

The Magestic Messenger

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

Marchestry (March) 2004

Volume 2, Issue 3

To My Friends and Neighbors

Mere words can not adequately express my thanks for the assistance you all provided by traveling with me to Roandeep. Some of you came along without knowing the details but merely because I requested your aid, and for that I am grateful.

On Sunday morning, the maestro Iander was sent to Elmerton by the lich Sk'Lar. He had recently been at Sk'Lar's hidden lair in Roandeep attempting to interfere with a ritual dedicated to Starthmorta. A close friend of mine was to be sacrificed for it, and this left me no choice but to attempt to disrupt the ritual myself, along with any help I could garner.

In Sk'Lar's lair, we encountered a fraction of his undead horde. Whenever it seemed like we were finally getting ahead, the power of evil was invoked to raise our previously defeated foes. As we all fought the undead masses, Galynn, Rakesh, and I made our way past Sk'Lar to a cell containing an unidentifiable body – obviously, the one the ritual required.

Through the aid of both natural and magical strength, we tore off the bars of the cell and I reached to lift the body and remove it from the confines of the cell. Alas, the body triggered a trap and was cut into pieces, extinguishing all hope of saving the poor soul. Nevertheless, we retrieved the body from the cell. As we made our way back past Sk'Lar, the undead host was simply too much and we all were forced to retreat, feeling as if nothing had been accomplished.

It was not until our return to Elmerton in which I learned that our actions were not in vain. Through our efforts, we not only interrupted Sk'Lar's ritual, but we also provided a distraction for Iander to switch the body of my dear friend (who is alive and well) with a magical construct. Thus, we were indeed successful in foiling his foul ritual.

Thank you all for not only saving a life very dear to me, but for striking a blow against one of the terrible powers that exists in our world.

-Hatch van Graves

Attention Inhabitants of Elmerton and Citizens of Lord Vorkarian!

You are hereby ordered by Lord Mac'a'Fay of House Lav'Endros, through the authority vested by His Magesty, King Rulian V of Irvanshire to return to the town of Elmerton immediately and without making contact with any person outside of that quarantined settlement. Those who do not comply immediately will be dealt with directly by Colonel Durgen and the King's army.

It is understood by the lord that your transport was facilitated by an outlaw known as Iander through the aid of one Hatch van Graves. Iander will be punished to the fullest extent of the law and Hatch will meet trial at the feet of the lord. Anyone who does not wish to meet a similar fate will immediately and unquestioningly comply with this decree.

Pendel Talk Now!

Last moon Pendel come to town and wish he never leave secret underground! Pendel deal in potions at cabin-place and after he teach Lintessa Lady special alchemy secrets he go to next cabin-place. On way to warm-warm-cabin-place nice man Jonathan say, "I walk with you Pendel. We talk Pendel." Pendel say okay 'cause he like company but then he realize Jonny Man is Crazy! He speaks things about Shadow Realm! Is no such thing as Shadow Realm! Is no such thing as realms and is no such thing as Incarnation-people! How many times Pendel tell you? You do good to listen to Pendel! He so old and smart! He knows you people say Lord Stinky-Robes in Shadow Realm but is not so! Pendel saw him and Pendel no blind and no stupid! Pendel even make him apologize for rude talk to Murray and putting him in stupid bottle and always pop pop popping him! Pendel smart! Pendel smarter than all you peoples! Pendel go home now and stay there for long time. Maybe you not see him till you stop foolish hey hey! Tell Stinky-Robes maybe he take all your foolish stupid hey hey and pop pop pop it like Murray!!!

Tuesdays with Devastation

It was about three weeks he was hauling me around in that purple sack before he let me out. It was cramped and dark, but through some trick of the dimensions it was a bit bigger on the inside than it was on the outside. Not much, but enough. Sometimes he threw in some nuts and berries for food. Twice, he tossed in some half eaten muffins. When I was finally let out of my 'apartment,' we were in a land that I had never seen before. I later learned we had crossed the ocean, and my homeland in Aszuron was long gone. It was a beautiful land; green, sweeping plains flanked by gigantic snowcapped mountains. I saw thin plumes of smoke in the clefts separating the peaks. As I stretched out my legs, He (the Incarnation, that is) stood on a small rise, hands on his hips. He was staring at the mountains in the distance. "JEZEBELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!!!"

