

THE **MAGESTIC MESSENGER**

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

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**Elemental War Freezes in its Tracks!**

The war between the elements, which has been raging since the beginning of time, manifested itself in Magesta a relatively short time ago. After what seemed like ages of fighting and destruction, the war has finally come to its shocking conclusion. Our readers might remember the hundreds of elemental gateways that were erected all over the world that helped to prolong and preserve the war efforts. These gateways changed the very structure of nature around them and caused anyone who went near them to change in behavior and even in thought. To quote one of our own reporters, Finnegan Longwinter: "...wherever the gateways show up, they seem to alter the entire area around them. Forests have inexplicably caught fire, lakes and rivers have flooded, earthquakes have collapsed houses, acid flows have ruined crops, and hurricanes have blown down many structures."

However, there is good news. All over Aszuron, groups of townsfolk, and the Portal Authority in conjunction with a group of beings that call themselves "Elemental Walkers" have been successful in rending and thusly, shutting down many of these portals. It was the small town of Elmerton that first gave the world the solution to ending this dirty war. With a presence of mind and a nobility of spirit that is rarely seen in the world today, those same citizens shared the information they had gleaned with the rest of the world. The *Magestic Messenger* interviewed one eyewitness to the first rending in Elmerton:

"Well, like any war, it's sometimes necessary to stoke the fires before you can smother the flames. That's what had to happen here as well. The Elemental Walkers gathered the entire town around the portal and told them to be ready to fight for their lives once the portal was broken. They were told that they would have to fight elementals as well as the Walkers themselves in order to destroy the gateway completely. A hush fell over the town as the Walkers positioned themselves around the portal, lining themselves up with their own element and directly across from their opposing element. Starting with Earth and ending with Fire, the Walkers shattered their respective poles and tore them from the ground. When the last pole was displaced, waves of elementals poured from the place where the gateway had stood. The brave townsfolk of Elmerton fought valiantly against the elementals and the Walkers. It was a brutal fight, and long, but the townfolk eventually won out."

After the fighting dissolved, it was clear what had to be done. They shared what information they could with the local authorities and hoped that other towns would be able to successfully shut down the other gateways around the world.

It seems as though these battles have had even more far-reaching effects. The elemental plane of Earth, once thought to be on the verge of melding with Magesta, seems to have been pushed back far enough from our own plane to be worrisome no longer. The *Magestic Messenger* tried to find an explanation of this extraordinary phenomenon from top officials at Concori Magesti, however, they offered no comment.

In any case, it seems that the winds have changed and the tides have turned in this battle of the elements. The war is over, for now. Breathe easy, readers.

To All in Elmerton:

By now you are aware that the being known as the Incarnation of Devastation has made it his purpose to remove many other incarnations from their positions and supplant them with his own twisted hand-picked replacements. You would also certainly be safe in assuming that he and Vorkarian, the Incarnation of Death, have never gotten along. For some months, Devastation has intended to destroy Death along with all of his agents. To replace Vorkarian, he's chosen the dreaded Wolf Lord.

This came to my realization in the autumn of last year when an attempt was made on my existence by a pack of werewolves sent by the Wolf Lord himself. He had imbued his fiends with the unnatural ability that allowed them to harm my intangible form. You of Elmerton helped me then, and I ask for your able assistance once more.

I am glad to report no immediate threat in this situation; in fact, Devastation will continue to find it difficult to get the better of Vorkarian for quite some time; however, Death's Realm has been invaded and is now under the Wolf Lord's control. This simply means that Vorkarian and we agents of Vorkarian must find alternative spaces in which to create temporary realms so that we may continue to categorize Magesta's spirits as normal.

For my sub-realm, I have chosen a place within my home in the Spirit Realm. To properly configure this place so that it is able to accept the spirits of Magestans, I require the presence of living inhabitants of this world. That is where you come in.

You need not worry, for though much of the Spirit Realm is within the Wolf Lord's control, my home is far within the boundary of the dominion of Syrtarius, our friend and rightful Keeper of the Spirit Realm. When he separated the Spirit Realm from its overlap with your town before this long winter began, you of Elmerton promised to help him regain control of the entire Realm in whatever way you could. Consider this errand a great help to him as well as to yourselves, for if it is not done properly, the Wolf Lord will certainly sit in Vorkarian's seat, and you will soon find yourselves before *him*. Every spirit he sees, will make him more powerful, willingly or unwillingly.

