

# CLAWMARKS

August 2016



# *Letter from the* **CLAWTHING**

It saddens me that this will be the last letter I write to you as your CLAWthing, although undoubtable not the last time I write for CLAWmarks. Nor will be the last time I end up editing CLAWmarks several days before it needs to be sent off to the printers. Somewhat like the feeling of impending doom one gets while stalked by the ancient ones, CLAWs will always be there. In part thanks to the fact that I will never be more than a few laggy seconds away from our members, and in part thanks to my strange sense of loyalty.

I will say that being in charge has not been without its challenges. I would probably not recommend the job to anyone who like me was doing honours concurrently. Firstly because it turns out that honours takes up a lot of your time and secondly because as it turns out my schedule is very different from my fellow committee members, this made meetings and planning a little awkward. In such I would like to thank the members of CLAWs for putting up with me, because I feel like I have been for less vocal and present in the society, than usual, this past year despite the fact that I was meant to be leading us onto great things.

I feel like CLAWs has achieved much over the years, yet we still have much left to achieve. The first and most pressing need to keep people coming to are weekly board games; much like Japan we have an aging population. Our members, myself included are getting to the age where weekly board games is not always possible because of other commitments, we need to make a concerted effort to attract new people into the fold and keep them coming back for more. With this comes the need for a more formal committee for Dragonfire, as we have noted multiple time organising an event like Dragonfire with a committee that changes every year is not highly efficient.

Anyway that's enough food for thought. I would like to end off with thanking every single member of CLAWs past, present and future for helping make our society what it is.

Regards

James de Haast

CLAWthing

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# Penny for the Truth?

By Nicole Wentzel

Being a newbie in CLAWs has its perks. For one, you can excuse your embarrassingly frequent blunders as being due to unfamiliarity with board games, rather than complete ineptitude. More importantly when playing games based on deception, no one yet knows how exactly you lie- your tells, your style and how big of a lie you typically tell. That's a pretty valuable tool if, like me, you're a terrible liar. Still, after a few games, that advantage, if it ever even was one, begins to wear off, and you may find yourself wondering how to lie convincingly, and more importantly, how to tell when your fellow players are deceiving you.

Thankfully, some wonderful scientists have done vast quantities of research on deception, and while spotting lies quickly and accurately is extremely difficult, you may be able to catch a liar in the act by keeping a few things in mind. According to Dr Paul Ekman, the scientist on whose findings the TV show,

'Lie To Me', is based, facial expressions, gestural slips, and a wide variety of other 'hotspots' can reveal lies.

There's nothing better than successfully fooling someone into making the move that could crown you the victor of a game, but- and I hate to break this to you- despite your best efforts, it shows. Dr Ekman is best known for his research on micro expressions, facial expressions which only last a split-second and which occur when someone, either purposefully or subconsciously, hides their feelings. Micro

expressions for anger, fear,

sadness, disgust,

contempt, surprise and

happiness have

universal

characteristics.

The glee,

excitement and

perhaps contempt

of deception is

known as 'duper's

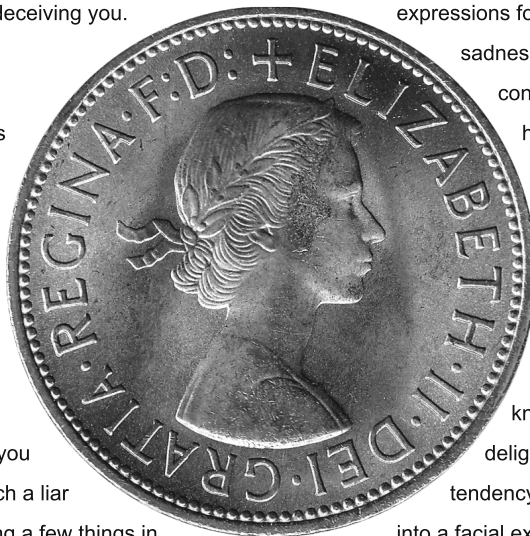
delight', and has a

tendency to leak through

into a facial expression. The tiny,

quick smile that is duping delight's signature

is a bit easier to see than the variety of other



micro expressions. Unfortunately for us, ordinary folk need training to spot these, as they are less than a fifteenth of a second in length. On the bright side though, there are still dozens of other signs of lying.

