



MISFITS IN ACTION

[HTTP://WWW.MISFIT-STUDIOS.COM](http://www.misfit-studios.com)

NEWSLETTER



As with every month, we are cover what's new with **Misfit Studios**, and this month's new products. Read on for details!

You may have received this newsletter because you have set your **OneBookShelf** account settings to allow emails from publishers. If you do not wish to do so, you must change this setting in your account.

WHAT'S GOING ON WITH MISFIT STUDIOS

June saw **Misfit Studios** push out a number of quality stock art pieces from the various artists we work with, as well as a number of **Savage Worlds** offerings (including a parody item that caused a bit of controversy--who'd have guessed?) We also launched our take on a popular Headhunting Immortal for **Mutants & Masterminds 3e**.

We continue to work on converting **DOOM** to **Mutants & Masterminds 3e** and **Armed Force** for the **Armageddon RPG**. Several chapters are already complete on the latter, and test layouts look great. Beyond that, we've planned some more content for **Savage Worlds** and are working on getting a more expansive version of our Headhunting Immortal out for the **Pathfinder RPG**.

MISFIT STUDIOS IN PRINT

Misfit Studios offers a variety of top quality print products through [Lulu](#). You can also download our most recent [catalog of print products here](#).

MISFIT STUDIOS' NEW RELEASES -- GAME PRODUCTS

Here is what **Misfit Studios** released in June of 2016.



JULY 2016, ISSUE 3.07

**CHRISTINA STILES PRESENTS: AMBUSH OF TIGERS
BY JACOB BLACKMON**

Stock #: MIS9282

This image by Jacob Blackmon is released under the Christina Stiles Presents line of stock art. It depicts an Ambush of Tigers under a mage's command. Is some sort of beast control in play here or were these animals summoned using magic?

This purchase includes both a color and black and white version of the image. Both are in TIF format (with transparency) at 300 dpi. A bonus color image is also included, portraying the tigers without the mage. Dimensions are 7.5 x 5.5 inches.

All art files are bundled in a ZIP file.



Purchase: [RPGNow \(PDF\)](#)

SUPER-POWERED: YET 10 MORE HQ ADD-ONS

Stock #: MIS7043

This installment of our Super-Powered series for the Savage World rules provides 10 new add-ons for headquarters following the format presented in the Super Powers Companion (Second Edition).

Within this brief Super-Powered: Yet 10 More HQ Add-Ons PDF you will find:

- 6 new HQ rooms: the Dock, Game Room, Gym, Inventor Lab, Pool, and Trophy Room.
- 3 new HQ Extras: Escape Tunnel, Landmark, and Self-Destruct.
- 1 new HQ Hindrance: Famous.

This product is compatible with material found in the Super Powers Companion (Second Edition)

Purchase: [RPGNow \(PDF\)](#)

Super-Powered
Yet 10 More HQ Add-Ons

Introduction

This work expands on the headquarters rules provided in the Savage World Super Powers Companion (Second Edition) by providing additional rooms and extras. Furthermore, the ability to apply Hindrances to a headquarters is also introduced.

New HQ Rooms

The following new rooms may be added to a headquarters.

Dock (2)

The headquarters is equipped with a dock and repair shop. Each time this facility is purchased, the character gains a new boat base attached to the dock that is capable of housing one of their water vehicles (their choice may have varying costs, as well as any tools needed to keep it running. Of some vehicles from the Super Powers Companion, each boat base handles up to Size 8 vehicles.)

Repair rolls to the water vehicle are modified by the headquarters' facility modifier. For the sake of simplicity, rolls from one garage may not be used in another, even if the vehicle is the same type.

Game Room (1)

A game room is filled with entertainment and recreational devices. Be they televisions, video games, pool tables, ping pong or the like, if large enough, it can

Uses the Super Powers Companion (Second Edition)

Author & Design: Mark Stiles
This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 4.0 International License. See the full license at <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/4.0/>.
Savage Worlds is a trademark of Pinnacle Entertainment Group. Savage Worlds is a registered trademark of Pinnacle Entertainment Group. Savage Worlds is a registered trademark of Pinnacle Entertainment Group. Savage Worlds is a registered trademark of Pinnacle Entertainment Group.
© 2016 Mark Stiles <http://www.markstiles.com>

EARL GEIER PRESENTS: DIGGING DEVOURER

Stock #: MIS9283

This stock art piece from Earl Geier depicts a Digging Devourer rising up from the ground, looking for something to wrap its tentacles around and feast on.