With your help, we can create a haven for at least the spirits of your town. There is already one among you who gives the Wolf Lord great strength; we can spare no more.

I will appear at the Wining Spirit Tavern in Elmerton before the moon is new. This time, however, *I* will follow the wolves there.

~Wurmgu! Newlmire

## GILBERT'S GUIDE TO THE PLANES

OUR BELOVED TRAVELER SCHOLAR GILBERT HAS BEEN UNABLE TO KEEP UP WITH HIS COLUMN WRITING DUTIES FOR THE MESSENGER, AND SO WE BRING YOU A SAMPLING FROM THE BEST OF GILBERT'S GUIDE TO THE PLANES!

GREETINGS TO ALL, BE YOU HOPPER OR FETTERED TO THE BOUNDARIES OF YOUR RESPECTIVE PLANE — IT IS I, GILBERT, HERE TO DELIVER YET ANOTHER INSTALLMENT IN EVERYONE'S FAVORITE TRAVEL JOURNAL: GILBERT'S GUIDE TO THE PLANES! THIS CYCLE, I SHALL BE FOCUSING ON AN EXCEPTIONALLY MYSTERIOUS REALM HERE IN THE DABBLEVERSE. I STUMBLED UPON IT QUITE BY ACCIDENT, AND WHILE IT IS NOT UNIQUE, IT IS NOTABLE ENOUGH FOR ME TO PRATTLE ON ABOUT IT UNTIL I MEET MY 'PAID BY THE LETTER' QUOTA.

I WAS TRAVELING TO KARKELLUS, A TEMPERATE PLANE FULL OF SMALL ABORIGINAL TRIPEDS, WHEN I WAS CAPTURED BY A HYPERDIMENSIONAL CURRENT. USUALLY I AM ABLE TO ACCOUNT FOR SUCH DISTURBANCES AND CAN ADJUST MY COURSE ACCORDINGLY, BUT THIS PARTICULAR DISTURBANCE WAS AS YET UNRECORDED AND SO I WAS PULLED AWAY FROM MY INTENDED DESTINATION.

I ARRIVED INSTEAD ON A VAST PLAIN, ORANGE GRASS WAVING IN A HOT BREEZE. I KNEW AT ONCE I HAD NOT MADE IT TO WHERE I INTENDED BECAUSE A BINARY SUN HUNG IN THE HEAVENS, AND THE LIGHT SPILLING UPON THE LAND BEGAN TO DRY MY FLIPPERS. DESPITE MY PHYSICAL DISCOMFORT, AS AN INTERDIMENSIONAL EXPLORER I FELT OBLIGATED TO HAVE AT LEAST A CURSORY POKE AROUND TO SEE WHAT I COULD SEE. IN THE DISTANCE I SPIED SEVERAL BLACK MOUNDS, TINY LIKE PEBBLES AGAINST THE BRUTALLY HORIZONTAL HORIZON. HAVING SPENT MY POWER FOR THE DAY, I WALKED INSTEAD OF HOPPING.

AFTER AN HOUR OF TRAVEL I BEGAN TO REALIZE THE IMMENSITY OF THE OBJECTS THAT LAY AHEAD OF ME. ONLY ONE GREW TO MEET ME AS I WALKED, AND THAT ONE ONLY BY A FRACTION. THE OTHER CURIOUS DOTS REMAINED THE SAME SIZE. PRESSING ON, I CLUTCHED MY COMPONENTS AND PREPARED MYSELF FOR WHATEVER MIGHT COME. AS I FINALLY CAME UPON THE OBJECT, IT LOOMED HUNDREDS OF FEET OVER MY HEAD, PERFECTLY SQUARE AND TOTALLY INEXPLICABLE. IT TOOK ME THE REST OF THE DAY AND INTO THE EVENING TO MAKE A FULL CIRCUIT AROUND IT. OUTSIDE, THE REMNANTS OF BUILDING FOUNDATIONS WERE PLACED HAPHAZARDLY ACROSS THE LANDSCAPE.