Next time you're playing 'Settlers of Catan' and your best ally is trying to convince you that trading with the enemy is really for your own good, look out for verbal dodging, another hotspot of lying, according to Pamela Meyer. When lying, people use distancing language to remove themselves from the subject of the lie. Want a classic example? Look no further than Clinton saying, "I did not have sexual relations with that woman, Miss Lewinsky." Clinton's statement also has a non-contracted denial, 'did not', revealing that he is overly determined to deny the affair. As it turns out, saying 'Honestly...' or qualifying your supposed truth in any way is another sign of lying. Repeating the question in an answer and oversaturating a story with detail can also be a tip-off that someone is being less than honest.

Still, maybe one of those strong, silent types is throwing you off... After all, how do you tell if someone's lying when they give you monosyllabic responses? As they say, a picture is worth a thousand words, and in the case of lying, body language is the picture you need.

Liars' body language often seems to contradict what we think we know about lying. They often make more eye contact than normal rather than look away, and they freeze their upper bodies rather than fidget. A liar may slightly shake their head no when saying yes to something, slightly shrug a shoulder or even turn up a hand (in a hand- shrug, as they're known). In a lie, body language also often falls out of sync with the liar's words. For instance, after an unlucky round a player may select a few choice curses and, only afterwards, slump in their chair. If the emotion behind this is genuine, the words and body language should happen simultaneously.

However, before you turn yourself into a human lie detector, it has to be said that these indicators are not concrete proof of lies. Keep in mind that everyone behaves differently. If someone has permanently rigid body posture, it doesn't mean they're lying all the time. They might be uncomfortable, emotional or just one of those people whose spine is made out of solid titanium.

That said, lie detection is a valuable skill, and there's no better time to practice your lie-detecting abilities than playing a game with no real-world consequences. After all, what's the worst that could happen?

# *A lay for the lost in search of Dragonfire*

By Charlotte Hillebrand-Viljoen

In a fabled land of fantasy  
four heroes must face a test.  
They meet in a bustling tavern  
before they start their quest.

There's the ancient mage Grizelda,  
not called Grizelda Greybeard –  
at least not in her hearing,  
as her spells are rightly feared.

The hulking half-orc thief  
is mostly known as Tiny.  
He disarms traps with his bare orc fangs  
and doesn't appreciate irony.

Almost beneath the table  
is Cranky the warrior gnome.  
He's nocking a magical arrow  
and eyeing the cleric's dark tome.

She's half hidden by shadow  
and would rather not give her name,  
"But you know you're going to need me:  
I'm top of the healing game."

"Give the lass a chance," says Grizelda  
and Cranky lowers his bow;  
they journey to dusty dungeons  
seeking Dragonfire below.

Light pools around Grizelda's staff  
as Cranky's arrows fly.  
Tiny's pile of "volunteers"  
to trigger traps has grown quite high.

By arcane light they venture,  
ever deeper into darkness.  
Tiny pauses every so often  
to smash a boulders as route markers.

The cleric lurks behind the light,  
complaining of the clattering.  
Her face intent, she's listening  
for sound beyond the shattering.



“What’s your problem, priest?”

Cranky turns, arrow nocked,  
but he’s lost her attention  
and her eyes are locked

behind him as she cackles  
and points with pale fingers  
to something slick and glowing  
that writhes up through the floor and lingers

about Cranky’s legs and ankles.  
The echoes of his screams  
meet tentacles, ever growing  
and increasing so it seems

the room itself has come alive.  
Grizelda’s chanting furiously;  
Tiny slashes through a sea of slime;  
but the cleric stretches luxuriously.

Grizelda takes a tentacle  
to the mouth – out of action.  
The slime now coating Tiny  
wriggles, gaining traction.

It wraps him up, embracing  
him in squirming ropes of goo.  
His bare orc fangs flash and smash  
till they’re tentacle-bound too.

