

PDABBLE GAMES

PRESENTS

THE MAGESTIC MESSENGER

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

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Lowexian and Tohmshirian Citizenry - United in Confusion

In recent months, aggression has mounted as Lowex, Tohmshirian and even DOD soldiers have united against Irvanshire. In our efforts to protect our borders and homes, we have forgotten the people who send aid and support this war. We know of the motives of the Tohmshirian "Emperor Borgeh II", after starting a war with the Mahaad for Magestice. He sent his own people to their deaths for a few rocks while casting his eyes on all who did not join him. He is a megalomaniac who holds a tremendous grudge. It seems clear to us that he is insane but his people rush to their deaths for his mad causes, and now he has developed allies. It is clear we do not understand our enemy.

In an effort to learn more of the common people's understanding, we have been monitoring their propaganda and media. Also, we have special envoys distributed amongst their populations to learn what is being said. In general, the news is bad for us. While there are many who disagree with the war, more are convinced by the rhetoric of a clever leadership. This is due to the ability to control all the dialogue, almost anything that goes wrong in Tohmshire is the result of some action by the Irvanshirians. Our neighbors to the West are saying everything from "I've heard Irvanshirians Kidnap and eat our babies." To "Irvanshire's King Rulian employs necromancers who are developing strange magics which will be used against us.", or "If we don't take the fight to them they'd be fighting us here in the streets."

Our more distant neighbors to the West have joined in the fight, but meanwhile the typical Lowexian is only dimly aware of the war in Irvanshire. While many seem concerned for their Queen some are more fearful of Borgeh, and what he might do if they do not support his efforts. They read him as a dangerous man, which indeed he is. Of Irvanshire though, most thought they were uncivilized and at the very least under corrupt governance. "They'll be better off without that King, I heard he used some kind of magic against a whole people and wiped em out."

As a population supporting a distant war, they are common. What knowledge do we have of our King and our motives. We do not know of any reason to doubt him. Every citizen of Irvanshire who holds to his sword is doing so out of protection of his home. Most have seen the horrors of a battlefield strewn with Irvanshirian dead. They fight in our villages and call their war just. We fight for our survival and seek not to war. They have brought it to us. They lie against us. We must use what we have to win against a powerful foe. Do not fear that when you slay them that they do not understand us, let them learn of their folly in the afterlife.

W.E.P.

Shryber Farms Under 48-hour lockdown!

Shryber farms civilians taken over by the Thomshirians and Lowexians. A few hours past midnight the beating of war-drums could be heard coming from the upper road. I was perched soundly asleep up in a tree when the drum became louder. In my amazement I saw an army marching down towards the towns encampment. They entered the small field where the crazy witch doctors have their white rock maze, when out of nowhere they were greeted by a dark elf. They quickly ordered him to gather everyone at the tavern, he agreed no questions asked and disappeared. After the tavern meeting it was declared that Thomshire has taken control of Shryber Farms. Laws were announced and the town members built the Thomshirians encampment! The Thomshirians then led patrols to enforce weapon peace ties and protect the town. In the cover of night I snuck out and interviewed the first citizen I saw. Frighteningly enough, it was the dark elf from earlier. Here is the conversation I wrote down:

So, what happened here my lord? *Because of the war, the tides have changed. Thomshire has taken control of these lands and instituted their government and laws upon us.*

How does that make you feel sir? *Pardon me? I said, how does it make you feel to be taken over by the Thomshirians? I have no feelings on the matter. Sure you don't sir...do you think there will be resistance against them? Of course, it is clear that these surface dwellers will revolt against something this great. What do you mean by "this great?" Well, as far as I can see they have restored order to this town, they have soldiers that protect us from wandering monsters and laws. They will revolt because they are to blind to see the good these soldiers are doing for them and that is, inadequate. This community needs strong leaders and a proficient government and law system.*

After talking to the seemingly cold-hearted dark elf, he told me to peace tie my weapon at the tavern or he would report me to authorities or make sure I couldn't use my arms ever again. Well I also interviewed the town after the rebellion and you will be most eager to hear what they had to say! Find out next moon, never a dull read from

-Tzi- Reporter,
Kaylek Alugonti

Put Down Your Glass For A Second

It's been days since routing the Tohmshireans, and you can hear the shouts and celebrations still. Truly, I've never seen a town (if you can call this place a town) so pleased with itself.