ON THE THIRD WALL OF THE CUBE I NOTED A DOOR, SO ONCE I MADE MY COMPLETE CIRCUIT, I RETURNED TO WHERE IT OPENED. STALWARTLY, I ENTERED THE MONUMENTAL STRUCTURE, FINDING NOTHING BUT A DARK HALLWAY. I THOUGHT TO MYSELF, "I CERTAINLY HOPE I CAN FIND SOMETHING INTERESTING IN HERE." AND JUST LIKE THAT, A FAINT GLOWING LINE TRAVELED AWAY FROM ME AND DOWN THE HALL.

NOW, A MORE CRAVEN BEING MIGHT SMELL A TRAP AT THIS POINT, BUT I AM NO COWARD. I PRESSED FORTH, CONFIDENT IN MY ABILITY TO DEFEND MYSELF AGAINST ANYTHING THAT I MIGHT ENCOUNTER. IN RETROSPECT, I SHOULD HAVE BEEN A LITTLE MORE WARY, GIVEN THE TECHNOLOGICAL PRECISION INVOLVED IN A STRUCTURE SUCH AS THIS, BUT AS I AM STILL HERE, I'LL STICK TO MY FLIPPERS AND MAINTAIN I MADE THE PROPER DECISION.

THE LIGHT LED ME TO A VAST CHAMBER, FILLED WITH AN EERIE HUMMING. IN THE MIDDLE, SEVERAL HUNDRED FEET AWAY, WAS A DOME OF ENERGY CONTAINING SEVERAL STATUES. AS I DREW CLOSER, I REALIZED THAT THE STATUES WERE INCREDIBLY LIFELIKE, AND IN FACT MAY NOT HAVE BEEN STATUES AT ALL. THE BEINGS INSIDE WERE GAUNT, TALL AND GRIM LOOKING. TWO LOOKED LIKE THEY WERE IN THE MIDST OF A STRUGGLE AND ONE WAS SHIELDING ITS EYES FROM THE LIGHT EMANATING FROM A TALL, THIN STAFF IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ENERGY FIELD. ALL WERE FROZEN STIFF.

AS AN EXPERIMENT, I TOSSED A PIECE OF STONE I HAD AMONGST MY POSSESSIONS INTO THE FIELD. IT TRAVELED IN ABOUT THREE FEET, AND STOPPED DEAD IN THE AIR. THE FIELD BEGAN TO CRACKLE SINISTERLY, AND I TOOK THE OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE MY RETREAT. I THOUGHT ABOUT THE EXIT, AND THE LIGHT LED ME OUTSIDE.

AFTER A BALMY NIGHT'S SLEEP, I MADE MY PREPARATIONS TO LEAVE. I WAS EXCITED — I HAD NEITHER HEARD NOR SEEN ANYTHING ABOUT THIS PLACE. I MAY HAVE DISCOVERED AN ENTIRELY NEW REALM. IN MY OWN HEAD, I CALLED IT GILBERTIA, BUT DECIDED I WOULD LIKELY HAVE TO MAKE A MORE PROFESSIONAL NAME. UPON CONSULTATION WITH SOME OF MY FELLOW HOPPERS, IT WAS DETERMINED THAT I HAD INDEED DISCOVERED A NEW REALM!

UNFORTUNATELY, UPON TRYING TO RETURN TO THIS PLACE, THE DISTURBANCE THAT HAD LED ME ASTRAY HAD GONE, MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND AGAIN. MOST OF MY HOPPER COLLEAGUES SMILED AND NODDED AT ME, THINKING I HAD MADE IT UP FOR ATTENTION. BUT FRIENDS AND READERS, I ASSURE YOU I DID NOT. SOMEDAY, I'LL RETURN TO THAT PLACE, AND GILBERTIA'S SECRETS WILL BE EXPLORED BY HOPPERS FROM ACROSS THE DABBLEVERSE. UNTIL THEN, I WISH YOU THE VERY BEST IN YOUR ENDEAVORS AND MAY THE DREAMS OF THE PLANES GUIDE YOU!

## A New Breed of Trouble?

The hunt had been going well at first. The three of us stalked through the woods as the sun was starting to set. There were two of them, but we had numbers and preparation. My companions had thought that the wolves had grown tired, and simply decided to confront us. I wasn't quite so naïve - I thought they were simply looking for a fight, and had become weary of toying with us. I threw a halm of magical silver overhead, interrupting their howls, as Felja and Cammon enchanted their blades. Cammon's axe bit deep into the black wolf's side, as the white one slowly backed away, and continued to howl.

