

The Magestic Messenger

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

Ogrune (June) 2004

Volume 2, Issue 6

Excerpt from the Court Report
8th day of Ogrune, 2004

To all those who helped remove the curse of
Elmerton,

Let It Be Known

On this day, King Rulian V returned the title of Lord unto Renwar Lav'Endros, having been satisfied by evidence provided by Lord Mac'a'Fay and his followers that the plague of lycanthropy has been removed from the town of Elmerton. Mac'a'Fay turned over control of the Southern Fiddleheads with no conflict, stating that he 'was glad he could help his brother out of his predicament.' Mac'a'Fay and his men claim full responsibility for discovering the ancient ritual used to curse the town in the first place, and figured out how to reverse the effects through much research and hard work. Mac'a'Fay only regrets having had to hunt his brother and those assisting them during his tenure as Lord. "I had to try to capture him, because he was out of control of his actions and emotions," said Mac'a'Fay, "Some of the townsfolk who were helping him didn't really understand that. I only wanted to keep him safe until a cure could be found for this terrible curse. I'm afraid some of my more subversive subjects might have prolonged the search for the cure, even though they might have thought they were helping Renwar. But, everything worked out in the end, despite some mild uprisings. My brother is a beloved leader; it was only natural that the common folk might look at me as an invader, instead of a member of Renwar's family."

Elmerton's Quarantine is hereby lifted, and all trade and travel through the town is no longer restricted.

Words cannot express how grateful I am to each and every one of you in your valiant quest to release my people from this horrible affliction. The cure has been given to everyone in the deep forest, and we have made our way back into Elmerton proper. We are very pleased to be back in control of ourselves once more, and look forward to setting right what had gone so wrong over the course of my exile. I am glad I called upon you, who were once known as Vorkarian's Heroes. That title seems a bit less apt than that nowadays, for I believe you have truly come into your own.

Since Vorkarian's disappearance, I have seen a town that ran to the protection of a powerful Lord when things got tough turn into a group of people who solve things for themselves, and even come TO the aid of a Lord. You have grown much in the time you spent here in the Fiddleheads, and although I am sorry to see you go, I know that your skills and your hearts are needed elsewhere.

Let it be known that if any one of you is ever in need of assistance, you need look no further than House Lav'Endros. The favors I owe you run deep, and I look forward to paying you back in full. This doesn't mean free drinks at the tavern, of course, but if something a bit more important comes up, contact me and I will do all in my power to help you.

Yours in eternal Gratitude,

Lord Renwar Lav'Endros

Gilbert's Guide to the Planes

Welcome, once again to a special addendum edition of Gilbert's Guide to the Planes. Now then, it seems as if the laws of interplanar motion are playing with we hoppers' notions of how the Dabbliverse works. Instead of the Fire and Water Realms moving away from Magesta after their conjunction last year, they seem to be coming back together towards each other. We're not quite sure why this is happening, although it might be due to the fact that Earth and Air Realms are also passing the area in retrograde. The portals that had closed up quite nicely on their own have now started opening again. At the behest of Duke Worlan and King Rulian, I have begun to make a tour of Irvanshire, to figure out where the biggest and nastiest of these portals are, map them out, and once again figure out a way to seal them. This will be made considerably more difficult by the fact that my rotten little sulfur and garlic filled protégé, Reek, has gone missing with the ever useful Astral Vice. So a quick request to all sharp-eyed denizens of Irvanshire... if you see a little yellow man with a speech impediment and rainbow-ish hair, stop him and wait for me to get there. I have some words for him... the petty theft of the Vice (Which I arranged to have stolen, fair and square) as well as his leaving me out to dry in Rivia.

For those of you about to be bombarded by terrible creatures from Elemental Realms, I figured I would take a few brief moments to talk about the different types of elementals. There are of course, four major types: Air, Earth, Fire, and Water. I did once see a strange blue man with green hair saying that he was a heart Elemental, but I wisely thought him an illusion, disbelieved him, and watched him fade away in a puff of anachronistic continuity, still whispering, 'the power is yours.'

Each of the Cardinal Elementals has a lesser and a greater variety. For those of my friends on Magesta, I think you've seen mostly lesser elementals, which are generally easy to beat down once you learn the trick of it, and maybe one or two Greater Elementals, which are a bit more ill tempered and full of hate for all things not of their element.

Now, sometimes two elementals love each other very much, and from this twisted and horrifying union come mixed elementals... There are smoke elementals, dust elementals, Mud elementals, Coal Elementals, all sorts of blasphemous little buggers who are sometimes more tricky to fight off, and also tend to have more than a few nasty tricks up their sleeves. While I'm reminded of it, also keep a sharp eye on the Greater Elementals, because they also have some powers and abilities other than smashing bad things to bits with their Rocky fists (or wisps of air or what have you).

So, hopefully I'll see some of my friends later on this summer as I make my survey and map location of Irvanshire. And, for anyone who has the ability and the sense... Run and Hide. It's what I'd be doing if I weren't already doing so (for unrelated reasons in Rivia).

P.S. make sure none of these columns ever make it to Rivia... they'd hang me for sure... or whatever comparable punishment they have for beings who can teleport about the place.)

