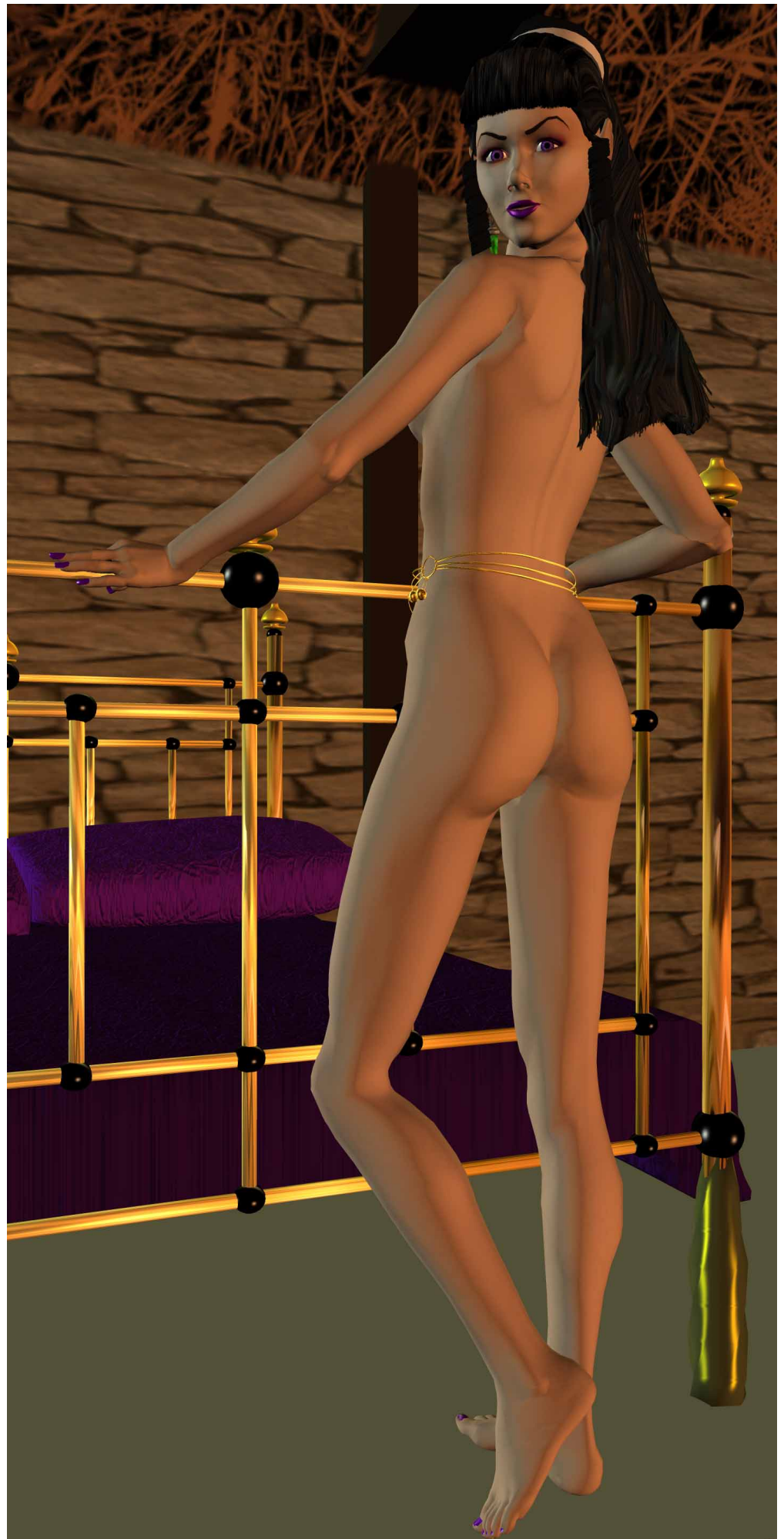




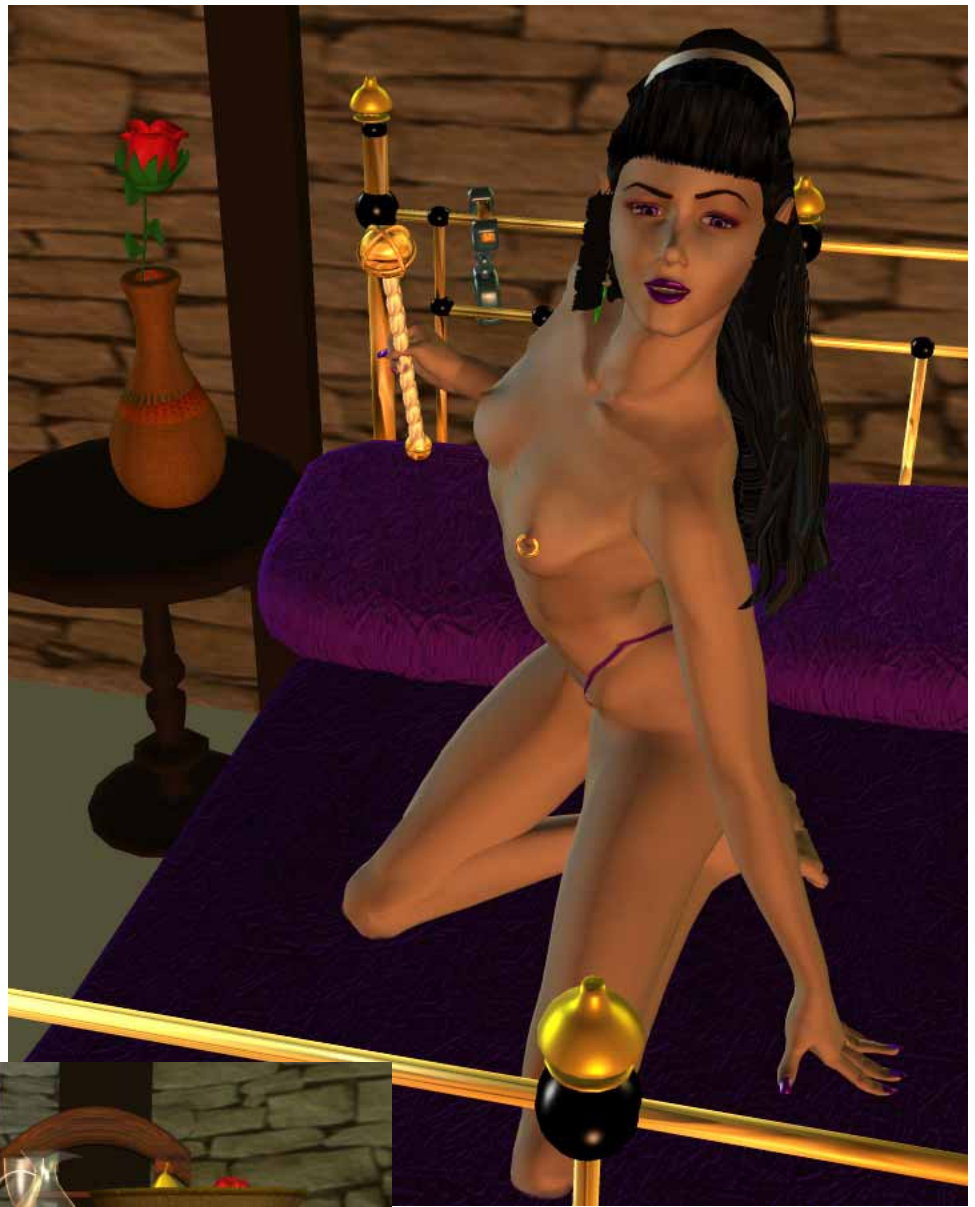
‘DeVia’ I sort of grew into it. The ‘Dirkdancer’ part didn’t come until much later.”

As most citizens of the Bluff know, DeVia was captured by Myrkissa Jellan during the war. DeVia does not like to dwell on this subject too often. “I learned a lot about survival during those years,” she notes. “I prefer not to dwell on those times. I like to think that i can set them behind me some day. I know that I can’t, but I like to live in that hope.” She later commented that it seems to be her greatest tragedy that people remember the most. “I want to be recognized for my accomplishments, not my vulnerabilities.”

