

The Magestic Messenger

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

Gobly (July) 2004

Volume 2, Issue 7

Duke Worlan Assassinated!

Early on the morning of Gobly 1st, the body of Duke Worlan of Riverton was discovered by his royal guard. He was returning home from a meeting in Tradegate, in preparation for the Aszurian Summit, when he was ambushed on the road above Shryber Farms in the Go-Betweens. That particular stretch of road is where the Duke was accustomed to change his guard from the Tradegate militia to that of his own noble house. Due to the upcoming summit, the guards from Tradegate could only lead the Duke to the beginning of the Go-Betweens before changing course to meet additional royal delegates. However, the Duke did not travel this road alone; he was accompanied by four other guards, whose bodies were also found at the scene. Their identities have not yet been reported.

Duke Worlan served the lands reaching from the Fiddleheads to Point Edgar to Hatchport to Tradegate for many long years and will be sadly missed. If anyone has any information leading to the assassination of the Duke, please report it to the King's guard. Justice shall be served.

Someone's Poisoned The Waterhole!

Last month, disaster struck the dwarves of Steelhammer Dome. Seemingly minding their own affairs, as they have done for hundreds of years, in their secluded Icewind Mountain home, several dwarves suddenly fell dead deep within the mines. They had recently taken a water break, and it has been determined that a very high potency of poison contaminated the dwarves' water supply.

Where this poison came from and who is responsible for it is still uncertain, but the poison remains and will so until a remedy is found.

King's Advisor Missing

It has been discovered, in the Kingdom of Thomshire, that his Magesty Borgeh II's (of Thomshrie) imperial advisor has gone missing. Daynick, the elderly advisor in failing health, was last seen in the mountains of Toscandow by the King's imperial guards.

"He was with us at night and I saw him enter his tent," says one guard. "Then, in the morning, he was just gone."

Daynick has been advisor to Borgeh II since the beginning of his reign and was even advisor to the king's father, Borgeh I. He was scheduled to deliver the Presentation of Delegates at the Aszurian Summit, which is scheduled to meet on Gobly 21st in Riverton.

Any information leading to the discovery of Advisor Daynick will be greatly rewarded.

Maggie Who?

The other day, I was in the pumpkin patch, just doin' my work as told by Farmer Shryber, when along comes that nice Maggie Turnhill lady. She says, "Hello, Tarrance," and I says, "Hello, Maggie." And we were talkin' about how great it was to have all you folk back, when suddenly a swirlin' hole opened right in the air and out stepped a man in white with a scar on his face. He says his name was Izen and he'd come to give someone called Bruiser a nice 'scape route once he was done killing Mr. Haku. Maggie didn't like that none, cause she got as red in the face and pointed at him and says, "By the power of the Dimensions, I banish you to another realm!" He disappeared right quick and then she jumped at the swirling hole and slashed it with her hand. It went away and then it was just me and Maggie again. I says, "Wow, Maggie, I ain't knowin' you could do stuff like that!" She's fer my team. I picked her first!

-Terrance

Dictated to Clyde

Forgiveness

I would like to ask for the forgiveness of my friends. I'm so sorry that I have not been around for 4 moons, and it looks like I will be gone for 2 more moons. My mate, Samasar and I, are having pressing family duties and we are unable to attend. I know that I will try to return as soon as I can, but my mate may not be able to.

I have missed all of my friends from Elmertown, as well as Scheriber farm. I'm glad to hear that Renwar has been given back his title. Lord Renwar was a very kind and gentle lord, and always had time to listen to his people, unlike an other lord. So, I raise my goblet to you, Lord Renwar.

Once again, I'm sorry for not being around. I hope to tell you of my travels and duties, when I return. Be safe my friends.

Diana

- Barmistress to the Goblin's Goblet and Winning Sprit, as well as life mate of Samasar

Birth Announcement

We gobl ins of the Cl an Stormhammer, woul d like to congratul ate the tunnel runner Squee and his mate on the birth of their son. He was born on Ogrune 22nd, and both mother and son are doing fine. I f you happen to see Squee, pl ease let him know. His mate woul d like him to return as quickl y as possibl e, for she has no idea about raising a hal f gobl in.

Marquee

- Stormhammer Cl an Shaman

Here it is my amazing acquaintances, more of the absurdity that is ...

The Difference between Five and Six Part II, by Duffy MacTyre

The tomb was as frustrating as it was gloomy. The five of us had come all that way, crossed so many obstacles, healed a wraith, jumped a pit, and searched clumsily in the dark to find a dead end. Except... what was that? Low on the left wall ... it was a crawl space! The opening was perhaps not even tall enough for a gnome to walk upright, but certainly large enough for me to pass through on my hands and knees.

"Be careful, Duffy," Luther called, perhaps remembering all the near-death mishaps I had with traps thus far, as I barreled ahead through the tiny tunnel. Pushing my staff semi-cautiously in front of me, after about five feet the space opened back up into a regular but still small room. "It's okay," I called back to my companions; Justin, Kalim, Luther, and Thessaly eagerly crawled in after me. The small room seemed even more miniscule as we stood cramped by weapons, gear, and our own bodies. At least a magical light filled the space and we were no longer groping in the dark, so we could clearly see that we were standing in front of a large stone slab door. There were unintelligible runes etched on its surface.

