

PDABBLE GAMES

PRESENTS

THE MAGESTIC MESSENGER

The official newsletter of the Magestry Live Action Role-Playing Game

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Three weeks ago, Lord Vorkarian of House Greenbush restored the stewardship of Hanisville to its former inhabitants. The town had been abandoned by its people in 2000 because of the steep and unjust taxes imposed by Duke Worlan of Riverton, and Lord Vorkarian had spent almost one year and many, many more gold pieces repairing the place to make it inhabitable once more.

In preparation for the Grand Assembly of Delegates [the council meeting of representatives from every kingdom in Aszuron that meets every ten years and is scheduled to meet next in Riverton in 2004], King Rulian V had sent out a general request that the area be repopulated. He wanted the land to be stable economically, socially, and militarily for the Grand Assembly's arrival. Paying off the tax deficit out of his own funds, the King then offered the opportunity for inhabitants of the Riverton area to live tax-free for one year. At this, many people from all over Irvanshire and nearby kingdoms migrated to the land. The newly rebuilt Hanisville was one of the first towns to be repopulated.

However, Hanisville's new inhabitants were not the only people interested in the restored, tax-free town. Members of the populace who fled the area in 2000, most of whom are now members of a newly founded organization known as the "Disciples of Dissention," demanded of Lord Vorkarian that their village be immediately returned to them. When that foolish concession was not granted them, the Disciples initiated a series of attacks on the new townsfolk in which the green-tabard-wearing Dissenters were soundly and consistently defeated.

As seemingly weak as the Disciples were, they were instrumental in bringing a potentially lethally destructive foe to Hanisville late on the night of Saturday, Maygrelian 31. They had discovered a way to open a gateway to the Realm of Fire, out of which poured dozens of violent fire demons. It is unknown how the town defeated the creatures and successfully closed the portal, but the new heroes managed just that.

Despite the many successes of the townsfolk, Lord Vorkarian feared that still greater danger was imminent, so he signed an agreement to restore Hanisville to the previous inhabitants at a modest rental fee. Having been witness to the strength and organized ability of the new townsfolk, the Disciples of Dissention reluctantly agreed to Lord Vorkarian's terms.

While Lord Vorkarian has another town built, he and the heroes of Hanisville have established a temporary encampment in a farming community in the "Go-Betweens" known as Camp Shryber, named after the illustrious Farmer Shryber, who's family has owned the land for centuries.

We were somewhere outside Hanisville, in the midst of the swamp, when our ability to speak with plants took over. Moonshadow said something like, "what are these crazy animals doing here?" and I answered, "Be quiet woman, there are townsfolk approaching."

The burlap-clad midgets sidled up to our Gigantic Shark of a wagon and said, "What choo doin round here, hippies?"

I composed myself as well as I could with a head full of dream plant and managed to say, "We're here for the convention."

The midgets shook their heads and said, "There ain't no convention, buddy, there ain't much of anything out here."

I tipped my hat too far backward, and it fell to the earth henceforth forgotten, like so many dreams in this multiverse. "Well, what about the protest movement? Any friendly folk out here? You know the type; barely bathed, a freaked out look in their eye? They usually carry signs."

He wringed out his burlap and replied, "Nope... we don't get much protesting out here."

So I turned to Moonshadow, who was busy studying an intricately shaped rock, and said "Moonshadow, we have protesting to do.

She stumbled up to her feet and said matter-of-factly, "Peanut, this rock looks like King Rulian, man..."

And I said, "Smash the Pig! Down with the tyranny of an oppressive thug who picks on orcs and ogres..... The Revolution has begun!"

Moonshadow kicked the rock, which didn't appear to smash, but the gesture was far more powerful than the smashing could ever be. Armed only with a guitar, and our will to change the multiverse, We set out into the heart of Hanisville. We met friendly people along the way, and tried to sway them to our manner of thinking, but they were drunk with sharp steel.

In retrospect, this seemed to be a good thing, since a band of rogue orcs attacked just then, and they couldn't conceive that we were a group dedicated to improving their condition. Alas, they were also clouded with thoughts of weaponry.

But this failure was soon forgotten as we discovered the tavern to be well stocked with ale, if not other, more potent substances. I accosted a strange little man, asking for smokable flora, and he had the audacity to tell me that such plants preferred not to be inhaled. Pure craziness. I denounced him as a damned Narc and continued to get messed up on what was available.

It was only later, looking back upon the situation to come, that I realized what terrible things I had done. I was completely out of my head, and some of my new friends called me over to a troll. He looked up at me with green, puppy dog eyes, and whimpered something in trollish. Now, I do believe that it was the dream weed acting, but I had to burn the miserable scumbag. It just felt right. Immediately afterwards, I regretted the decision, as that rotten Moonshadow stole my stash and made off for the university. But that, my friends, is a strange and terrible story for another time.

Amongst the other problems that our townsfolk had been facing, the minions of Chaos may have seemed like a miniscule nuisance. Lord Vorkarian made repairs to Hanisville in hopes that it would face minimal problems and eventually become prosperous. Unfortunately, it seemed that certain factors were forcing a metaphorical step backward.

