

# THE MAGESTIC MESSENGER

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

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A series of explosions erupted over Irvan-shire in the last two weeks, and the League of Aszuron is taking credit for them. The League claim responsibility for the attack in Point Edgar last month. This time, however, they have left aliases along with their notes.

The first explosion happened in the town of Elmerton where the local lord, Baron Jules Mac'aFay was holding a posh gala for many of Irvan-shire's respected noble families. The blast was centered in the back of the kitchen, where the townsfolk had been permitted to eat just hours before. Several nobles were killed in the blast, and dozens more injured, including Lord Mac'aFay himself. Many of the servants were caught in the explosion, as well. Two of the cooks implicated in a previous poisoning attempt were arrested to be questioned. The note, which was confiscated by Lord Mac'aFay's personal guard, was said to have been signed by someone calling himself "Eddinburg."

The next explosion happened minutes later in Loft Cratvia in the homes of one of the ruling families. Their house collapsing around them, no one was able to make it out alive. They believe that the attacker had to have been a drakian, since no one else would have been able to get that far into the High Quarter of the city. Authorities in Loft Cratvia will not release the name of the family in question.

The last explosion occurred in Riverton, at one of the diplomatic meeting halls. Being so late, no one was inside, but the embassy was completely leveled. A few passer-bys were struck with flying debris, but there were no serious injuries. The note reportedly made cryptic references and threats, such as "diplomacy only being an option for those who are equal." This was signed by someone calling himself "Lakedale."

An investigation is being conducted in Eddinberg and Lakedale for a possible connection or clues.

## Cult of Necromancers Uncovered!

Under the light of the full moon, deep within the Fiddlehead Hills, a force of Spirit Hunters and mercenaries conducted a raid on the underground ruins of an ancient temple earlier this week. The party was led to the location by a guide known only as "The Shepherd", carrying a twisted crook and shrouded in black. The agents of evil were caught unaware when the attack began. Upon seeing the guide, curses of "Traitor!" and "Deceiver!" could be heard between the clash of steel on steel and the incantations of vicious spells. The raid lasted only minutes, leaving two mercenaries severely wounded and diseased, one Spirit Hunter cursed, and all eight necromancers dead. Within the effects of the now dead agents of evil, were found numerous scrolls and books detailing the activities of the sect over the past decade. This cult referred to themselves with the prefix "Mort", and is believed to be responsible for many of the random attacks by undead in the local area that had terrorized commoners in the past. All manuscripts are being transported to Ken Ryndil for further examination as three of the necromancers were themselves Elven. The whereabouts of the guide is not known, as soon after the raid was over he departed. The Spirit Hunter in command, Horsrich Bodolza, expressed an interest in questioning this "Shepherd" over the implications that may have been made by the now dead necromancers. As one mercenary stated the next morning, however "...to the abyss with 'is motives er intentions, I tell ya what...what he done was help us clear out them sorcerers what been hexin' the people o' the area fer years. If yer askin' me, I says many a' farmer 'round 'ere be much appreciatin' what 'e done. We ne'er woulda found this place wi'out 'im".

*I believe it was Aristotle who said, "Come, Children, and I Will Tell You a Tale About Ships and Whales." That has nothing to do with this, but he meant it when he said it.*

*And I mean it when I say this.*

*Escher and Antion, the storytellers from Glitterdim, remained in Elmerton for the afternoon of Sunday, Impril Ninth. They were asked by many to tell many different stories. The following four were the ones that they accepted:*

*Rakesh asked to hear about the origin and purpose of the Glitterdhavian storytellers.*

*Escher ran a gloved hand absently across his silver amulet and began to speak in his signature monotone: "Antion and I began life in Glitterdim, and while our destinies shall be ever bound to its Essence, our calling extended beyond our own world to the realm of Magesta. To start at the true beginning would be folly - there will be time enough for that when our purpose is finally fulfilled. As far as a functional start to the story I present the following: we began collecting tales in the echoing hallways of the Silver City on Glitterdim, gaining prestige and reputation as great storytellers. The Glitterdhavians are a long-lived race, but somehow the stories we were gathering seemed to make us live longer still. We watched the gates tarnish, generations grow old and die; we kept their words, we kept their lives. Sometimes, stories let you live forever, you know.*