At last it’s just the cleric,  
laughing,  
who remains  
to be devoured.



# Sir Talbot Thornton plays croquet

By James de Haast

It had been a warm summers evening when Talbot Thornton had go to sleep. That was not so much the case when I awoke the following morning, a strange and illogical mist hung in the air. From the warmth of his

bed Talbot could hear the window panes rattling in the heavy window outside. An icy chill rose up his spine as he willed his body out of the protective warmth. Talbot eyed the croquet hammer resting against his cupboard door, no chance of that in this weather.

Cursing the British climate Talbot put to the kettle on the

stove. He stopped; this was not typical of even the worst British summer he had ever seen. This felt different; perhaps the climate change that those damned hippies kept going on about was finally happening. If it was he would have to pen an apologetic note to them. Though the kitchen window Talbot though he noticed a shadowed flicker at the edge of visibility. Bloody poachers hunting the rabbits again undoubtedly, he would have to talk to his game warden yet again. Steam filled the kitchen as the kettle started to hiss.

Tea in hand Talbot made his way to his to the living room and his favorite high back chair. Sitting down he flicked out his mobile phone, unlocking it he was greeted by a smiling sun in the top right corner. He chuckled to himself, even in the 21st century the weather man still couldn't get it right. Sipping from his warm tea Talbot proceed to read the news, more deaths in Syria, security concerns across Europe, armed police on motor cycles, nothing on the weather that had descended so quickly on the countryside. A gust of wind rattled the large manor house as Talbot wondered how this had gone unnoticed.





There was a rapping at the front door; Talbot wondered who in this day and age wouldn't use the bloody doorbell. Gazing through the peep hole Talbot was greeted by nothing but fog bank, he couldn't even see the tree line anymore. Something black flickered again at the edge of visibility, the sound of trees creaking in the wind penetrated the thick wooden door. "Bloody teenagers got nothing better to do then annoy those who worked for their wealth" Talbot muttered under his breath as he retreated back to the relative warmth of the living room, he would have to call for a fire to be made shortly. Outside the fog bank was moving in, rapidly inclosing the house as Talbot wondered what to make of this day. He might as well clear some work and leave fun for another day; bit of waste though given that he had cleared his schedule for a day of outdooing with his

mates.

Again the door rattled, Talbot ignored it. Window shook the windows more violently as he made his way back to the study. The fog was now right up against the windows, more black figures. Talbot shivered. A sound against the window, a face pressed against the glass for a fleeting second. No his eyes were just playing tricks on him. Talbot forced himself to sit down, to calm down, drawing a document in front of him he started to read. The mist now seemed to be inside the room, welling at his feet. The wind gusted again it felt as if the whole house had shook. The mist hung at his feet, a black figure at the door.

"Rose?" fear hung on Talbot's voice, as he moved towards the door.



\* \* \*

Officer Malik had had to call for the ram. When the door finally gave way to the pounding of his constable, Malik strolled into the old house followed by 3 concerned looking men in collared t shirts. Fear of repercussion would have gripped him had he not had this aristocratic tail. A warm breeze blew past the men as they made their way through the entrance hall.

“Talbot,” the youngest of the civilians called out.

“Sir Thornton?” Malik hollowed his Yorkshire accent accentuating the title.

No reply. Not a soul about. A servant rushed past. Sir Blackwell, the oldest of Maliks tail,

reached out and grabbed her arm.

“Rose. Have you seen your master about?”

“No Sir’s, he has yet to call on me. Most unlike him to leave the front door open.”

A scream ripped through the silent house. Allister Blackwell let out an expletive that drew looks from both his companions and Malik made to run in the direction of the sound, trailed by his 3 aristocrats and Rose.

The study was a mess of papers, the floor dominated by the torso of Sir Thornton. His hands frozen as if clawing at some invisible attacker, eyes wide with horror, back arched. His lower body hung precariously from the top of a large ornate book shelf. A servant doubled over near the door, heaving at the sight.