One of the many travelers that entered the town was a man by the name of Beezer. Beezer came spouting the opportunities to summon an earth elemental to help protect the town from the other problems that we had been facing, such as the “Disciples of Dissention” that had been attacking inhabitants of the current town because they thought that they have some sort of a claim to the homes that they had abandoned (but the writer of this will not comment on that situation). Besides the Disciples, we had been facing a number of goblins and trolls that have been very menacing as well as combative. Beezer brought many of the town members to an old abandoned cave that contained four statues.

When interviewed, an old man that was there, Pep, said, “they came and they stole my rocks...”

The rocks that he was referring to must have been the ones that would summon the earth elemental. After the town members went through many toils to summon the earth elemental, there was an unexpected arrival. Where the earthen creature should have been there was only a purple toy bunny. The humor of the situation was lost to Beezer and his explorers because they had gone through a great deal of trouble to summon the thing.

Currently, the reporter of this story is wondering what, exactly, the motives of this gentleman were. No fingers are being pointed, but most would assume that the person that summoned a type of elemental would do so to be the one to control it.

Well, needless to say, some calling themselves the minions of Chaos made their way, randomly, into the cave and disrupted the spell. After this happened they began to plague the town with their imbecilic actions. People were acting rather oddly after short conversations with these followers of Chaos, such as attacking their friends or screaming about giant ants. One man came back with some sort of purple mark under his eye.

Fortunately, they did not cause much of a ruckus with their insanity. The town has not seen the minions in a number of days now, but we do not feel that they are gone for good. They seemed to have enjoyed themselves.

This reporter is quite relieved that she has not seen them recently, but I am sure that they will be back to cause more trouble to a town with enough problems.

~Maggie Turnhill
Bartender

The present troubles of these lands can plague even a noble knight in his own home as he rests late in the morning after a long evening of battling evil. On the morning of Saturday, Maygrelian 31, Sir Duder Fortsworth, a man with great wealth in knowledge (as well as monetary value), was attacked and robbed of a prized possession: his black chalice. He and his teacher, Pep, are offering a reward of three gold crown for its return as well as a one gold crown reward for the capture of each of the three culprits who stole it from his chest as he rested. Sir Duder Fortsworth is commended and thanked for his efforts to keep peace in this wild country.

To the recently relocated people of Hanisville:

I cannot present enough words of thanks to you who stood so bravely against the Disciples of Dissention and the violent storm that they loosed upon Magesta on Maygrelian the 31st. The creatures that you faced, the fire demons, are known to elementalists as “Bantula,” and I am supremely impressed by your collective ability to deal with them so precisely and effectively.

I also extend a special thanks to you of separate races who lent me your ears, energies, and time during the afternoon so that our desired end could be achieved. Your retrieval of the portal signature is commendable; however, I regret to tell you that one was simply not enough for me to trace the gateway’s exact source.

Now that you have taken up a temporary residence in Shryber Farms (an area well known to me as a ranger), be watchful for my return. I fear that I shall need your help again too soon.

-K’Tar
Drakian Ranger of the Northlands

Reward!!!

For the capture of the dark elf known as Sith Rainstrom. He is wanted alive by the Dark Elf Registration Authority (DRA) of Ken Ryndil. It is known that less than a month ago he was residing in the settlement of Hanisville under the protection of one Lord Vorkarian, whom is also wanted by the DRA for repeated refusals to grant the Authority custody of the dark elf. A generous reward will be given to anyone who delivers either of these two men alive.

Lord Vorkarian of House Greenbush, by his authority granted by Duke Worlan, has appointed the following citizens as officers of the Town Watch: Captain Haku Steelwind, Lieutenant Sith Rainstrom, and Sergeant Stratigo Steelwind. It is their responsibility to organize and lead the Town Watch and enforce the laws of the community. If necessary, it is also their duty to organize and lead a citizen’s militia under Duke Worlan’s local military commander Major Krok. Duke Worlan and Lord Vorkarian are currently reviewing the laws suggested by the townsfolk at a recent town meeting.

Tavern-Talk

One month ago, a noteworthy and skilled locksmith named Tumbler passed through Hanisville with words of warning. When meeting other travelers on his way into town, he heard tales of a strange and powerful Necromancer working in the woods between Riverton and Hanisville. This necromancer was fabled to be raising undead minions in numbers worthy of a small army. This disturbing news he willfully brought in order to warn the town. We, the recently relocated inhabitants of Hanisville, are familiar with this necromancer that called himself Sk’Lar; he is believed to be dead after a gruesome battle, but our concern remains that his remaining numbers of undead creatures will deliver countless attacks against our people.

Hello, world travelers and world forsakers! It is I, the one you know as Gilbert. You need several spare stomachs and two more tongues in order to pronounce my true name properly, so Gilbert will suffice. Welcome, one and all to *Gilbert's Guide to the Planes*, the premier journal in portal-making, hopping, and thriving and surviving in every nook and cranny of the Dabbleverse. I am compiling this journal as a thank you to all of the noble adventurers who were kind enough to offer me assistance in clearing the duke's wine cellar of 'ghosts.' This month's tour guide will be of interest to some, namely those who battled respawning fire demons. Yes, ladies and gentlemen (and giant sloppy frogs) we go this week to the elemental Plane of Fire!

