

## THE MAGESTIC MESSENGER

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

Gobly (July) 2005

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### “They’re Taking Hatch”

The Lowexian soldier walked steadily on with the magistrate’s lifeless body splayed across his shoulders. “They’re taking Hatch!” It was Aneurin’s voice from the far end of the field, and it was being followed swiftly by a line of wounded and charging forms.

“They love you,” the soldier whispered to the form he knew was now officially exhausted of witty retorts. “I wonder how far they will follow you.” Knowing he could not outrun them while bearing the weight of the magistrate, however diminutive, he assumed a defensive stance on the road and was promptly surrounded; he was all too familiar with this scenario.

“So,” he said. “Here we are again. Shall I move on, using your beloved Magistrate as a shield, or simply stand here until his body dissipates? Either way, you might eventually strike me down. If I don’t choose the second option, I know there is at least one among you who can resurrect him, and it only seems just that if one of Nexus’s students should die today, so should the other.” There was a murmuring of disbelief among the crowd, and someone interjected a third option: let Hatch go, and the town would let the soldier go; it seemed there were many in attendance who held Nexus in high esteem.

The Lowexian continued. “Since you have already proven yourselves murderers, I don’t trust your option, so I shall be the one to propose the third option.” There was silence. They waited. Finally, he was prompted by the town; they were restless. Just then, as if in answer, two sharp drum beats were heard from farther down the road. Following them, a squadron of blue and orange marched into view. “They are the third option. I will take your magistrate and he will live again, but he will do so in *our* custody. You have no say in this matter; diplomacy is spent. Your town struggled against two Lowexians, and now there are a full hundred on the horizon. Whether you live or die is not my concern, but, if you were my troops, I would order you to retreat. None need die today if you are wise. You cannot always fight and expect to win; I have spent enough time here to know that this is something you must all learn, and quickly.” With that, the town slowly detached and moved off. The soldier stood as two lines of orange and blue began to pass him. As they moved on, so did he. They continued down the road, northeast, pressing deeper into Irvanshire, like a wave sweeping the magistrate away...

### By Royal Proclamation

*To honor the dying wishes of Remvar CaVendros, Cord of Elmerton, the following shall be made known henceforth:*

*Avery Wiland, wanted in Point Edgar for the murder of a noble, is hereby exonerated of that crime, whether guilty or no, by King Rulian V in response to Remvar’s wish. All bounties levied against him are henceforth nullified. Remvar hopes this will help give Avery the courage necessary to find true wisdom.*

*The Elf Sylvia has been given ownership of Elmerton’s Mead Hall, taxes paid ahead three years.*

*As eldest living relative in the CaVendros line, Cord Mac’a Fay is given all rights to rule throughout Remvar’s former territory.*

*And the following message, now published and made known.*

*“My dear subjects, I wish you the best in your future endeavors as I pass on to the next adventure. My will has undoubtedly been sent to the King, and so things have proceeded as they should - for the most part. I am a believer of making wrong things right, and though I myself am not a perfect leader, I hope my example will be a beacon to those who follow. There are some petty matters I have entrusted to Sylvia, and for those who are concerned, she will be getting in contact in the coming moons. I wish you the best, and can only hope my death made a difference.”*

*-Remvar*

### ***Treachery and Kidnapping under the Banner of Lowex***

Our distant neighbor to the West has forces spread over Irvanshire. In the Shryber Farms area, two powerful Lowex soldiers dealt a particularly nasty and successful blow against some travelers. Under the cover of a Dampening Field and enlisting the help of some Saedius cultists, the Lowexians sent many citizens of Irvanshire to the ground. Finally making off with the Magistrate of Elmerton, Hatch Van Graves, slung over his shoulder.

Now, independent of the Tohmshirians they attack our citizenry. "You had your chance yesterday" was heard as if they had offered some kind of peace. It is indeed possible, but no one I spoke with knew of it. At any rate, we fight a powerful enemy for reasons we are not entirely clear about. We have heard that some of the Queen of Lowex's most ardent supporters have found her changed. There is also a deep division in some of the thinking men of Lowex. One must consider what they think of us.

Are we the victims of some smear campaign of propaganda in these foreign lands? Do we have a reputation worthy of so distant an enemy? Do we have resources which warrant our replacement by a foreign power? I have seen none of it, but I expect it can be found. What do we know of our enemies? We must struggle to find out as we attempt to turn the tides of our opposition.