*"One day in the Outer City, we were approached by an offworlder - visitors are rare, but not unheard of on Glitterdim. He had the most striking eyes I'd ever seen, like the gems in the Great GlitterDeep - Sparkling, magnificent, as if they were the one true pair of eyes. I remember them because it is my purpose to remember, and also we Glitterdhavians are taken aback when we see things such as this, since ours is a world largely without color. He spoke to us, saying, "You two are the collectors of the Glitterdhavian tales: am I correct?"*

*"We answered in the affirmative and he proceeded to tell us that we had been chosen to perform a great task by powers beyond our comprehension. We were to be immediately relocated to the realm of Magesta, there to collect stories in the same manner as we had done on Glitterdim.*

*"We were sad to depart our home plane, but the promise of more tales proved to be exciting. We do get excited, after our own fashion. The figure, upon leaving us on the streets of a great city, said this to us: 'The people of Magesta - indeed, people everywhere - are a forgetful lot. Things that once were important are sometimes lost over a matter of mere months, and when we have decades and centuries and millennia to contend with, it seems as if no knowledge could ever be retained. The People of Magesta will be made to forget something very important, and it is your charge to collect their stories so that which has been forgotten might be remembered and acted upon. Many might ask after the future, for as you gather your tales you will come to seem omniscient, but your purpose is inextricably intertwined with the past. When the time is right... you must tell them what they've forgotten.'"*

*Escher shifts slightly, as if momentarily uncomfortable. "Perhaps it is only right that our world was unmade - After all, we are keepers of dead tales. But even buried knowledge can have an impact on the present, just as the lessons learned from Glitterdim's destruction might someday save another realm."*

*Justin Patrick Kray asked to hear the tale of the eggs found by members of the town that seem to radiate their own light.*

*Antion looked momentarily confused, and then said: "The eggs of which you speak are, in fact eggs. They come from the Sun Realm, born of creatures of light known as Eldila. These eggs, however, have been on Magesta for many thousands of years and have still not hatched. How they came here, I do not know, but suffice it to say that their time on this world has changed them. The creatures that hatch from those eggs will be like the Eldila, yet unlike them. They will be unlike any creature that has ever existed in this world or its realms. That is all I can say of them.*

*Rowen asked to hear a tale of Leklonesis and the death of his brother.*

*Escher sat back and spoke: "Leklonesis and Aphronix were noble drakians, born to privilege in a noble house in Loft Cratvia. They were children of one of the ruling families, keeping themselves to the High Quarter of the city, afraid of the stories of the cruel and savage among the impoverished people who lived in the Human Quarter. It would be hundreds of years before either would*

see the truth - even if they saw it in different ways.

Leklonesis first traveled to the Human Quarter, alone and in secret, when he was still young by drakian reckoning. What he saw there was so fantastically different from everything he had been told: people were respectful and polite to him - anything he asked about in the bazaar he was given. The humans there all looked so different from one another and his kin: he was absolutely enthralled. And they bowed to him! Many of the drakians in the High Quarter would never bother bowing to a child - noble upbringing or not. Often, he would sneak off to be amongst the hustle and bustle of the humans and other races - it was all so exciting to him.

Aphronix was one hundred years Leklonesis' junior. His experiences, being less mature during his first ventures, were colored very differently. He knew the humans resented him and his people: he saw their fear and revulsion and he hated them for it - but he did not know why. He had never done anything to them except be born drakian - though in Loft Cratvia, that meant better. They lacked proper respect, and eventually Aphronix understood that their lazy ways, their sad acceptance, and their bigotry kept them in the state they were in: they would never be any better, because they did not deserve better. Still, Aphronix would take leave late at night, and walk the streets of the Human Quarter. Inevitably, whether he provoked it or not, some upstart would pick a fight, and always, the human's shoddy weapon and inexperience would be his downfall. This is where Aphronix honed his sword training, this is where he learned many of the skills he would teach his brother.