The image is 7 x 8" in dimension.

This purchase includes a JPG and a TIFF version at 300 dpi, along with an EPS vector version.

All art files are bundled in a ZIP file.

Purchase: [RPGNow \(PDF\)](#)





Get Your Favorite
MISFIT STUDIOS
 Game Products in
PRINT
 Through our **Lulu**
 Storefront



<http://www.lulu.com/spotlight/misfitstudios>

Click on the above advertisement to go directly to our print storefront

CRAWTHORNE'S CATALOG OF CREATURES: DEMAGOGUE DEMON

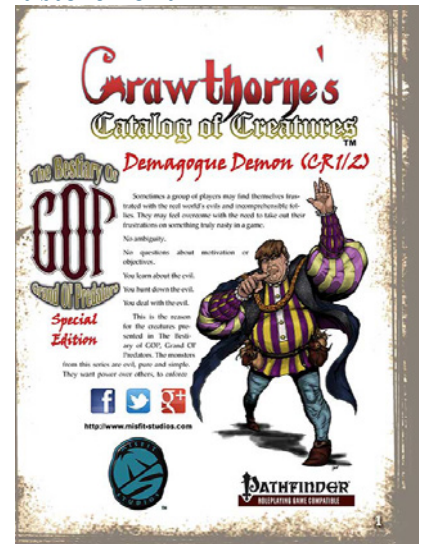
Stock #: MIS0040

Crawthorne's Catalog of Creatures is back with the Bestiary of Grand 'ol Predators special edition, presenting the Demagogue Demon, also known as a tr'ump demon. These power-mad monsters seek to infiltrate human society and create upheaval and even revolution by spreading economic ruin, hatred, and prejudice as a way to make people beholden to them.

Includes a sample demagogue demon character with class levels, Donn Awld.

Both a color and print-friendly version of the product are included.

Purchase: [RPGNow \(PDF\)](#)



ERIC LOFGREN PRESENTS: BERSERKER

Stock #: MIS9284

This stock art image by Eric Lofgren depicts a Berserker stepping forward into a fight while wielding an axe in each hand. Just who is this berserker and who is he about to fight?

This b/w purchase includes one JPG and a TIFF version, both at 300 dpi. Dimensions are 3.5 x 5 inches.

All art files are bundled in a ZIP file.

Purchase: [RPGNow \(PDF\)](#)



JASON MOSER PRESENTS: DREAM MAGIC

Stock #: MIS9285

This stock art image by Jason Moser depicts a dream of some sort or an example of Dream Magic. What is the purpose of the dreamcatcher? Who or what are the two mysterious figures? Who do the glowing eyes belong to? Presented at 13 x 9" dimensions.

This colour purchase includes one JPG and a TIFF version, both at 300 dpi.

All art files are bundled in a ZIP file.

Purchase: [RPGNow \(PDF\)](#)



SCOTT HARSHBARGER PRESENTS: GOBLIN TRIO

Stock #: MIS9286

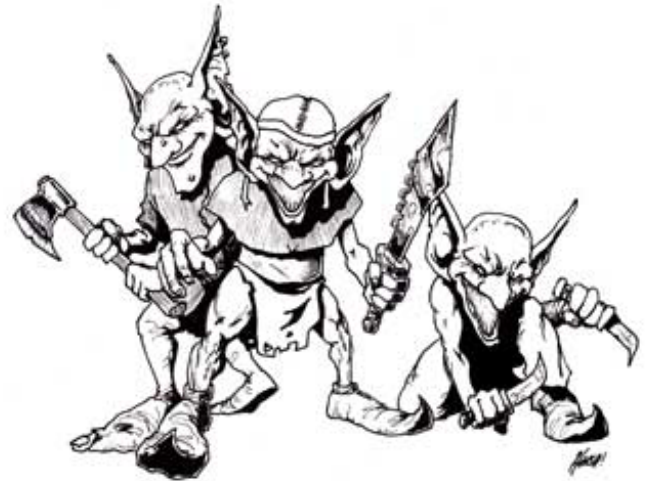
This stock art piece by Scott Harshbarger presents a Goblin Trio up to no good. Just what sort of mischief are these goblins looking to get into?

This image is presented at 7 x 5.5 inches in size.