"Um... yes, sir?"

"I Need You To Go to the Dwarven Stronghold and Make ME an APPOINTment."

"An appointment?"

"Yes. Inform the Thane That the incarnATIOn of devASTATIOn Wants a Meeting."

I shifted my weight from one foot to another, mumbling softly to myself. He snapped his head around, and yelled, "WHAT? Do You Have a Question?"

"Am I to walk to the mountain, sir?"

"YES!"

"I'm afraid it will take me at least four days to walk there on foot, sir."

"UNACCEPTABLE! You Will Walk Faster!"

"That's as quickly as my legs can bear me..."

"Very Well. I have BUSINESS Here in the Lovely Vallley. Jerkasses Abound! I will send you ahead of me. Tell Dwarfy that I Will BE There In One Day."

"But I don't underst----"

"BY the POWER of Devastation, I transport your lazy gnome Booty to the Mountain!"

A rush of air and a bright flash of light brought me to a narrow mountain path. I was so shocked that I nearly teetered over into the deep canyon below. I thankfully caught myself (I had a sneaking suspicion that even if I were to die, I would be somehow reanimated and yelled at for not trying hard enough to live). I saw Dwarven steamships in the river below, dots scuttling across the decks. They seemed to have an almost gnomish handle of mechanics, I thought to myself, but thinking of gnomes made me think of what I had lost: my wedding, my family, my life. I looked at my now soiled white gown, and pushed the thoughts away, turning to the task at hand. I walked up the path a mile or so, when I was met by two stocky patrolmen. They were undoubtedly surprised at finding a gnomish bride on the side of the mountain, and they showed it in true dwarfish fashion... by scowling and brandishing waraxes.

"What are ye doing here, woman?!"

"I am Jezebel, the... personal assistant of one who calls himself the Incarnation of Devastation. I have been sent to seek an audience with your leader."

They answered me with a gruff exhale of breath that could be taken as laughter. Before I knew it, I was in the dark subterranean city of Dathnorak, capitol city of this clan of Dwarves.

The cell was not the last I'd be staying in during my lengthy career with Devastation, but it was certainly one of the nicer ones. The entire cavern was heated by thermal vents and massive forges, and some of that latent heat found its way into the dungeon where I was kept. I was fed fresh food, so in retrospect, it was in fact much nicer than my purple sack. But I would not be staying there long. I was awoken by a rumbling that came from the depths of the earth, increasing in intensity until small rocks began to shake loose from the walls of my cell. I heard an all too familiar voice say, "JEZEBELLLLLL!" and I knew He had arrived. Before I could gather myself, he arrived at the bars outside my prison and said, "WHYYYY Didn't You Make an Appointment For ME!?!?"

"I tried, sir... but they imprisoned me..."

"UNACCEPTABLE! Don't Worry... he Penciled Me In."

I didn't ask him what he meant by that, and as we left Dathnorak, I found my unspoken question was answered with images of brutalized Dwarves and crumbling architecture. The cavern was collapsing, and the long lined, angular beauty of the Dwarven city had been 'reinvented' by the Incarnation. As I climbed into the sack, I took one last look at the forge smoke, now thicker and blacker against the sky. And not for the last time, I brushed away a tear on behalf of the beings who found themselves in the unfortunate position of being in the Incarnation's way.

Disgruntled Townie

First, Lord Renwar turns into something unnatural. Then Lord Vorkarian is banished to the Shadow Realm and comes back with someone else's marbles in his head. Then we get this uptight snob, Lord Mac'Fay! I never had to kneel before I spoke with Lord Renwar or Lord Vorkarian! They got down off their high horse and walked among us 'common folk.' Mac'Fay wouldn't dare get his clean white clothing dirty. At his first court in the town, I barely had a chance to see him with all the guards around him. I think this Mac'Fay person is concerned with formality and appearance, not with getting things done and helping the common people. What I don't understand is why one lord (and I say that loosely) takes over for our two missing lords. If the king is short of lords, I am more than willing to leave my farm and live in a fancy house with guards and servants. For the good of the town we need to 'naturalize' Renwar, find Vorkarian's marbles, and put them back in his head.