But before you fill *another* glass with drakian firebrew and, under the pretense of "victory celebrations", try to take home that faemin who keeps turning you down and even set you on that fire once, I feel like I should remind everyone of something that seems to have slipped their minds:

THE MAGISTRATE IS STILL A PRISONER.

Yes, Tohmshire is gone. That's great. Good for us. But, the war wages on, and Hatch van Graves is still in some dirty Lowexian encampment, giving an interrogator a face full of smarm.

Is anyone trying to get him back? Does anyone even care? One of Irvanshire's sons is still missing, and countless others are never coming back. So next time you want to cheer your wonderful victory, maybe you should hold off, and drink in silence just this once. Or better yet, instead of throwing a party, why don't you get together and formulate a plan?

- Declan Tekanis

The Thomshirians were on the run. My group had temporarily split from the main force of rangers led by K'Tar. We had meant to head off a small contingent of reinforcements as they made their way through the surrounding woods, forcing them between a lake and our two groups.

We positioned ourselves in the foliage and the tree tops, disappearing almost completely, and we waited. The others were pushing them towards us, and we would rain arrows and magic upon them as they approached.

We waited for a while, but soon heard yelling and fighting just beyond our position. The Thomshirians had turned and decided to fight K'Tar's group! As one, we rushed from our positions and ran to meet the other group under less than ideal battle conditions.

Just then, half a dozen Thomshirians fled past us, barely noticing we were there, more concerned with what may be following them than what lay ahead. Obviously, they had been routed! We cheered and pressed on. When we finally arrived, however, each and everyone of us stopped dead in our tracks.

In a small clearing, a man was standing tall and proud, dressed in greens and browns. At first, I mistook him for one of our number. He held an ornately carved staff under one arm and was bleeding profusely from the other. There were soldiers all around him, but very few appeared dead or even injured. The luckiest of them seemed to simply be unconscious, shaking in the sleep. The rest were curled into balls, babbling to themselves or fighting amongst each other, going at it with their bare hands.

He had a genuinely pleased, if slightly annoyed, look on his face. He gave me a once over and approached me. I swallowed hard; was he a friend of Irvanshire or simply an extremely powerful lunatic?

My voice faltered. "Wha... what happened here?"

He spit his words out as he cleaned off his dagger. "What happened - is between me and a few dozen thoroughly insane men." He pushed me out of his way. "You would do well to stay out of it."

We stood there in disbelief for a little while, deciding whether to pursue the man or not. Ultimately, we let him go, and began the arduous task of rounding up a bunch of uncooperative Thomshirians, while waiting for the others to arrive.

- Elland Darkrain

Irvanshirians Defeat Invaders at Shryber's Farm

From a gloomy occupation a light of encouragement shines bright

Shryber's Farm, on the western reaches, was overrun by Thomshirian soldiers last moon. An impressive parade of hardened warriors demonstrated the discipline of this enemy; it was only the characteristic Irvanshirian fortitude which prevented its spirits from being crushed. The Irvanshire victory they won may turn the tide of this war.

From the start the cruelty of the Thomshirians was evident. Irvanshirians were subject to registration in their own lands and those who did not register were hunted. For those fine free spirits it was certainly chaffing. The word spread of the occupation; soon others from neighboring areas were set to join in the fight. Assistance from them was overwhelming. In the meantime, the citizens developed their strategy. Word of mouth will spread their brilliant tactics.

As the occupation progressed the strain of managing a population became evident on the Thomshirians. It had been easy to kill women and children or to use their lives against their protectors to win the first battle. But unless they are willing to kill every able bodied person they will always have to manage the consequences of internment of a population. May they always be answered with resistance and insurgency.