This black and white purchase includes one JPG and one TIFF version, each at 300 dpi. A vector EPS version is also included

All art files are bundled in a ZIP file.

Purchase: [RPGNow \(PDF\)](#)



MONSTER BRIEF: MIXED FOES II

Stock #: MIS7041

This product presents a variety of foes to pitch against your heroes. Within, you will find:

The Demagogue Demon, a.k.a. Tr'ump, an insidious monster that hides amongst humanity, insinuating itself into its upper levels to tear society apart from within.

The imposing Imperial Land Griffon, two breeds of this unusual mount that is related to the better-known griffon but incapable of flight.

The Storm Serpent, a winged creature that controls storms to deadly effect.

The Treeshadow, a zealous type of faerie that hides within trees until the moment comes to strike.

Both a color and print-friendly version of the product are included.

Purchase: [RPGNow \(PDF\)](#)

MONSTER BRIEF
MIXED FOES II

Demagonj Demagogue

The Tr'ump demon subrace, also known as demagogue demons, are infiltrators, chicanes, and users of individuals and civilizations alike. Their purpose is to insinuate themselves into the uppermost levels of humanity, religion, and/or business, be it local, regional, or even national levels on behalf of their more powerful masters. By doing so they sow dissent and confusion, turning populations against each other and raising economic.

When everyone is at each other's throats, the Tr'ump demon steps forward to take over or offer solution for a steep price. This process is needed in the real-world, like turning over one's position and standing, or wealth and power base. It can also be more ethereal (and damning), such as requiring payment of one's soul.

Demagogue demons are not particularly competent in a fight—they do not possess any especially impressive combat skills or abilities. Instead, they use their wealth to hire mercenaries and bodyguards. They will also employ their charms to convince their followers to blindly leap to their defense. As such, physical confrontations in the last resort for them—they'll use insults, charm, deception, and threats as much as possible to get others to fight their battles for them.

The Tr'ump are envious of their own superiority over other races (and even many other types of demons). This arrogance is simultaneously one of their greatest strengths and most significant weaknesses. Although it grants them the confidence to make bold moves, it also can't help but rear its head in embarrassing and damaging ways while the demon is attempting to endure itself!

Authors: Steven Troutman, Emily Bramfield, Spike Y Jones
Game Mechanics: Steven Troutman
Artwork: Scott Harshbarger, Gregth, Geo-Zak, Lightning
Playtesters: Marcus "Chocmeister" Burggraf, Brian Gohart
Some images copyright 2016 www.studioshack.com. All other content is copyright © 2016, Mink Studios, All Rights Reserved.
This game influences the Savage Worlds game system, available from Private Entertainment Group at www.private.com. Savage Worlds and all associated logos and trademarks are the property of Private Entertainment Group. Used with permission. Private makes no representation or warranty as to the quality, usability, or suitability for purpose of this product.
Visit Mink Studios at <http://www.mink-studios.com>

BRETT NEUFELD PRESENTS: ELECTRIC ELF RANGER DRUID

Stock #: MIS9287

This stock art piece by Brett Neufeld presents an Electric Elf Ranger Druid employing some manner of lightning magic in preparation for a fight. Whether this is a druid, ranger, or combination of the two, this elven woodsman looks more than ready to meet his enemies in battle.

This image is presented at 4 x 6 inches in size.

This color purchase includes one JPG and one TIFF version with a transparent background, each at 300 dpi.

All art files are bundled in a ZIP file

Purchase: [RPGNow \(PDF\)](#)



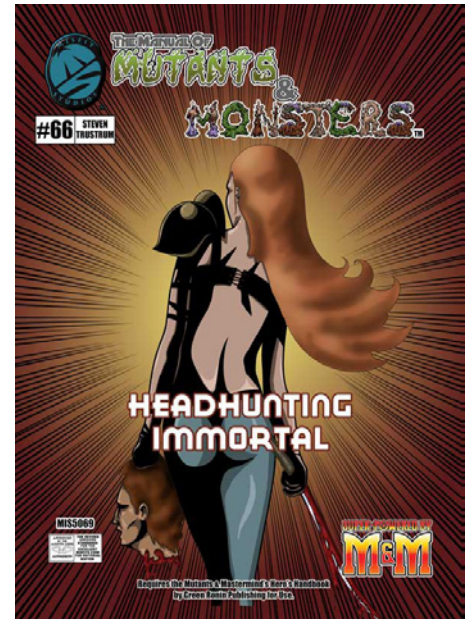
MANUAL OF MUTANTS & MONSTERS: HEADHUNTING IMMORTAL

Stock #: MIS5069

This release of The Manual of Mutants & Monsters provides game stats on the Headhunting Immortal, an offshoot of humanity that lives among mankind, hidden. They are reborn after their initial violent “death” to become incapable of dying. Unless their head is removed from their shoulders, that is. Caught up in a battle among their own kind, they fight until only one remains.