“There was a time,” she quips, “that I might have been overwhelmed by the constant pouring in of fan letters. They usually tell me about their lives and ask questions about various things. That’s at least a part of why I agreed to do DeViations.” She, of course refers to her increasingly popular comic formatted advice column located at [dirkdancer.keenspace.com](http://dirkdancer.keenspace.com). “It’s a way I can answer many letters at once while still maintaining my own illusion of privacy. Fans can see me, and I don’t have to worry about them climbing up the walls of my tower to get a peek in. I open it to them in their own homes, and then I shut my door and enjoy a little solitude.”

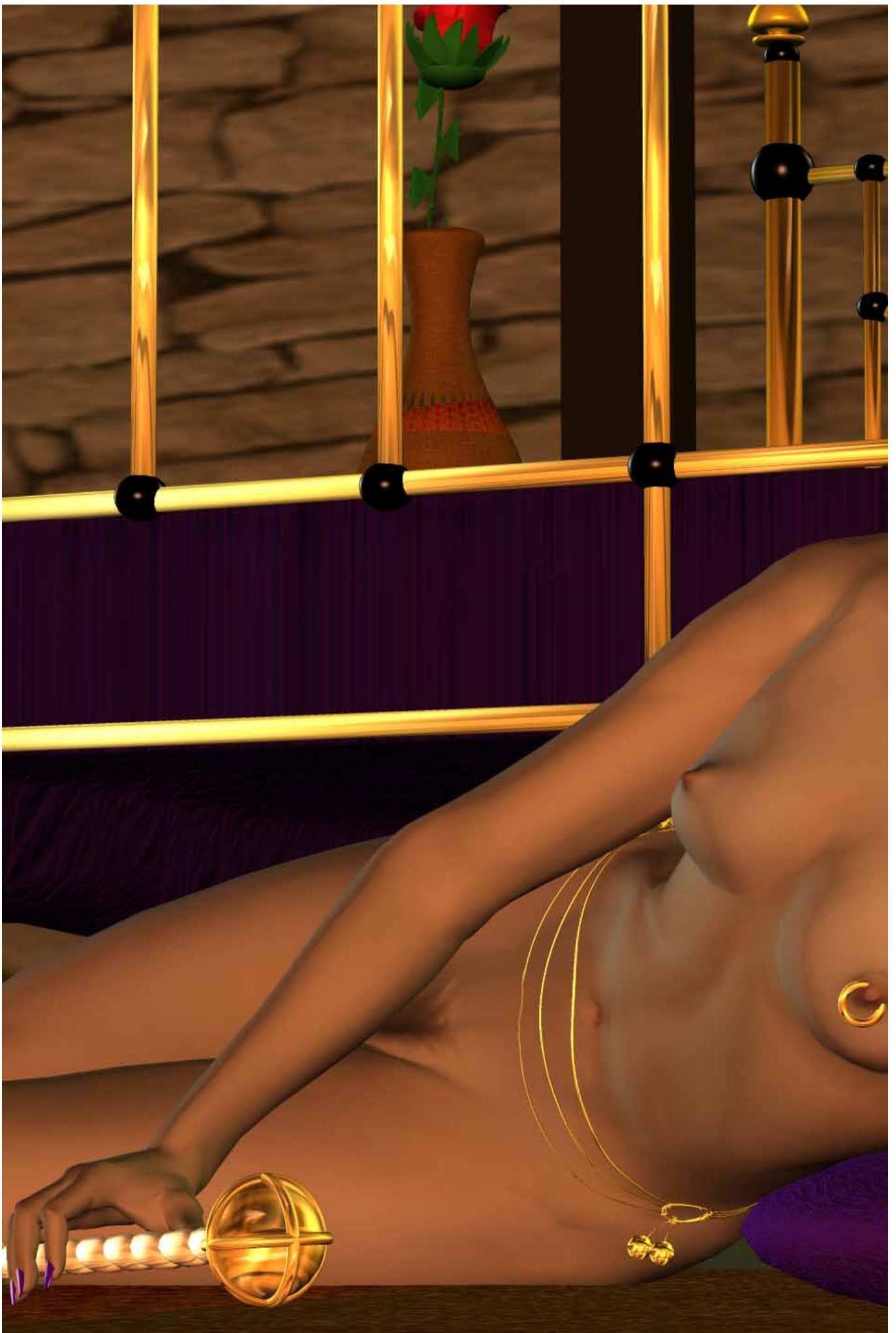


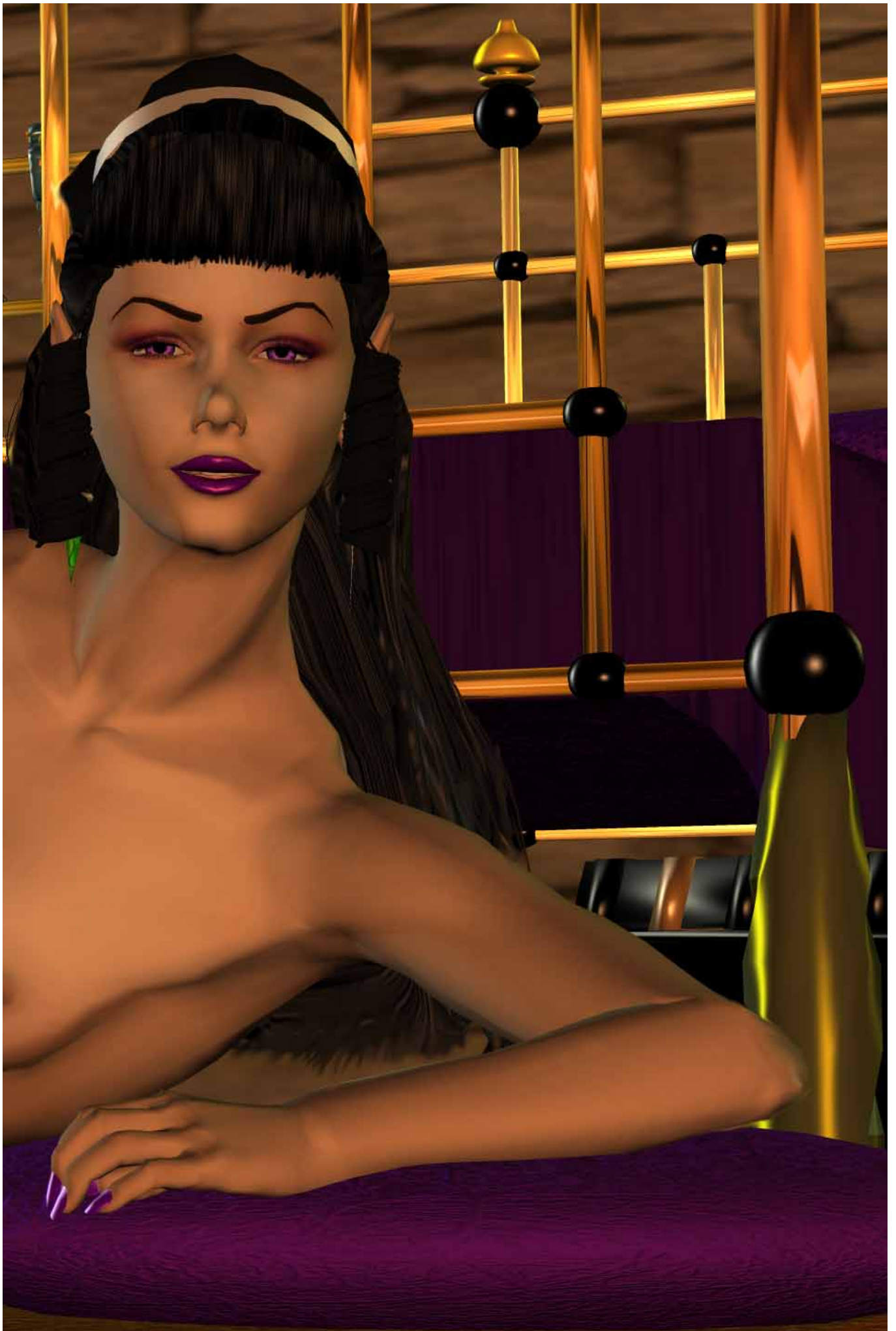
There was also a time when DeVia moved away from Ravens Bluff to live the courtly life as the wife of Waterdeep Nobility. “I really was out of place there,” she reminisces. “I think they were rather nice to me, and very forgiving of my baser manners at times for the sake of Askelon. Once it was apparent that he had met his demise in the distant Jungles of Chult, they were a bit more officious, and I made the decision to return here to a place that I can love the people, and they will accept me for who I am, not where I came from.” We most certainly appreciate her returning.



