

# The Game Cupboard

The Magazine for Game Lovers

Including:

A Review of 2016's Greatest Game      pg. 6

A Letter from the Editor      pg. 9

10 Game-tastic Poems      pg. 1-12



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# Chess Acrostic

**C**old, hard pieces stand upon a solid stone board.

**H**alf on one side, bright and cold.  
Half on the other side, dark and forbidding.

**E**ach one looming over the board, glaring with a cold,  
visionless stare at the smooth, hard board.

**S**ixty-four spaces. Half of them white as the cold hard moon.  
Half of them black as the dark ocean waves.

**S**tark against the cold grey of the candlelit room, as two men enter,  
silent as a breath, and begin to play.



## Anticipation

Opening the door,  
See new game on doorstep, sun  
Illuminating.



# Melee Master

When I first had the idea, I thought it was a terrible one. But when I finally did try it, I found out that not only was it not as bad as I expected, but it was actually rather enjoyable. That idea was to take hundreds of small plastic miniatures from different games I own, and have an enormous melee battle with them. I decided that it was totally awesome, and I hope you will too.

The first thing you will need to do is find a few hundred 15-20 mm high weapon-carrying plastic soldiers from different games/miniatures sets that you own and divide them into two roughly equal armies based on color, not on weaponry or height. Make sure that they are easy to tell apart. Next, you need to acquire supplies to make barricades and obstacles for troops to hide behind, hills and terrain to give a height advantage, and rivers, rocks, and trees, just to sit there and pretty much just get in the way. Divide off a flat area of any size for a battleground (I use one or more game boards, a table, or simply a marked-off portion of my floor) and set up the terrain and obstacles in any way you choose. It can get a little crowded, so I would suggest not placing objects too



Image taken by  
Nathan

close together, but be creative. You can do it however you want.

Once the battlefield is set up, you will need to set up the armies. You should probably give each piece about 2 cm of space, so you will have room to maneuver them. Finally, you are ready to play. Each round is composed of 2 turns, one for each side. In a turn, you choose any one piece in your army and flick it

toward the enemy's troops, attempting to knock over as many of them as you can. Any pieces (including the one you flicked) that leave the playing area are dead. All pieces that are knocked over (including your own) are dead, but do not remove them from the playing area. They will serve as a kind of obstacle from now on. When the piece that you flicked comes to a complete halt, stand it up on its feet. Repeat this process up to two more times, then your turn is over. You win the game when all of your opponent's troops are

dead, or by a different method decided before the game, but beware; the loser gets to set up the next one!

In the end, you will hopefully have had a great time thoroughly destroying, plundering, and ruining your battlefield, and will be eager to play again.

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A short(ish) list of some games with miniatures: Attack!, Axis and Allies: Pacific 1940, Battle Cry: 150th Civil War Anniversary Edition (by Avalon Hill), Conquest of the Empire, Defenders of the Realm, Field Command: Singapore, Fortress America, Samurai Swords (aka Shogun or Ikusa), and War! Age of Imperialism (some pieces).



# The Game Shop

On a busy street near the middle of Cardiff, Wales, an old but cheery building looms ahead. A sign on the door reads, "The Southern Wales Gaming Company". A sign below states in large letters, "All games and books 40% off". The door opens. A worried-looking man in an old tweed jacket darts out, looking anxiously at his pocket watch. He jumps into his car and takes off towards the little coffee shop at the edge of town.

Just outside the little shop, he steps out of his car and strides up to the door, pausing for only a moment to catch his breath. Taking a deep breath, he opens the door and steps inside, breathing in the rich aroma of the thick, black coffee. An hour earlier, he had called his landlord and requested a meeting here. Now, as he looks around, he sees him: a middle-aged, brown-haired man in a neat black suit, sitting at a table near the window. The man hurries over to the table and greets the landlord.

"Good morning, Daniel."

"Hello, John. How have you been?" responds the landlord in a definite British accent.