This product includes game statistics for the Headhunting Immortal, as well as ideas regarding how them introduce it to your game. Is your hero waiting to die merely to be reborn?

Purchase: [RPGNow \(PDF\)](#)



EARL GEIER PRESENTS: OOZE CYCLOPS

Stock #: MIS99288

This stock art piece from Earl Geier depicts an Ooze Cyclops rising up and rolling forward on the attack.

The image is 7 x 5.5” in dimension.

This purchase includes a JPG and a TIFF version at 300 dpi, along with an EPS vector version.

All art files are bundled in a ZIP file.

Purchase: [RPGNow \(PDF\)](#)



JULY 2016, ISSUE 3.07

SUPER-POWERED: YET 10 MORE HQ ADD-ONS ... AGAIN

Stock #: MIS7044

This installment of our Super-Powered series for the Savage World rules provides 10 new add-ons for headquarters following the format presented in the Super Powers Companion (Second Edition.)

Within this brief Super-Powered: Yet 10 More HQ Add-ONS ... Again PDF you will find:

1 new HQ room: the Animal Lair.

5 new HQ Extras: Emergency Arresting System, Emergency Floatation System, Environmental Control, Place of Power, and Remote Room.

4 new HQ Hindrances: Exposed, Fuel Dependent, Security Gap, and Weak Defenses.

Purchase: [RPGNow \(PDF\)](#)

Super-Powered
Yet 10 More HQ Add-ONS ... Again

Introduction

This work expands on the headquarters rules provided in the Savage Worlds Super Powers Companion (Second Edition) by providing additional rooms and extras. Furthermore, the ability to apply hindrances to a headquarters is demonstrated.

New HQ Rooms

The following new rooms may be added to a headquarters. Features:

Animal Lair (1)

Superheroes with an animal companion, other pets, or even merely manmade-gained animals will need a place to house them. The animal lair is a pen, den, stable, nest, kennel, or the like that serves as the animal's habitat and provides for their comfort and food needs. Typically, the lair does not have access to the headquarters' interior or an otherwise contained. However, the need not be so if one wishes its inhabitants to have full run of the place.

Animals gain a +1 bonus to Stealth rolls in their lair. Also, if the headquarters also has a Medical Center, the lair can house teams appropriate to the lair without penalty.

Uses the Super Powers Companion (Second Edition)

Author & Design: Misfit Studios
Playtesters: Marcus "Chameleon" Bergquist, Connor Babin

Copyright © 2016 Misfit Studios & Co., 2016. All contents of this product are the property of Misfit Studios & Co. and are used under license from Pinnacle Entertainment Group. Savage Worlds and the Savage Worlds logo are trademarks of Pinnacle Entertainment Group. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners. Pinnacle is a registered trademark of Pinnacle Entertainment Group. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners.

MISFIT STUDIOS <http://www.misfitstudios.com>

PROMOTIONS

Sorry, but I've been in a bit of a rush, so no promotion this month!

ALTERNATE NEWSLETTER ACCESS

Visit the [Freebies](#) section of our website to access previous newsletter PDFs.

Keep current with what's going on by visiting the [Misfit Studios](#) homepage.

THE MIST LEAVES SCARS

by W. Fraser Sandercombe

Click [here](#) to see more fiction and [here](#) for stock art also by W. Fraser Sandercombe

When the people of Baxter's Harbour began poaching in Malcolm Schofield's hunting grounds, he decided he would have to kill them.

Malcolm was a woodsman. He foraged and hunted for food. He grew pot in small, scattered groves throughout his territory. And he made moonshine. As far as he was concerned, the deep woods around the western end of the North Mountain belonged to him. He dwelt there in a cabin that had no discernible trails to or from it, selling his excess meat and other products up and down the valley to the south.