She declined to comment on whether there’s someone new sharing her romantic life these days. “I think that there’s a part of my life that I still need to keep private for a little longer,” she says. Friends comment that she had been so spoiled by her husband, that there is no one who can live up to her demanding standards. “I play the part of the shrew well,” she agrees. “I like to think it’s an act, a means to test the loyalty and patience of my friends. Then I start to think that maybe this is the real me. I’d hate to admit to being spoiled, especially with all the children who didn’t make it as far as I have.”







BARDMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: DeVia Dirkdancer

BUST: 26 WAIST: 20 HIPS: 29

HEIGHT: 5ft WEIGHT: 90 lbs

BIRTH DATE: Unknown BIRTHPLACE: Ravens Bluff/Crows End

AMBITIONS: to be the most famous citizen of Ravens Bluff while still maintaining a little dignity and credibility.

TURN-ONS: Being the only woman in a large group, men who know what they want and are polite about it, getting away with it.

TURN-OFS: People who don't ask before they paw, silly assumptions, lewd comments from complete strangers.

MY FAVORITE ACTIVITIES: things that involve moving about, like dancing.

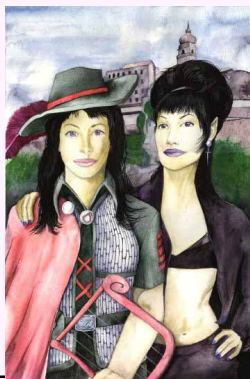
THE MOST EXOTIC PLACE I'VE VISITED: I went to Thay once, but I didn't like it there, so I guess Waterdeep since it is so far away. Waterdeep reminded me a lot of Ravens Bluff actually.

IF I HAD TIME I WOULD: visit my sister more often. One day I hope to collaborate on something with her. I would write the dance, she would write the music. Something like that.

MAKE LOVE OR CHOCOLATE? Love is never needing chocolate.



Remembering simpler times after being released.



Happy reunion when Raven was freed from her own captivity.



All dolled up for a date after Askelon left.

# Playbard BDF\* Jokes



+1 one?

He went crazy trying to throw the old one away.

Did you hear about the BDF who hit the laughing spiritualist? He wanted to strike a happy medium.

Arnie the BDF came home to his room at the inn one night saying, "That innkeeper is a real bragger. He claims to have made love to every woman in this inn except one.

"Hmmm," said Arnie's Wife. "Must be they snooty lady on the second floor."

Thor, the god, decided to go down to Procampur to be mortal for an evening. He met a beautiful girl and they spent the evening together. In the morning, Thor thought he'd share his secret with her, saying, "Honey, I'm Thor."

"You're Thor?" she exclaimed. "Lithen buthter, I'm tho thore I can hardly thit down."

If you see a BDF walking around with bleeding wounds on his face, don't worry. We all have to learn how to eat with a fork sometime.

It has come to our attention that a BDF recently broke his shoulder during a pie eating contest. A cow fell on him.



Tim the Wizard: Is that Hortense over by the bar?

Arnie the BDF: She looks pretty relaxed to me.

Know how the BDF lost 5 pounds? He took a bath.

Why aren't BDFs circumcised? No one wants to throw away the best part.

How do you get a one armed BDF out of a tree? You wave at him.

Did you hear about the BDF who got a +2 boomerang to replace his old

A BDF who was about to get married asked a friend what he should do on his wedding night. The friend was a bit too reserved to be explicit and merely advised, "after you get your clothes off, just rub her stomach and say 'I love you.'" The rest will come naturally."

So after the wedding when the couple had retired to their room and disrobed, the BDF remembered his instructions. He rubbed his bride's stomach saying, "I love you."

"Lower," she exclaimed. So the BDF spoke again in a much deeper voice, "I love you."