The two brothers would diverge in the following years: Aphronix became enthralled with the politics of the High Court, Leklonesis always found court to be boring, and longed to be as good a fighter as his younger brother, to whom it seemed to come naturally. He would practice day after day. When he was told he must begin to take himself and his birthright more seriously, Leklonesis joined the military, keeping as far from politics as he could. In his absence, Aphronix had grown to be a respected member of the High Court, and a well known lawmaker. He never stopped his journeys to the Human Quarter, but he had become more audacious. He would take what he wanted: their meager coin, the merchant's foods and goods, and their women.

While Aphronix moved higher and higher in the court, Leklonesis' fighting ability, desire to learn and improve, his keen tactical mind, and noble birth sped him through the military ranks until he was leading units and giving commands to others. Many years later, his service to the military ended and Leklonesis returned to

his family's home to find his brother a changed man from what he had remembered. Aphronix was now so obviously full of hate and spite. He had a keen sense and a charm though, and many of his laws pushing harsher restrictions and taxes on the humans passed quietly and easily.

Leklonesis played the court game for a few years before becoming bored and disgusted with the arguing inherent in the medium. His off time would find him wandering the Human Quarter, buying their goods and services, though they were never as well crafted or tasty as drakian products.

It was around this time that Aphronix met his end at the hands of a destitute woman in the Human Quarter. He approached her with lust in his eyes, meaning to take her by force. She caught him by surprise, striking him with a hidden dagger. She ran while Aphronix staggered, eventually finding himself in an alleyway. As he called out for help, people came. They stripped him of his money and jewelry. They took his sword and they spat upon him. Leklonesis had been walking the Quarter that night, and hearing his brother's pleas, he drew his sword and chased off the scavengers.

"The rats have stabbed me, they have robbed me. Take me from here...bandage me. Save me..."

Leklonesis looked somber. He hesitated, "Not tonight, brother. I know why you walk these streets."

"They are rats...rats. Why do you care about them and not your own blood?"

His brother took him in his arms. "You are not a good man, Aphronix. You disgrace our people, and you hurt theirs. Be silent and rest. I will keep you company."

"Dead in their nest, brother? Dead in the rat's nest? This is how you'd let me die, stripped bare?"

Leklonesis sat with him while he passed. Less than one week later, he would leave his people, disgusted. It was then that his sword Talon first spoke with him and he met Caitlyn Snow. It was also then that the story of the two brothers ended.

Hatch van Graves asked to hear the story of how the four elemental callers (of which Durius 'Undybbar was once a part of) came to serve Sadeius?

Escher stirred a bit and cast a steady glance at Antion. Antion attempted to avoid the stare. Finally, he looked over when he thought Escher was about to speak but found that his companion was still gazing at him. Antion sighed, took a deep breath, and began: "The Ages of Magesta, as known to its historians, are as follows: Age of Creation: 117 years; Age of

*Remembrance: 3613 years: Age of War: 1005 years: Age of Tears: 5375 years: Age of Gathering: 2877 years: Age of Arrival: thus far 2005 years.*

*The mages' guild known as Concori Draki or "Hatchling Court" was founded in the year 1786 of this Age, focusing on a unique academic: the manipulation of Essence to accommodate magic of nearly all forms. They learned to use the school of Magestry to accomplish magics that were only thought possible through the other schools. They even developed a way to cast Magestry magic silently, as if by the power of the mind. This study, naturally, lead them to a better understanding of Saedius, The Sleeping Lord, because he exists within the magical Essence of this world.*

*Concori Draki was unique in that it required that its full members to have some abnormality, particularly a controllable shape-shifting ability. Its founder was a Hatchling, which is an uncommon mutation of the ancient race of Drakians that had the ability to fly and, slowly over time, could become full grown dragons. The guild's membership included vampires, doppelgangers, wolfkin (Lynsara's brother Sabyl Wolf's Tone was a member), and individuals in tune with the elements of nature known as "Elemental Speakers." The "Elemental Callers" about whom Hatch now inquires are among that race. The Earth Speaker Durias Undybbar, Wave Speaker Argwyl Serragil, Wind Speaker Ohryn Nyre, and Flame Speaker Fayris Lorkhayl were members of Concori Draki and among the most powerful in their study of Nature magic.*

