

# The Magestic Messenger

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

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Volume 3, Issue 3

## Fighting Resumes in Mahhaad

In recent months, the Mahhaad War has once again heated up, thanks to troop and supply support from the kingdom of Lowex. Tohmshire's forces had partially withdrawn from Mahhaad at the beginning of the Partisan War last Summer, focusing their attentions on the insurgent kingdom of Irvanshire. Across Aszuron, kingdoms have deferred authority to the Tohmshirian Empire, but few have been called to support the Empire in any tangible way. This changed as the Queen of Lowex, agreed to commit troops and wealth toward the war effort. A mixture of soldiers from Lowex and Tohmshire have resumed the suppression and conquest of the Ogre tribes who populate the kingdom of Mahhaad. Lowex has also committed troops to the war effort here on Aszuron, as they mobilize and move toward Irvanshire. In a statement to the King and citizens of Irvanshire, Emperor Borgeh has issued the following message: "People of Irvanshire, we seek to unite the peoples of this continent against the evil that rises in the far east. Your forces are dwindling; there is no escape from this inevitability. I am, however, a man of compassion, and will be willing to forgive you this rebellious mistake if only you join forces with our Affiliation. If you throw down your arms and allow us to march through to Point Edgar, we will not harm you. If you resist, you will be crushed. Please reconsider your decision to resist the will of the Empire."

To All Lovers of Magesta:

As you all must be aware, I have been granted the honor of becoming the general of the Elemental Plane of Air. Being the most benevolent of the elements, Air has chosen to defend Magesta in this war. If this war plays out, as it stands now, we will no longer have Magesta to call our home. It is crucial that anyone who has information concerning elemental portals, Baa-Rune, earth relics, or the location of the earth-speaker Durias Undybbar, they bring it to me as soon as possible. All information, no matter how small or insignificant, is necessary for saving our beloved world.

I have noticed that only a small few have decided to join me in this cause that concerns us all. I would like to make an honorable mention to a close friend of mine: Kaybin. I have heard rumors of Kaybin fighting back the elementals that have tried to threaten the good town of Elmerston. For that I am truly grateful, as we all should be.

I would also like to make an honorable mention to my lifetime friend, Kieran Whitewind. Brother, you and I have always been there for each other. It is in these times that you have not only been there for me, but you have brought I silmae to the fight for peace and justice on Magesta. I know that you will be by my side in the determining battles to come. I could ask for no greater sword to be at the frontlines than I silmae. Please let her know that I am eternally grateful.

I am holding an open call for all those who love Magesta as I do, to stand up for what is right and join me in this cause. All talents are beneficial. I am not only looking for warriors. Alchemists, survivalists, and mages are all welcome to help drive back the Earth Elementals to their own plane. Remember, you are not just fighting for you life; we are all fighting for something much larger than ourselves: Magesta, our home.

May the Air lift you to new heights,  
Wood Warden  
General Wolf Nailo

To My Friends in Elmerton:

It seems that my cosmology lessons have offended some power greater than myself. A few days ago, one of my best students, a young man named Tanner Delancy, was kidnapped from his home in Tradegate. This information I did not acquire one day, one hour, or even one minute after the abduction occurred; rather, I learned this prior to Tanner's disappearance from the very man who would later steal him away.

I had a room at the Nosside Inn and was just setting down a book and drawing the curtain, when a form burst through the window and collided into me. I was thrown to the floor, where I lay paralyzed but still conscious. The form was that of a man, but he was no Magestan. I had, in fact, seen him many times before, a silent figure wrapped in a dark cloak that he would stand in an alleyway and snicker at me in a deep and sibilant voice. He would be in a different alley each time I saw him, but his message was always the same: "SSSabyl, you'd better sstop teaching that arisssocratic filth, or sssomething bad will happen." I would question him and attempt to start a conversation at each meeting, but he would simply turn and slip into the shadows. I began to think him a lunatic and, after several meetings, took to magically silencing him before he could speak the first few syllables. However, this night he was in command, and he spoke to me in more than merely one sentence. He said, "Becaussse you would not heed my warningsss, the time hasss come. In exssactly one hour, I will enter the housse of Tanner Delancssy. I will knock him unconssciousss with an iron book-end, tie and gag him with leather horse reins, and ssteal him away through the back door. You won't be able to sstop me, ass you will sstill be here, regaining control of your own body. Where I am taking him iss my ssecret, but I will leave you with thiss clue. He then dropped a piece of parchment at my feet and said three final words before sliding back out of the window: "Begin in Elmerton."