Baxter's Harbour was an old village on the north side of the mountain, hidden in a small cove where the land plunged into the Bay of Fundy. In season, the people fished for a living. Out of season, they collected unemployment insurance, drank a lot and swapped wives. When the weather was good, they would gather around a bonfire in the grassy town square and party until dawn, dancing, making music, loving.

When the government closed the fishery, when the boats were beached, perhaps forever, some of the people began to roam the woods, snaring game, jacking deer. They sold the meat to restaurants and markets over in the valley towns, saturating the area and depriving Malcolm of a large part of his income.

At first, he was willing to be tolerant. But when the hunters began to harvest his pot and, when one group found his still and stole all of his bottled 'shine, he decided they would have to go. All of them. The entire village.

He had done ten years for a killing once and, while he was in Stony Mountain, he had killed two more men. And he had shot towards people whenever he found them stumbling around the woods near his special places. Killing people didn't bother him. In some ways, he would rather kill people than wildlife. But the method was a problem. There were almost a hundred of them in the village. Getting away with the job would require some serious planning.

If he tried to take them out one by one, somebody would eventually figure out what was going on. After scratching their heads for days, they would realise that only Malcolm could be responsible.

It might take 'em a while, he thought, since most of 'em are related and have been for a long time. But they'll sure as hell figure it out.

He knew they wouldn't call the law. That was not their way. But they would come looking for him. Malcolm was good in the woods, one of the best. Even dogs hadn't been able to track him, the few times the cops had hunted for him up here. But with that many people searching the woods, one of them might get lucky, might get a shot at him before he noticed them.

He needed a good plan, a way to get them all at once, a method that would not look like murder. A fire might take them out. Or poison in their wells, some kind of natural poison.

He would have to think about it.

He sat in the woods above the village, studying it through a screen of foliage.

It was a collection of weathered grey cottages and shacks, clustered around a small harbour that was dry at low tide, stranding boats on the shingles. Lobster traps and floats were piled around the rotting wharf. It was the sort of place tourists loved, but few tourists ever went there. In fact, few visitors of any kind ever went to Baxter's Harbour. It was at the dead end of a dirt road, and the people had no friends or relatives who lived elsewhere. The occasional lost tourist might drive into town, which would bring the Harbour folk shuffling into their dooryards. No greetings would be exchanged. The people simply stared at the invaders until they made a hasty three-point turn and got out of there in a cloud of dust. Even the Post Office didn't deliver to the Harbour. The mail was left in boxes at the beginning of the road.

And the police never went there. But then, the police never went anywhere on the North Mountain unless they were called. Shot-out windshields and punctured tires tended to discourage them.

They were a strange, isolated bunch in Baxter's Harbour. Once Malcolm killed them all, it could be weeks before the bodies were discovered. A more thoughtful man might have felt sorry that the fishery was closed, sorry that the people had lost their livelihood. Malcolm only pondered how to get rid of them so no one would know they had been murdered.

Maybe a fire would be best. The buildings were all close together. The wood was old and dry. It would go up

fast. He could get them at night during the high tide when they would be trapped by the cliffs and the blazing woods. Burn or drown. Perfect. He could always bash a few heads later if he had to. Ya, the fire would do it. It would sterilise things, cleanse the area. Baxter's Harbour folk had always seemed strange anyway, even depraved and loathsome. A good, hot fire would cure that.

As he crouched there, he began to feel someone watching him. He sank lower and glided into the underwood, circling through tendrils of mist that broke like cobwebs, with that much substance. The mist did not belong there, not this high up and this early in the evening. Malcolm frowned at it, going up the slope through the spruce woods, gaining higher ground, backtracking to watch his trail, carbine cradled in his arms.

No one followed him. He had seen no sign of anyone, but he had felt the weight of their gaze. He shivered, mouth dry, heart pounding. He tried to analyse what he was feeling and realised it was fear.

That was a novelty.

He couldn't remember the last time he had felt it, nor could he figure out what was causing it this time.

The sensation of being watched was gone, but Malcolm could not shake his nervousness. Anyone who could watch him and remain hidden was worthy of respect. And fear.

He swore softly.

Fingers of mist snaked towards him, writhing, weaving a path through the spruce boles.

Malcolm cursed again, shouldered his weapon and started home. He would do it tonight. Why waste any time?

