

The Magestic Messenger

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

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Volume 1, Issue 6

ELMERTON QUARANTINED!

The Quarantine on Elmerton has neighboring fiefdoms in alarm, as rumors fly wild about the actual illness, which is being contained. Officials from the Court of Rulian V have declined to comment on the nature of the disease, but whispered voices have said anything from Orc Rot, to Vampirism, Lycanthropy, even Breakbone Fever are being speculated upon as the terrible disease in Elmerton. People are split between a fear for their health and a fear of the sometimes draconian measures of the King. Rulian's guardsmen are likewise split, especially among the Waywatchers, some of whom are willing to bring people into and out of the area for a price, and members of The Ebony Tower, Rulian's mages and sages. Last week, members of the Tower were poised to let loose a firestorm on the area to clear out the undesirable contagions, but calmer heads prevailed when it was determined the collateral damage to the King's subjects in that area would be truly Devastating. And so we all wait and wonder what is going on inside the embattled town, led by Renwar, previously one of Rulian's most trusted lords, who is now under scrutiny for the leadership he has been providing the village. What will happen in Elmerton? Only time will tell when the illness will run its course, hopefully before the words of itchy fingered mages catch the ears of those in power.

Well, this is another fine mess I've gotten myself into. It's your beloved planeshopper and traveler extraordinaire, Gilbert, here to once again impart my knowledge unto you. This month, I've been all over the place, dodging the authorities and trying to clear my good name. In the spirit of this exodus, I give you . . .

The Top Five places to Hide From the Rivian Border Patrol

Number 5: Stink City, Zohm – It's not actually called Stink City, but it might as well be, due to the Zohman love of all things sulfur. The Rivians couldn't follow me in here if they wanted to, but I was also disgusted to the point of throwing up a little bit in my mouth, so I moved on to...

Number 4: Deephall, Glitterdim – The Rivians chased me to Glitterdim in the hopes of boring me into a coma and then apprehending my catatonic body. Their plan was thwarted, however, when they got lost in the maze-like caverns surrounding the provincial capitol of Deephall. I stayed there for only a few days, until I could no longer stand the incessant chants of 'Moloch must die!' and so I packed my extradimensional haversack and traveled to...

Number 3: Nimbus, Elemental Plane of Air – This lovely city is encapsulated inside a gigantic storm cloud, and its architecture is so breathtaking that one becomes desensitized to it almost immediately. The locals, however, cannot stop talking about it, and all you hear all day is, 'yes, that's made entirely out of clouds... isn't it breathtaking?' and "We are terribly talented, having made an entire city out of clouds, aren't we?"

Did I mention that the inhabitants of Nimbus are tiny, multicolored bears with tribal tattoos on their bellies? It grates on the soul as well as the nerves, and so I promptly threw one of them off the cloud and into the screaming aether, stole a cloud car from a little blue grumpy one, and took off for...

Number 2: The Glens of the Falls, Rivia – This is, in reality, a terrible place to hide from the RBP, but I stopped by briefly to experience the wonderful and lovely foliage that occurs here at the Falls, this time of year. The algae are multicolored, phosphorescent... and of course, delicious. With the Border Patrol directly adjacent to my heels, I then escaped to...

Number 1: Elmerton, Magesta – Now, one would think that this would be the first place the Patrol would look, since I of course escaped here initially. But due to the wonderful erasing power of the Magestream, All traces of my comings and goings are taken away with every dawn. So, the RBP would have to be divining directly on the town at the exact moment I hop in just before dawn, in order to track me down. Couple this with the fact that the Portal Authority of Tradegate can barely be considered a social fraternity, much less an actual police force, and the fact that conventional forces are denied access to the town due to a heavy quarantine, and one will surely begin to realize why I have chosen such a place to make my hiding.

So, I'll see my friends on Magesta soon enough, and let's all give a short prayer to whatever lights guide-tunnels in these parts that no one on the Rivian Border Patrol will read my column.

Everyone, Laugh at Kalim!

Those of you who remained in Elmerton this past month (which you must have unless you decided to directly disobey the orders of the King) might have seen Glen nail the following letter to the tavern wall:

Dearest Heidi,

My love, I apologize for my lapse in correspondence, as it has been four moons since last I had the faculties with which to contact you. My quest to obtain the money that your father requires has suffered many setbacks. I had about one quarter of his price met, but I was robbed by brigands in the woods upon my arrival to the land I now reside in. This came as a crippling blow to me, as your father's price on your hand being high enough as it stands is only heightened by my current setback. However, fear not, I will obtain the Red Magestic he wishes and claim you, my love.

