

The Magestic Messenger

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

Maygrealian (May) 2004

Volume 2, Issue 5

Citizens of Elmerton and Followers of the True Heir to House Lav'Endros

Thank you for rescuing me from the Dire elves and the Lycanthropes earlier this month. Without your help, some foul fate would certainly have befallen me. It is your trust and faith in me that has brought me through these difficult times, be it the curse of the werewolf or the blindness with which I have been stricken.

There is a bright spot on the horizon, citizens. It brings my heart great joy to know that very soon the quarantine will be lifted from this town, and all things will be restored to their rightful places. Sabin Wolfstone is coming to town next moon. He is the man that I invited to town to make us Wolfkin with the help of the Chalice of the Wolf. The ritual was (of course) slightly flawed, and we were unintentionally cursed. He is also the man who advised me to invite 'Vorkarian's Heroes' to Elmerton so that you could help us in our darkest hour. Sabin has agreed to come to town to right what has been wronged, and release us from our accursed existence. As one who helped we poor townfolk with no personal gain in mind, I humbly beg that Lynsara attend the healing ritual, for help and for support. Soon, my fellow Irvanshirians, all wrongful charges will be dropped, and I will (with the King's consent) reclaim the town which I have seen from afar for so many months now. My gratitude for your help will be boundless.

Renwar Lav'Endros
Lord in Exile
(Dictated to Sylvia)

Warriors and People of Elmerton

There are several issues that I would like to address while I have your attention. The first has to do with the organization of the town in the absence to any ruling noble. I know that the town has recognized Renwar as their lord; however, for obvious reasons, he cannot preside in Elmerton and provide the guidance and structure that is necessary to the town. This is why I suggested to several people last moon that we turn dinner into a town meeting where people can address issues relevant to all. Though it did not happen then, I hope that it will happen now.

The second issue I bring to the table is this. Battle is only a spectator sport in the arena, not in tight spaces like the cave in which Lord Renwar was being held! It does no good to press the backs of the front line; it only decreases their maneuverability and makes them drop faster! So, please, in battles to come, make sure that you give plenty of room to the front line. If someone then goes down, by all means, take his place.

This brings me to the third and last point of this letter. This past moon we were faced with many a formidable foe. All in all we did well to stand our ground and defend our town from all who threatened; however, I find that as a whole we rarely work together to create tactical formations. In these battles where free-for-all is the proffered method, you will find that casualties are high and that our adversaries stand longer than they should. If we truly wish to protect ourselves, we must stand and work together! Therefore, I extend an offer to all who wish to join me in staying alive as long as possible. On this next moon I will meet with all who wish to talk about the strategies in battle and war, and hopefully the next time we are attacked we can organize ourselves into a more effective defense. Remember, there are only two types of people that remain on a battlefield when the fighting is done: the triumphant and the dead.

Your Friend and Protector,
Kaybin Stormsill

Tuesdays with Devastation

Winter the 3rd, 1067 AT

It was in a quaint little Bookshop on Point Kyren, the westernmost land in Swardia. The Incarnation had been letting me out more and more, lately, and I decided to see if I could get a proper journal to keep the chronicle of my increasingly frightening adventure. Well, I suppose kidnapping would be a better word. At any rate, I had drifted to the section of the bookshop reserved for biographies and memoirs. I began to wonder what it would be like to publish these words as a book, to see if anyone would ever want to read them. If eyes other than mine are gazing upon these lines, then I suppose that in some way, I have been successful.

The shopkeeper cleared his breath rather loudly and I turned to see what the wrinkled old Drakian might want. He said, "The judge would like to see you. . . he's waiting outside."

I rolled my eyes slightly and ventured out to see him sitting on a bench, in his black robes, looking at one of the books that were kept outside of the store. They were their as equal parts advertising and enticement. He turned it over in his hand, eyebrow raising from behind his tinted spectacles. "Why Do You Want These Things, Jezebel? What Do They DO?"

I answered, at first haltingly, and then more and more dreamily, "Well, sir, they're books. . . You read them and they can take you to faraway places; they tell stories; they can even teach you things. . ."

"Are They Teleporters?!?! That Would Kick So Much Booty. . . By the power of Devastation. . . er. . . take me Somewhere Awesome!"

He frowned at the book, muttered a tacit jerkass under his breath, and threw it up in the air. With a lightning-fast incantation, he polymorphed it into a paper bird of some sort, and proceeded to hurl Astral bolts at it, cackling like a madman. He did miss four or five times before hitting the poor creature, and I do believe that the tavern that got in the way still has empty spaces in the walls that nothing can patch. Once he was finished, I spoke very quietly.

"Er, no sir. . . you use your imagination. . . y-you read them."