"Well, I've been worse, but then again, I've also been a great deal better," sighs John. "The whole business side to it, well, you know I'd much rather not even worry about the money and just show my games to every chap that comes along. Anyway," He pauses to clear his throat, then continues speaking determinedly. "I know that I have not been able to pay my rent for this past month, and the way things are going, I probably won't be able to for this one,

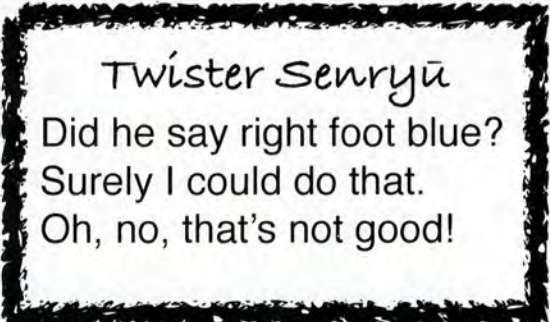
either, but, I think I've found something that just might bring in enough money. I just need three..." He pauses and looks up nervously, "three more weeks."

As he expects, this statement is met by surprise from the landlord. "John, I would love to help your business, and as you well know, I think it's a great idea. But John," Daniel argues, "How are you going to do it? You know I would love to help, but I'm no billionaire, and sooner or later, I'm going to have to have you out of there. I'm sorry, John, but that's just the way it is."

"I know," sighs John dejectedly. "I'll make you a deal. If in three weeks, I don't have the money to pay you for both months, I'll leave without any fuss or argument. But if my plan pays off..."

"Then you can stay, and I think I will have gotten the better end of the deal," finishes Daniel with a smile. "And in the meantime, if there's anything I can do for you, just call me." With that, he stands up and strides out the door, leaving John alone at an empty table with two empty mugs, an old tweed jacket, and the beginnings of a plan.

(The Game Shop continued on Page 4)



Twister Senryū  
Did he say right foot blue?  
Surely I could do that.  
Oh, no, that's not good!



# The Game Shop

(continued)

Two and a half weeks later, John is sitting in his shop, with several blank pieces of paper sitting on his desk, a pencil in his hand, and a wastebasket filled with crumpled paper sitting on the floor. On the papers lie diagrams of a board, sketches of cards, and frequently crossed-out rulesheets that have been tossed aside. Sighing in frustration, he stands up from his desk chair and strides over to the corner to fill up a small cup of water, which he drains in one gulp. Suddenly his face lights up and he leaps back into his chair, hands snatching his pencil and paper, a look on his face like that of someone who, after months of working at something, finally succeeds at his task and attacks it with renewed vigour.

After continuing on for another hour, his ideas are finally ready. He jumps up, ready to begin printing it. Just then, the phone rings. Daniel's voice comes out of it. "I'm sorry, John, but as of tomorrow, I no longer own the land that your shop's on," he stated, "and the man that does is going to give you a week to get off of it."

Two days later, John exits his now-empty shop and, taking one last look inside the barren building, dejectedly closes the door behind him. As he is walking to the parking lot where his car sits, he sees a cheery little shop on the other side of the street. The inside is dark and a "closed" sign hangs on the door. Then he notices a sign standing outside: a "for sale" sign. A spark of hope ignites inside him. He quickly glances at the price.

A month and a half later, after selling his game everywhere he could, from online to the back porch of his little

suburban apartment, he has enough. The next day, a shop opens right in the middle of Cardiff, two blocks down from the shop John once called home. It is attracting hundreds of people a week, and everyone that leaves does so with a smile on their faces, a bundle of games in their arms, and a promise that they will return soon. Sitting at the desk in the exact center of the shop is an excited, pleased, middle-aged man, the owner of the shop, and he is wearing an old tweed jacket.



Image taken by Nathan



# Poetic Pandemonium!

## Dominionation

Dominion. The thrill I felt, playing  
For the first time.  
The cards shuffling 'twixt my hands,  
Dominating Dominion.  
The Victory of Victory,  
The Treasure of my Treasures,  
Taking action, playing actions,  
Dominating Dominion.  
Building armies, Conquering lands,  
Mining gold with my own two hands,  
Seizing provinces, Digging moats,  
Expanding my Domain.  
Dominating Dominion,  
Forty-five times a day.

## Chess

How did he do that?  
Looking at the board I  
Realize it's checkmate.