-Farmer Joe

Since Orctoberfest, my eyes are red. Everything looks orange, yellow, and lilac. The only remedy exists North West.

-Argyle Rutherford

The Waiting is the Hardest Part

Obviously, I am not one to contradict the established laws, but sitting in a cramped cell awaiting a pit fight for giving a dear friend a place to stay does not feel like justice. I abhor violence in every way possible. Unfortunately, I must do as the new Lord commands, but perhaps the man or woman that I am expected to fight will be able to be reasoned with in a nonphysical manner. So far, my time in this cell has been an extreme test of my patience and faith in the system.

An Orcish fellow was dragged in here several nights ago for problems that I can only assume were violent. He has not been much of a conversationalist since I met him, and we did come to several skirmishes at first. After I thoroughly explained to him that violence created the negativity that landed him in this cell, he understood that sitting and awaiting his sentence was a much wiser course of action. I have not had any problems with him since then.

I am not accustomed to the filth and lack of acceptable food that are a major part of being imprisoned. I have asked several times for different meals and have only received a slab of salted meat and ale. I believe that jail may be an ideal place for a dwarf, considering the circumstances, but there are not proper accommodations for an individual such as myself.

Many of Lord Vorkarian's people that I have met have been quite friendly. I had several good conversations with Hatch, Kalim, and Glen. I was quite surprised to be visited by an Elvish man by the name of Galynn. Your concern is much appreciated, by the way. If Haku were here, he would make a much better conversationalist than the town's guard members that have been 'watching' my cell. One man will not speak with me or even look in my direction. Another man spoke with me but is difficult to converse with do to a heavy accent, and the woman that I spoke to seems to be ruder than anything else.

I do not appreciate the treatment I have received from several of these people and it will not be forgotten when mine and the innocence of Lord Renoir's is proven. I am hoping that Lord Mac'a:Fey will come to his senses soon and revoke the illegitimate charges brought against me. Until then...

The Wrongfully Imprisoned,
-Silvia

GLEN & KALIM'S MONSTER MANIFESTO

This begins a possible monthly addition to the Magestic Messenger: Glen & Kalim's Monster Manifesto. Before I even begin, I would like to state that most things you meet are not monsters. All too often, people slay things without first trying to understand them. That said, with Glen's help I will attempt to catalogue some of those creatures whom may be rightfully called "monsters."

This month's villains are the Ban'graw or "Cross-Road Men." They are one of those beasts you just have to deal with eventually when traveling the South Farthings. Despite their ferocity, they are rather easy to remain safe from if you know how.

Let me now tell the tale of how Glen and I came to meet one, and in so doing, met each other. It was a cold evening. I had just left Point Edgar, having been banished by my caretaker to fetch a Red Magestic (Of course, that's a tale for a different day.). It was getting dark and I decided to set down camp. I walked off the path a couple of yards and was about to build a fire when, in the distance, I heard a rustling in the bushes. A fairly handsome man dressed in rags with a big black beard and an empty whisky flask walked over to me.

"Gimmie some flarging ale you halfie bastard," he said, gruff and demanding.

"I, unfortunately, am without ale, my rude friend. Perhaps you would like some water?" I replied, annoyed by his rudeness.

He muttered something about not being good enough and then started laughing as he transformed into a large dog-like beast with gigantic teeth. I was taken by surprised as he bit a chunk off my shoulder. I quickly pulled out my swords, but I was already fairly wounded and had no time to heal my own wounds. Things looked bleak for me as I repeatedly slashed and stabbed the beast, and it kept coming at me with its voracious teeth. It pinned me to the ground and was about to consume me for sure, when it rose up in pain. A strange man with blue hair stood behind it, his sword cut into the creature's neck. I rolled to the side and helped this strange man defeat the beast. When we finally killed it, he returned to his normal size and turned into a pile of barley. Not wishing to waste anything, the strange blue-haired man scooped the remains into his sack explaining that a man in a nearby town would like this barley as it made a rare and fantastic ale. The man, of course, was Glen of Bish-Bash, my now long-time friend, and this is the lesson learned from our adventure:

If a stranger asks for ale and a bite,
Spare some food for fear he might
Either beat you up and your money steal
Or end your d



ATTENTION, ANYONE WHO CAN TEACH PEOPLE TO READ!