Borgeh II remains the enemy that seems to have the most power. But he has brought the right elements to bear to ally against us in this most unworthy conquest.

-W.E.P.

Friends,

I grow weary of the constant raids in our town by men, women, and groups looking for something but not even being so kind as to let us know what it is. One such group in particular I find most curious. The group who refers to themselves as The Vigilant have claimed to be watching us. A couple of moons ago I noticed them in town searching for something. I regret not taking the chance then to inquire about their motives but I was busy at the time dealing with an even more important matter. If anyone should have any knowledge about The Vigilant or their motives, I would consider it a favor to be confided in. I have my own personal reasons for wishing to speak with them briefly. I realize this is not the best forum for secret information gathering, and that if the Vigilant are true to their name, they too are reading this. However, I decided to use this forum to give The Vigilant an opportunity to come

forward and make their motives known to all so that we may either aid them or at least stay out of their way.

On an unrelated note, I would like to say how honored I am to be a guard member and serve with the official guard. This partnership will only allow Jr. Town Watch members such as myself to be more useful to the town. That being said, I know I speak for the entire Jr. Town watch when I say that our mission and goals have not changed.

-Rowen

### **James Brother's Gang Disbanded!**

Visits to your local brothel or gambling den may be slightly less safe. That may be of little concern to most honest members of society, but it's almost certain that legitimate and illegitimate Irvanshirian businessmen alike have taken notice.

After years of servicing the underworld and beyond, it seems that the James Brothers' Gang has disbanded. A renowned group of mercenaries lead by two Fegorian brothers, Marco and Hector James, the James Brothers' Gang were just as likely to be found guarding the door to your local friendly Merchant of the Northern Road's shop as they were to be in some back alley, kicking half-clothed troublemakers out of *The Mongrelian's Tail*.

The death of the two brothers left the gang with no one to lead it, and it quickly fell to in-fighting and bickering before scattering themselves all over Irvanshire.

Presumably, a lucky few decided to head south and soak in the Fegorian sun of their former employers – lucky dogs!

*To the newly arrived thieves:  
Cut it out or we will cut you down*

## GILBERT'S GUIDE TO THE PLANES

HELLO, DABBLEVERSANS, AND WELCOME TO ANOTHER INSTALLMENT OF GILBERT'S GUIDE TO THE PLANES, YOUR INDISPENSABLE COMPENDIUM, CHOCK FULL OF ALL THE KNOWLEDGE HOPPERS AND EXPLORERS NEED! THIS MONTH, WE'LL BE INVESTIGATING THE REALM OF YILLIAN IN ALL ITS DRAB, SOUL-OPPRESSING GLORY! FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO LOVE ROUGHING IT, YILLIAN IS CERTAINLY A PLACE TO DO IT. THERE IS NOT A CITY TO BE FOUND THROUGHOUT THE REALM, NEITHER ARENAS, NOR REPERTORY THEATER... NOR GRAND MARKETPLACES, NOR SNACK SHACKS TO BE FOUND HERE. IF YOU ARE A FAN OF GEOLOGY... ROCKS THEY HAVE, IN ABUNDANCE. MINERALS AND ROCKS ARE VERY PLENTIFUL ON YILLIAN, ALL SORTS OF... HEAVY, DIRTY ROCKS. DID I MENTION HEAVY? THERE'S AN UNPLEASANT GRAVITY DIFFERENTIAL WHICH MAKES IT DIFFICULT TO DO ANYTHING WITHOUT HAVING A SIT-DOWN AFTERWARDS (THIS OF COURSE INCLUDES SIT-DOWNS.) SO IF YOU LIKE BARREN VISTAS, SITTING, AND ROCKS... BY ALL MEANS, COME TO YILLIAN.

THIS IS NOT TO SAY THAT THERE IS ANY SORT OF TOURISM AT ALL. THE SAVAGE DENIZENS OF THIS REALM ARE SKITTISH TO SAY THE VERY LEAST, AND THEY DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO STRANGE LOOKING VISITORS... OR NORMAL LOOKING VISITORS. UNLESS YOU'RE SHORT, EARTH-TONED, AND PRE-CIVIL, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FIND VERY MUCH OF A WARM WELCOME HERE. WELL, IT IS WARM (BY WHICH I MEAN BOILING HOT), AND IT INVOLVES YOU BEING EATEN IN ORDER TO GAIN YOUR POWER.

