

THE MAGESTIC MESSENGER

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

Marchestry (March) 2005

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MAGESDEEP SEALED!

I have recently returned from the Magesdeep and I carry back somber news. The frequent and unstable transformation of subterranean features underneath the Fiddlehead Hills has halted, at least for now, which would be a glad report were it not for the fact that the Earth Speaker Durias Undybbar succeeded in completing the meld of the Elemental Plane of Earth to this region. This should not have happened. I think I could have stopped it had I not arrived too late to investigate properly.

Though Undybbar's objective had already been completed, I was able to investigate nonetheless. I discovered what I had feared, the relic of a long-quiet earth god named Ba-Rune. Durias had needed the power of that relic to bind a kind of anchor to from the Plane of Earth. The anchoring energy, he bound into an elemental creature of his own devising. I saw the thing with my own eyes. It was apparently sensitive to its proximity to the relic: the closer it got the bigger and more powerful. When I found the creature, it looked as a statue: solid stone with its massive arms wrapped around the relic. I viewed this scene through the broken walls of the relic's chamber. My sensitive nose detected the scent of wolves on the little that air that was left in that part in the Magesdeep; some powerful creature or creatures had torn the walls down with terrible claws; the damage was not done by stone hands. Had Durias driven some crazed wolfmen to attend to his devices?

However it happened that Durias got his

anchor creature to the proper location to establish a tether to the Elemental Plane of Earth, it has been done, and it is not the first he has established. He now possesses great power in all of these places where mergers are complete, and his purpose becomes a much greater possibility each day.

I have investigated the remaining spaces of the Magesdeep where air exists in this region, and the settlements have been largely unaffected, though the tunnels which once led between them are almost entirely sealed off. I wonder if Durias has some maniacal plans in mind for the Dark Elves and their fellow deep-dwellers.

Though he has taken this region under his control, he is not altogether unstoppable. The other three elements will continue to fight him in an almost unethical alliance, but they must work quickly. I don't think it unfair to expect that General Wolf Nailo of the Plane of Air will double or even triple his efforts to defeat this madman before the entirety of Magesta becomes incapable of supporting his air elemental soldiers. He should seek out an Earth Speaker of his own and convince him to work for this cause against Durias; the cause of Magesta. If the spirit of Ba-Rune is awakened, Durias's grip on this region will loosen significantly.

Even as I write this, I am departing on a ship to investigate and find help for other regions where Durias has been successful, and I

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leave the welfare of Irvanshire to the one person who can insure that it is well: General Wolf Nailo.

Trusting You Will Be Attentive and Brave,

Ohryn Nyre,

Guildmaster of Concori Draki

ANOTHER "AGE OF DESTRUCTION"?

Dark Elven Authorities have been frantically searching for the people responsible for leading a Sun Elf to their homelands.

On Faeburay 20th, many citizens awoke to cries of alarm as a lone Sun Elf began to lay waste to the gate guards. Using nature magic and skills possessed only by the most stalwart of fighters, he coldly murdered no less than eight soldiers and ten civilians before being brought down.

Witnesses say the attacker had red tattoos about his face, and vowed "Blood for Beledross!" before unleashing an elemental storm. As he was brought down, he repeatedly made vows that something or someone named the "Kabal" would avenge him, and a new age of destruction was dawning.

Upon further inspection, the Sun Elf was traced back to a ladder leading up to the surface, a good two days decent. Authorities fear that should Death return him to the realm of the living, he may make good on his promises of another attack.

Questions have arisen about whether or not this attack was affiliated with the Drow Registration Authority, or possibly linked to the Dire Elves that have been prowling the tunnels. When asked to further comment, the authorities said simply "If the Sun Elves are working with the DRA, then his statements about a new age of destruction are true."

Should the attacker return from death, the Dark Elves have put a bounty on his head of five gold dead, ten alive. However, gold will not replace the lives lost in this senseless tragedy.

PUBLIC LETTERS...

Open Letter to the Lord of Loft Cratvia

Greatest of all Drakians and Lord of the City of Loft Cratvia, I humbly present you with this request for aid in our time of need.