"What is this 'Read'? I think You Are Full Of It. I Want A Story Right Now. . ."

He crossed his arms as if to emphasize his point. Rather than make him angrier, I told him that I would teach him powerful magic the next day. He seemed happy, but doubtful, and demanded, Pro Boner (I should have never tried to teach him Old tongue phrases) the largest Tavern Suite in town. I tipped the poor ostler, who had become a Frog-man during his harrowing run in with The Incarnation's undeniable diplomacy. If I remember correctly, I believe he said, "I Like My Ostlers to Skip Down the Hallway, Jerkass! Can You Handle That???! Now You're a Frog! DEVASTATED!!!"

The next day, I scrounged up a piece of slate and some chalky mineral, writing the letters of common down in a long row. Across the top, I wrote, 'DEVASTATION' in block letters. Needless to say, he was not impressed.

"JEZEBELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!! When Do I Learn Magic!?!"

"Well, sir. . . once you learn how to read, you'll be able to learn about our world. . ."

"So I can More Precisely Devastate It?"

"No, sir. . . I was hoping if you learned more about the people of this world, you might have compassion for them."

"You Tried To Trick Me Jezebel!!! Trying to Give Me Feelings! This 'Reading' is taking Too Long. . . I must know it Now. . ."

He grabbed a small square of paper and scrawled something on it. He looked at it like some sort of furtive forger, wrote something else on the bottom, and said, "Done! Now, You Are Going Back Into the Sack For A Month, You Bad Little GN0000ME!"

He Detonated the bookshop, tossing me into the Purple sack of Horror (as I have come to call it). He tossed the paper scrap in with me, and in the dim light that came through the sack, my eyes widened as I made out the words, in poorly formed Common:

"Magestry Teach Card

Teacher: Jezebel

Student: Devastation

Skill: Literacy [and most puzzling of all]. . . OK by SS."

It was a Confusing Few Moments, and before being magically put to sleep, he said, "I'm Not Going To Spend Points On it Anyway! I just want the CARD!!"

When I awoke again, the card was gone, so I can't help but wonder if it was some sort of dream, a delusion woven by my strange and terrifying employer.

Dearest Friends,

Thanks to all who learned and enjoyed one of my original songs this weekend, I have attained my goal and will be homeward bound to my Heidi now. Thanks to Hatch and Rakinishu who lent me that which I needed and rest assured it will be repaid with speed. I will return hopefully in three weeks time with my wife on our honeymoon. She will be able to meet all of my new friends and enjoy Elmerton's beautiful lake front property. After our honeymoon, we will be returning to our home and I will be converting her fathers cooper shop into a small school/tavern. Anyone who wishes to visit will be welcome to. Ask me next time you see me where I will be residing as there are some devastating friends that I don't wish to visit us.

Keep a song in your heart and all will work out.

With Love,

Kalim Rusal

Gilbert's Guide to the Planes

Welcome, Wanderers and Weavers of Adventurous Deeds! It is I, Gilbert, back from sabbatical, with another installment of Gilbert's Guide to the Planes, that indispensable column you have all missed terribly, I'm sure. I've been keeping low key, disguising myself (As some of you may have seen me in Hobgoblin form, well, at least in head.) Now, rather than give you a tour of a realm in prose, this month I'd like to describe a special kind of Dimension to you. Some call them Magic Haversacks, Others call them Pocket Dimensions, and still others call them home. I am of course referring to Interplanar Space. It takes a deep and consummate knowledge of how the planes work in order to properly construct these areas, and an even stronger sense of magic to make them stable. Some Hoppers sell them in the great Impish Trading Planes as 'Luggage compactors,' at a completely unreasonable price, might I add. Who needs Luggage when you can simply create a portal from your bedroom to the beach (or fire sea, or shadow forest, or Incarnation Mansion)? But I digress. Where do these extra pockets of reality come from? (You may ask.) Well, I'll tell you.

They are already everywhere! There have long been theories posted in Hopper Community Room Bulletin Boards about the existence of Directions beyond Length, Width and Height. Well, almost as quickly as we discovered how to circumvent our three dimensions, we discovered that the places we use to skip across the face of the Dabbleverse have amazing properties in their own right. Being separate and joined with the entire Dabbleverse, they can be accessed from any point within, and they can be of nearly any size, for the space that goes beyond our perceptions is, for all intents and purposes, limitless. This 'Wild Space' is a truly bizarre place, filled with odd and terrifying creatures adapted to the void of utter emptiness.