INCIDENTALLY, THERE IS A REASON THAT THEY CAN GET THEIR FIRES SO HOT. IN TRULY TROGLODYTIC FASHION, THEY BURN THEIR OWN ORANGE HUED FECES (WHICH I'VE NAMED YILLIAN CHIPS). IT'LL BOIL YOU ALL NIGHT LONG AND STILL BE PIPING HOT FOR MORNING TEA. THAT IS, IF THEY HAD INVENTED TEA, WHICH THEY HAVEN'T.

AND THUS ENDS MY CHRONICLE OF YILLIAN. I'D WRITE MORE, BUT UNFORTUNATELY THE BONE-CRUSHING GRAVITY HAS TWISTED MY WRISTS. I MUST GO HAVE ANOTHER SIT-DOWN (IF ANYTHING, YILLIAN HAS TAUGHT ME THE TRUE VALUE OF THOSE.) FARE THEE WELL, MY MULTITUDINOUS THROGS OF FOLLOWERS AND REMEMBER: NO AMOUNT OF SHINY TRIBUTE WILL PREVENT YILLIANS FROM TRYING TO EAT YOU. AS THE MINSTRELS OF MAGESTA ARE KNOWN TO SAY: DON'T GET CAUGHT.

## On the death of Baeric. We hardly knew ye.

Of all the low speak about my friend since his untimely snuffin' there are many who lament his passin'. Many a tear was shed into a frosty mug as tales of his exploits were retold. As much respect for him from us who've loved 'im as spite from those whom hated 'im. And for all the bellyachin' of the whining so-and-sos who benefited from his blade beside them as they shunned his bleedin' bod when he fell, may ya think hard. And to those whom he snuffed a demon in your face or two makes for a crowd, and th'other one may he rest wherever. Then about this hiring of assassins all secret like, let me tell ya, yall be takin' the blood of that fine gentleman with ya a long way. In death they heard him say that his greatest regret was "gettin' cot" and his finest moment was the first snuffin' I mentioned. I'd be inclin'd to agree. Baeric, huzzah to you, and may you dingle in the bastards drinkin' water not done it and who paid it 'til long 'fter yer kidneys rot. - L

## A Few Pleas

Hello everyone. Your friend Farrock here, Spiritualist, Alchemist and many other titles that don't come to mind as quickly. I come again to ask for your help in the matter with Morlax and Myddvai. Anyone who finds a Morlax fae, please bring him or her to me, as I have questions that must be addressed. In case you are curious, yes this is in concern of my friend Bubbles. I also ask that my questioning not be witnessed by townsfolk as it may contain private information I'd prefer not known to others.

I am still in need of any and all information that can be of any assistance I still have not completed my research or my ritual, or the ritual itself, so any help will be as rewarded as I can manage.

*The Smiths Guild would like to recognize Ghorig Liesh for his advancement to the Journeyman level in Smithing. The Smiths Guild also welcomes Jinx as a new member at the Journeyman level.*

## The Saedius Puzzle

### Is this the end, or a new beginning?

Visitors to the Shryber Farm area in late Ogrune happened upon a critical event in the History of Magesta. Within hours of their encampment, they were greeted by cultist worshippers of Saedius. The greeting involved a full-on assault. As the hairy beast men attacked, they would groan out the refrain "Sleeping Lord". Despite many valiant efforts to communicate, the beasts could not or did not indicate any intention or confirm any question put to them. They seemed essentially mindless and their greeting put many off regarding "The Sleeping Lord."

That very evening, citizens were nearly bowled over by three brash Lords of the Elements who claimed to have stabilized the shrine. The next morning there was an attack by the three elemental forms they lord over. There was much justifiable suspicion when the three deigned to approach the visitors in hopes that an alliance could be formed. During this meeting it became clear that the three were more interested in power for themselves than the betterment of Magesta. A thin peace was held between them in the form of a warding against any of them harming any other. They were seeking assistance to harm the fourth, (of Earth) whom they themselves were warded against harming. Little wonder they travel together so closely, they would be wary that any one of them would strike this bargain against one of themselves. One might imagine that they seek to reshape the world and cast themselves as masters.

