

# THE MAGESTIC MESSENGER

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

Late Gnomust (August) 2004

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## WAR DECLARED ON IRVANSHIRE!

Following the battle of the Aszurian Summit last month, King Borgeh II of Tohmshire formally apologized to the remaining foreign delegates and ambassadors, claiming a magic came over his men at the release of, what he called, a demon from the possession of General Ruben Pol'Callow. He promised that the violence was a fluke and out of his control and that he would meet with General Pol'Callow and any delegates who wished at a second summit once the air had cleared. Borgeh departed for his home kingdom on Gbly 25 with the remainder of his army. He left his wife, Queen Luasha, in Riverton to oversee political reparations there.

Though the remaining delegates were weary of Borgeh's invitation, several of them made their way to Tohmshire on Gnomust 15 to continue the summit. Upon arriving there, they were met by King Borgeh's armed forces and cornered into accepting several of his demands. "As it turns out," Jerlin Grumwush of Fegoria would later say, "King Borgeh didn't mean what he said at all. His attack on the summit was very deliberate and not any kind of fluke. We should have known better after hearing rumor that, for the past month, his soldiers had been summoning earth elementals for the purpose of attacking small thorps in Irvanshire."

Despite their anger, the delegates were forced to meet Borgeh's demands of natural resources, noninterference in his future military campaigns, and their acceptance of reigning Emperor of the Continent of Aszuron with the authority to assign and enforce political law. Three days later, on Gnomust 18, Emperor Borgeh declared war on the uncooperative kingdom of Irvanshire, whose King Rullian V replied to Tohmshire's demands with one comment: "Go jam it with fairy nuts."

General Ruben Pol'Callow has been missing since the summit in Riverton.

## A Plea From Your King

My people, as I address you now, your kingdom is in great need. We have had a formal war declared on us by the kingdom of Tohmshire, the first war between kingdoms that my reign has seen. Already, several of our villages have fallen to Tohmshire, and our old enemies, the Disciples of Dissention, still threaten us and become stronger everyday in ways that we can little comprehend.

I ask of you only what you want for yourselves. Defend your towns. Train yourselves in schools of combat and offensive magic; join your town militias; aid your neighbors; keep communication open with the commanders of my army. The entirety of my military will be dispatched to the villages of Irvanshire to defend our people. I ask that you give them quarter and respect them as you would myself. It may be necessary, at times, to take more money from your hard working hands, but you must understand that it is necessary for our survival.

In addition to my military forces, I will attempt to enlist the aid of the armies of Battlekeep; they are powerful warriors who would be a great advantage to us. Another great advantage to us would be General Ruben Pol'Callow. For years he was the High Commander of the Tohmshirian army and has recently gone missing. We believe that he may still be within our borders and more than willing to help our cause. If he is found, please help him any way you can and contact the nearest military official.

My people, I seek not to make you afraid and rule you by fear, only to make you aware that, for the first time in most of your lives, we are in a state of war, and our condition will require constant understanding and cooperation.

To All Practitioners of Magical Arts:  
On the third of Elftember, a representative from the Court Magestic will be visiting Shryber Farms to test Galynn Silverbow for admittance into the guild and to speak with any who also desire membership. Any interested parties should seek the esteemed Goremir Vrendtas for details.

### Legitimate Business:

Court will again be held on Saturday at two hours past high noon. This time it will be slightly more structured, but still open to any who have any grievances or issues to bring to the town's attention.

In addition to Devastation's newly appointed criminal status, the same goes for Keepus, Dante, Isen, Sk'Lar, Ylianna, and Amistan. Any who assist or learn from these people will be charged to the fullest extent with aiding and abetting a criminal.

This past moon Aneurin was brought up on the charge of conspiracy to murder a fellow townsman. She was later found guilty of this charge.

Finally, Lysara has been appointed as the town scribe. She will be recording the minutes of the watch muster and court sessions.