Two years ago in the month of Orctober, Loft Cratvia was threatened by orcish forces from the Red Sun clan. I fled before them and prayed for assistance. Weary and starving, I watched from a distance as the organized and efficient guards of your city sallied forth in a smooth formation. The ensuing battle gave me great hope as your troops solidly defeated the Red Sun clan and they fled back across the Irvanshire River to their lairs in the Icewind Mountains. Your intervention saved my life that cold autumn day - I cannot thank you enough. Because of your strength, I was spared a life of slavery. Because of your decisive action, I have been given a chance to prosper.

I write to you now to ask for your aid in the war that Thomshire has brought upon Irvanshire. A Thomshirian army has occupied the city of Lakedale to your north. Much like before, Loft Cratvia is in danger of being attacked. Much like before, your strength and decisive action can spare others from a life of slavery. King Borgeh of Thomshire has declared himself Emperor of all of Aszuron, and this war against Irvanshire is only the beginning of his campaign. He seeks to extend his power over all who live, so do not think that you can remain untouched by this conflict.

I beseech you in the name of KJar - help us against the tyrant of Thomshire. Speak with General PolCallow and King Rufian to determine the best course of action. If the Thomshirian attack on Lakedale is not a feint, then send your troops forth and clear the field of oppressors once more.

Please help us all,

Rakesh the Smith

Guildmaster of the Elmerton Smiths Guild
and Sergeant of the Elmerton Town Guard

A Strange Encounter With an Old Patron

One night last month, the winds where cold and the snows were deep. I had recently returned from a trip to Battlekeep and I was preparing to receive a shipment of ale from Riverton. The tavern had been deserted since Dwarvember, and I was certainly not expecting any customers.

Around midnight I was bedding down when I saw a figure approaching not from the road, but from the darkness of the trees where the river runs cold. As it got closer to the tavern, I noticed that it was not even making tracks in the snow, though it seemed to plod along with its head down and some kind of board clutched under its arm, of which the hand was bare! I thought the man must be cold and threw a few more logs on the coals in the stove-pan.

He sat down at the edge of the tavern, where the drifted snow was still almost knee-deep and lay his board down on the table in front of him. He produced a pallet and paint brush and began to create a rather dismal scene. I stared on for many minutes as his gentle sweeping strokes became the twisted forms of screaming creatures. There was blood spilt on bare rocks, yet the figures bore no visible wounds. I looked up at the face of the masterful artist and realized then that I could not make it out. He was a spirit! I wondered how long dead he was before calling on the power of my own spirituality to be able to clearly see his face. It was Galanthas Du'Mentharen! I didn't know Galynn very well, but I knew he lived among Vorkarian's heroes since the beginning; he had visited my tavern many times. I immediately remembered back to that night in the summer of 2003 when the mysterious deep-voiced man came looking for "Galanthas Du'Mentharen, please." I worried that perhaps this man finally got to Galynn. If I only had the power to speak with him, I could have asked him how he met his end.

I almost offered him a drink when I realized that

he probably had no tangible throat. Just as I was about to chuckle at myself, Galynn stood up and lifted his painting board off of the table. Even as he lifted it, I could see that it was blank, and he turned with it and dissolved away into the wind of the clear night. On the table where his board had been, the painting remained, tortured figures trapped in a silent scream.

*Until We Meet Again,
-Aktorn of Shryber Farms*

Whatever That Thing Was...

I met the strangest creature on the road that night. It was certainly undead. It looked like a zombie or maybe a ghoul, but it had a painful look on its face and an even more despairing groan. It attacked me with a quickness that was surprising considering the deliberateness of its gait. I stayed to fight my foe, and I was succeeding until the thing had destroyed my armor. At the next hit a feeling filled me with weight and I cared no more for combat; it was hopeless. At each successive hit the feeling intensified until I could nothing but stand still as I was torn to the ground. Darkness washed over me...

Riddles by Rakesh

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

To cross the water I'm the way, for water I'm above. I touch it not and, truth to say, I neither swim nor move. Who am I?

My first master has four legs, my second master has two. My first I serve in life, my second I serve in death. What am I?

"As many of you know, I was subjected to petrification in Dwarvember. I was stone until just recently, when someone turned me back into flesh, with simply the message that I owe him a favor. This notice is not a malicious one, but one of curiosity. I would like to know who it was that turned me back, so that I may at least know them if not have a better understanding of them. If whomever it was could please send a letter to Farrock Frosthill in Elmerton, or make an appearance there, I would be most appreciative. Otherwise, I will go about business as usual.