If I can offer one piece of advice to you prospective planeswalkers, it is this: Bring lots of water. I myself, being amphibious, have difficulty traveling ANYWHERE without water, but in the plane of fire, it is especially necessary. I suggest taking a bag of holding... fireproof the outside, waterproof the inside, pour as much water into it as you can, and attach a straw. Even then, it may start to boil after three minutes or so, and you might want to cast a magical circle of protection against the element of fire, and even then, you'll be sweating you respective genitalia off.

There are several wonderful sights to see in the plane of fire, if you can avoid the almost constant civil wars, revolutions and fiery rebellions, in addition to fire demons, fire elementals, and their smoky cousins, nicotine elementals. One of these sights is the Leaning Pillar of Fire, in central Pyrania, the westernmost province on the Plane. They offer hourly tours, citing the history of the pillar, and also a wonderful gift shop (which is in constant danger of being burned to the ground.) Also, in Flamberge to the north, there is a spectacular fire geyser called Old Burnful. Every sixteen minutes and 32 seconds (Central Portal Time) It erupts in a glistening fiery spray. Flame retardant ponchos are offered on site, I highly suggest procuring one. Make sure to arrive early, because the complimentary benches burn off after about six

'shows.'

When dining in the realm of fire, I suggest Pyro Magnum's fabulous restaurant, The inferno. It skims the line between theme restaurant and fiery deathtrap quite nicely, offering fire prepared in many different ways: Fire a la fire, Fire Flambe, Popcorn Fire, Fried Fire, and iced fire (very refreshing, but only for about two seconds.) For the more adventurous traveler, there is a long standing contest stating that if you can eat 60 pounds of pure porterhouse fire, you eat for free, and get a slightly charred t-shirt. Only Mama Dirt of Sodnia has ever even attempted the feat, and she was subsequently banned from the restaurant and the entire plane as well, falling into accordance with the better part of the multiverse.

So there you have it, the plane of fire in a nutshell. In order to save money, I suggest using the numerous campgrounds, as the bed and breakfasts are all too expensive (and on fire). Until Next time, I wish you water-based dreams and a diet lacking aquatic eggs!

You are peoples (such nice peoples), but you all open Pendel's secret tomb too soon! Pendel did not think was time so soon - time already! Pendel knows, he now knows, that it was Stinky Robes Vorkarian who show you nice peoples where the secret tomb is! When Pendel come out of tomb, it was nothing like I remember! There is now whole town there where was all forest before! Pendel also go to Impishport, but is not Impishport anymore; is now Bloomingport with almost no imps! What happen in three hundred years? (Three Hundred Years?) 1701-.....THREE HUNDRED YEARS!! Pendel learn much in secret alchemy lab in tomb in three hundred years, and now he open new alchemy lab for you nice people. Pendel now come and teach young peoples alchemy in new alchemy lab! Come, come to learn! You learn from Pendel, you learn good!



PDabble Games

PO Box 1037
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MAGESTRY'8 Next Event is July 4-6 At Schriber Farms in Oxford, CT

The cost is \$50 for PCs (\$45 if we receive your money and registration by July 1st) and \$10 for NPCs (FREE if we receive your registration by July 1st). SEND in your registrations as soon as possible!!! Also, send in your character updates and histories if you haven't already. The more time we have to work with what you give us, the better we can make the game for your character.

There will be no buildings, electricity, or plumbing available at the next event. However, the property we are using is beautiful and large and we will set up large tents for our "town" buildings. You will have to bring your own camping equipment (we will have 2-3 person tents available for a \$5 rental fee). There are two large campsites and some other smaller ones; you'll be responsible for setting up your area to your liking (we will award Brownie Points for great-looking sites).

Assuming the weather holds, the farm should be a great place to play; we have nothing but raw land (and a few trails and dirt roads [and a bathing hole!]) to work with, so the town will be as rustic and authentic as we choose to make it. See you at the event!

Registration Forms can be found at Magestry.com
Make checks payable to "Paul Dabkowski"

Directions to Schriber Farms, 571 Quaker Farms Road, Oxford, CT 06478:

From East or West: Take Exit 16 off of I-84. At the end of the ramp, take a left onto Route 188. Go for about 3.5 miles (follow 188 carefully because it will turn to the left and then immediately to the right). The camp gate is on the right side of the road (If you see the big farm with huge silos, you've gone too far!). Drive down the dirt road and around the pond until you find the parking area.

MAGESTRY 2003 Event Schedule

July 4-6

August 1-3

August 22-24

September 19-21

October 17-19

November 14-16

*We now have hard copies of the rulebook and we will be selling them at the July 4-6 event for \$10. After that, you can have them shipped to you by sending a \$15 check (payable to "Paul Dabkowski") to our PO Box.

Magestry.com
PDabbleGames.com