*In 1961, Concori Draki was broken and scattered by the Wolf Lord and his minions. Long known was the prophecy, written by Procius, that "In the days of the Wolf and Sleeping Lords, one will rise and one will fall." And, from across Magesta, news of a once secret cult had reached the ears of these Elemental Callers, even in their lofty guild-hold. So, in their hatred for the Wolf Lord, the callers searched far and wide for the clandestine rituals of Saedius Cult. They learned that each tribe of this cult had a wise woman, a shaman. These shamans were immortal, and in addition to remembering The Sleeping Lord's last rising, they were the mothers of all Sleeping Lord cultists, and of the secret and powerful guild of mages known only as The Vigilant.*

*Through one such wise woman, the callers learned that Magesta is actually much older than the history books report. In fact, the last time Saedius had risen was more than 15,000 years ago: before the Age of Creation. However, his last rising was premature. He realized that he could not yet accomplish his agenda, so he went back deep beneath the sea, to sleep longer... and wait. The callers also learned that his most faithful servants were of a race of ancient merfolk known as the Daquamoore. In preparation for his rising, they used their unbelievable power to wipe Magesta clean of nearly all life: all great risings are preceded by cataclysm. Saedius rewarded his servants greatly for their efforts, a fact that was noted by the callers upon hearing this tale.*

*The shaman continued and the callers also learned that the Daquamoore were later taken from Magesta by a greater power and had not been seen in 10,000 years, and they learned that Saedius was preparing to rise again. The prophecy rang deeply in their ears. They desired the Wolf Lord's defeat, and they desired the power that Saedius could give them, so they agreed to work together and replace the Sleeping Lord's lost Daquamoore.*

*Using their abilities, then heightened by the combination of their power, they began drawing the Elemental Planes closer to Magesta. A merging of all four planes upon this spot in the multiverse would mean massive destruction: it would mean the cataclysm that Saedius needed for his next rising.*

*They were almost successful, but in his greed, Durias Undybbar decided to go his own way. He began using the Plane of Earth independently of the others. He thought that if he could remove the other three callers from the equation, he could enjoy the entirety of the reward that Saedius would give.*

*The Elemental War was not proceeding as originally planned, but it also did not end. In the callers' weakened power, beings of the elder elements came to Magesta. They had sympathy for Magesta since they were, in fact, native to this world. They led their elements and many others of this world against the callers' design, thus ending the war.*

*Durias is still alive and plots in secret underground places while the other three callers search for another fourth so that they may try again. The elemental planes have not yet drifted out of their grasp."*

Dear Friends,

I would like to thank all of you that helped me put the *Myddvai* *Fae* back to sleep in the lake. It would have been impossible for me to do it without you, and it was of the utmost importance.

Something unexpected has recently occurred. Queen *Giafaun* of the House of *Acrove*, the most powerful of the *Fae* Houses, heard of *Farrocks* *Dravery*. *Farrocks* has been consistently risking his life for the *Myddvai* *Fae*. Many of you may not be aware, but there was a war going on between the *Fire and Water* *Fae*. King *Jegu*, of the House of *Mor-taix*, had kidnapped Princess *Igna*, of the House of *Irvine*. Battles ensued, and it soon got out of hand with the House of *Usna* involved. So, Queen *Giafaun* put an end to it. She took back *Igna* and declared an end to the war.

Whenever a war ends or anything good happens, the *Fae* have the most elaborate parties. The Queen figured, what better place to have the party than *Elmerton*? After all, King *Mydreer* was on his way to *Elmerton* to congratulate *Farrocks* for his dedication to the House of *Myddvai*. All are welcome to join in the festivities. *Fae* are restricted by very old magic to be unable to fight one another during a party. The Queen asks that all non-*Fae* do the same. Many Kings and Queens will be at the festival, so if any of you want to get on their good side, I would suggest gifts of fruit, wine, honey-bread, or cake.

I would also like to add that many of you may be unable to recognize me at the party for I was under a change form spell. With the war going on, I felt it better to be safe than sorry.

I am in all of your debt.