Later, when I had regained the use of my limbs, I went immediately to the Delancy household. I found Tanner's parents there, lying in a paralyzed state similar to my own previous one. Upon speaking with his mother telepathically, I learned that Tanner was, in fact, taken, and in precisely the manner described to me. Realizing I could do nothing more for the present, I read the paper that was left for me (I had grabbed it from the floor before leaving). It read:

*"What the Tumbler left Here, only one Farmsboy knows.  
And the Imp lady's potions can wake up the Crows.  
She who Shines just may Keep Us from path Kharaf chose,  
But Ghosts have seen he who can Send Us Repose."*

I can't begin to understand the meaning of this rhyme, but I expect you in Elmerton will be able to shed some light on it. I beseech you, if I have ever done anything good for any one of your number, help me in this. The young Delancy was quite the protégé, but more than that, a friend. I cannot abandon him, and I couldn't even if I thought his abduction was not the result of my own actions. I will come to Elmerton soon, and when I do, any of you who wish to help me in this, please seek me out. I'd imagine, from the verse provided, that many of you are needed to work together.

Please help. Your assistance will not be forgotten.

Faithfully,  
Sabyl Wolfstone  
Brother to Lynsara  
Friend to Elmerton

P.S. On an (hopefully) unrelated note, I am aware that werewolves attacked the town last moon and they possessed astral forms. They are the emissaries of the Wolf Lord, a being of great power and cruelty. I would be foolish to report they came for the sole purpose of spying on Kaybin; they came to study you all.

It is no longer a secret that Kaybin Stormsill was infected with the Wolf Lord's Curse, a potent and thus far incurable form of lycanthropy, so, to protect both Kaybin and yourselves, you should all be aware of the circumstances. On Maygrelian 30, 2004 AGA, Sabin Wolfstone, mine and Lynsara's father and one of the Wolf Lord's favored servants, attempted a ritual to absorb Lynsara's life force. This ritual he performed in the guise of a healing rite to cure the lycanthropy that he had cursed the former inhabitants of Elmerton with. Somehow, Kaybin's spirit was so invested in this matter that he disrupted the ritual and it failed. Sabin didn't realize his failure until many days later, and he was, as you might have guessed, livid. His master, the Wolf Lord, was currently in need of a new host for his deadly curse, so Sabin offered him Kaybin. The carrier wolf was dispatched at once, and I tracked it to Shryber Farms; that's how I first met my half-sister. Though the wolf was subdued, it had succeeded in infecting Kaybin.

What this curse does to him, in addition to his occasional stints as a werewolf, is starves his Form (his astral presence) for energy and power. He satiates this hunger by killing, and a small part of the Form of every being he kills is absorbed by him, strengthening his own Form, though it is still hungry; always hungry. This is the Wolf Lord's purpose, and soon he will come for Kaybin with the intent of devouring his Form so that his own may be strengthened. Once he has taken all Kaybin has, he will infect another with this curse and it begins again.

I will tell you this: do everything in your power (without endangering yourselves) to stop Kaybin from dealing anything a killing blow, especially when he is in his wolf form. If he is not allowed to kill, he will not be empowered and thus the Wolf Lord has nothing to gain by devouring him. Perhaps if the Wolf Lord is starved of astral energy, he may even eventually be weakened enough to defeat. If that doesn't work, I now know of a way that Sabin may ask his master to release Kaybin from his curse. Sabin is not a man of his word, but he may be truthful in this; all he really wants, after all, is the life force of one of his two remaining children so that he may gain immortality. It is worth the risk. Anyway, I have felt for some time that my days may be soon ending.

