

PDABBLE GAMES

PRESENTS

THE MAGESTIC MESSENGER

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

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The Hunt

It was Shryber Farms and the time was approaching three hours past midnight. Galynn, Hatch, Moloch and I sat around at the closed Wining Spirit Tavern. They had their drinks and were talking while I was shrouded in my family robes to keep warm from the chill of the icy wind. With a blink of an eye, four of my fellow Dark Elves entered the tavern, sat down, and ordered drinks. Quickly, they turned Galynn's once idle chitchat into more serious conversation and questioning. I noticed that the leader of the small group had a lot of knowledge stored inside him.

Then, as quickly as the came, the leader, with a sharp whistle, rushed his fellow brothers and sister out of the tavern. I chased after them only to be the witness of a lone skeleton strolling down the path from the blacksmith shop. I alerted the rest, who must have made quick work of him. I ran back inside to grab my weapon and chase after my fellow brothers and sisters to at least bid them a fond farewell. Then, it began.

I quickly lost sight of the dark elves, so I wandered down the road towards Imoloch's Gate, figuring they had headed back to their camp. My Elven ears quickly picked up the sound of footsteps and heavy armor clanking towards me, so I jumped into the brush on the side of the road. The group of about six of *them* began walking past. (It's lucky for them that I couldn't see their faces.) Then, in the blue of the night's sky they stopped. The ear of the one in the middle flickered a bit and he headed straight towards me. He pointed his weapon through the brush and right then I took off. Luckily, they were very slow. I quickly escaped them. In fear that the others at the camp were in danger, I headed towards the camp.

When I arrived, the one thing that Aktorn and I had often spoke of when at his tavern finally happened. Everything was quiet in the Wining Spirit, the lights, strangely, were all blown out and there wasn't a soul there. I waited a bit and then strolled out into the field in front of the tavern. To my shock, I heard the horrific whispers of creatures saying, "There he is, get him". It sent a cold chill down my Elven spine as I darted back off into the woods to lose them once again.

At the next encounter, I caught a good look of what they looked like. They were tall and slim with cold eyes and very pale skin. I thought they were some sort of "elf" but I wasn't sure. An hour seemed to pass with them chasing me around the camp when, finally, some of the townsfolk awoke. Lilly, Galynn, Hatch, and Moloch came to my aid, but sadly, only our hardest blows affected them.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, my Dark Elven friends had came to help finish the job. They struck down the pale beings in a few blows and no time at all. After the battle, we regrouped at the tavern. We learned, to my dismay, that those "things" had been following the Dark Elves for quite some time. The leader of the group said that they were some sort of alchemical experiment gone wrong and they call them "Dire Elves." That was the only information he had to offer about the creatures at that time. I, however, think I have also discovered something about them. It turns out that before they attack, whether during the day or at night, a skeleton appears ahead of them, sort of like a scout.

Any and all information about these creatures will surely be appreciated. Just look for Lieutenant Sith Rainstrom of Lord Vorkarian's Town Watch. I'm not hard to find, unless I don't want to be found. Valuable information about these creatures will be rewarded.

Immortalitas Deprecor Ab Caedes et Nox Noctis adfluo et semper

-Sith Rainstrom

Loyal and Brave Townsfolk,

I recently received a letter from my old friend Lord Renwar of Elmerton. Elmerton is a secluded town on the eastern edge of the Fiddlehead Hills, and, in his letter, the Lord invites myself and all of you to celebrate the annual Fiddlehead Harvest Festival! This festival is an event that should not be missed!

I encourage all of you to join me on this vacation from Shryber Farms. You will not be disappointed.

Heading Out in One Week,
-Lord Vorkarian

P.S. Lord Renwar's letter can be read in full on page 3.

A Word Of Thanks

First and foremost, I would like to thank everyone who attended my wedding. I hope everyone enjoyed themselves. A special thanks goes out to Galynn for stepping up to be the minister, and to Lord Vorkarian for his generous wedding present (which allowed me to stand up to my accusers for slightly longer than I rightfully should have.) I would also like to take this time to formally apologize to a few people. First off, my lovely bride's ex-boyfriend. I would like to think, if we were in opposite situations, I would have done nothing different. I'd also like to apologize to Sass. I have done some things in my life I'm not proud of, I've hurt many people and I'd like to say, "I'm sorry."

Now that the formalities are over with, I'd like to say that I am overjoyed to be married to my wife Igna. Things at the castle are well. My training toward becoming a Knight in House Irune is showing improvement daily.

I hope to see you all again, as I will be taking holidays from the castle to stay in the town proper once again. Hopefully, this time, I'll have the money to afford a slightly more comfortable place to sleep. It looks like my free time is over with. I suppose it's time to say good-bye to Hatch, (who I thank greatly for writing this) and continue with my studies.