## The Rise of Catalonia

The game of European Risk  
Quite soon will have to change;  
For now a portion of eastern Spain  
Is breaking off its chains.  
This new country Catalonia be,  
And tis rising as I write,  
To make its stand among the lands,  
And make all of the Risk players fight.



*Don't let confusing organization get the better of you!*

Never misplace your "Market" cards again!  
Custom-designed sorting system  
guaranteed to keep your cards right where  
you can find them!

Don't Wait! Get yours today!



# Seafall

Seafall<sup>1</sup> is the single best board game in existence. It is a fun, exciting, thrilling legacy game that makes you yearn to play more as the campaign builds on itself and creates an inspiring story that is totally unique from any other board gaming experience. You will explore islands, trade goods and make your mark upon the world, sailing beyond the horizon, and all horizons to come.

An enjoyable three to five player game for ages 14 and up, this thrilling campaign of 15-20 games<sup>2</sup> is constantly growing on itself as you tear up cards, open locked boxes full to bursting with new cards and new rules, and write on some cards, as well as the board, permanently naming islands, colonies, and advisors. The rulebook to this epic masterpiece of games is a dense, complex web of twists and turns, perfectly intertwined around blank spaces covering parts of most pages, waiting eagerly for new rules to be discovered and pasted inside.

Explore, attack, trade, and build your way to victory, and all the while, wonder what lies beyond the next horizon as you map out islands, plunder provinces, and hire advisors while looking beyond the next corner, the next island, the next wave.

At the end of each game you will find yourself wondering what happens next, and as you upgrade your province and claim your glory, you know that whatever may happen in the next game, your province will be ready for it, with you in their lead.

Seafall is a game with no equal, a masterpiece unlike any other, a new idea, one of the first of a new style of game. It is the ultimate board game, a legacy board game, and there will never be any game quite like it. With exciting and energizing moments twisting and turning and forming into an intriguing, unique game, Seafall keeps you interested every step of the way, and makes you want to never stop playing. Have fun exploring!

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<sup>1</sup> SeaFall is a legacy game made by Rob Daviau.

<sup>2</sup> Number of games may vary.



# Why I Can't Find a Chessboard to Save My Life

At 7:00 in the morning, I got out of bed and, after a short breakfast, got in my car to go on what would have been a nice drive to see a life-sized chessboard just outside Nashville, except... well, we'll get to that later. It didn't worry me that I was relying on just a few poorly explained, hand-written directions to get there, or that rain was coming down so thick that I could barely see the road. I was determined to have a good time, and a little rain... okay, a LOT of rain wasn't going to stop me. Six roadblocks, one flat tire, and seven hundred and thirty-three red lights later, I reached the clover leaf that my directions told me to turn right on. Unable to decide whether that meant turn right to go left or left to end up going right, I, of course, chose the wrong one.

Turning around at the next exit, I made my way toward my next turn, my

carefree attitude having abated a little. I told myself that I had just had my one spot of trouble for the trip. What I didn't know was that that was only the beginning.... Right before my next turn, I saw, to my dismay, a large sign flashing "Road Work Ahead". "Oh, no," I thought to myself. This would be a long, long day.

A few hours later, I managed to get through to the exit. Turning right onto the exit, I looked at my next turn. I was tired and grumpy, and the fact that the road was covered in three feet of water didn't help at all, but I was still determined to make it there. I rented a boat and rowed for an hour to get to the submerged chessboard. But, as I look back on it, it was the best soaking-wet, breath-holding, underwater chess game of all time. Good thing I brought my raincoat.



## Checkmate

A game  
Of chess, near done  
I push my rook, it slides  
Across the board and comes to rest.  
Checkmate.



# Rising From the Dust

Is it possible for something as common as a board game to change a person's life? Can an object that so many people take for granted inspire someone to make the world a better place? Even in the poorest of surroundings, can a simple game challenge someone's mind and help them to do what they have only dreamed of? There is someone, someone who has risen from one of the poorest places on earth to be one of the best chess players Africa has ever seen: Phiona Mutesi.