Keep your courage and hope...

## Gilbert's Guide to Gladius

(This article brought to you by the letter G)  
 Welcome again to another installment of Gilbert's Guide to the Planes, where Hoppers are top, and murderous serial killers should watch their pimply backs! This time around, we'll be visiting the wonderful world of Gladius! Wonderful is perhaps too harsh a term. Brutally violent is perhaps more apt. But I am not one to back away from a potentially dangerous realm simply because I am afraid of being stuck on a pike and paraded around as an amphibious freak; so for you, dear readers, I braved the stone alleys and colossal colisea to bring you this installment.

In the kingdom of Kahro, I found myself sitting in a backstreet bathhouse, drinking fig wine and listening to the slippery symphony of the vomitorium next door. A shady little man with a stack of small papers and a chalkboard with odds was in one corner, surrounded by the dead-eyed denizens of that fair city. I approached and discovered that he was taking bets on the gladiatorial competitions to be held in the Kahro Coliseum that very afternoon.

Being an occasional gambling frog, I laid some coin on Gragnok the Stone-Faced Killer, this pit fighter having of course the most interesting name. He was to fight the renowned pit fighter, known only as Bill, at three hours after noon. I made my way through the dusty marketplaces and twisting side streets until I saw the Coliseum looming like a swollen temple on the east end of the city. I once again laid a few coins down for the admission and entered the arena. Now, Gladius is known for its fights, but known even more for its fans. The Coliseum is notorious for fights in and out of the ring, a cacophony of cheers and blood-lusted screams, from fighters and observers alike.

Now, perhaps Gladius has simply had an excellent public relations department to promote such a rowdy experience for would-be visitors. The fact is that the fights, fighters and fans were utterly boring. I wanted danger! I wanted violence! But all I got was an uninspired turn of swordplay on the parts of Bill and Gragnok, and straight-faced fans clapping politely. I thought perhaps it was a staged battle for tourists on a weekday, but it went much deeper than that. I thought back to the bathhouse, the marketplaces, the streets. Neither a cheer, nor a brawl, nor a rowdy altercation surfaced in my memory. The people walked along and, somber as the statues, lined the avenues. I was so frustrated that I attempted to start a fight in the stands, only to knock a large Gladian over and have him reply, "Sorry to have been in your way." I left the coliseum and hopped away immediately, not even taking the time to physically extract my bet from the toadish little bookie at the bathhouse. So, if you plan on visiting Gladius for the excitement, don't. You'd be better off buying a pair of small cats and staging kitten fights in your kitchen. Far more exciting.

So until next time, I bid you all a fond farewell, and remind any interested parties that I will be hosting Tuesday Night Kitten Fights (TNKF for short) in my pocket dimension for the admission price of only 2 silver! Odds are good on Fluffy, but Mr. Bojangles is a dark horse capable of putting up a big upset.

Cheers, Dabbl everisans!

Rumors of meetings between DoD leadership and the KING have been circulating in neighboring villages. Speculators on the meaning of these meetings cite the coming reign of fear. "The king is using the DoD to soften us up for his offer of benevolent leadership." Said one who requested anonymity. "This is just another Example of his use of fear to undermine the resolve of a town." Another agreed as he expressed dismay at not understanding the DoD's purpose and mission, "It makes sense; why wouldn't they declare their desires?"

Contrary to this, another towns person disputed, saying, "then why does the king show his hateful ways? His racist policies against the dark elves and the shameful tax collection practices? Wouldn't he be more subtle?"

Perhaps not, the pattern of other border towns who embraced the King often followed incursions by rogue forces. It is also likely that the king's spies work to determine our loyalties in preparation for his offer. In the meantime let us not go unwarily into the trap, we need to capture DoD members to corroborate these rumors, only then can we ensure our safety.