Felja went to aid Cammon against the black one, but I knew what was happening: the white one was calling more of their kind. I engaged it, but it was too late. I could hear the howls from afar, and a thrashing through the woods. Felja slid her rapier into the black wolf, and it fell. We had to finish the other off as quickly as possible - I could hear at least three others coming. Felja shot me a glance, and I could tell she was worried.

Darkness fell. I tossed a couple of fireballs at the four new wolves who strode towards the group. The wolves didn't even flinch. They just kept coming. One leapt into the air and fell upon Cammon. Felja ran to him, but it was too late, the other three had thrown themselves between us, and Cammon was down and gone...we knew it even before we watched the wolf tear his throat out.

The three of them circled Felja and I.

I should not have survived. Felja did not return from her death. Most of these wolves were unaffected by any of the Magestry spells I cast at them. Their claws tore deeper than my flesh...they mangled my very being. One of the wolves...the one who "spared" me, was not even affected by our silver weapons. We had nothing that could affect him. He was a sickly, mangy werewolf - grey and cold like the autumn. My limbs were broken, and I was bleeding from everywhere. He licked at my wounds, and each of them started to close - the bleeding stopping, though his tongue burned. He infected me with his disease.

This was not an isolated incident. These attacks have happened to our entire sect, all over Aszurion. We are lead on a hunt and then, seemingly from nowhere, wolves who are only affected by silver, and are much, much stronger than normal werewolves ambush the party and intentionally infect one or more of us.. We have lost so many of our number to these new creatures. If anyone has any information, please contact one of our sect. We are doing everything in our power to stop this new menace.

- Purifier Volap Darystikker

## *Your insincere retraction...*

*I have stewed in my loathing for you for long enough. Now you dare to go silent? Your paltry excuses for your actions have driven me to seek retribution. There must be some that know of your identity; let them bring this with proof to me on the last Saturday Night in the month of Marchestry by the Shrine at the Waterfall in Elmerton, Midnight. Or, come yourself, you low dog. Gawkers are not welcome. Come with information and you shall be rewarded. Come with games and you shall die.*

*Sincerely,  
An Admirer*

## *Official Proclamation from the Regency of Swardia*

Let it be known henceforth that Regent Arthald Farear, beloved ruler of Swardia, is making his final journey to Holy City of Quilagua in order that he might ease his physical torment and put his spirit to rest at the feet of his Lord and Master, Rael. This journey marks the end of his 57 year reign- the longest and most peaceful in Swardian history. His passing to the Holy City will be attended by his personal entourage, including 4 of his sons, 3 of his daughters, and a company of representatives from the Order of the Silent Tongue. Also attending to his passing are several thousand of the Swardian laymen who wish to make the pilgrimage to the Holy City alongside their beloved ruler who they've nicknamed Regent Pappy.

As is custom in Swardia, Regent Arthald's successor will be chosen by the Council of Light and the Voice of Rael on the day of his final passing.

-Steward to the Regency of  
Swardia, Mithraynn Brewel

## Tuesdays with Devastation

Spring found us traveling through Keillorn, leaving in our path a wake of destruction that could never be forgiven or even accounted for. Devastation reveled in it, gleefully pointing at farm animals and watching them run into barns until they bludgeoned themselves to death, pitting father against son in savage battles to the death, and countless other atrocities. As twilight rose from the ashes of the day, I built a fire, resenting my master because he had ordered me to do it. I stared at him balefully when he asked, because not 20 minutes prior to the request he was setting an entire tavern on fire with his magic.

But I said nothing, mostly to avoid the violent repercussions of what he called 'sass talk.' Having laid the fire, he joined me by flopping against a vaguely chair shaped rock. Lighting his pipe, he puffed and smiled, then proceeded to light the firelay with a snap of his fingers. I rolled my eyes a fraction of an inch.

Of course he'd caught it. He caught everything. For all of his willful ignorance and seeming inability to comprehend even the most basic emotions, he had an uncanny ability to know everything that was going on around him. He spoke in an even tone, unusual for him and said, "you're wondering what made me the way I am. Right?"