When the people had finally determined that they had been oppressed enough, sword and shield were prepared. Villagers and soldiers from the surrounding area joined at Shryber's Farm and the battle to free the sacred soil of Irvanshire began. Employing remarkable techniques the Irvanshirians routed the enemy until most were lying dead in the field and the rest were captured for their ransom.

At one time, the thought of the war filled all with dread, now we have a hope. Thomshire may be able to marshal their forces for a success here and there, but their victories will be short lived. Where we can, we will fight to win; where we can't, we will escape and prepare; and if we are captured, we will suffer that indignity but continue to be a thorn in their side. In the end we shall rise and defeat our captors.

We may expect the brutality of our enemy to intensify in response to this, but now we know it is the dishonor of an unfair enemy in an unworthy cause. Take heart, citizens of Irvanshire, in their dash to conquest they may have forgotten the price of war. Perhaps a lesson for Borgeh, you attacked a peaceful neighbor but have stirred a hornet's nest. Many doubt he is one to learn.

- N

Banners fluttered proudly in the wind as one thousand of Loft Cratvian's finest marched south to break the Tohmshirian occupation of the Go-Betweens. Though we were outnumbered, spirits were high even as our commanders ordered a forced march through Saturday night.

The Tohmshirian forces were spread too thin, and the ground strongly in favor of our cavalry, or so we were told. We would strike far sooner than might be expected--a full day earlier by many accounts, and catch them unawares. One quick strike, a thunderous charge across the western banks of the river, and the unprepared Tohmshirian forces would have been scattered to the four winds. Discipline before numbers, isn't that always the case?

Before we had even begun to form ranks, they were on us--all of lowex, it seemed, pouring out of the forests that lined the field fast becoming our graves. The man beside me seemed to realize that before I did, and he shat himself before his head was removed.

For what seemed like hours, but was likely only a few short minutes, all I knew was the smell of blood, the clang of steel, and the screams of men and horses alike. Though I bled many a man that day, every cut and thrust of my sword was punctuated by one question: How did they know? How COULD they know?

I saw three of my cousins get cut down before my eyes, and Death horded their spirits jealously, and then I knew that we were finished before we'd even begun. I paused in my battle to watch the woman who had been my teacher, my hero, my idol--Catlyn Snow. Her blade was like lightning and a song as she slew. I looked across the carnage, across the teeming mass of blue and orange, and saw April staring too--we had trained together under that might swordswoman.

It was as though Catlyn could feel our eyes on her. She met our gazes defiantly, authoritatively. Her order to flee was a dull thumping in my ears, but before I could even think, my terrified legs were moving under their own power and we were torn apart by the press of battle. The last things I saw before my panic took me were Catlyn Snow and Leklone'sis defending a wall of lowexian corpses...

IMPRISONED BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

IN THE LAST FEW MONTHS MANY MAY HAVE NOT THOUGHT OF THE LIBRARIAN AND HIS UNFORTUNATE FATE. MANY REMEMBER THAT IN ADDITION TO HIS JUST IMPRISONMENT HIS MIND WAS ILLEGALLY DESTROYED. MOMENTS AFTER HE WAS INCARCERATED A MASTER WIZARD CREPT INTO HIS CELL AND DESTROYED HIS MIND. THIS WAS NOT SIMPLY FOR HIS SIGNIFICANT CRIME OF BOTTLING THE MAGISTRATE, HATCH VAN GRAVES. COULD IT BE JUST A MATTER OF VENGEANCE AT THE HEIGHT OF VULNERABILITY, OR IS SOMETHING HIDDEN IN THE MIND OF THE LIBRARIAN WHICH NEEDED BURYING?

WHAT LEADS US TO DOUBT? IS IT THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF HIS PUNISHMENT BEING SO ARBITRARY AND SEEMINGLY UNJUST, OR THE STRANGE RESPONSES OF HATCH REGARDING THE TRIAL AND HIS DISAPPEARANCE AFTERWARDS. DESPITE ANY JUSTIFICATION THAT CAN BE CONJURED WE ARE LEFT WITH TWO THINGS: THE DROOLING BODY OF A PRISONER AND A DEEPER PUZZLE.