- Magistrate Hatch van Graves

### *And the Band Played On*

Last week I encountered the most interesting persons. A man named Kalim and another named Temorn had instruments with the ability to play music despite the silence. Kalim was having a concert in a tavern that I had long stopped frequenting. I knew something was drawing me to it that night: the Music. I sat in the corner and was mesmerized. When he had finished, Kalim offered his magical guitar to me. I played and, for the first time since that day, was at peace.

Later, the music returned to Magesta. I wasn't sure, at first, if it had only returned to that tavern or if it had been reborn everywhere. Upon arriving at the next town, I found that the music had returned to them, as well. Since then, I have been all over the kingdom and I have found solace in the assurance that Music, once dead, has awakened, and I feel my youth returning to me.

Though, I can't stop thinking about what Kalim said. He told me that he witnessed a man named Devastation murder Iander, the Incarnation of Music, after he murdered the Muse of Inspiration. All of these powers are foreign to me, as they are to most people, but I am not afraid. If this is truth, HE must be stopped. Kalim, we have work to do.

### *There and Back, In a Dark Elf's Mind*

It was the day before we left for the attack, and everyone was suiting up. This is the stuff I lived for up on the surface - it reminded me of the days when I ran our militia underground in my home city. Everyone tonight reminded me of a fellow brother or sister, suiting up for the wars we were involved in with the horrible creatures that lived below us. Rakesh, suiting up and packing, had a nervous twitch on his eye a bit, but other than that was very confident. He reminded me of one of our veteran elves who was built like a tank - Celegorm (although Celegorm was not in bright colors.) I'm sure if the two got together they would get along fine. It was funny that Thessaly reminded me of our newest recruit before we left, Séreméla Nénharma. She was a tiny dark elf, but full of energy and caring; she's always been the one standing over me giving out first aid when we fell during the battles and I had a feeling Thessaly would be doing the same. Seth was like our cunning sarcastic shadow dancer, Fëanáro; he had a crossbow as well and, just like Seth, knew exactly how to use it to his advantage. Bearic, well our friendly neighborhood thief didn't really remind me of anyone down there but he's a good guy. I had finished packing by now so I figured I would keep myself calm by trying to match everyone to someone I knew back home. Kieran reminded me of Amras, another soldier in my company; Kaybin was just like Huor and Lintessa like Huor's sister Nessa Lossëhelin. Those two were like a team - always happy even during battle, they never separated. I loved those two. I could always tell what was going on when they were together judging by whether they were enjoying themselves or not. We loved fighting down there - it gave us a chance to use the skills we were taught in the military. The beasts were huge compared to what is up here (that I have seen so far) but oh well. Siegfried reminded me of our straggler in the militia, Fingolfin Inglorion, which was our "most sketchy" dark elf in the city. I never understood why but the auras over both of those two matched quite well. I continued walking past all our people who were packing and saw Kraven, the boy with a demon attached to his face. His demon problem worried me a lot. After I met him the first time I had nightmares of us battling the giant demons that would come up to our city once in a while. We lost a lot of people from those black lava-veined covered monsters. Luther was busy so I decided to not yell the famous "Luther undead!" I loved Luther - he does an excellent job. Rakanishu reminded me of Elu, another one of our healers. Elu was quiet, though, unlike Rakanishu, which isn't bad but neither could it have been good at some times. Elu was one of my drinking buddies when my Lieutenant was busy - great guy. Aneurian reminded me somewhat of Celebriän, just because of the humor Aneurian would bring to me and the silly stuff she would say. Celebrian was the same. I could definitely see Beren Melwasúl in Xanadose's eyes always joking around and never taking such things seriously unless it impacted him tremendously -