I nodded looking down and away from him. He chuckled. "Let me tell you a story..." He paused for a good five minutes while I sat waiting. When I looked up, he shook his head, somewhat frustrated. "Telling Stories is For LOOSERS! I've Got A Better ideeea!"

At first I didn't know what he was playing at, but then all of a sudden my mind was flooded with the most vivid memory I'd ever experienced. My happiest day, my deepest low, these all seemed like scuff marks on the surface of the memory I now held in my head. Everything was so bright, the lines were so sharp – I couldn't hold it in.

An indeterminate amount of time later, I woke up, feeling fuzzy headed. Devastation leaned over me, nodding. "Your consciousness Expanded just a tiny bit. It's a little disorienting."

I asked how long I'd been asleep.

He said, "Only a week or two."

I blinked. A week or two?! I explained to him that this was an extremely long time to be asleep.

He only shrugged and said, "Enlightenment doesn't conform to your mortal timetables, Jezebel. Deal!"

I'll relate the story he placed in my brain, though I have difficulty articulating it. Forgive me my shortcomings.

The sun rose over a small schoolhouse and children were at play. Tiny Devastation was stomping around, hands curled into claws, chasing a baby kitten around the play yard. The schoolmarm clapped her hands, and all the children gathered together. 'Children!' she cried, "It's time to play Knights and Dragons!"

Everyone gathered around in a circle and the teacher sighed a little bit. "Today, it's Kelvek's turn to choose who plays The knight, the Dragon, and the Peasants."

A little boy (presumably Kelvek) smiled but then suddenly his eyes glassed over and he said, "I defer my turn to Devastation..." his head cocked to one side and he began to drool a little bit.

Devastation exclaimed, "Awesome Sauce! Now, for the choooooosing..."

One boy who was obviously a goody-two-shoes and the teachers pet said, "Well, I believe that I'm the obvious choice to play the role of the White Knight of Justice, I mean, I'm wearing my white tights and I already have the play sword and—"

He was cut off abruptly. "BORING!" Devastation waved his finger around the group, finally settling on a tall angry looking boy. "I think Hormad the Blackhearted will play the White Knight of Justice today."

Hormad smiled wide, revealing poorly kept teeth. Devastation wheeled around to the Goody boy. "Goody boy, I think you're going to be the pretty princess today."

"B-but, that's not one of the choices."

"Too bad."

Devastation assigned the role of dragon to the slowest and fattest boy (named Wendell) and sat cross-legged, laughing as Hormad beat Wendell unconscious with a stick and ordered the children playing peasants to pay him homage. The Teacher's pet sat in a makeshift dress on top of a rock, unrescued. As the day ended, the children packed their things and got ready to go home. Devastation leapt up in the air and said, "Mamma! I got to pick again today!"

His mother, dressed entirely in black, smiled and said, "I bet you did, you little scamp." She pulled an orange out of her pocket, peeling it up. "Who wants orange slices?"

The other children reluctantly accepted their orangey snacks, wincing as they approached Devastation. He only grinned at them and said, "See you all tomorrow. I'm going to Knight Practice now!" Pulling on his shin guards, he followed the tall, dark woman down the road.

I don't know if this is a true story. I doubt it is. I think he showed me this, all of this... to hurt me. He widened my mind to make me understand the depth of his poison. And I cannot escape. Hopefully this chronicle finds eyes that can use it to put an end to all of this.

I realize, having written this, that I will be punished.

### Attention All Citizens of Elmerton

Lady Ekraine, second cousin to King Rulian, vanished on her way back home from a conference just north of Elmerton. Her guards were found dead on the road leading to her late husband's castle. Lady Ekraine was an advocate of dark elf rights and a financial supporter of the Merchants of the Northern Road. If anyone has any information about her disappearance, please contact the local authorities. There is a reward for her safe return.

### Evidence found following loss of Diplomatic Envoy Orctober 2005

Following intensive investigation of the crime scene, clues leading to a nearby cave brought searchers to the body of Hieder Tidebaum. It appears that following the incident, he dragged himself to the place after his injuries left him unable to walk. It appears that he spent several days in the cave. The evidence of treachery was written in the victim's blood and scratched in with his blade, "Dressed Irvanshire but mark of Tohmshire." Followed by two wavy lines.