WHAT DO WE KNOW OF THE POWERS WHO ARRANGED FOR HATCH'S BOTTLING? WHAT DO WE KNOW OF THE FRIGHTENING FORCE THAT CAN DESTROY A MAN'S MIND SO COMPLETELY? I FEAR THAT TO LET THIS STAND WOULD BE TO LET THESE POWERS RULE WITH THEIR UNCHECKED MIGHT AS THEY ASSERT THAT WE ARE JUST THEIR LOWLY PAWNS.

MANY HAVE TRAVELED SINCE THOSE EVENTS TRANSPIRED, WHEN I RETURN TO THE TOWN OF ELMERTON I WILL CONSIDER HIS FATE AS A WARNING TO ALL. BEWARE OF YOUR ROLE AS A TOOL FOR THOSE WHO WOULD DO SUCH THINGS.

-THE INQUISITOR

~ Atrocities of War ~

Regretfully we must inform the land of Irvanshire that the tower of Concori Magesti will be inaccessible while the assessment of internal damage from the Tohmshirian assault continues.

Our deepest sympathies are extended to the families and loved ones of the many skilled practitioners of the art who fell at the hands of the forces of Tohmshire's Warmage.

All future invaders would do wise to learn from Tohmshire's example.

There are forces beyond your control and comprehension that exist here. Our allies are numerous and powerful. Whatever interested Tohmshire understood is and was irrelevant to us.

Stay away or meet the same fate. This is your formal warning. You will not receive another.

Sincerely,

Ohryn Nyrø
Arđwyl Serragill
Eayris Lorkhayl
Lintessa Stormsill

A Declaration from your local Kaal' Tao:

I have only recently joined your community, but I already foresee what direction we are heading in, and it looks grim...

Every war claims its toll; almost always it's taken in lives. And the first to die are always the disorganized. Those of us who consider ourselves warriors need to train to work together with efficiency, not with brute strength or solo finesse. Only as one can we hope to survive when

Tohmshire's powerful ally, Lowex, comes to repay the damages.

I look forward to standing beside you, with the bones of our foes beneath our feet.

Prince Niddogg Jiin' Rah

Dear friends of Renuar,

As I am now owner of the inn and mead hall, I would like to invite any friends of Lord Renuar to come to Elmerston to join in the festivities of the Harvest Festival and the Gypsy Festival. Each one of us has suffered immensely by the loss of such a great ruler, but I know he would have wanted us to do our best to be cheerful and enjoy the festivals, as we did in the past. There is a great deal of mead and jollity to be had.

The inn will be open with no charge to those that I know helped Renuar through desperate times. The festivals should prove to shed some light-heartedness on these dark days. I long to see your smiling faces again.

May your journeys be safe and serene, my friends.

Sincerely,
Sylvia

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.

To Elmerton:

When I finish my work I shall return.

There are debts to pay and scores to settle.

My people will never understand. Show them no mercy.

-R.N.

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

DREAM WEAVER WANTED!

I AM IN NEED OF A DREAM WEAVER. IF YOU ARE INTERESTED I WILL BE ONE OF THE REVELERS AT THE MEAD HALL OVER SEVERAL OF THE NIGHTS UP TO MONTHS END. MY NAME BEGINS WITH A CONSONANT BUT IS NOT AN S, AND A WEAVER MUST HAVE VISITED BEFORE, IT MAY HAVE BEEN YOU. THAT SHOULD NARROW ME DOWN.

-E.

Riddles by Rakesh

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

The sun bakes them, the hand breaks them, the foot treads on them, and the mouth tastes them. What are they?

My voice is tender, my waist is slender and I'm often invited to play. Yet wherever I go I must take my bow or else I have nothing to say. What am I?