Late that evening another worshipper of Saedius was met. This was the powerful Maximilian. He greeted many and tempted some with powerful spells, which he bestowed with an unfamiliar calm. He also spoke of the Sleeping Lord in familiar terms as he explained why he was a follower. "There is no good or evil... Just essence." He explained that the essence of Magesta is strong and that is why it is being used to strengthen the other planes. At the same time, the balance of Magesta's essence has been upset by Durius (the lord of Earth ) and the other Elementals. He also spoke of another type of worshipper of Saedius who would want to control it for their purposes.

Who was this Sleeping Lord? Ancient writings scattered throughout Magesta have been deciphered to indicate the coming of a great power should be expected. "He was here before the world was old." And "He will come to save these foolish knaves." It indicated that he has risen before and has done so many times. In this equation maybe we are the foolish knaves and maybe we will just be swept away as those are saved. It leaves us with a thought; if he comes, maybe it will be the end... and the beginning.

-The Inquisitor

### Court Minutes as scribed by Farrock Frosthill

<p><b>Ogrune 24</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Sleeping Lord cultists went to the shrine and attacked townsfolk and newcomers.</li> <li>• Elemental Speakers came to stabilize the area of the Saedius runes with Lyntessa's help, at the request of Farmer Shryber.</li> <li>• A woman named Sophie was looking for her husband Malcolm. He is described as tall, with short dark hair. A fox mongrelian disappeared into the forest with him earlier that day. He was last seen wearing plaid shirt.</li> <li>• Scarecrows attacked, looking for Haku. They seemed to have a new tactic of being still and being invulnerable while still.</li> <li>• Earth Elementals attack.</li> <li>• 3 dream creatures arrive. One performs a ritual to strengthen the Dream Portals within townsfolk to help the Dream Lord.</li> </ul>	<p><b>Ogrune 25</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Ally reports a kris bladed dagger as missing.</li> <li>• Swiftus Steven delivered a message to Rakesh. The messenger was drunk on duty and attempted to read at least one message.</li> <li>• Kalim taught a baby hill troll at least 5 letters in an attempt to teach him to read. Kalim's leg was crippled during the lesson.</li> <li>• Ghorig reported his bracers were missing.</li> <li>• During court, a gypsy arrived, murdering one of two other gypsies watching court. Lucian J eliminated the murderer and the victim was saved.</li> </ul>
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## Lyntessa Stormsill Pronounced Goddess of Mountain-ness Journeys

"The last test was fun to watch." Galynn said, as we all agreed to follow Lyntessa on her next test, for whatever it was she was training to become. We followed her and her two friends, one of which was a shadow, to the edge of our encampment. We started a long toe-stubbing trek through prickles, rocks, tall grass, and a few puddles. The first walk took one half of one hour on flat land up to the exit of the farm. A battle ensued between us and shadows. After defeating them, our shadow told Lyntessa to follow him, so follow him was what we did. We went straight across the traveler's road and into the uncharted pathless deep woods. It was not a big problem until we went straight up, literally, and began climbing and grasping the trees because if we took a step back or fell where we were, we would have fallen down a 20-40 foot drop off into rocks and darkness. We climbed up that dangerous mountain and down it and up it again. Over and over until finally we reached our painful destination. We arrived at the waterfall, where Lyntessa crawled down a large hole in the ground. When she came back it seemed as if nothing had changed, so we headed back to the farm. By the time we arrived back, the sun was on the horizon and our legs and feet were injured badly from the vertical climb as well as our vision being blurred from lack of sleep. From that day forward Lyntessa shall earn a reward for that horrible climb, she is now in my book a goddess of mountain-ness journeys. All should treat her as an incarnation and even greater than one; she at least earned that much.

Signed,

Fingon Telperien,

Shadow Dancing Captain of the Elrohir Hr-feiniel,  
DEM (Guarding you While you Sleep)

### **To the valiant warriors of Elmerton:**

I regret to write these words, but I have no choice. I am afraid that despite my desires, I must journey back to my monastery. The time I have spent with you all have been some of the greatest days of my life. All I have ever looked for was a place that understood the merits of common good, and you all have delivered in spades. From Rakesh's iron conviction in his duties to Kalim's constant smile; from your fearless protection of whom you love to your forgiveness and stewardship of Kraven, Kaybin, and Lucian's curses; you all are an example of the goodness that lies within everyone.

I also must again send my condolences upon the loss of Lord Renwar. If you ever journey to the Monastery of the Rose's Wisdom, you shall be welcomed as a hero.