The tale I weave for you now took place a few moons ago and, as I am only now finding time to put it to parchment, my memory is not as keen as it might have been had I taken to this task sooner. Yet I promised so many people I would write it, so here is the story...

The Difference between Five and Six

By Duffy MacTyre

This tale, like so many others, starts out innocently enough in a cursed small settlement called Elmerton. I, Duffy MacTyre, was nonchalantly and otherwise mundanely waiting for dinner to be served in the local tavern. The company was intriguing; the conversation was easy; the food was almost ready to be served. However, as it happens in most cursed towns, the evening was not to turn out so uneventfully. Fate had something else in mind as an odd shadow of a creature glided purposefully into our safe little building.

The dark and featureless form, with hands of gnarled white bone, strode from group to group, person to person, inspecting each of us by sniffing the air with an unseen nose. Being that we were waiting for dinner, everyone tried his or her best to either avoid or ignore the thing, but, as fate would have it, the creature stopped after it sniffed me. It raised a skinless bone finger in my direction. "What do you smell like?" A helpful spectator offered. My scholarly mind went completely blank ... woods and books? Yet I was standing next to a rural town librarian. Why me?

The wraith was most insistent, and now held out a piece of parchment for me. I tried my best to weasel out of taking it from the shadowy thing (after all, I was waiting hungrily for dinner) yet no amount of avoidance kept that scrap of writing from ending up in my hands. "TORMIR," was all that was written.

A very mind numbing game of charades ensued as the gathered group tried to divine what the wraith had in store for us next. Thank goodness the local blind woman had recently regained her sight, for it was she who rightly concluded that we needed to follow the wraith to Tormir. A necklace was involved. There was to be four others besides myself. And (after we had just mistakenly selected four warriors) my companions should have the ability to heal others. I'll admit that the details of the whole process were lost entirely to my mind which was still very much stuck on my original question: Why me?!

So in the end, or rather still very much the beginning, there were five of us who followed a shadowy wraith to a tomb in search of Tormir – myself (a new comer to Elmerton and a mere scholar), Thessaly Bittern (a recent sight-restored healer), Justin Patrick Kray (the local librarian), Kalim Rusal (a kindhearted musician and traveler), and Luther (a Spirit Hunter of some rank in the Elmerton

The distance we traversed might have been long or short, as I am not knowledgeable in the time alterations involved in following a wraith. In any case, when we found ourselves at a rocky tomb the shadowy thing gestured as an immense boulder rolled aside, revealing a passageway. Then the wraith disappeared. We were left with nothing but ourselves and a path into darkness.

Justin called for light but had a bit of trouble accessing the spell, so I gave it a successful try and took the lead into the gloomy and otherwise frightening tunnel. I began seriously questioning the logic of putting a book worm at the front of a spelunking party after I fell several times due to injuries from traps my eyes are entirely untrained to see. Just as I was ready to put someone else in the lead, another amorphous shadowy figure materialized before us, blocking the tunnel ahead. "Prove Yourself Worthy," an eerily commanding voice hissed. "Go ahead, Duffy. What can you do?" Luther enquired. "Nothing – I can't do anything special," I insisted. "Prove Yourself Worthy," the wraith commanded again. "What can you do, Duffy?" They all kept asking, suggesting various things. "Nothing! I swear I don't have anything I can do! I read, I research, and I collect tales – I can't DO anything!" I was feeling rather helpless. "Prove Yourself Worthy," the annoying wraith repeated. "What if you tell it a story?" Thessaly offered. "What kind of story could I possibly tell it?" I whined, feeling quite hysterical. "Prove Yourself Worthy." We had all had about enough of that command. "Make it shut up!"

At this point I admit that my bookish mind was about ready to implode. I believe it was Kalim, in his matter-of-fact way, who finally suggested, "Well, the other wraith had us bring healers, so why don't we try healing it?" And one by one each of my companions approached the wraith, laying a hand on its nondescript chest ... one by one, by the power of their own spirits, my companions healed the monster ... first one lit skeletal hand appeared, stretching out ... then the other ... and then it was gone. An empty tunnel was that was left ahead, only dimly lit by my simple light trick.

So we pressed forward; I was still in the lead (we were slow learners). We came across a deep pit that my light just happened to illuminate before I fell in. Cautiously, one by one, we five jumped over the pit and followed the sinister corridor. A few more turns and one more near-fatal trap found us at a dead end. We thought there might have been writing scrawled on the wall, but it was merely irrelevant cave graffiti. What were we to do next? Had we come all that way, proved ourselves, only to find nothing? Where was this Tormir we were supposed to find? And as my head was yet again feeling ready to burst, still having no inclination as to why a wraith would have chosen me for this insane task, I just happened to glance down – there was a low crawl space in the corner to my left ...

Well, I am afraid I have squandered all my time for pleasure writing for now. Soon I will finish the tale and publish the rest for your amusement. Thank you, and keep reading!