# Pathfinder Society Organised Play

## Explore. Report. Cooperate.

By Charlotte Hillebrand-Viljoen

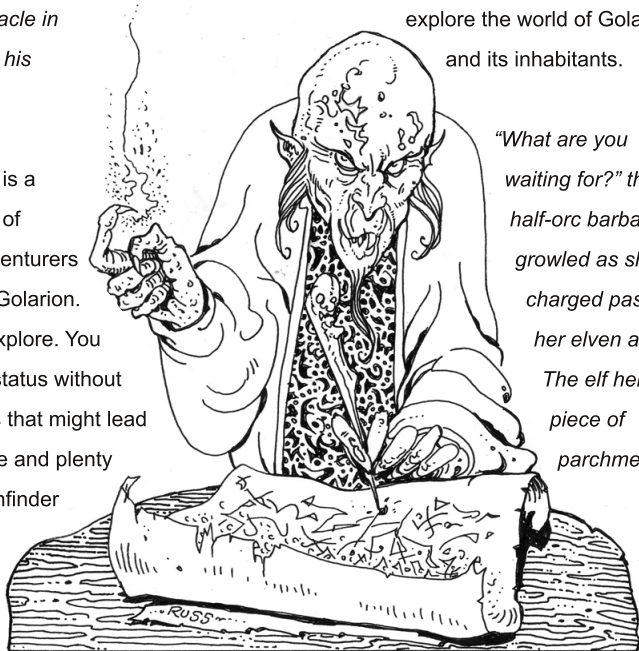
*The adventurers hurtled around corner and paused, gasping, in an alcove. "Whatever that was," said the steel-clad fighter, leaning on the stony wall, "it sure had tentacles." "Whatever that was," said the halfling, wriggling her bare feet against the sandy floor, "it's still coming. We'd better keep moving if we want to get these relics back to the Society."*

*"Run!" yelled the dwarven cleric, as a tentacle the size of a man extended round the corner. He muttered a holy ritual, briefly freezing the tentacle in place as he raced after his friends.*

The Pathfinder Society is a legendary organisation of archaeologists and adventurers in the fantasy world of Golarion. Its first mandate is to explore. You don't reach legendary status without taking some risks: risks that might lead to glory, new knowledge and plenty of excitement. The Pathfinder Society on Golarion has a somewhat safer counterpart on Earth: the Pathfinder Society

Roleplaying Guild, organised by Paizo, the creators of the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game. Our Pathfinder Society is an international, multi-year, modular campaign which allows players to drop in and out of the action in different sessions. Each player creates one or more characters to act as agents of the Pathfinder Society, shaping the flow of knowledge and the course of history in Golarion. Pathfinder Society is a great way to get into roleplaying games, find new people to play with or just regularly explore the world of Golarion and its inhabitants.

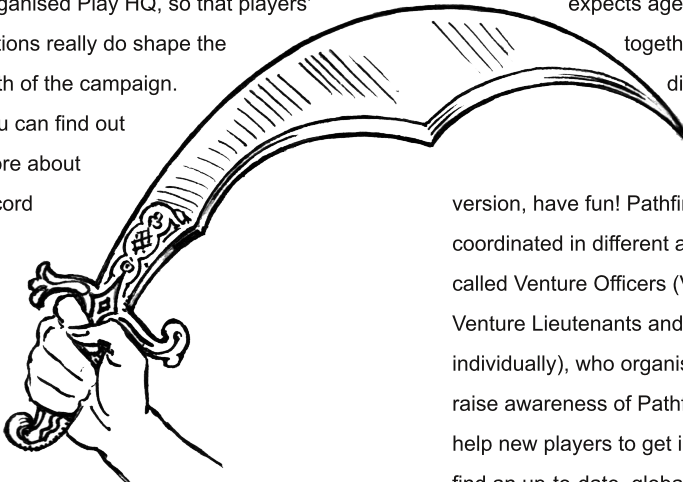
*"What are you waiting for?" the half-orc barbarian growled as she charged past her elven ally. The elf held a piece of parchment*



to the dungeon wall and was scribbling frantically. "If we don't make records, the next party to explore these ruins will be no better off than we were!"