Phiona Mutesi was born in the poorest place in one of the poorest countries on the poorest continent on the planet, a Ugandan slum called Katwe. Being a girl, whose education and mental growth is culturally considered of less importance than that of a boy's, she received very little education and spent the first part of her life living with her siblings and her mother, her father having died of AIDS when she was young. Constantly hungry, she followed her brother Brian to the SOM Chess Academy, led by Ugandan missionary Robert Katende, who gave a cup of porridge to the children who attended. In the midst of all her many hardships, it was there in that old, beat-up shack that she found the thing that would change her life forever: Chess. It was the thing that would lead her out of poverty, out of the slums, out of Katwe. It would give her the chance of a lifetime: a chance to go to college, receive an education, and be free from the destructive poverty of Uganda.

After only a few weeks of playing chess, she began defeating everyone in

the chess academy, even the boys. She visited other schools in Uganda, and won there, too. Finally, she even advanced high enough to defeat her teacher, Robert Katende. She was a chess prodigy, winning against almost every person that faced her, and when she lost, she learned, and that only helped her advance in her knowledge of chess. She understood chess. She understood not just the rules but the internal secrets of the game itself. She understood it in a way that could make a girl that was unable to read or write be able to rise above her slum life and begin her life anew.

Phiona went to an international championship in Russia, and although she did not return victorious, she learned, advanced, and challenged her mind, and that was all the better. After returning to Katwe, she practiced more and more, enhancing her skills and strategies, waiting until the next chance to prove herself to the world. Finally, after a while, that chance came. The Ugandan National Junior Chess Championship was their chance, and Phiona and Robert took it immediately. After playing a long, drawn-out game against a Ugandan opponent, she won.

Phiona's life has only improved since then. Her wishes to become a doctor and a chess grandmaster are no longer impossible for her, because now Phiona and her classmate, Benjamin, have now raised enough money to enter college and receive an education. Phiona's love for chess has raised her out of Katwe, out of poverty, out of the dust.



# Dear Editor...

Dear Sir,

I cannot tell you how much I enjoy reading the riveting articles and reviews in *The Game Cupboard*. I love games, and I avidly look forward to the arrival of each issue of your magazine. Whenever I get one, I drop whatever is in my hands (hoping that it's not breakable), and read the magazine from cover to cover.

I have a question, and I couldn't think of anyone better to ask than you. I have many games in my collection, but I want to get another one that is more fun and takes less than a day to complete. Any suggestions would be welcome (especially if they are relatively inexpensive). Thank you for your time.

From a fellow gamer,  
Jacob Randolf

Mr. Randolf,

Thank you for being such a loyal subscriber to *The Game Cupboard*. We are all very grateful to you and all other subscribers.

In answer to your entertaining, yet intriguing question, it depends on what games you like. But if you do not have Dominion, the deck-building game, it is all-around great. Miniatures games are another genre you could look at. Any other game in this magazine is highly enjoyable, too.

Sincerely,  
Nathan

## Limerick time!

As I played a new game yesterday,  
I found it was not hard to play.  
So I challenged my dad,  
And indeed, it was sad,  
For he beat me, eleven to three!

## Catan Haiku

Playing Catan, I  
pick up the dice and roll them.  
Yes! I got a sheep.



# Checkers

Karl walked down the stairs, a slight spring in his step for the bright, crisp, summer morning, and walked into the kitchen to get breakfast. He had barely crossed the doorway when he stopped. Karl's father and 8-year-old son Jake were sitting on the sofa playing checkers. Again. Every day since Jake had gotten out of school for the summer, he had spent almost every spare second playing checkers with his grandpa, and today was no exception. Muttering angrily under his breath, he snatched a bagel from the fridge and stalked out the door.

Driving down the road toward Boston, Karl found traffic stopped at a particularly dull intersection, where the few interesting landmarks were blotted out by vehicles and buildings. Allowing himself to relax, Karl closed his eyes and remembered when he was Jake's age, 31 years ago. Every day, he would get up early and beg his dad to play checkers with him. Every day, he would hear the same response, "Not right now." Every night, when he returned home from work, Karl would ask again, and would hear the same, tired, inevitable reply, "No."

Now, as an exceptionally noisy truck horn shook Karl from his memory, he frowned and shook his head. "Playing games is a waste of time. Jake will just have to learn that." But a single, small tear was crawling down his face.