Did you hear about the BDF who bought his wife a wig? He heard that she was "getting bald" while he was away adventuring.

Why does it take three BDFs to milk a cow? One to hold the udders, and two to move the cow up and down.

Judge: I'll give you 50 gold pieces or 10 days.

BDF: I'm short of money, so I'll take the 50 gold.

Why don't the hang men with wooden legs in Ravens Bluff?

They use a rope instead.

The healer asked Arnie the BDF when he discovered he had diarrhea. Arnie said, "when I took off my boots."

A BDF decided to raise chickens, so he planted twenty score of them completely under the soil. Of course, they all died. So he planted twenty score more the heads sticking out. Again, they all died. So he sat down and wrote a letter to the Ravens Bluff farm bureau, describing the situation. A week later he got a reply: "Please bring in soil sample."

A BDF was feeling philosophical: "This life is just the old story of dog eat dog. Or, is it the other way around?"



\* Big Dumb Fighter

# PLAYBARD

## stuff you want

What it is, Where it is, and Who's got it

### DUNGEON SWEET DUNGEON



However you plan to get away with that special someone, you'll want to plan it right and with the right equipment. For long and lingering encounters use a slow sand hour glass from Timers shop on chandler lane. His elite hour glasses are guaranteed to be accurate within three seconds when left undisturbed on a level surface. His custom models are unique in that he will manufacture them set for longer or shorter periods of time. If you want to give the illusion of a slow hand when all you need is a quickie, or if you want you six o'clock regular to stay a bit longer, just pull out one of these. Just don't forget which one is which or you might strain yourself trying to keep pace.



For those longer or lonelier sessions you might want to consider the rod of splendor from Smith Street. Like its namesake, it promises to keep you in regal fashion for hours on end. The adjustable dial on the grip makes it versatile enough to please even the most particular or the most insatiable, and the rugged electrum surface assures that it will remain durable throughout the most rugged regimen. Packaged with the patented oil of slipperiness, this fetish is sure to please the ladies as well as a few of the laddies.

The Argus Coal Keeper helps keep those nasty embers up and off your cold floors. Tools left in these coals get hot and stay hot even if your dungeon is drafty. No more unsightly burn marks in on your stone or wood flooring. Keep those burns where they belong, on your prisoners and other guests. Manufactured in two



sizes, you will need to decide if you want the burning hands or flame strike model. Of course, you could get them both for those weekend long parties.

Is your lover a stone giant, or does he just think he is? Keep your passions flared with the decanter of polymorph from the mages guild. While a true polymorph other spell might be exciting, the actual casting tends to be cost prohibitive. This lovely crystal pitcher contains multiple doses of change self potions formulated to give you that extra something where your lover will appreciate it most. For those who prefer something a bit stronger, there is an actual polymorph version of this available in their catalog, but you will want to make sure that your his and her versions are compatible. It might be disturbingly surprising, after all, for one of you to find the other lower down on the food chain.





# Next Issue?



Welcome to this, the premier issue of Playbard. As I am certain that you have noticed that this publication is a parody of a much more famous publication. I want to be right up front here and say that Playbard is in no way affiliated with that publication, nor do the opinions expressed in one have anything to do with the other. Our own opinions may not even reflect what we think, let alone something more insidious. Clear as mud? I thought so.

The work contained within this publication is the product of the minds of several artists on the web linked to a special project that is brewing titled Fantasy Lair [fantasylair.com]. The primary contributor to this issue is me, Fugli Troll, to whom the character of DeVia Dirkdancer actually belongs. When I asked for input from others in the project, I got it, so you may see some of their characters highlighted here too. They own any

copyrights to those characters, and I have noted who belongs to who through the use of URLs in those circumstances.

Now, with that all said, I should probably note that this premier issue took quite a lot of time to put together. If you like it, you are very welcome. If you don't, please gnash your teeth quietly elsewhere. Either way, if you would like to see another issue published then please drop a dollar or two for this issue in my tip jar [see dirkdancer.com]. If someone gives you a copy of this issue, that request applies to you too. I consider this publication to be shareware, and if it becomes financially self supporting, I may easily see it as worth my effort to put together another issue.

Thank you in advance for your support,

Fugli Troll [troll@fantasylair.com]