*(Continued on page 3)*

then he was a top notch soldier in our regime, "Captain orders need give now me!" he would always mess up his words to put a bit of humor in it. Wolf was like Aerandir. Both of them were bald and that was enough for me, but besides that extremely intelligent. Aerandir usually helped me with battle tactics as he wanted to someday run his own group of soldiers and I helped him out a lot taught him how to discipline soldiers and get them the way you wanted. Lysara reminded me of Merenwen or Eámanë's sister, the complete opposite of Eamane. Humorously enough, I picked on Merenwen a lot when I was at home. "Be more like your sister what's wrong with you, you punk!" She would laugh and make a remark back just like Lysara does when I make fun of her. After everyone was done packing we were told to go to sleep and get some rest. I didn't sleep the entire night; my adrenaline was pumping and I knew if I went to sleep I'd have nothing but nightmares about the battles underground. Day break rose finally and Rakesh got us all together. I was still wide-awake and we headed out towards our destination. The sun beat down on my back the entire walk. All the villages we passed through in the Go-Between were evacuated by the King; it shook me up a bit they were all ghost towns. What ever we were attacking must be extremely strong to have the King do something like that. We found a well-beaten trail that branched out east from the road about ten miles north of Bloomingport. Rakesh and a few others determined that the path was to the Red Sun encampment. We followed it about five miles till we came upon a small clearing with about thirty orcs encamped in it; they seemed unaware of our presence. I thought they would smell us or something but they didn't even move. Before we attacked I ran ahead to scout and didn't see anything but the orcs who looked kind of dazed and out of it. I came back and told Rakesh and we all got ready to attack. Everyone said this was going to be easy and as soon as they said that I had a flash back of the last time I went to attack an encampment under ground. "Don't worry Captain I saw about thirty of them this will be quick and easy." Just like that day it was the same as this - I had a sick feeling about something but couldn't put my finger on it. Rakesh had us form a semi-circle around them, and as dusk approached, we ambushed the orcs. As soon as we crossed the tree line, a crevice opened in a rock wall that I didn't see earlier, just outside of the clearing. Armed orcs and hobgoblins began pouring out of it. I saw the encampment of orcs grinning and smiling as they charged us, and it had to be a trap. We tried so hard to seal off the crevice but just couldn't do it. Rakesh ordered us to fall back and we withdrew into the woods. The entire group fled off towards the road and I assumed they were heading back to Shryber farms. I decided I'd get there faster if I went through the woods instead of the roads; no one was following them at the time so I figured they didn't need me. I went back to the encampment to find out what there plans were but sadly they were speaking there orc language so I turned around and due to my horrible luck I was so nervous I didn't even watch where I was stepping. I stepped on a twig and instantly four orcs were

ordered to come get me. I took off rather quickly dodging tree after tree. I'd never seen orcs move this fast before! There was a low tree branch and I quickly grabbed on to it and flew up into a tree. They ran past it a few feet and stopped. I guess they could smell me but I managed to knock one out who was furthest away from them. I didn't hesitate like I normally do and slit his throat. After that I was hit in the back a few times but managed to run away again. The entire time the orcs chased me to Shryber it was like cat and mouse. They would chase me I'd get a shot in here or there and eventually it was down to two on one. I was covered in orc blood and my own by the time I made it back to Shryber Farms. The orcs were not too far behind as I got to the border but they stopped suddenly and went in a different direction. Now I was really scared - the town was quiet when I went in it; not a sound by the little bridge and I didn't see anyone so I headed straight into the woods on the other side of our field. Then I heard it. There were screams and orcs yelling back and forth and suddenly I knew why those two didn't follow me in -- they went to go meet up with the rest of the orcs who were attacking the Farm. It was a cold cold week and in the end we fought off the Red Sun tribe but I worry each day now, how long till they return? It was like walking up to a hornet's nest with a stick and hitting it a few times.

*This story has been brought to you by Sith Rainstrom*

#### ATTENTION!

Hear ye, the Asylum north of Shryber Farms has an emergency situation! Five inmates have escaped, and if spotted, we ask assistance in tracking them down! Around three AM last moon, five guards were found, three missing their clothes and armor and two with more clothes than they started with!!!

One is a paranoid schizophrenic, who is always peering over his shoulder to stop people from sneaking up on him. He is tall with long hair and oddly dressed. Another is convinced that he is completely covered in bugs. He is about five feet, ten inches with medium length brown hair. The third is a pathological liar, elderly, with blond hair and a white beard. The others are also pathological liars, in addition to being susceptible to fits of anger and being nudists to boot. They say they want their mysteriously stolen pants back, but they never wear them! Any information should be reported to us via messenger pigeon. Thank you.

