

PDABBLE GAMES
PRESENTS

The **Magestic Messenger**

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

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We Never Made it Home

Early this month, we Stewards of the Northshire discovered the elves that had been missing from their outpost in the Great Northwood since Gobly. When combing the Go-Betweens, we happened upon a large bivouac near Shryber Farms. The encampment was largely empty, except for the half-dozen elves that seemed to have been slowly disassembling the place.

We apprehended the deserters and questioned them as to the whereabouts of the rest of their contingency. To our dismay, the renegade elves revealed that dozens of their companions had been killed during some mission that was supposed to be simple. They would not reveal the nature of that mission, but they did admit themselves and their dead comrades to be members of the Dark Elf Registration Authority (DRA). Knowing that the DRA had been operating outside of the law of Ken Ryndil for years, we bound our captives for the long journey home.

It was the night when we reached the South Farthings that something dreadful happened. We were scouting the sides of the overgrown roadway for a place to camp until morning when we were ambushed by a band of men. In the darkness, we could make out none of their features save for their brilliant white skin. They attacked us without question, but left our captive elves alone.

The battle was hopeless for us. Our assailants seemed to be able to see much better than we could in the darkness, but even if the air was filled with light I don't think the outcome would have been any different. Only the hardest of our blows seemed to effect the figures at all, and as we tired, they cut our ranks down as easily as one might slice grass stems with a scythe.

It was over quickly. Though we had them outnumbered at least two-to-one, only a handful of us escaped with our lives. As I ran off into the dark forest, I realized that I was not being pursued. Our attackers seemed to have found what they were after and left me to spread my horrible tale.

-Kutler Solk
Steward of the Northshire

Faemen Only Have 'I's for I

For the last few months, I have traveled in search of historical documentation that might explain how the ancient imprisonment of the Incarnation of Devastation was accomplished. Unfortunately, I have made no progress.

In my attempt to return to Camp Shryber, several Faemen assaulted me. It was when I approached the gate that leads to The Wining Spirit, the tavern that I am a barmaid at, that I was told by these Faemen that I was not permitted to pass. The conversation with them began by their simply asking my name, which I felt was not all that intrusive, so I told them. They told me immediately, however, that my reply was not an appropriate answer, and I was not permitted to pass by "their" gate (which I am still not aware of how they came [or think they came] to acquire it). When I tried to pass through the gate, they attacked me with fire magic, saying that I had no business near "Imoloch's Gate." Luckily, the spell only set my cloak on fire, which I quickly threw off. Unfortunately, I was unable to return to town for quite some time. Each day I would get to the gate and try a different name and the similar would occur. Then, one day, I was clever enough to say my name with an 'I' in front of it. They subsequently opened the gate for me. I have not had many dealings with Faemen in the past, but the ones that I have encountered were not like these belligerent warriors and magic users.

I will now be back in town collecting money and helpers for my research if anyone is interested. It is a great deal of work to be a historian, but I am sure that many of the townspeople are up to this type of job.

~[I]Maggie Turnhill
Barmaid
The Wining Spirit

A Strange and Short Visit

It was late one rainy Friday evening. I hadn't had a customer all night and was wiping down the tables in preparation for closing time, when a hooded man stepped briskly through the tavern doorway. I saw the faint glimmer of two eyes through the darkness that shrouded his face as he looked up at me and whispered in a sharp and determined voice, "Please direct me to Galanthas Du'Mentharen." I told him that I had never heard of such a person and that, though I was ready to close for the night, he should sit and enjoy a drink before moving on. I moved to the back room to fetch some ale for the gentleman and myself, but when I returned he was nowhere in sight. I jumped to the doorway and looked out into the night. The hooded man was not to be found, not even a warm footprint to mark his passing. He must have set out with an uncanny haste, for I had not had my eyes off him for more than a moment.

As I blew out the last candle, I pondered the fact that was the focus of my thoughts these past few weeks: things sure have been a lot stranger around Shryber Farms since Lord Vorkarian and you folk moved in.

-Aktorn
Owner and Barkeeper
The Goblin's Goblet

SOMETHING REALLY BITES!

It's funny how things seem to sometimes happen without any prior knowledge; then again, that seems to be the norm these days, doesn't it? Take, for instance, something that happened to me just a couple weeks back:

[A bit about myself, first. I travel around working where I can and wandering the rest of the way. For a few weeks now, I have been working for a somewhat large farming family, helping them with the spring plantings and early summer work.]

I had gone out one evening to the local tavern, staying there until very late. When I finally decided to return to the farm, I arrived to find something very strange: the candles in the house and barn were still burning.

I went to the house first and found nobody there. Before heading to the barn, I grabbed an axe from by the door. As I walked to the barn, I noticed a very unnatural quiet surrounding the farm, and as I opened the barn door the stench of blood and death infused my senses. The bodies of the family lay dead on the ground before my eyes. Upon examining them, I noticed two small puncture wounds in each of their necks. Knowing that to be the mark of a vampire attack, I quickly set about the task of separating the heads from the bodies and burying the pieces.

As I wandered from the scene, I hoped never to encounter the vampire with such a lack of respect for human life to leave such terror in its wake.