A few minutes later, Karl arrived at the Boston Bank and Trust Company, at the intersection of Oak and Main Street, and parked his car in the employee parking area. Hopping out of the car, he strode up to the door

and walked in. Stepping to his desk in the back of the building, he sat down and gave a sigh. Another long day ahead. He opened a drawer and began sorting out old files. Halfway through the drawer, Karl saw the corner of something lying flat on the bottom of the drawer. Pulling it out, he smiled as he saw a picture of himself and Jake, two and a half years ago. They were huddled together in their warmest wintry clothes, building a snowman in the knee-deep snow. Karl smiled again as he placed it gently on his desk, leaning on the wall. Hunching back over the drawer, he began sorting again. Three-quarters of the way through, he glanced at the clock, and looked up in surprise. "Five-o'clock already," Karl exclaimed, "and I wasn't even having fun." Grinning at his own joke, he stood up, and, after tidying up his desk, set off toward home.

Springing into his car, he started it and drove out of the parking lot and down the street. Stopping only briefly for gas, he drove home. As he was turning the corner onto his street, a diesel truck came roaring around the corner, its driver totally out of control. With a yelp, Karl slammed the brake and tried to turn into the ditch to avoid the truck slamming him off the narrow, two-lane street. But even as he darted toward the ditch, the truck hit a pothole and adjusted, spinning wildly straight at Karl. With a sickening crunch, the driver-side door caved inwards, crushing Karl's leg. There was a flash of light and pain, and everything went black.

(Checkers continued on Page 11)