In order to make a space that won't instantly pop you like a frog grape or make you fall prey to creatures your mind cannot even perceive, you need to set up very strong, very permanent Magical barriers. The size depends on how large you want the space (Most hoppers going through the trouble of making Space tend to make it very large). Even with borders of pure magical essence, you will, from time to time, come face to squid face with a horror from beyond reality. They're really sweet at heart, and by 'sweet at heart' I mean 'eternally hungry for warm blood.' I suggest you keep some disintegrate scrolls around the Interplanar hizzle to deal with these nasty little buggers. (Did I say little? They run about 6-foot tall, equal parts teeth and madness.)

Once the Borders are defined, you need to make the space habitable by whatever kind of creature you happen to be. Hoppers from the plane of fire prefer a bit of Gaseous boron and a nice copy of Fiery Swank to take the edge off after a long day of hopping. Likewise, others prefer other(watery) places, or just plain oxygen for you Carbies on Magesta. Most times, the space is large enough to accompany different planar conditions in different rooms... for entertaining guests. Once you have a proper climate... you may decorate as you see fit. I've seen everything from Garrethian Villas to deep dank Dungeon motifs *rrrrrrrrrowr*, and literally everything in between (of course, now that I've taught you about extradimensional space, in-between is kind of a silly term, isn't it?)

I can sense by the drool coming off of your mouths that I've either bored you into a stupor, or made you want a Space of your own, bad, bad, bad... They are wonderful places to live, hide, and put the bodies... I mean, extra Iron Rations for your trek. Well, tough luck, kids. These pockets are hard to come by. I can't even replicate the kind of magical effects that are in place in some of these very secure Pocket Dimensions (PokeDims for short, Chuckle chuckle). Luckily, once we clean the Imps and terror out of the makeshift prison of Rakanishu's parents, I'll have a space of my very own. Perhaps if you are nice and don't make fun of my goblinish disguises, I'll invite you to the Magestic portion of the Space, and we shall sip Kelp tea, and say to ourselves, "Well, aren't we Lucky Frogs and Other Assorted Humanoids?" Until Then, I might be in town looking for a few hands to clean house, so keep a lookout. Have Dreams made of imaginary space and Wishes borne on the wings of squid-faced nightmares.

Farmer Joe,

I am interested in what you said in the last edition of this monthly periodical. I would like to meet you in Elmerton, so that we can discuss perhaps a course of action as to returning Lord Renwar to his proper position as Lord of this area instead of Mac'a'fey. My name is Beardy Dancemore, and will be available in Elmerton.

“Bad Puppy, That Is NO!”

Luther swung his sword and pinned the werewolf's club against the wall of the narrow cave. Enraged by this intervention, the werewolf turned his sinister gaze to meet Luther's and let loose a terrifying growl as he raised his free claw to strike. Seizing the distraction, two nearby warriors let loose with mighty blows into the werewolf with a silver blade and a sword of fire. Luther risked only a glance at his fellow heroes, yet he couldn't make out their faces for the cave was dark and the melee was fierce. Another werewolf charged into the fray and took the attention of most of the nearby warriors. Luther felt his sword lose its hold on the werewolf's club as the beast tore free with its great strength. He tightened his hold on the sword as he felt it drift free. With lightning reflexes Luther dropped to one knee and raised his shield as he barely evaded the werewolf's deadly claw. The metal shield was rattled as the powerful claws raked across its surface. Keeping on one knee, Luther frantically chopped his sword into the leg of the werewolf. Luther's armor had already been shredded from the drawn out battle and his breath was growing heavy as he fought against his open wounds. Suddenly the shield collapsed upon him as the werewolf smashed his mighty club down onto it. Luther was stunned as the impact forced him to the cold floor of the cave. Fragments of metal clung to the frame of his shield as the club was lifted from the wreck.

The werewolf spied Luther through the shattered remains of his shield and opened its jaw wide, revealing its deadly teeth as it taunted him with a menacing snarl. Luther met the werewolf's gaze again and drove the fragments of his shield into the snout of the werewolf. Luther tore his arm free from the remains of his shield as the beast withdrew for a moment and recovered from the stunning attack.

As Luther began to rise to his feet, the werewolf viciously descended upon him once more. Caught off guard, Luther made a panicked swing for the beast's chest. Before his blade met flesh, the werewolf grasped the sword with his claw and crushed Luther's raised leg with his club. He fell to the floor as his leg gave way, but he managed to break his sword free from the monster's grasp.

Yet it was too late. The werewolf crippled Luther's healthy leg and pinned him to the floor. Luther let loose a shout of pain as he gathered his strength and made a desperate strike with his sword. The overpowering werewolf grasped Luther's sword hand with his mighty claw and pierced into his vulnerable flesh until the sword came loose and fell to the ground.