May the sun forever shine upon your path, and your courage be unwavering.

-Renard.

### *~ Citizens Take Note ~*

It is with great pride that I am able to welcome Farroek Frosthill into the prestigious ranks of the Court Magestie. On Ogrung the twenty-fifth, he adeptly handled the admittance trials and proved his extreme degree of competence in the magical arts. His formal acceptance will occur with this next passing of the moon.

Furthermore, it is my pleasure to announce that the knowledgeable Abigail Bellview Roman has achieved the additional duties and status of Proetor of Concori Magesti. Congratulations, Proetor Roman.

*-the esteemed  
Goremir Verendtas*

*Dear Citizens of Elmerton and Irvanshire;  
I must leave your company once again. I was so pleasantly surprised to meet many of you on my travels south, now I must to further parts and will not be back for some time. I will look forward to seeing you in late summer. Be well, and may the luck of Jar Garreth be with you all.*

*Sincerely,  
Tegwald Dunham*

## Armor for Rent

A vest of ring mail is available for rent from the Smiths Guild. This light armor will protect its wearer from four solid blows and is a good 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 for the length of the rental.

In addition, a shirt of chain mail is also available for rent. This heavy armor will protect its wearer from six solid blows and, with proper training, can be worn with the ring mail vest for added protection.

The cost to rent the chain mail shirt is two silver per day, and the renter can pay two additional silver to return it broken or six additional silver for unlimited repairs.

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

## 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.

## Riddles by Rakesh

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

What has black spots and a white face, is fat not thin, and helps you to win, but tumbles all over the place?

What has feet and legs and nothing else?

## RULES CHANGES

We are currently updating the rules and version 1.3 of the *Magistry Player's Rulebook* will soon be available. For now, the changes are available for download, as well as the most recent version of the rulebook, at [Magistry.com](http://Magistry.com).

## Armor Armored, Jewelry Jeweled, and Engines Engineered!

Need a shield made? A sword repaired? Perhaps you wish to see what can be done about a machine to make your life easier! Maybe you want to buy a pretty thing for your special pretty thing! If any or all of these apply, come speak to Jynx. Prices are reasonable and determined by project. See the wonders of clockwork assembled before your eyes, and own a piece of the future!

Those pesky dampeners getting through your magical locks? Need to store some items in a locked box? Maybe you need some manacles to keep people for questioning, or need a key for the old ones you have. Well, come and see me. I am taking orders for mechanical locks, from the most simple (there is no such thing as cheap in my inventory) to the most complex (there is also no such thing as expensive). They range from 7 silver to 4 gold, everything else will be negotiable. All my locks are made of heavy Iron to keep those irksome Red Caps away. Also, I am looking into the creation of permanent magical locks and methods for building traps into my locks. Price, again, will be negotiable.

-Ri Trapspringer

*All Character Updates (skills and brownie point work only) should be sent to*

***MagistryUpdate@yahoo.com.***

*All Newsletter Submissions should be sent to*

***MagesticMessenger@yahoo.com.***

*All Magistry questions (including Gather Informations) should be sent to* ***MagistryQuestion@gmail.com.***

*All plot summaries and character histories should be sent to* ***PDabbleGames@aol.com.***

**Magistry's Best of . . . Ogrune 2005**

Here are our picks for the best of the June 24-26 event:

Last event's **Best PC Award** goes to **Amy Maruhnich** for hanging tough as Lyntessa without the protection of her burly, furry husband. Amy was in-game and ready to play! Among other things, she tugged it for over a mile over steep and rocky slopes and still arrived at the module destination in top role-playing form. Way to be a hard ass, Amy!

An **Honorable Mention** goes to **Jarad Demick** for pulling all the right plot strings to keep things moving in a forward direction. It's really refreshing to be able to execute very intricate plot that plays off of previous plot and have the PCs pick it up seamlessly; it really makes it worth it for us to write it. Thank you, Mr. Hatch van Graves.

And, last event's **Best NPC Award** goes to, despite our gut reactions, **Brandon "Pumpkin" Walton**. Instead of single-handedly ruining the game like he normally does, Pumpkin kept moving and throwing on masks all weekend, even when the sun was burning its brightest. Pumpkin made sure everyone had something to do, whether they were the PCs he was hitting or the staff he was being berated by. Good job Pumpkin; for once, you didn't screw everything up.

**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.