GYPHY FESTIVAL COMES TO ELMERTON

CITIZENS OF ELMERTON, IT IS WITH GREAT PRIDE AND GREATEST PLEASURE THAT I ANNOUNCE TO YOU THE COMING OF THE GYPHY FESTIVAL TO YOUR FAIR TOWN. IT WILL BE A MAGNIFICENT CELEBRATION OF THE SEASON OF THE HARVEST AS WELL AS A CELEBRATION OF YOUR WONDROUS DEFEAT OF THE TOHMSHIRIAN FORCES AT SHRYBER'S FARM! (HUZZAH!) ON SATURDAY, THE 3RD OF ELFTEMBER, THE GREATER GYPHY FAMILIES OF ASZURON WILL GATHER IN ELMERTON FOR FEASTING, DRINKING, AND OTHER FORMS OF MERRYMAKING. WE INVITE YOU ALL TO PARTAKE IN OUR FESTIVAL AND TO BECOME, IF ONLY FOR AN EVENING, HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE GYPHY FAMILIES.

IT WOULD BE OUR PLEASURE TO PREPARE THE FESTIVAL FEAST, AND WE WOULD BE HONORED IF EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU WOULD ATTEND. WE ASK ONLY THAT YOU BRING TO THE FEAST AN OFFERING TO SHARE WITH YOUR FRIENDS AND HONORARY FAMILY, AND A SMALL GIFT TO ESTEEM YOUR "BROTHERS AND SISTERS."

WE ARE EAGERLY ANTICIPATING THIS MOMENTOUS EVENT AND ARE HOPING TO SEE YOU ALL THERE.

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 Magestry questions (including Gather Informations) should be sent to

MagestryQuestion@gmail.com.

All plot summaries and character histories should be sent to

PDabbleGames@aol.com.

Magestry's Best of . . . Gobly 2005

Here are our picks for the best of the July 22-24 event:

The month's **Best PC Award** goes to **Melanie Ashman** for staying in perfect character as Suki and role-playing very realistic fear where many others failed to do so during Tohmshire's takeover. In addition to great role-playing, Melanie was, as always, very helpful during set-up and take-down. She fit the very description of the staff's favorite kind of PC. Way to be it, Melanie!

This month's **Honorable Mention** goes to a player whom we have come to expect good things from and so, perhaps unfairly, must truly impress us to be able to earn this award. **Mark Vadney** was at his very best this weekend as Haku Steelwind; we mean, the very top. Whenever we saw him he was in-game and role-playing very well. He led the town and the PC resistance against the Tohmshirians in the only way he could have: through lots of hard in-game work. Though it's been a while since he was awarded the Best PC award, his performance only continues to improve. We look forward to future[man] Haku!

And, last event's **Best NPC Award** goes to **Graham Sternberg**, who worked a good long month to prepare the weekend's plot (with able help from, we must also mention and thank, Jarad Demick, Phil Krzeminski, Dave Tanguay, Jeff Mitchell, Whitney Sternberg, and Chuck Corley) and then ran plot central with an iron fist and comparable set of balls to make sure everything went off smoothly. Everyone mentioned in this paragraph was very helpful and allowed us staff members to have a relatively relaxing month and game, but Graham was top dog in relieving our stress, and for that he gets our many thanks and this month's Best NPC Award. Don't spend it all in one place, Graham.

RULES CHANGES

We are currently updating the rules and version 1.3 of the *Magestry 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 Magestry.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.

NOTICE:

Too Much Trash was left at the end of last game for the staff to take home. We asked very nicely, as we always do (to no avail), for everyone to bring his or her own garbage home in his or her own vehicle, but at the end of the game we were stuck with six (6) FULL garbage bags of PC trash. Yes, we know it was yours; in fact, we can pinpoint exactly who almost each piece belonged to. We DO NOT have dumpster access at any camp that we play at, so that means all of the trash you leave needs to be stuffed into Paul's truck, which is already full of props, costumes, and kitchen trash. As we get more players, this situation gets worse, but we can't tolerate it anymore.

From now on, **Magistry will charge \$25 to any player (or NPC) who leaves personal trash** for the staff to worry about. The only way we can justify cleaning up after you is to get paid for it. Sorry it has to be this way, but for 23 games we've asked nicely...