Bone gave way to the tremendous force of the unyielding club, as the werewolf crushed Luther's left shoulder. The surge of staggering pain tore at Luther's mind, as he lay helpless in the clutches of the werewolf. Luther could see nearby warriors reach forward and try to drag him free from the towering beast, yet their strength was no match for that of the werewolf.

The werewolf plunged his claw into Luther's chest and tore him from the ground and raised him to eye level so that Luther's feet dangled above the ground. Luther felt the beast's claw inside his chest and cried out in both terror and pain as he felt a chill trickle down his spine.

A war cry broke out as Luther's fellow warriors rushed forward to save him from the clutches of the werewolf. With a remarkable display of strength, the werewolf hurled Luther's lifeless body back against the far wall of the cave. Luther collapsed to the floor and lay there motionless and lifeless in the dark.

GLEN & KALIM'S MONSTER MANIFESTO

Well, yet again we have met an adversary who cannot be reasoned with: one so stuffed full of his own straw it's scary. Yes, I do mean the scarecrow. He still remains a mystery to many of us, but we have learned a few things about him. To use magical weapons on him will work, specifically the magic of a skilled fighter. Also, fire seems to do the trick quite nicely. To end the creature once he is



smote it is in your best interest to light him aflame. And, of course, beware many times after a scarecrow is spotted: Lady Fear or her Puppets are not too far behind. If you are not interested in fighting such creatures as scarecrows, worry not. As long as you keep an eye on them and steer clear of them, they tend not to run after you and attack. Oh yeah, and it's been known that they can send even the strongest of fighters running for mommy. So, if your will is strong, be prepared to use it.

Bar der's Luck©

What is this? Renwar! All of us who know him know him well. This is truly a time to rejoice! It seems we vanquished some of the Werewolves. Who knows if that was the last of them? For now, we are very lucky to have Renoir back. We all appreciate everyone's efforts in rescuing him. To celebrate, I am offering prize matches! To enter a prize match, simply get at least one other person and tell me you wish to win a prize!

The rules are simple.

The players decide on a game set. (5-10 rolls)

The players decide on a minimum bet (no lower than 2 clay)

The pot accumulates after each roll...

Win the match, and get a prize!

And the pot!

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. Seth Bar der is a limited liability game handler.

BUG & BOOK**P A W N S H O P**

You don't need it; we'll take it!

Need some silver fast? We'll make an honest trade for (almost) anything you have. We'll buy weapons, jewels, potions, scrolls, and even souls if you're that desperate!

'Bug & Book Pawnshop' will be located near the upper cabin.

This new establishment is made possible through the goodwill of Aneurin and Justin

The Local Smiths Guild would like to recognize Kaybin Stormsill for his advancement to the Journeyman level in Smithing.

Riddles by Rakesh

-Rakesh the Smith humbly submits these riddles for your consideration. Anyone desiring the answers should seek out Justin Kray at the library.

-There are four brothers in this world that were all born together. The first runs and never wearies. The second eats and is never full. The third drinks and is always thirsty. The fourth sings a song that is never good. Who are they?

-I weaken all people for hours each day. I show you strange visions while you are away. I take you by night, by day take you back, none suffer to have me, but do from my lack. What am I?

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

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.

Magesty's Best of . . . Early Maygrelian 2004

Here are our picks for the best of the May 7-9 event:

Last event's **Best PC Award** goes to **Dave Tanguay** for keeping the town thoroughly entertained* with Lucian J's newfound multiple personality disorder! Jarek gave the NPCs a much-needed break. And Dave played him well despite our forcing him to do it (Believe me; David would never wish such an experience on his friends.). HA! Good Work, Dave!

And, last month's **Best NPC Award** goes to **Puck** for outstanding role-playing of every character (more or less ludicrous) we sent him out to play. Puck possessed boundless energy and was accepting of and excited for any assignment we GMs could dream up. Boo Yah, Puck!

An **Honorable Mention** goes out to **John LeBlanc** for an enthusiasm that equaled Puck's, and we think Lucid would agree that he is one scary Momma Troll!

Introducing *Trip Magestic!!!*

"What's this?" I hear you asking. Well, I'll tell you what's this: This month, Magesty is welcoming a neato 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' Magesty events! See Talya at the May 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"!

Address Changes

Please inform Magesty 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 Magesty. Remember, we're your family, whether you want us or not, so keep in touch.

PDabble Games
PO Box 1037
Middlebury, CT 06762

Magestry.com
PDabbleGames.com

Magestry's Next Event is May 28-30 At Chesterfield Scout Reservation in Chesterfield, MA

The cost is \$50 (\$45 if by May 22nd) for PCs and \$10 (Free if by May 22nd) 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

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.

^Running water will be available for these events.