My heart skipped a beat as I studied the writing, a series of ancient runes I was totally unfamiliar with, yet eager to understand. This I CAN do, I thought – I'm no librarian, musician, town guardsman, or even a healer as the rest of my companions. I am a scholar! I can READ! As Justin and I studied the ancient inscription, Luther and Kalim busied themselves studying the door – no handles or hand holds, solid rock, seemingly barred from the other side. It would not budge. The runes were the only key.

A spark flashed in Justin's eyes. "I think I've seen this writing earlier today on a rock by the lake. Here, I have it written in my book. Did you know anything about it?" he asked. I looked at his notes, and indeed the characters were similar. "No, I did not see it, nor do I know anything about it. We need a key word. Since we are to find Tormir here, one of these words may just be his name..." I scanned over the glyphs, looking to find a grouping of five to match the name of the one we were seeking. Nothing. "I do not think it's here – there are no five lettered words." Justin gave it a glance and concluded the same. Again we had come to a dead end.

"Maybe we missed something on our way in," Luther offered. It was a reasonable enough suggestion. So we went back to the beginning – crawled on our hands and knees out through the tiny tunnel, leaped the perilous pit, and wound our way through the black corridors.

We searched the ceilings, the floors, the walls – everything. Yet we found nothing. Dedicated to the search, Justin even sustained a light injury by falling down into the pit (well, mostly to retrieve the clay he had dropped in to see how deep it was) and searched all down there, as well. Still, nothing.

So back out of the pit, around the bends, through the tiny tunnel, and back at the impenetrable stone door we went. We tried knocking on the door, healing the door, talking to the door, and Kalim even suggested we jump up and down, turn around, and then knock. But nothing worked! The whole time the indecipherable runes ate away at my mind – there had to be a key to that script. We just must not have it.

My stomach growled. "Let's go back to the Tavern, eat dinner, and try to decipher the script in better light. With some parchment spread out in front of us, we can try a few letter replacements and figure this whole mess out. We'll return when we are full." Everyone agreed. Justin copied the writing into his book. The five of us gathered our gear, crawled back out of the small room, wound our way back through the maze, over the pit, and back to the beginning. I used my fading light spell to search for the way out ... wasn't there a door here? Wasn't this the way we came in?

It hit me all at once in the most mind-numbing and terrifying way. THERE WAS NO WAY OUT! "What do you mean there's no door, can't you find it?" Luther sounded testy. "There's no door" I heard myself repeat, shaking in near hysterics.

I think it was Thessaly who pulled us together. "We'll just have to go back to that other door." Justin agreed. We would just have to go back to the stone door and he and I would have to stare at those runes until we figured it out. So the five of us went back through the depressing maze of turning hallways, a pit, and crawled back on our hands and knees into the small room with the stone door. Waiting for us was the bane of our departure – the ancient runes. Justin mulled over his notes as I stared at the script on the door. "The only thing we know is the name Tormir," I thought allowed. "The only thing I have is a small piece of paper the first wraith gave me with that name written on it." I absent-mindedly found that very scrap in my pouch and brought it out to look at one more time...

A bolt of lightning from the incarnation of weather couldn't have made me jump as fast as I did in that moment – "Tormir!" I yelled out loud, scanning back through the runes. "There are SIX letters in TORMIR!" ...

There is little more to this tale after that. Of course I deciphered the script, we did what we needed to do, and we all found our way back safely to the tavern. Needless to say, I am practicing my math. And all of you – keep reading!

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 main camping grounds.

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

Riddles by Rakesh

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

I nside a burning house, this thing is best to make; it's best to make it quickly, before the fire's too much to take. What is it?

I am sometimes strong and sometimes weak, but I am nobody's fool; there is no language that I cannot speak, though I never went to school. What am I ?

The Brimstone

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

Every Item Custom-Made

Madam Maisie's Garments of Glory

Do you want a special look that makes you feel like the unique character you are? We can design an outfit that glorifies YOU.



- Cloaks
- Shirts
- Dresses
- Weapon Sheaths
- And More!

Prices can't be beat — guaranteed. Depending on demand and elaborateness, ordered items can be completed in less than one cycle of the moon!

Tell Your Illiterate Friends!
Send Correspondences via your local courier to:
17 Freight Square
Tradegate, Magesta

OOG: MadamMaisie@att.net

Magestry's Best of . . . Ogrune 2004

Here are our picks for the best of the June 25-27 event:

Last event's **Best PC Award** goes to **Jarad Demick** for instantly transforming the pansy Hatch van Graves into the fearless fighter we all knew was under that cute little beret. Hatch was also up all night seeking the answers to the Dabbleverse's persistent questions long after Jarad's bed time. Way to play, Mr. Demick!

An honorable mention also needs to be awarded to **Graham Sternberg**, who played it to the hilt even after being rushed to the clinic for five stitches in his casting hand. Not even a Sleeping Lord totem could dampen his weekend. HA!

And, last event's **Best NPC Award** goes to **Dave Schmaltz** for always being glad to play exactly what he was told (all other NPCs take note!), even if it did involve hurting Lucid's friends at night. Woo!

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

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"!

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.

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 July 16-18 At Schreiber Farms in Oxford, CT

The cost is \$50 (\$45 if by July 9th) for PCs* and \$10 (Free if by July 9th) 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

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"