I write under the cover of anonymity myself, but as one who has seen the ravages of power on a people I pledge to resist the coming storm.

- W.E.P.

To All in Elmerston:

A great evil will be here soon. Sabin and his master, the Wolf Lord have already sent their scouts, the astral wolves to examine us. The Wolf Lord is an extremely potent creature and should not be attacked lest you are feeling particularly foolhardy and wish to die. The best thing to do when they come is to flee and find a silver blade and your friends; there is safety in numbers. I do not know the purpose of their coming, but I cannot help but think that it is with me that a good portion of their interest lies. When they do come, beware of me... for I will most likely not be myself, and I wish not to harm any of the folk in town. I am doing my best to prepare for their coming, as you all should. I do not know what will happen, but I will do my best to keep all in the town safe from this threat.

Your Friend and Protector,  
Kaybin Stormsill

### Let Kalim Look it Up

With the Library out of commission, I have volunteered my time to travel and do what research needs to be done. I will charge only what it costs me to research and no more. I will not, however, look up things for malevolent purposes, so if you want to know how to become a vampire or properly cook babies, talk to someone else. But, until Duffy comes back to town I am one of your only resources. So ask or write me anytime.

Attention all Arcanists, Mages, Archmages, Psions, Alchemists, Sorcerors, Warlocks, Spiritualists, Mystics, Healers, Wizards, Thaumaturgists, Shamen, Ritualists, Occultists, Cosmologists, Enchanters, and anyone else whom I may have forgotten:

My name is Farrock Frosthill, and my friend is in trouble. She has been adversely affected by a ritual that was not thoroughly researched. From what I remember, it was her essence that was damaged, and she has turned away from herself. She is a Fae originally from House Midvae, but she has recently fallen in with the ilk of house Moorlaix. I ask, no, I beg of all of you to assist me in any way you can in bringing her back to the way she was. I beg of you to help me fix whatever it is that has wronged my friend. I am not a rich man, in money, but I am willing to give of myself for her. If any of your number can bring me funding, information, or especially perform such a ritual, I would sing of your praises and speak highly of you to anyone I meet. Not only that I will pay in full any debts I gain from this exchange, AND I will do whatever I can to assist any one of you in whatever you need.

I ask you, not as a friend, not as a rich man, not as a noble, but as a person; a person in need; a person who would sacrifice himself in any way necessary to help his friend. Please, I will do anything. I will be in Elmerston in the coming months should you be moved to contact me.

Thank you for your time.

-Farrock Frosthill

Heroes of Elmerston:

I know many of you fight against evil and seek to preserve the good in this world. While that is a noble and worthy cause, many of you do not see the delicate balance which must be preserved.

As the seasons change with the passing of time, we who walk the trails of Elmerston have changed also. Many of these changes have been a blessing, and have been the source of much joy for all; however, others have been most distressful and have brought much grief upon everyone.

Yet, I must say that I shall be leaving Elmerston, and intend not to return. My reasons are many, yet all I will say for now is that the need of a Spirit Hunter's skills are no longer required in this town, and that the grim nature of a Spirit Hunter seems to bring a shroud of gloom over any that are near.

As you walk the quiet trails of Elmerston and feel the fresh breeze from the lake at the golden hour of the setting sun, ask yourself this "Why is there evil, and why is there good?" I have no answer for you on this, and expect yourself not to have one either; for any man who thinks he can answer this is deeply mistaken.

As I part, I wish to end with thanks to Kalim, you are indeed grey, and that is what this troubled Magesta needs.

-Luther

### Armor for Rent

A suit of ring mail is now available for rent from the Smiths Guild. This light armor will protect its wearer from four sword blows and is the ideal solution for those who cannot afford to buy their own armor.

The cost to rent this armor is one silver per day. Normally, the armor must be returned undamaged, but the renter can pay one additional silver to return it broken. Alternatively, the renter can pay four silver and receive unlimited repairs.