It's good to have you all back in my neck of the kingdom. When we first met almost a year ago, I have to admit that I was not entirely impressed with your abilities; however, I know, thanks to one rather stabby fellow of my construction, that your skills and wits have been sharpened in your time away from Shryber Farms. I have been surprised by your ability to solve Elmerton's werewolf problem; I should admit that I at first thought you had left the farm to pursue better company. But, you return just in time, for I foresee that my angels and I will need your more able assistance in the very near future. It's time to call in a few favors. Long live the Black Angels.

-Winion

Pendel Talk Now!

Why all you silly people need leave the town of Bark Bark Woofs? Pendel get real comfy in new homeplace and things all quiet-like. Today someone sneak into Pendel's new underground tomb-lab and make Pendel mess up important powerful recipe. When I Have Peace? And when Haku and Rakesh men make super dragon-body for Murray? Murray hang out all the time just talk talk talking and making Pendel crazy. He need to go out for walk. He need new body Stinky Robes no pop pop! Maybe Pendel come back to farm to hassle smithymen and sell lots of good potions to silly people. NO MORE SNEAKS! At least woofy noises go bye bye.

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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

As many of you already know, I have taken up the charge of teaching orcs to read. I have been officially asked to take up the project of our deceased friend, Dewy the Orc, in opening a school for underprivileged orcs. If anyone has any of his notes or any donations or would like to assist me in any way please contact me at your earliest convenience.

-Kalim Rusal

Riddles by Rakesh

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

A home of wood in a wooded place, but not made by hand. Built above the earthen ground, it holds its pale blue gems. What is it?

Without a bridle, or a saddle, across a thing I ride a-straddle. Those I ride, by help of me, though somewhat blind, are made to see. What am I?

Golden treasures I contain, guarded by hundreds and thousands. Stored in a labyrinth where no man walks, yet men come often to seize my gold. By smoke I am overcome and robbed, then left to build my treasure anew. What am I?

BUG & BOOK

PAWN SHOP

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 Kendrick Teague for advancement to the Journeyman level in Smithing.

Magestic Tales, Volume 1

Sometime in July we will be releasing a book of short stories based in the World of Magesta. Anyone who wishes to include a short story in this first anthology must send it in by the end of June. The story can be about anything and any length, but it *should* take place somewhere on the continent of Aszuron (We're trying to build a setting here, people.) Please send submissions as attachments in Microsoft Word or as a plain text document. Thanks.

There Will Be No More Updating at Events!

Due to the lack of electricity and the farm and the sheer time involved, we've decided not to allow updating at events any longer (at least for the time being). Please send your update by email to PDabbleGames@aol.com by the Sunday before the event. If you try to update at the event, we will laugh at you and hand you your character card as it stands. Also, if you do not at least tell us that you will be attending the event, you will not have a character card waiting for you at check-in. Please email us if you plan to play or NPC.

Magesty's Best of . . . Late Maygrelian 2004

Here are our picks for the best of the May 28-30 event:

Last event's **Best PC Award** goes to **Jamie Lundell** for his great role-playing [as Kaybin Stormsill] leading up to and during the werewolf ritual. His fearless persona was so genuine that it even made a level 18 shadow creature take a few steps back. Good Work, Jamie!

It wouldn't be fair to also mention **Mark Vadney**, who allowed Haku Steelwind to join Kaybin in what we are now referring to as *Renwar's Wild Berserker Smash*: [subtitled] *Waking up the Boy Scouts Across the Lake*.

And, last event's **Best NPC Award** goes to **Whitney Sternberg** for her unquestioning acceptance of any role that we stuck her with, even if it involved lying still and pretending to be a spiritless body for a full hour. Woo Hoo, Whitney!

Wanna Go on a *Magestic Trip*? Read *Trip Magestic!!!*

"What's this?" I hear you asking. Well, I'll tell you what's this: Magestry has welcomed 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' Magestry events! See Talya at the next 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 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.

PDabble Games
PO Box 1037
Middlebury, CT 06762

Magestry.com
PDabbleGames.com

Magestry's Next Event is June 25-27 At Schreiber Farms in Oxford, CT

The cost is \$50 (\$45 if by June 19th) for PCs* and \$10 (Free if by June 22) 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 no buildings, electricity, or plumbing available at the next event. However, the property we are using is beautiful and large (water hole included: yes, you can go in it) and we will set up large tents for our "town" buildings. You will have to bring your own camping equipment (you can rent a tent from us for a \$10 fee, but we don't have many so try to bring your own [NPCs, too!]). There are two large campsites and some other smaller ones; you'll be responsible for setting up your area to your liking (we will award Brownie Points for great-looking sites).

There will be snacks available, and one full meal will be served on Saturday night 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!

**Directions to Schreiber Farms, 571 Quaker Farms Road,
Oxford, CT 06478:**

From East or West: Take Exit 16 off of I-84. At the end of the ramp, take a left onto Route 188. Go for about 3.5 miles (follow 188 carefully because it will turn to the left and then immediately to the right). The camp gate is on the right side of the road (If you see the big farm with huge silos, you've gone too far!). Drive down the dirt road and around the pond until you find the parking area.

Magestry 2004 Event Schedule

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 Chesterfield Scout Reservation in Chesterfield, MA.

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"