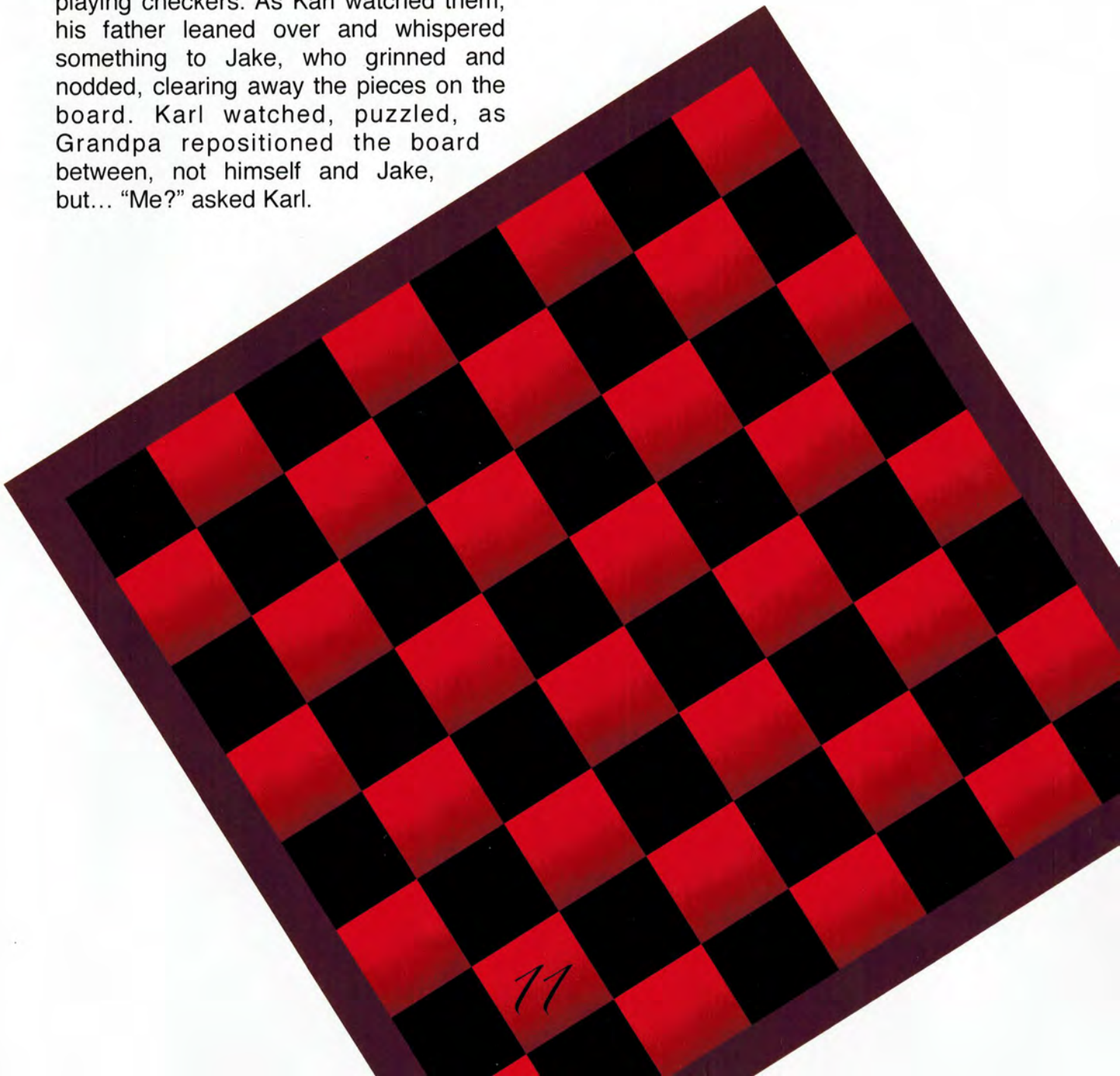


# checkers

(continued)

Beep! Beep! Beep! Karl opened his eyes and looked around. He was in a hospital bed. The brightly lit lights made him squint and blink as he tried to move his leg. Suddenly, a burst of pain exploded in his leg, and everything went dark for a moment. Opening his eyes again, he saw two blurry figures at the foot of his bed, slowly and steadily getting clearer. It was Jake and his Grandpa playing checkers. As Karl watched them, his father leaned over and whispered something to Jake, who grinned and nodded, clearing away the pieces on the board. Karl watched, puzzled, as Grandpa repositioned the board between, not himself and Jake, but... "Me?" asked Karl.

And slowly, kindly, quietly, Grandpa responded, "You." A slow, broad smile covered Karl's face as he looked up into his father's eyes.





# One fine Winter Day

On one fine winter day, when I woke up,  
I thought of Dominion that on the shelf lays.  
I pulled the box off the shelf; opened it up,  
Pulled out the cards and I started to play.

My father came in the door, watched as I sat there,  
Watched as I sat there, that fine winter day.  
"Do you mind if I join you," he asked with a smile,  
"No" I replied as we started to play.

The old king upon his throne looked out of his window,  
Watching the village a mile away.  
Then came marauders from another kingdom,  
They charged through the village and burned it that day.

With three silver and a gold, I bought a province,  
Bought me a province, that fine winter day.  
Dad started mining, and played two marauders,  
Ruined my village, t'was my turn to play.

King then hired a pirate to raid other kingdoms,  
And each time he raided, the king he would pay.  
The money the pirate ship took from the kingdoms,  
Was give'n to the king, on that fine winter day.

I then played my pirate ship, robbing Dad's silver,  
Robbing Dad's silver, that fine winter day.  
I bought one more Duchy to even the score,  
For Dad had two Duchies, and was winning the game.

The king had an army, and it was just now ready,  
Ready to set off and conquer that day.  
They charged towards the castle and brandished their weapons,  
But the moat 'round the castle did keep them away.

With one province left, seven coins in my hand,  
I wanted to buy it; a village I played,  
I hoped against hope that my draw was a treasure,  
But alas! It was not and Dad won, that day.  
Indeed, my dad won on that fine winter day.



# Three Great Games for Risk-Lovers

A lot of people love Risk. A lot of people don't like games that take up several months of their valuable time. But for those of you who do...

## #1. Axis and Allies

Axis and Allies is the insanely complicated Risk of WWII. Despite the slight downside of taking over 24 hours total to complete and having a very large, highly perplexing rulebook, this is still one of the longest, most intense games EVER. Absolutely Awesome.

## #2. A House Divided

A House Divided is a Civil War-based strategy game that (thankfully) only takes a few hours to play, but still has that great take-over-stuff feel like Risk, only on a smaller scale. Different types of paths between cities keeps it interesting, and several factors affect every battle. Incredibly fun.