As far as other interesting news, I have fallen in with some peculiar people. One man named Glen, who I met while traveling, claims to be thousands of years old. His hair is the color of the afternoon sky and he is about as tall as your large Uncle Remos. He claims, amongst other things, that he must follow me until I die, for such is his way. I would object, but his skills with the sword have saved me on several occasions. Another man named Grem, whom I believe to be what some would call a Halfling, has joined me in my travels as well. He has been quiet as of yet, claiming his business to be his own, he, too has been quite useful in matters of steel. They have accompanied me since I last wrote to you from the small town in the South Farthings.

The people I have met here in Elmerton are quite interesting. It seems they have fled here from another town, which was overrun by some sort of creature or creatures. This town seems no better, as a werewolf has been going around having its brutish way with all it meets. This danger, and that of the brigands, leads me to believe some organization needs to be enacted.

I believe I shall start a Travelers' Guild. Its intention: to ally strangers with a common destination so that they are protected from beasts, brigands, and, of course, local politics. Of the latter, I have noticed that the current Town Watch has been quite prejudice in dispatching almost all things which appear different from the norm.

I witnessed the slaughter of a band of drunken orcs who were merely roughhousing in front of the mead hall in celebration of something they called "Orctoberfest."

Now, you know I've never been known as a friend to Orcs, but to slay them for merely celebrating a holiday is unjust. If it were a group of elves or men brawling, I'm sure they would have dealt with the situation much differently. Later, a larger group of Orcs came to take vengeance for their fallen comrades, an event that surely wouldn't have occurred had the Watch used more careful judgment. Perhaps a coalition of travelers could provide political balance and prevent these brash actions. Besides, I do not feel that the captain of the Watch is an ignorant man, as I interacted with him on several occasions and found him to be quite intelligent. His men, too, lack no bravery or kindness; they perhaps are not as widely traveled, or perhaps their parents taught them to hate that which is different.

Worry not! I will return to you as soon as I can pay your father's price. Know that I love and miss you and remember we gaze upon the same moon each night.

All of my Soul,
Kalim Rusal

Pendel Talk Now!

When Pendel in town last moon, he hear lots of strange talk from you peoples! You say incarnation this and dimension-place that! All Silly, Pendel Say! No such things as dimensions and incarnations, ever! Pendel knows! Some crazy lady come to Pendel and say "I Lady Fear and I have piece of you." Pendel say, what you crazy talking about, crazy lady? You no have piece of Pendel. Then red-faced thingy with stupid hair come out of forest saying, I am Pendel, yes, yes. Pendel yell, "NO! You not Pendel, no, no! I Pendel!" Pendel not have stupid hair anyhow. But crazy stupid thingy still insist it Pendel, so Pendel say, "Okay, you think you Pendel? We see what happens if you get . . . FIRESTORM!!!" Crazy, stupid red-faced thingy go bye, bye.

Things not going so good for Pendel, now. He have 'nother secret tomb-lab that you peoples find and break into. YIKES! Oh, well, Pendel guess he not supposed to get so much work done as he wants. That okay, though, cause soon he have special metal dragon body for Murray go into and Stinkyrobes Vorkarian not make him go pop anymore. Haku promise! Pendel Go Now! Yes, yes!

This message comes in congratulations of one Ta'Lan Saint, upon completing the first test of the Thanyn Monks. Ta'Lan's training will one day make him a true monk of the Thanyn Order. We of the Order place these congratulations also on his parents, friends, and all those who helped him on his path.

-Valos Kes'Ternen

Armor and Arms

Have you ever wished that you had just a little more armor? How about an amazing weapon to impress your friends and intimidate your foes? Then come down to your local smithy and tell us all about it!

After a brief conversation we can begin work and, within one cycle of the moon, you'll have your gear. So stop by for a chat, or just to look around, and be sure to tell your friends that might have trouble reading this!

-Your Local Blacksmiths



Please Note: You should never stick around if there's an orc who can entangle you by the power of his mind and leave you that way for a week. . . Just run.

PDabble Games
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Magestry's Next Event is November 14-16 At Chesterfield Scout Reservation in Chesterfield, MA

The cost is \$50 for PCs (\$45 if you send us payment and registration by November 7) and \$10 for NPCs (Free if you register by November 7). 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, and at least one full meal will be served to PCs and NPCs who include an extra \$5 with their registration fees. PCs and NPCs should also bring some of their own 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!)

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 "Magestry"

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

November 14-16

Some Spring 2004 Dates

(Also at Chesterfield)

March 5-7

April 2-4

May 7-9

*We have hard copies of the rulebook available and we will be selling them at the November 14-16 event for \$5; or, you can have them shipped to you by sending a \$10 check (payable to "Magestry") to our PO Box.

Magestry.com
PDabbleGames.com