

The Magestic Messenger

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

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A Vision Of Death

Clenching my wounded left shoulder, I staggered away from the shadows standing before me. I felt my warm blood flow from the wound across my fingers and down my arm as I breathed in deep the cold air of the night. With a breath of determination, I regained my balance and took a defensive stance. Grinding my teeth together against the pain, I brought my sword to guard in my right hand.

Suddenly, I felt a sting in my sword arm as I desperately parried an attack from the side. Taking a step closer to the barely visible shadow, I grasped the sword with both hands and drove the blade into its side, yet all was at no gain. The evasive shadow had again avoided my strike as it vanished in to the darkness. I stood confused and looked for the shadow in the darkness.

Pain ripped threw my chest as the shadow's claws tore away at me from the side. I cried out in agony as the claws relentlessly descended repeatedly. Soon, I found myself helpless in the shadows clutches. Filled with a furious rage, I drove my sword around in an attempt brake free from the shadow's deadly grasp. The shadow caught my right hand before I could deliver the blow. The claws pierced through my hand as I struggled to hold on to my blade. Unable to resist the pain, I dropped the sword and soon found myself raised above the ground as the shadow held my throat in its malevolent grasp.

I crashed into the ground as I was thrown to the side, and I lay upon the ground as the shadow darted into the darkness, seeking another victim. I didn't want to get to my feet. I could feel my eyes growing heavy and my breath falling short. Behind me I heard the others fighting with the shadow that had overtaken me. Suddenly, as I looked to one side, my eyes caught sight of the fallen body of Aneurin, between her and I lay my sword. Sensing a shadow approaching upon her defenseless body, I marshaled my strength to come to her aid. Quickly, I sprinted toward my sword and rolled under the deadly strike of a shadow. As I finished my roll forward, I felt a sense of relief as my hand found the handle of my sword. Rising out of my roll, I sliced my blade into the side of the shadow standing above Aneurin's body.

I could tell the hit was solid when the shadow staggered away and withdrew from me. Yet, I knew my actions were of no avail when I felt a fatal blow crash threw my spine. My sword fell as I dropped to my knees and cried out in terror and pain as the shock crashed threw my body. My vision began to blur, and soon I felt the cold and sinister darkness of the night close in around me. I felt the shadow from behind grab my head and bend my body backward. As I looked up I saw the blurred image of the shadow's head staring back at me. Crashing down upon my face with its lethal talons, the shadow dealt the final blow and stood above me as my lifeless body gave a single thud, landing on the cold ground.

~Luther



NOOOO!



Quarantine Reinforced

Last Dwarvember, the quarantine on the Town of Elmerton had been slackened because of various assaults on the King's Guard. There have been many strange accounts of necromantic activity in the area, and it is reported that another faction, possibly the Disciples of Dissention, has been specifically plotting the demise of the quarantine; the motive is unclear. However, in Faebruary, stepping to the aid of the kingdom once again, Lord Mac'a'Fay of House Lav'Endros and his heroes almost entirely vanquished the enemies of the state and, with their own energies, reinforced the quarantine on the town.

Because of his dedication to his king, Lord Mac'a'Fay has had his lordship extended to include the southwest corner of the South Farthings and the Town of Elmerton, which he has also been appointed jurisdiction over as magistrate.

Tuesdays with Devastation

He would often arrive once a month, screaming and blowing things up. I would be given strange and often meaningless tasks to perform, and all the while I feared not only for myself but the whole of Magesta, and even planes beyond.

I was not paid, but still I was expected to obey. Whether it was leaving bags of feces on the steps of the emperor's palace or setting fire to the fertile plains, I was told simply what my task and charge was, and I had no choice but to perform it.

He was at times gentle, even tempered and magnanimous, but this was mostly while he napped in the hammock outside some dead king's ancestral land. An eye would open beneath those shaded spectacles and some small creature would go flying. Often he would ask for the most expensive wine I could find. Yawning and prowling about the yard, he'd don those signature clerical robes (How he came to possess them is a story that will come in time) and throw magic stones into the lake, sending bubbling ripples across the whole surface. In retrospect, this was the most peaceful moment I can remember with him.

But I'm starting in the middle of the story, aren't I? This tale truly needs to be put into its proper context. Well, for my own experience, it begins with a wedding cake and a purple sack, and it ends with an ice age, a trial, and a box. This is the story, the explanation, the confession of the Incarnation of Devastation. And in some way, I suppose it is my own confession as well, for though I am now incarcerated with him in this cramped crate, I still have sins for which I must atone.