Until we talk again,
-Sir Imoloch of
Fae House Irune



GILBERT'S GUIDE TO THE PLANES

THEY SAY THAT PRISON IS AN EXCELLENT PLACE TO WRITE A NOVEL. THAT MAY WELL BE, BUT IT IS A DISMAL PLACE TO WRITE THE MOST POPULAR INTERDIMENSIONAL TRAVEL COLUMN ON THIS PLANE AND AT LEAST FOUR OR FIVE OTHERS. PARDON MY DOWN-IN-THE-DUMPSNESS... IT IS YOUR FRIEND TURNED POLITICAL PRISONER, GILBERT. I SPEND MY DAYS LOCKED IN A SOGGY CELL, WHICH WOULD NORMALLY BE A FAIRLY NICE PLACE TO LIVE, BUT SEEING AS I'M KEPT IN BY SHACKLES, WITH AXE WIELDING GUARDS OUTSIDE, IT'S NOT NEARLY AS COMFORTABLE. I'M HERE IN RIVIA, WHICH IS REALLY A BEAUTIFUL PLANE... FULL OF RIVERS, ESTUARIES AND LEGALLY PROTECTED WETLANDS. RIVIAN RESORTS ARE KNOWN THE DABBLEVERSE OVER FOR THEIR PROMPT SERVICE, STUNNING VIEWS, AND BRUTALLY EFFICIENT SECURITY. HERE IN THE PENAL COLONY AT BROOK FALLS, I HAVE A NEARLY UNOBSTRUCTED VIEW OF THE SHIMMERING CAPITOL CITY OF GORLAX'S FORD. UNOBSTRUCTED, EXCEPT FOR THE THICK PRISON BARS, THAT IS. THE FORD IS A CITY OF CANALS, WITH STRANGE LITTLE BOATMEN FERRYING ALL SORTS OF AMPHIBIOUS CREATURES ABOUT. ANOTHER LANDMARK IS THE FLOATING LIBRARY OF RIVIA, WHERE I DID MOST OF MY RESEARCH WHEN TRYING TO TRACK DOWN AN ASTRAL VICE FOR MY GOOD FRIENDS ON THE WORLD OF MAGESTA.

TWO OTHER THINGS OF NOTE: RIVIA'S CHIEF EXPORT IS RIVERFISH EGGS, CONSIDERED TO BE A DELICACY ON MANY PLANES, AND OF COURSE, THE EVER VIGILANT RIVIAN BORDER PATROL, WHOSE ABILITY TO CAPTURE PLANESHOPPERS IS SUPERCEDED ONLY BY THEIR ABILITY TO KEEP THEM LOCKED UP AND DEPRIVED OF SPELLS.

I HOPE THAT REEK, MY STINKY LITTLE ZOHMAN APPRENTICE HOPPER, HELPED YOU FOLKS CLOSE THOSE TERRIBLE PORTALS AT SHRYBER FARMS, AND THAT HE FULFILLS HIS PROMISE TO ME OF TAKING UP A COLLECTION TO RAISE ENOUGH MONEY TO BAIL ME OUT OF THE BROOKFALLS PENAL COLONY FOR NAUGHTY HOPPERS.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW, SO UNTIL I'M RELEASED... HAVE DREAMS MADE OF RIVERFISH EGG ICE-CREAM, AND WISHES MADE OF FREEDOM.

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.

Dearest Lord Vorkarian,

I have not seen you in such a long time, my old friend! The last I heard, you were rebuilding Hanisville, and I hope all goes well with your property. There is much we need to discuss, and I would like to invite you to attend the Fiddlehead Harvest Festival this month. We'll have games, merchants, competitions, a little gambling... something for everyone. Please, invite all of your townsfolk (who's tales of bravery and mystery I have caught word of even here) along for the fun and fellowship!

I truly hope to see you soon,

Lord Renwar of Elmerton

From the Incarnation of Devastation's Cookbook:

Devastation Apple Muffins

1 1/2 c. all-purpose flour
 1/2 c. instant nonfat dry milk
 1/2 c. granulated sugar
 2 tsp. baking powder
 1 tsp. DEVASTATION*
 1/2 tsp. Salt
 1 egg
 1 c. water
 1/4 c. butter, melted
 1 c. peeled apples, chopped
 1/3 c. nuts, chopped
 1/4 pkg. brown sugar

Combine dry ingredients and 1/2 teaspoon of DEVASTATION*. Beat eggs then add water; stir in apples and butter. Combine nuts and brown sugar, add the other 1/2 teaspoon of DEVASTATION*. Pour first mixture in greased muffin pan. Sprinkle second mixture over ingredients in muffin pan. Bake 20 minutes at 375 degrees. Throw at Haku Steelwind and watch him run away like a little bitch. Cackle. Or, you know... eat 'em. They ARE pretty delicious... DEVASTATINGLY delicious!

*Devastation can be replaced by cinnamon if necessary.

PDabble Games

PO Box 1037
Middlebury, CT 06762

MAGESTRY' 8 Next Event is September 19-21 At Chesterfield Scout Reservation in Chesterfield, MA

The cost is \$50 for PCs (\$45 if you send us payment and registration by September 12) and \$10 for NPCs (Free if you register by September 12). 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 two or three large cabins for players to sleep in and one for NPCs. Camping will be allowed if you wish. You will be responsible for setting up your area to your liking (and we will award Brownie Points for great-looking cabins). There will be snacks available but no full meals will be served, so bring some food!

Remember, we're still awarding 50 Brownie Points (10 skill points) to all new players and the players who brought them, so bring your friends. (Just be sure that they know the rules!)

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 Chesterfield Scout Reservation, Sugar Hill Road, Chesterfield, MA:

From Interstate 91: Take I-91 to Exit 19 in Massachusetts (Northampton/Amherst exit). Get on Route 9 West and go (through Northampton) for about 8 miles. In Williamsburg, turn left onto Route 143. In 4.1 miles, the camp road will be on your right. Drive up that road and park in the large dirt lot that will come shortly up on your right (after the Camp Office driveway).

MAGESTRY 2003 Event Schedule

September 19-21

October 17-19

November 14-16

*2004 Dates will be announced soon.

**We have hard copies of the rulebook available and we will be selling them at the September 19-21 event for \$10; or, you can have them shipped to you by sending a \$15 check (payable to "Paul Dabkowski") to our PO Box.

Magestry.com
PDabbleGames.com