Experts speculate that during the battle, which left no other known witnesses, Mr. Tidebaum saw some mark on one of the attackers. This mark could be that of Emperor Borgeh II's personal bodyguard. This mark of the doubled snakes has been seen on some of the elite of Borgeh's Army.

This may be a blessing as the missing Diplomats may therefore be alive in Tohmshire. But it can only be imagined what tortures they may suffer in their care.

N. Thames, Sq.

## A Resolution of the Elemental War in Elmerton

In the final day of October, an epic battle was fought. Gathered around the Nexus of the 4 Elements, the heroic townspeople of Elmerton helped the Elemental Lords achieve resolution in their conflict.

The heroes of Elmerton risked their lives to save all of Aszuron, but whether they have succeeded or not is too soon to tell. I will tell it as I saw it, and others may be truer in their understanding.

The Lord of the Earth Elementals entreated us to assist him. He indicated that some power had taken hold of each Element to bend it to their will. It would end if the people of Elmerton could subdue them. The challenge was that when they allowed the control to be released they would have the overpowering urge to destroy us all.

As the spell was released, a boiling of the Elements rose from the Portal. Terrible sounds and frightening sights to all. When the portal released the Elementals, it was nothing short of carnage. The Elementals were overpowering, but with the gifts of the Nature Masters of Elmerton, our weapons were granted incredible power. With the gifts of lightning, acid, fire and ice, the people struggled to subdue the Elementals. It appeared there would be a quick victory, until the charmed weapons began to fail.

The danger peaked as a powerful earthquake subdued the people. In the last moments, as the last throes of the fighting occurred, the Heroes of Elmerton bested their foes and helped the Elementals regain their proper place. I feel fortunate to have been among them.

– T.Dunham

## Franks Fabulous Forecast for the Nights of the Waning Moon

Hello peoples! Frank here. Just communing with nature and I found out, what do you know, Fabulous is in the Forecast. Though it should be expected that there will be a thick layer of crust on the snow (only the most macho among you should break through that). “So?” you ask. “What’s so fabulous about bitter cold?” Simple. You can dress for the elements. I’m talking coordination and taste, matching cloaks and divinely detailed cowhide gloves, and almost any hat that matches.

We should expect periods of sunshine to break up the reign of gray. If there is precipitation, there will most certainly be just a dusting of snow or a delightful garnishing of freezing rain to make the world so sparkly

and beautiful. Around the end of Marchestry, as the moon disappears, those last waning nights will be crispy cold, so bundle up. Line your tiara with velvet and think about how to deal with the cold. Oh, I almost forgot: the wind. The wind will be kicking up her heels as the moon disappears, but the morning of the Sunday before the New Moon should be bright and beautiful with very little wind. Better hope you can do lots of dancing the night before or you’ll be responsible for it being windy and cold; it’s a little thing called Karma.

Don’t forget your Cocoa. Mmmmmmmarvelous.

XOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOX

Frank

## Elmerton Prison Scandal

The Elmerton town guard remains puzzled by recent events concerning their most controversial captive, who went missing from his cell long before his release date. The librarian, Justin P. Kray, remains a fugitive, and authorities have no leads to his whereabouts.

For our unaware readers, Justin was sentenced to six moons of temporary confinement; however, moments after being placed in a holding cell by the local knight Sir Steelwind, screams for help came from the jail. A figure, rumored to be Hatch van Graves, emerged, leaving Justin’s body virtually lifeless. Attempts to apprehend the bandit failed, leaving the guard with more questions. No arrests have been made on this matter.

Justin neither spoke nor moved during his time in captivity, until perhaps his disappearance. It has been said that Magistrate van Graves and Justin Kray have a complex history, making for a difficult and very complicated working relationship.

One must ask: Was the librarian biding his time to make an escape, simply playing opossum, or was the prisoner truly incapacitated- if so, how or who granted the means for his departure, and why? These are questions the Elmerton guard must be asking themselves right now, in an attempt to find some closure.

The release date for said prisoner has since passed, but his situation and location remain unknown. There are questions among the general populous in regards to rumors of new charges that may be issued for the arrest or detainment of Justin P. Kray, in an attempt to provide the town guard with answers to their many questions.

If you or anyone you know has information pertinent to the issue at hand, please send word to the proper authorities.