Book I: The Wedding

It was a lovely cake. Fashioned by the most talented gnomish bakers, it was decorated in shades I could barely conceive. The Baking engineers are known throughout the land for their innovation and expertise. I was dressed in a gown of the softest white, waiting in the alcove for my appointed time. I'd snuck a peek at my groom-to-be earlier that day, even though it was considered bad luck. I guess it was bad luck, because that one peek was the last time I saw him alive. I looked around the corner one more time and saw our lovely cake on the table to the side of the altar. My musical cue was almost here.

But everything suddenly became dim... dark. I heard a thunderous crash, and I was thrown to the ground. I was afraid to rise again, but when the dust settled I could only hear... was that laughter? Strange laughter... surely it wasn't gnomish. I walked around the corner.

The great hall was no longer there... blackened skeletal fingers curled into the sky where support beams once were. Chairs were mangled and thrown clear for 100 yards. And standing ankle deep in cake was the strangest man I had ever seen. He was wearing breeches cut off above the knee and a shirt with an odd floral pattern. Around his neck was a scarf adorned with humanoid skulls... and of course, the tinted spectacles. And he was laughing. I slowly came to the realization that some of what I thought were chairs were in fact the charred and smoking remains of my wedding party. I fell to my knees and vomited.

The sound of my evacuation stopped the man's terrible chortling. He pointed and said, "WHY AREN'T YOU DEAD!?!? DID I NOT BLOW YOU UP ENOUGH?"

I couldn't answer... I was still too shocked. The man approached me, wearing icing encrusted sandals clicking hollowly in the now dead hall. "I LIKE RESILIENCE... Perhaps... Would Youuuu Like To Become My Personal Assistant?"

What could I say? This man had brutally murdered everyone I knew and loved. I stammered... "I...It S-Seems I have nn-no choice."

"T-T-T-TODAY, JUNIOR! I Cannot STANNND Your Insolence! BUT! I Accept Your Application. Welcome To Team DEVASTATION!"

"Team devastation?"

"YES! And I Am the InCARnation of DEVASTATION."

My face went gray. What had I gotten myself into? He reached behind his back and produced an odd looking purple sack "Here's your new apartment. I just cleaned out my last assistant. He was not as... DURABLE as You Are."

And so I climbed into the bag, and into history.

Gilbert's Guide to the Planes

This month, we'll be taking a lighthearted romp through the cheerful and happy Realm of Shadow. And, of course, by "cheerful and happy" I mean dreadful and terrifying. This is NOT a nice place; and I've been to many a terrible plane. It's tough to find it, it's tough to get out of it, and it's tough to live for very long once you're there. I'd give the average magic wielding blademaker about 47 seconds as a life expectancy, unless of course he can fight blind. Then it's roughly 76 seconds.

Some things to watch out for (no pun intended) are of course, the Shadow creatures. They can sneak up behind you and suck your life out with a shadow straw in about the same time it takes for me to get a drink of water at the Wining Spirit. Also, keep a keen third eye and a healthy imagination out for the dark city of Shadowstrad. Its dark, graceful beauty is unmatched in the Realm of Shadow, but since you can't see anything there anyway, you'll probably miss out.

One tip for the would-be shadow traveler... Leave your lanterns at home. These creatures do not like light, and will violently gang up on anyone who tries any funny business like actually trying to see.

You may be wondering to yourself, "How did you get to learn so much about the realm of shadow, Gilbert, what with it being all terribly dangerous and whatnot?"

Well, I was lucky enough to have accidentally befriended a shadow creature in my youth. He was languishing in the midmorning sun, about to die, when I took pity upon him and removed the wooden sprigs attaching his palms to the oak tree where he'd been imprisoned. You may have heard the fable of the Frog and the ShadowBeast... it might have a different name in Magesta. Mice and lions or some such... Plagiarism, I say!

At any rate, he thanked me by first thrashing me within an inch of my life, then apologizing and bringing me on a whirlwind tour of the Realm of Shadow. And this is the only reason why I live to tell the tour guide's tale of this dark and twisted land. So, if you don't have a native guide... good luck, and I hope they someday find your body. Why not go to the Realm of cotton candy, or chocolate? The realm of chocolate is rumored to sell chocolate at half price. Isn't that much more fun than a dark and whispery death? Well, until next time... dream dreams not involving terrible fates at the hands of shadows.