### *To All In Shryber Farms*

*I had heard much talk on the farm last moon spreading untrue and deceptive rumors about me. Some of these rumors claim that I have become some sort of abomination, these are utterly false. I take great offense to these speculations, and view them as an insult to my honor and myself. Know that if I hear anyone speaking about these false and unjust claims, you will be challenged to honor combat... you have all seen my fury, do not evoke my wrath! I would hate to have the blood of townsfolk on my hands.*

*Your friend and protector,  
Kaybin Stormsil*

Dear Haku,

I hear tell that you are the local knight. I find it amusing that I have never seen you since you conveniently disappear whenever I happen to stop by. You poor pawn - you must be afraid of me. Why don't we end your cowardly charade? I'll drop by to make a fool out of you very soon.

Your horned nemesis,  
Dante



Feeling a little beat from all the fighting? Need to relax? Dr. Rakanishu is waiting with a "happy ending" massage for you!

Seek his healing touch at  
The Crimson Cat

Missing: One golden long sword, about 40 inches in length. Engraved on one side are the words "To bring light to the shadows". It was last seen on the night of Gnomust the 13<sup>th</sup>, in the possession of Baeric Stormhammer, aka Baeric DeSiess, while fighting the Red Sun clan. A generous reward will be given by Rakesh the Smith to the person who returns the sword to a member of the Smiths Guild. A generous reward will also be given to the person that brings the criminals responsible for the theft of the sword to court for public sentencing.

### *A Public Apology and a Request*

*It has recently come to my attention that the company that has been building a clear cutting machine apparently shares a surname with me. So I would like to apologize to everyone that my blood seems to be felling our leafy friends. I am currently trying to contact him with plans of convincing him to change his mind, in one way or another.*

*Another thing I'd like to apologize for is not actually to anyone in town at all. This apology is for the Queen of Tohmsshire. I realize that my little pranks aimed at you may not have been received in the best way possible, and that many of the niceties in life may have escaped me. Because of this I'd like to invite you back to the farm, where I assure you I will greet you and do the best I can to make you welcome.*

*Now for the request: As many of you know, I am currently climbing the ladder of Alchemy, and in search of more teachers. I am requesting anyone who knows of any alchemists who would be capable of teaching to kindly send them in my direction, and I would be very thankful and willing to pay a small amount, as a small amount is all that I have. But, in the same vein, alchemically that is, I am willing to help anyone out there who can gather components, by processing any and all components that I can for a small price.*

*Sincerely, Farrock Frosthill*

## RIDDLES BY RAKESH

Rakesh the Smith humbly submits these riddles for your consideration. Anyone seeking the answers should ask a member of the Smiths Guild.

What flies forever, rests never?

I have legs but walk not, a strong back but work not, two good arms but reach not, a seat but sit and tarry not. What am I?

### Magistry's Best of . . . Gnomust 2004

Here are our picks for the best of the August 13-15 event:

Last event's **Best PC Award** goes to **Sean Dey** for doing a bang up job playing a very difficult role and seeming to be everywhere at once. His physical arrangements, along with Siegfried's personality, have made the graveyard a truly real place. Visit sometime if you dare!

And, last event's **Best NPC Award** goes to **Andrew Richard** for the quality of his role-playing under the guise of a variety of characters. Andrew didn't sleep at all during the event to minimize the amount of down time experienced by the players. Thank you, Andrew!

### 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

The Smiths Guild would like to recognize **Gonis Kaizen** and **Kieran Whitewind** for their advancement to the Journeyman level, and would also like to welcome **Luther Hunsinger** as an Apprentice.

### Justin's Library And Information Gallery

The unofficial town library 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

### There Will Be No 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](mailto: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 Magistry 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 Magistry. 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 September 3rd to 5th At Schreiber Farms in Oxford, CT

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

**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

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"