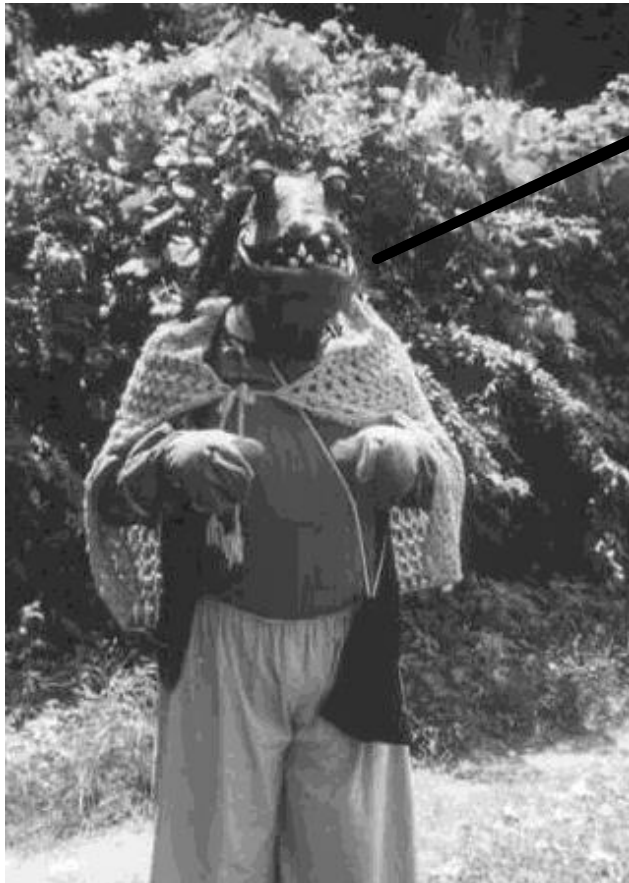
-Es'Tra Quay
Wanderer

WOO! A real picture! While their should be a meaningful article here, I'm going to add a mocking caption instead:

From left to right:

Lynsara reports that the tavern's on fire, Moloch takes the opportunity to make another quick marriage proposal, Lucian decides what to do about this strange new soul-sucking device, Lucid wonders why the water elemental had to *Crit 2* him in the eye sockets, Aferoxyynomak wheels around to find out who's making fun of his name, Haku has one really sweaty arm, and Hatch is just asking to be way-laid!





There will be no Gilbert's Guide this month as I am off traipsing the multiverse in search of an Astral Vice for to rescue all of your tender bits from a very severe and imminent nipping! I'll retrieve one as expediently as possible. You'll have to excuse my slowness of pace; you see, this dimension traveler seeks to have more than one vice attended to! Wish me luck!

Shank Mill's Orcs and Orc Accessories!

The prices listed below are subject to change at any given time without warning.

Untrained Orc: 5 Silver Noble

An Untrained Orc is usually a young orc that can easily be whipped into shape. For an older untrained orc I will be willing to drop the price a bit.

Trained Orc: 2 Gold Crown

A Trained Orc is ready to be your happy servant in all the around the house chores you need done.

Trained Troll: 5 Gold Crown

A Trained Troll is hard to come by and expensive, but very handy if you need any sort of heavy work done.

Orc Beating Stick: 3 Clay Bits

This is a finely carved piece of wood for showing your orc or troll who is the real boss.

See Shank Mill for Details! Today!!!

In-Game Traveling

During the time between events (and certainly if a player character does not attend one or more events) your character does not cease to exist: he or she is simply somewhere else. In many cases, you may not want to do anything with that time, but you do have the option of having your character travel to a different location in the World of Magesta.

Now, if you don't tell the staff of Magestry that you are going to travel somewhere, you can still role-play in-game that you had, but you will not gain any knowledge of the happenings there (outside of what everyone else knows via the newsletter or whatever). However, if you do tell us that you intend to travel, you will receive a written report from us at the beginning of next event. To be eligible to receive a report, you must submit your travel plans at least one week before the event that you want it for, and you must pay the in-game travel cost for your trip (round trip). See "Chapter 13: The World of Magesta" in the Player's Rulebook for maps and travel costs.

Seeking Information

Recently, a spirit was discovered wandering around the Go-Betweens, unable to pass on. It seems that the spirit has been cursed somehow (perhaps by an amulet that adorns its chest) and cannot proceed onto its final rest.

Please bring any information concerning this to Hatch van Graves. Anything that leads to fixing this problem will be dually rewarded.

PDabble Games
PO Box 1037
Middlebury, CT 06762

Magestry's Next Event: August 22-24 At Schreiber Farms in Oxford, CT

This will be the last game that we play at Schreiber Farms for the 2003 year (and probably ever!). The cost is \$60 for PCs (\$45 if you send us payment and registration by August 18) and \$10 for NPCs (Free if you register by August 18). Email us your character updates and histories if you haven't already (PDabbleGames@aol.com). 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 is one large campsite 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).

See you at the event!

Registration Forms, Waivers, Medical Forms, and a free downloadable copy of the Player's Rulebook can be found at Magestry.com
Make checks payable to "Paul Dabkowski"

Directions to Schreiber 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

August 22-24

September 19-21*

October 17-19*

November 14-16*

*These events will be played at Chesterfield Scout Reservation in Chesterfield Massachusetts.

**We now have hard copies of the rulebook and we will be selling them at the August 22-24 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