## #3. Memoir '44

Memoir '44 is a great, hexagon-based D-Day battle game, where the different terrain and objectives, as well as only being able to move in the way your cards allow, really brings it to life. Excellently realistic.

And finally, although I have never played it, I'm going to recommend Commands and Colors: Ancients. It's a Rome-vs-Carthage strategy game, and it sounds highly enjoyable.

GAME AWAY!





# Resources\*

*A House Divided*, english second edition. Published 1989 by GDW games. Artist Rick Hasenauer.

*Attack!*. Published 2003 by Bard Centrum Gier, Eagle-Gryphon Games, and Überplay. Designer Glenn Drover. Artist Paul Niemeyer.

*Axis and Allies: Pacific 1940*. Published 2009 by Avalon Hill Games, Inc. Designer Larry Harris, Jr. Artist Blake Beasley.

*Battle Cry: 150th Civil War Anniversary Edition*. Published 2010 by Avalon Hill Games, Inc. Designer Richard Borg.

*Battleship*. Published 1931 by Milton Bradley. Designer Clifford Von Wickler.

*Checkers*. Public Domain.

*Chess*. Public Domain.

*Commands & Colors: Ancients, fifth edition*. Published 2014 by GMT Games. Designer Richard Borg. Artist Rodger B. MacGowan.

*Conquest of the Empire*. Published 2005 by Eagle-Gryphon Games Edge Entertainment. Designers Glenn Drover, Larry Harris, Jr., Martin Wallace. Artist Paul Niemeyer.

*Defenders of the Realm*, english first edition. Published 2010 by Eagle-Gryphon Games. Designer Richard Launius. Artist Larry Elmore.

*Dice Forge*. Published 2017 by Libellud Asmodee Asterion Press. Designer Régis Bonnessée. Artist Biboun.

*Dominion*. Published 2008 by Rio Grande Games. Designer Donald X. Vaccarino. Artists Matthias Catrein, Julien Delval, Tomasz Jedruszek, Ryan Laukat, Harald Lieske, Michael Menzel, Marcel-André Casasola Merkle, Claus Stephan, Christof Tisch.

*Field Command: Singapore*. Published 2009 by WorldsForge. Designer Khoo Yik Lin.

*Fortress America*. Published 2012 by Fantasy Flight Games. Designer Michael Gray.

*Hnefatafl*. Published by Marbles: Brain Workshop. Game is Public Domain.

*Mastermind*. Published 1971 by Pressman Toy Corp. Designer Mordecai Meiorowitz.



# RESOURCES

*Memoir 44'*. Published 2004 by Days of Wonder. Designer Richard Borg. Artists Cyrille Daujean, Julien Delval, Don Perrin, Claude Rica.

*Risk*. Published 1959 by Hasbro. Designers Albert Lamorisse, Michael I. Levin.

*Samurai Swords* (aka *Shogun* or *Ikusa*). Published 1986 by Wizards of the Coast. Designer Michael Gray. Artist Steve Argyle.

*Seafall*. Published 2016 by IronWall Games and Plaid Hat Games. Designers Rob Daviau, JR Honeycutt. Artists Jared Blando, EJ Dela Cruz, Rob Daviau, Gunship Revolution, Jen Santos, Brian Valeza.

*Settlers of Catan*, english fifth edition. Published 1995 by Mayfair Games. Designer Klaus Teuber. Artists Volkan Baga, Tanja Donner, Pete Fenlon, Jason Hawkins, Michaela Kienle, Harald Lieske, Michael Menzel, Marion Pott, Matt Schwabel, Franz Vohwinkel, Stephen Graham Walsh.

*Star Wars Legion*. Published 2018 by Fantasy Flight Games. Designer Glenn Alex Davy.

*Twister*. Published 2012 by Hasbro. Designers Chuck Foley, Reyn Guyer, Neil W. Rabens.

*War! Age of Imperialism*. Published 2001 by Eagle-Gryphon Games. Designer Glenn Drover. Artist Paul Niemeyer.



\* Resources list was made using [BoardGameGeek.com](http://BoardGameGeek.com).





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