Working for you,  
*Silent Night*

## Obituary: Fallen Hero

Another Hero of Irvanshire has fallen, and during a time when such men are in desperate need, this loss is quite a blow to the war effort. With as great a blow as it is, the impact is felt most by The Royal Māgissariot Corps, as one of their best sadly passes from this realm. Cedric of House Mordecai, Māgisar of Irvanshire, was found dead outside the Corps headquarters in Port Edgar. Friends say he returned to the Capital to retrieve a formal writ for a routine prisoner exchange, which led him to visit his family's house in the city. "I went to wake him after cleaning his uniform, and found him sprawled half in bed and half on the floor. He wasn't moving and his face was that of a ghost. I was so frightened I must have screamed for hours. It was so shocking that I didn't even notice a terrible cold coming from the open window until much later." Said Bridget, mother of Cedric. Officials have yet to determine a cause of death, which leaves many to believe the rumor that Tohmshirian assassins were sent to kill the powerful Māgisar.

Raised in Port Edgar, Cedric grew to love Irvanshire and soon joined the ranks of The Royal Māgisariot Corps, where his natural talent for the school of Magestry excelled. Many years of peace were ended by the war Tohmshire brought to our borders, yet Cedric's skill and loyalty were shown in his service. A brief, and poorly phrased narrative explains Cedric's quality. *A fierce battle was raging between Tohmshirian and Irvanshirian forces. Outnumbered and outmatched, the Irvanshirian commanders were on the verge of surrender. The resident Māgisar, Cedric of House Mordecai, presented a daring and risky plan, which he volunteered to lead. The Māgisar led a small unit of troops around through enemy lines and attacked the command center. Tohmshirian forces were completely disorganized and ill prepared for Irvanshire's attack. Māgisar Mordecai became known as the Hero of Pine Hill.*

"There are times like these, when heroes like Mordecai are assassinated in dead of night, that make me wish I was 40 years younger." Explains one of Cedric's instructors at the Māgissariot Institute.

After Cedric's gallant act, his battalion proceeded south towards Tohmshire. The unit was ambushed and almost all were killed. Miraculously, Māgisar Mordecai evaded capture and death. The Hero of Pine Hill escaped, only to be involved in an unfortunate political incident, which King Rulian resolved in favor of his loyal servant.

Cedric of House Mordecai will be buried in The Royal Māgissariot Cemetery in two weeks time. In this moment of war, it is asked that all give thanks to Cedric of House Mordecai - Māgisar of Irvanshire.

## What? Professional Messenger?

*That's right! DYING to get that letter sent to a love one far away? ACHING to keep in touch with Magestan's you haven't seen in days? Well, if you got a sealed letter, the Messenger's Guild can safely take it to wherever you need. All you need to do is hand it (with a small fee) to your local messenger Tonerius Cypress Frosthill, and he will have it on it's way, the safe way! Delivery and Confidentiality is GUARANTEED and can be hand delivered by Tonerius for an additional fee. Let the communication commence!*

## *The Dancing Sash is now open for business!*

*We are located at the former Crimson Cat.*

### *Hours:*

- ❖ *Friday Midnight to One past High Moon*
- ❖ *Saturday Noon to Two past High Sun*
- ❖ *Saturday One 'til High Moon to Midnight*

### *Wares:*

- ❖ *Blank Books*
- ❖ *Components*
- ❖ *Fine and Exotic Drinks*
- ❖ *Jewelry*
- ❖ *Locks (Magical ones can be attained)*
- ❖ *Magical Items*
- ❖ *Materials for your crafts*
- ❖ *and many more items from all across Aszuron*

### *Services (per appointment only):*

- ❖ *Massages*
- ❖ *Private Meetings*
- ❖ *Tarokka Readings*

*To schedule a service or for any other needs, please contact Lucian J. Romeno and he'll do his best to accommodate you.*

## Armor for Rent

The Smiths Guild has made available for rent three armors for those who cannot afford to buy their own.

The lightest armor is a vest of ring mail that has four sections. This costs one silver to rent, and the renter can pay one additional silver to return it broken or four silver for unlimited repairs.

The next armor is a heavy vest of brigandine that has seven sections. This costs two silver to rent, and the renter can pay two additional silver to return it broken or eight silver for unlimited repairs.