The cabin was in a small clearing. Three gutted deer were hanging from the trees outside the only door. It was a windowless, one-room affair cut from spruce logs. The corners were hung with cobwebs. Extra clothes were hung on pegs. Malcolm kindled a fire in the stone fireplace, heating up a pot of rabbit stew. When it was hot, he took it outside. Turning his baseball cap backwards, he began to eat with a large spoon, straining the food through his flowing moustache, spattering some into his beard. He washed the meal down with store-bought beer that he kept cold in the spring beside the cabin.

He finished the stew and cleaned the pot in the spring.

When the night was nearly full, he made his way back down the mountain, scouting the fringes of the town, making his final plans.

In the woods, he waited, watching until the last light went out. Mist thickened around him. He had the feeling of being watched again. Fear dried his mouth. His heart began to pound, and he was sure that whatever was watching him could hear it thumping away like a horny grouse.

From the mist, something touched him.

He jumped up, whirling frantically, a perfect pirouette with his carbine outstretched. The mist had texture, a whisper of sound as the barrel of the weapon tore through it. He stared at the tendrils as they writhed towards him. Slowly, wide-eyed, he backed away, carrying the .30-.30 across his body. This made no sense to him. Once that thought registered, he refused to consider it any further. A long time ago, when he was a kid, he had seen a magic act, had seen a magician with smoke swirling all around him. This must be something like that, he thought, trying to peer through the mist, trying to locate whoever was in it, whoever had touched him.

He backed onto a trail. As he tried to cross the trail into the woods again, fingers of mist raced to cut him off. When he touched them, he jumped back, stifling a howl of pain. White skin showed through a new rent in his jeans. The denim smoked where the mist had touched it.

Malcolm wheeled and sprinted down the path, tried to dodge into the woods further down. The mist was there, reaching out for him. He dove and rolled, tumbling out of the way, getting up fast, doubling back.

Again, the mist cut him off. It was keeping him on the path, guiding him, herding him down the mountain, towards the town.

He stood still, waiting to see what would happen.

The mist touched him again. The contact was longer this time. He fell, thrashing in pain, gasping, groaning.

Then it backed off, as if waiting to see what he would do.

He got up slowly, hand clasped across his belly as he looked around for his weapon. It was gone, somewhere in the mist. He took his hand away from his midriff. Blood glistened in the dark.

Thin threads of mist advanced.

Malcolm backed up, turning. The mist had him surrounded, but it parted with a sound of tearing wet newsprint for him to continue down the path.

Numb, he stumbled down the mountain.

Rounding a bend in the path, he saw firelight flickering below, from the centre of the village, the grassy area. As he neared, he saw the people. They were standing in a semi-circle around the bonfire.

When he hesitated, a fork of mist prodded him, stinging but not cutting or burning.

He jumped and tripped, falling headlong, panting, sweating. His fear was almost palpable.

The mist prodded him again, harder this time. He jumped up, fell to his knees, howled and jumped up again. There was only one way to go, and that was towards the fire and the villagers. Malcolm yelled a curse and charged towards them. As he entered the semi-circle, the mist tripped him again and sent him sliding across the damp grass towards the fire.

As the people began to close in on him, he drew a long knife from under his ragged t-shirt, cutting the air, keeping them away.

“What the hell’s goin’ on here?” He demanded.

The mist parted, and a gnarled old woman said, “You were going to burn us.”

“No way,” he protested.

She smiled, showing large, yellowed teeth. “For centuries, people burned us. We came here to get away from that, and we don’t permit it anymore.”

“I don’t know what you’re talkin’ about.”

“Yes, you do. We left you alone for a long time. We let you live on the mountain, but when the time came for you to share the territory, you weren’t willing to do it. You were going to burn us in our sleep.”

Malcolm Schofield stared at her, saying, “Maybe we can work this out.”

“Work what out?”

“Well, you know, I guess there’s room for all of us.”

“No,” she told him. “There isn’t. Not anymore.”

As the mist began to close in on him, Malcolm threw the knife. It took the old woman in the throat. She crumpled, and the mist began to dissipate. Malcolm dashed towards the mountain, falling as a torch crashed down between his shoulders.

The people gathered around him. He fought hard, punching, kicking, holding them at bay until they started hitting him with the torches, igniting his hair, spattering him with hot sparks. When he fell, trying to cover his head, they rushed him, picked him up and threw him into the bonfire as he screamed and thrashed. Once, he almost tumbled out of the flames. They pushed him back in with their torches, his final screams echoing around the mountain.

Smiling faintly, the old woman pulled Malcolm’s knife out of her throat and tossed it into the fire after him.

END