On another note, I will be beginning a larger alchemy project than before. If anyone would like to place an order, find

me, and we can negotiate the terms of sale. I also will process components for anyone who provides them to me for a price much lower than the trading post, though through no fault of Tyrion. I am willing to negotiate different fees, or some exchange of information or other goods."

- Farrock Frosthill

OBITUARIES

Piplo - The drunken rabble-rouser was not with us long. He died fighting, just as he said he would. He encountered his foes with the foolishness of a man who welcomes death. Let his story serve as a warning to all who call themselves brave.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BARD IN THE BOX



YOUR AD COULD BE HERE
(Contact Editor For Media Package)

!WANTED!

The Magestic Messenger earnestly seeks Reporters, Story Writers, and Cartoonists. Imagine — your work in black and white for all Magesta to see! Simply send submissions to the editor in a timely fashion, and soon it will be your work that fills this very spot!

Price Change

The price of Magestry's event registration has been increase to \$55. The Saturday dinner will remain \$5, and we will still take \$5 off for people who register by the pre-registration deadline.

New Policy

There will be a \$25 fee charged for any and all Returned (Insufficiently Funded) Checks.

*All Character Updates (skills) should be sent to
MagestryUpdate@yahoo.com.*

*All Newsletter Submissions should be sent to
MagesticMessenger@yahoo.com.*

*All other correspondence, especially plot related,
should be sent to **PDabbleGames@aol.com.***

MAGESTRY'S Best of . . .

Faebruary 2005

Here are our picks for the best of the February 19-20 event:

The **Best PC Award** goes to **Ed Kaine** for truly developing is character, Teg. He seemed to be everywhere, interacting with everyone, and getting himself in trouble. Good work, Ed. We look forward to Teg's future influence on the town. Thanks also for all the help during cleanup.

An **Honorable Mention** goes to **Gina Biello** for outstanding improvement of her performance of Aneurin. Aneurin was probably the event's most integral player character and really threw down the tail beating when there were tails in need of said beating. Keep it up, Gina!

And last event's **Best NPC Award** goes, without a doubt, to **Jarad Demick**, who rescued our sore , red cheeks in our hours (and hours...uhh...and hours) of need. Jarad volunteered to write a plot or two once he decided to NPC the event. He met with us to discuss them the Wednesday [two days] before they event and we threw the whole event in his lap. Paul wrote some pretty outlandish stuff and immediately began worrying that it would be logistically improbable, so he did the only thing he could do: he told Jarad to make it work...and he did. WOO! Of course, this required much more plot writing on Jarad's part, but, as he quickly learned, that's what Psychology 101 class time is for. Way to rock [sleeplessly] Jarad. We promise not to kill Hatch and force you to become a GM. Then again, we also promised not to let Devastation throw muffin storms and go on Incarnation-killing sprees, but some things are beyond our mortal control...

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.

MAGESTRY 2005 Event Schedule

April 28-30^C

May 27-29^C

June 24-26^S

July 22-24^S

September 2-4^C

October 7-9^C

October 28-30^C

^C Events located at Chesterfield Scout Reservation in MA.

^S Events located at Schreiber Farms in Oxford, CT

~Keep an eye on the website for additional event information.~

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'8 Next Event is

APRIL 1st to 3rd

At Chesterfield Scout Reservation in Chesterfield, MA

The cost is \$55 (\$50 if by March 25th) for PCs and \$10 (Free if by September 17) for NPCs.

There will be one full meal 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! Cabin Space is limited and assigned, so pre-registration (including \$\$) is best. **If you have not pre-registered, be prepared to sleep in the ~unheated~ dining hall or set up your own campsite on the property.** See you at the event!

Register Now!

Registration Forms, Waivers, Medical Forms,

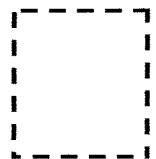
and a free downloadable copy of the **Player's Rulebook** can be found at Magestry.com

Hard copies of the Rulebook may be purchased at an event for \$10.

Please Make all checks payable to "Magestry" (*There is a \$25 Fee on Returned/ Insufficiently Funded Checks.*)

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Magestry.com
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