All costs must be paid up front, and the renter must replace the armor if it is stolen or destroyed. Contact Rakesh for details.

### Werewolves!

With the impending arrival of more werewolves, some members of the town have expressed a desire to coat their weapons with silver. While expensive, this is the best way to ensure that your blows will wound a lycanthrope. Nearly any weapon can be coated with silver in about two days. Contact any Master Smith for details.

The Smiths Guild would like to welcome Ghorig as an Apprentice Smith.

### Riddles by Rakesh

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

- What has roots as nobody sees, and yet it is taller than trees. Up, up it goes, and yet it never grows. What is it?
- What gets bigger the more you take away from it?

*All Character Updates (skills and brownie point work only) 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.***

### 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.

## HERE YE, HERE YE!

The Messengers' Guild, the most prestigious and punctual of all Guilds, would like to recognize our newest member, **Tonerius** for his outstanding message delivering and his lovely hat.

Toner has delivered every letter given to him, by the Guild, in a timely and sober manner. He has never read a message, and even wore a dress when he was told. His latest letter delivery even freed a man that had been kidnapped by bandits!

I was there, myself. He walked into the cave without any fear, shouting the man's name. It was dark, and there was a strong odor of mildew. Before either of us could think, bandits rushed upon Toner with their blades. It was a long and ferocious battle, but Toner fought bravely. He skillfully rendered each bandit unconscious in order to save a man's life. Now, if we can only see you do that in a dress.

Through Rain, Snow, or Bandits, the Messenger's Guild will deliver.

Keep up the good work, kid!

~Meghan the Messenger

### Magestry's Best of . . . Impril 2005

Here are our picks for the best of the April 1-3 event:

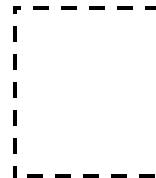
Last event's **Best PC Award** goes to both **Mark Vadney and Myk Meyer** for really stickin' it to the weather conditions. They seemed to be the only players to realize, despite the conditions, "Hey, we're on Magesta, and Magesta's not for cabin-sitting sissies!" On Saturday night, they proceeded to search every square foot of the camp for two young children (don't get scared, I'm tlking in-game), and their boots are still not dry. Nice spirit, boys! (And pretty solid balls, too.)

And an **Honorable Mention** goes to **Mark Dey**. Mike Faulk said it best to me in his report, so I'll let him do it here: "As much as I hated his dirty face off, [Rakesh] was stalwart and would not back off, despite the Sapshirian Hunters yelling at him on Sunday morning. Rakesh is a creature made of checks and balances, a being of logic. It was respectable. Still, I wanted to murder him dead . . . twice.

And, last event's **Best NPC Award** goes once more to **Johnny LeBlanc**. Your core doesn't get much harder than taking a bus to the game from Boston (and sitting next to a guy whose bigger and smellier than yourself) and then going out topless in shrinkage weather to boff with combat-starved PCs. Way to do it, Johnny!

### Rules Changes

Magestry will be experiencing some rules changes very soon. Please check the website frequently for updates.



Magestry.com  
PDabbleGames.com

## Magestry 2004 Event Schedule

**April 29 - May 1, 2005** (Chesterfield)  
**May 27 - 29, 2005** (Chesterfield)  
**June 24-26, 2005** (Schreiber Farms)  
**July 22-24, 2005** (Schreiber Farms)  
**September 2 - 4, 2005** (Chesterfield)  
**October 7 - 9, 2005** (Chesterfield)  
**October 28 - 30, 2005** (Chesterfield)

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"

\*\*There will be a \$25 charge for all returned checks.

### **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's Next Event is  
April 29—May 1, 2005  
At Chesterfield Scout Reservation in Chesterfield, MA

The cost is \$55 (\$50 if by April 22) for PCs and \$10 (Free if by April 22) for NPCs.

There will be two or three large cabins for players to sleep in and one for NPCs. Space is limited and assigned, so pre-registration is best. Camping will also 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!**

See you at the event! **Register Now!**