A NEW ORC LITERACY CAMPAIGN HAS BEGUN.
 ANYONE WHO TEACHES AN ORC TO READ SO HE CAN FURTHER POSITIVELY EFFECT
 HIS OR HER LIFE WILL BE GIVEN 5 CLAY PIECES BY ONE KALIM RUSALE.
 THE TEACHING MUST OCCUR UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF KALIM OR TU-PORK
 TO ENSURE HONESTY AND SAFETY.
 PLEASE HELP US. NOT ALL ORCS ARE DUMB; THEY JUST NEED SOMEONE LIKE YOU
 TO KEEP THEM FROM BEING CONTROLLED BY THE MAN.

-THE SOCIETY OF BEINGS FOR ORCISH FREEDOM-

"RISE UP BROTHERS AND BECOME ENLIGHTENED!"

(POSTED ON THE TAVERN WALL)

Justin's Library And Information Gallery

The unofficial town library is open for business! Justin's Library and Information Gallery can research any subject for you, follow a suspicious figure, get you a job, fill your contract, help you answer those stumbling questions, and teach you a new skill. If you have the ability to instruct others in particular skills, then get registered as a town teacher for free! Your name will be used as a reference for others wishing to learn the skills that you have. Tell your friends who cannot read to come to the library and learn how.

If you need to know something, we can get it for you!
Knowledge is Power

Please see your unofficial town librarian, Justin Patrick Kray for assistance.

All prices negotiable

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

Rakesh the Smith humbly submits these riddles for your consideration. Anyone desiring the answers should seek him out.

- A house full, a yard full, a chimney full - no one can get a spoonful. What is it?

- When does spring turn to winter and winter to fall; when does noon turn to morning and love conquer all?

- A father's child and a mother's child, yet no one's son. Who am I?

Magestry's Best of . . . Marchesrty 2004

We figured it was time to start giving credit to the credit-worthy; so here are our picks for the best of the March event:

Last month's **Best PC Award** goes to **Aaron Greenberg** for his flawless, remarkable, and consistent portrayal of his character, Tatsunori Azuma! His truly horrifying martial combat style caused even the most Plot Central-Bound GM to forget that Magesta is an imaginary place! Nice work Aaron; just don't wake up the Ranger next time.

And last month's **Best NPC Award** goes to **Brian Bonfoey** for his dedication to service. Brian had to work in CT on Saturday, but came all the way back at night just in time to pull on a werewolf mask and give the PCs some exercise!

Introducing *Trip Magestic!!!*

"What's this?" I hear you asking. Well, I'll tell you what's this: This month, Magestry is welcoming a neat supplement to your gaming experience: A new comic book entitled *Trip Magestic*. Written and illustrated by the illustrious GM Talya Goodman, it's your passport to the world of Magesta, designed to tide you over between kickin' Magestry events! See Talya at the April event and pick up your copy for just \$4. Proceeds will go toward the publication of the comic's next issue, scheduled to come out whenever Talya feels like it! So bring some cash and buy, buy, buy! Because Talya swings one mean "Fatal Crit"!

PAID ADVERTISEMENT

Too tired to wake up? Have a friend that sleeps-in too much? Well, worry no more. Kalim Russale has got the answer. For the low price of one Silver Noble, Kalim will wake you or a friend up with his Bardic Music.

Best of all, the songs come in many different flavors: from a gentle rousing to a full fledged bed-pounding cacophony of noise. Just ask renowned warrior and chef Hatch van Graves. All proceeds go to the "Teach an Orc to Read" Foundation.

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 **ASAP** 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.

Address Changes

Please inform Magestry of any address changes that you experience: home address, email address, phone number, whatever. Please remember to keep your information with us current so we can continue to bring you the important and not-so-important news about Magestry. Remember, we're your family, whether you want us or not, so keep in touch.

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.

PDabble Games
PO Box 1037
Middlebury, CT 06762

Magestry.com
PDabbleGames.com

Magestry's Next Event is April 2-4 At Chesterfield Scout Reservation in Chesterfield, MA

The cost is \$50 (\$45 if by March 27th) for PCs and \$10 (Free if by March 27th) 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!)

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 "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

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.