"If you don't get out, next party not know you made records." The barbarian unceremoniously bundled up the elf and charged on, grumbling companion in her arms.

The Pathfinder Society believes that knowledge must be shared and puts reporting at the centre of their motto. In Earth's version of PFS, this takes the form of Chronicle Sheets awarded to characters who complete specific adventures, recording their gains in wealth, experience and prestige, which gives them access to ever more challenging missions and valuable resources. It's also carried out through the reporting of games and their objectives to Organised Play HQ, so that players' actions really do shape the path of the campaign. You can find out more about record



keeping in Pathfinder Society by visiting [paizo.com/pathfinderSociety](http://paizo.com/pathfinderSociety) (look for the free Roleplaying Guild Guide) or getting in touch with your local PFS chapter.

"You're lucky I didn't unleash my magic on you for that," the elven scholar muttered as he clambered to his feet in the daylight outside the dungeon.

"You lucky you alive!" the half-orc retorted. The halfling rubbed her hands and eyed them appraisingly. "What would the Venture Captain have to say about this state of affairs, I wonder?"

"Oh, there's no need to involve the Venture Captain," the scholar said hastily.

"We all alive. Scratched paper all in one piece. No problem," agreed the barbarian.

The third and final part of the Pathfinder Society's motto is "cooperate". The Society expects agents to work together, resolve their differences amicably and hopefully, at least in the Earth

version, have fun! Pathfinder Society is coordinated in different areas by volunteers called Venture Officers (Venture Captains, Venture Lieutenants and Venture Agents, individually), who organise games, work to raise awareness of Pathfinder Society and help new players to get involved. You can find an up-to-date, global list of volunteers at

the Pathfinder Society website  
paizo.com/pathfinderSociety. At UCT (and  
surrounds) your local Venture Agent is  
Charlotte Hillebrand Viljoen. You can contact  
me on [charlotte@scientifictales.com](mailto:charlotte@scientifictales.com) or find

me playing Pathfinder Society at most  
CLAWS meetings!



**#CTHULHU2016**



# The Village Board

## Deaths

### Gwen Lovehaven

Gwen the 74th daughter of the earl of lovehaven passed away during childbirth.

### Peter XCIV

Peter the phoenix died this day. Mourned briefly by his younger brother Greg.

## Births

### Peter son of Peter

Greg welcomes his younger brother to the wold this day.

### Unnamed daughter

Gwen (rest her soul) and George welcome the birth of their 5th daughter. May she bear them, many grandchildren.

## Looking for love

### Lonly widower seeks loving wife

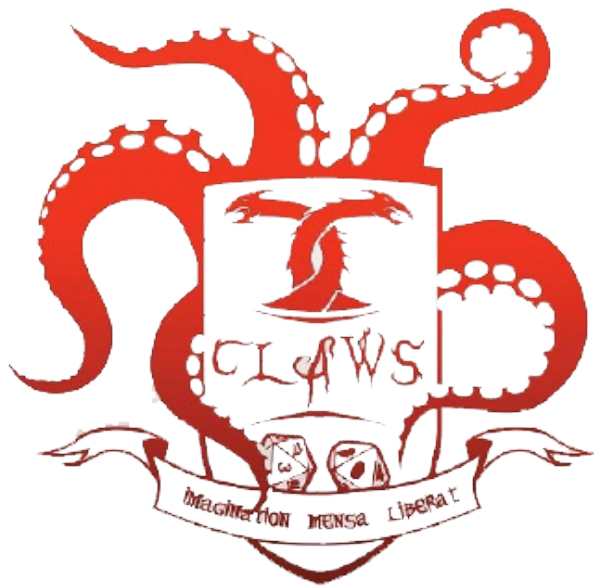
Recently single the heir to the Earldom of Lovehaven seeks a loving woman with whom to have many children.

## Lost and found

### Spirit wondering

Lost tree spirit last seen head in the direction of Wallace lumber yard. If seen please contact the spirit of the Large Oak, he will be where he always is.





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