Crimes and Punishments

As per order of his highness Rulian V of Irvanshire in response to the request of one Siegfried of Elmerton, printed here is a list of crimes punishable in the Kingdom of Irvanshire, listed from least to most severe, and their subsequent punishments, listed from least to most serious. These laws are to be enforced by the Elmerton Town Watch under the command of Captain Durgen of House Stonefire. Laws breakers will be punished according to the jurisdiction of a local magistrate. Due to the demotions of both lords Renwar and Vorkarian, Lord Mac'a'Fay of House Lav'Endros will reside, as magistrate, over the town of Elmerton.

Crimes

- Tax Evasion
- Breaking and Entering
- Theft
- Smuggling
- Destruction of Property
- Aiding and Abetting a Criminal
- Fencing Stolen Goods
- Forgery
- Slander/Libel
- Use of Poison
- Grave Robbing/Disturbing the Dead
- Kidnapping
- Slavery
- Conspiracy
- Assaulting a Citizen
- Interfering with Watch Business
- Assaulting a Watch Member
- Murder
- Assaulting a Noble

Punishments

- Fine
- Confiscation of Property
- Indentured Servitude
- Imprisonment
- Flogging
- Pit Fight
- Banishment
- Branding
- Dismemberment
- Gauntlet
- Exile
- Death



Barder's Luck®

As we have all been locked in this benevolent kingdom, many of us have gotten Bored, and Need some Change to liven their spirits. Some have been making new friends, others Playing music To Pass the time. And what wonderful music it was, many thanks to the one named Kalim. To those at a loss of anything to do, I implore you to visit Seth, and bring a couple of friends so that you can take their money in a game called "Barder's Luck®." It is a dice game, the rules are simple, and it's only 1 clay entry per person! Win 4 games in a row and receive a Silver Just for Playing! Win Items, Information, Gamble for Favors! Or you can test your luck with the were beasts and flesh eating Zombies. This is your Chance to Make the best from a Bad situation.

What does Lady Luck have in store for you?

Information received during the game is considered Confidential. Items, coins, information, and favors or anything else wagered must be of equal value. This game is for fun, and is not designed to cause trouble between friends. Anyone with a luck stone can re roll one dice per game, it must be presented to Seth Barder (confidentially) before the game. Seth Barder is a limited liability game handler.

Join us for Moose Day!

Since Magestry is such a benevolent, friendly game (and you are all the people who make it so), we are going to offer our help to the Great Trails Council on "Moose Day," a camp service day on May 1st, 2004.

We will be working alongside the Boy Scouts and volunteers to clean trails and generally make things better at our current camp, Chesterfield Scout Reservation (bring your own rakes, bow saws, etc.). Participants will be awarded 10 Brownie Points for every hour of service, and the Great Trails Council will provide lunch for us all. The day will begin in the morning (probably 8 or 9) and end in the late afternoon (4 or 5).

Please email Paul at PDabbleGames@aol.com to sign up for Moose Day. There is no cost, just a bit of your time. Come help us make the camp better for our gaming experience; it's sure to be a great time.

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

Riddles by Rakesh

As Seth Barder has pointed out, this time of never-ending cold has caused some of us in Elmerton to search for new forms of entertainment. Therefore, Rakesh, the Smith humbly submits these riddles for your consideration. Anyone desiring the answers should seek him out.

What lives in winter, dies in summer, and grows with its roots upward?

What is long and slim, works in light; has but one eye, and an awful bite?

What is it that has four legs, one foot, and a head?

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Magestry's Next Event is March 5-7 At Chesterfield Scout Reservation in Chesterfield, MA

The cost is \$50 for PCs and \$10 for NPCs. **Note that hard copies of version 1.2 of the Magestry Player's Rulebook will be available for purchase for \$10.**

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 sites).

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 2004 Event Schedule

March 5-7

April 2-4

May 1 (Moose Day)

May 7-9^

May 28-30^

June 25-27**

July 16-18**

August 13-15**

September 3-5**

September 24-26^

October 15-17

November 12-14

**These events will be played at Schreiber Farms on Route 188 in Oxford, CT.

^Barring unusual weather, running water will be available for these events.