The last armor is a heavy suit of chain mail that has twelve sections. This costs three silver to rent, and the renter can pay three additional silver to return it broken or one gold for unlimited repairs.

All rentals are for one day, and the armor must be returned undamaged unless another arrangement is made. 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.

## Magestry Guilds are Here

“What the heck are those?” You say? Good question. Visit Magestry.com to find out.

## 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.

I am nothing but holes tied to holes, yet I am as strong as iron.  
What am I?

I pass before the sun, yet make no shadow. What am I?

## WANTED: RUM RUNNERS

Elmerton resident desperately seeking to procure a keg or two of whatever rum one can get this far north of the tropics. Without it, the safety of all things as we know it may be in jeopardy. If anyone knows of anyway to get their hands on the “liquid courage” please seek out a tall, dark, insecure individual with low self-esteem and suffering from a mild case of identity crisis. Monetary reimbursement will be discussed following said encounter.

## Moose Day and Beaver Day...

Are two days that are reserved for service projects at Chesterfield Scout Reservation, otherwise known to us geeks as the township of Elmerton. Magestry will be, as usual, lending some hands to help on both of these days.

Moose Day is Saturday, May 6<sup>th</sup>, and Beaver Day is Saturday, June 3<sup>rd</sup>. The day starts at 9AM in the camp dining hall and ends around 3PM. Lunch is provided and quadruple Brownie Points will be awarded (that’s 40 BP per hour + extra BP awarded for gasoline reimbursement). Last year’s turnout from both Magestry and the Boy Scouts was atrocious and we are serious about giving the camp some help. Remember, these service days have a very direct relation to how much your event registration fees are. The camp gives us a very good deal to use the property for LARPing and they can just as easily not offer us that deal. Mark your calendars, and

*All Character Updates must be entered yourself into the New Magestry Database. (link at Magestry.com) Send any Database questions to*

***Database@magestry.com.***

*All Newsletter Submissions should be sent to*

***Newsletter@magestry.com.***

*All Magestry questions should be sent to*

***Questions@magestry.com.***

*All plot summaries and character histories 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.

## RULES CHANGES? STILL?

True. We haven’t yet finished our revision of the rules. The Magestry Rules Team is still carefully picking over the current rules, and wisely considering things that one certain rulebook author has yet to consider. The next rulebook that is released will be a very thorough and deliberate one that will remain in use for a long, long time. We hope to have it ready for purchase by the May event, and until that time, we will be releasing all the appropriate updates in a palatable and understandable format. No major changes. Just fine-tuning. And we’ll be lenient about it.

## FREE GAMES AND BROWNIE POINTS

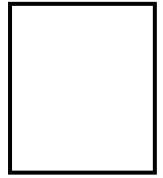
“Ding!”

-Jarad Demick

Magestry is still FREE to first-time players (see Magestry.com for more details), but now a veteran PC who convinces a new player to come back for a second game earns him or herself 50 Brownie Points. For serious. Give it a try.

**PDabble Games**

PO Box 1037  
Middlebury, CT 06762



Magestry.com  
PDabbleGames.com

## MAGESTRY 2006 Spring Event Schedule

**March 24-26, 2006 (Chesterfield)**  
**April 7-9, 2006 (Chesterfield)**  
**April 21-23, 2006 (Chesterfield)**  
**May 19-21, 2006 (Chesterfield)**

### Directions to Sugar Hill Road, Chesterfield, Massachusetts:

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).

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.

## MAGESTRY's Next Event is March 24 — 26, 2006

### At Chesterfield Scout Reservation in Chesterfield, MA

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

We are back at Chesterfield Scout Reservation with more players than ever and the cabin space there is limited. Therefore, it is suggested you pre-register (this includes payment) and, when you do so, choose your cabin preference. If you plan to pay at the door you are not guaranteed a cabin. There is also unlimited tent space, so if you plan to pay at the door, bring a tent because you might not have a cabin. Those who have already pre-registered need to choose a cabin; please email Paul at PDabbleGames@aol.com. If you do not choose a cabin, he will assume you will be tenting and not reserve you a cabin space.

At the beginning of the event, DO NOT set your things up in a cabin until we've told you which one you've been assigned to. You may have to move your things if you do this.

**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!**

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