Thank you again,

Queen *Marrowet*  
of the House of *Lochmar*

Court Proceedings for *Impril* 2006

- ~ Lord *Mac'aFay* will be entertaining noble guests, all of whom are to be treated with due courtesy.
- ~ There have been howling zombies and werewolves attacking townsfolk
- ~ *Lowexian* skeletal undead were seen, theorized to be a possible product of a powerful necromancer.
- ~ The *Ageless Howl*, an order of werewolves, has set up an encampment past the *Saadius* runes. It is advised no to engage these enemies.
- ~ Trees by the *Saadius* runes should not be spoken with.
- ~ There is a much sought after torso of a statue in the area. If you should find this, please tell *Hatch* or *Haku*, and only them, as soon as possible.
- ~ Dark dwarves in search of *Waywatchers* to kill were fought by the tavern.
- ~ Disciples of *Dissentation* attacked the town in search of werewolves. The Disciples were dispatched or imprisoned.

*Her Ye! Her Ye!*

*There is going to be a Message Off. That's right, a contest between the Heralds and the Messenger's Guild. The Messenger's Guild has elected Tonerius Frosthill to represent Elmerton in the contest. So, Tonerius, get your run on and practice those delivering skills. I, Meg the Messenger, will be conducting the contest. I am confident that Tonerius will have no problem kicking some Herald's less-defined buttocks. Let's show them that when it comes to messages, there is no contest, the Messenger's Guild is the best!*

~Meg the Messenger.

*P.S. "Her" is an abbreviation for Herald- I thought I was being funny.*

#### Scrolls for Sale:

Anyone interested in purchasing scrolls of spells from the school of *Magistry* are asked to contact *Rakesh*. Special requests are welcome.

**Muster for the Town Watch will be held daily on the tourney field at half-an-hour before noon. All those interested in joining the guard should appear at that time. The Smiths Guild will meet at 1pm in the smithy on *Impril* 22.**

## Citizens of Irvanshire:

Due to an unprecedented number of requests, the Irvanshire Academy of Learning and Etiquette, Point Edgar will be opening its sacred doors of knowledge to students of a less traditional nature.

Beginning in Gobly of the year 2006, classes will be offered to potential students who are otherwise not enrolled in the Academy's prestigious and time honored educational regimen. As these non-traditional students are not registered as full-time students at the Academy, we are willing to drop those charges that are normally set aside for lodging and board. The fee for attending a class will be 2 silver per week for its duration. However the student will not be allowed residency on campus for any time period before, during, or after the class until such time as he or she pays the fees necessary to obtain said residency.

The Irvanshire Academy of Learning and Etiquette, Point Edgar understands the full and driving need to learn and as such will not refuse any student whose financial concerns limits their educational opportunities. Due to a series of generous donations from Alumni, philanthropists and several noble families and organizations, we have been able to put aside a fund for students unable to pay the fees necessary to attend our classes. The monies in the fund are rewarded to students who display an aptitude and a drive for learning as evidenced in a 500 word essay describing their financial difficulties, why they wish to attend the Academy, what they hope to accomplish and why this opportunity is of import to their person. To register for classes, please send a missive (and attached essay if applicable) to **Irvanshire Academy of Learning and Etiquette, Point Edgar**, care of **Registrar Vera Leone**.

The classes being offered starting in Gobly are:

### **Introductory Magics: A Return to Basics** - Duration: 5 weeks

A course devoted to introducing the concepts and applications of the standard and non-standard schools of magic as well as a brief history of magics on Magesta. This course is a prerequisite for Intermediate Magics.

Course taught by Professor Hilde Panodius

### **Lessons in Nobility** - Duration: 5 weeks

An introduction to the laws and rules of etiquette concerning the nobility of Irvanshire as well as a brief overview of titles and honors. This course will also contain a detailed description of each of the major noble families of Irvanshire including their heraldry, mottoes, and members of import. This course is a prerequisite for History of Nobility.

Course taught by Professor Johann Corovet

### **Ordering the Heavens: A Beginner's Look at Magesta's Cosmology** - Duration: 5 weeks

A thorough introduction to the many different Realms of Magesta and the various energies they generate. An easy to understand lesson about the complicated theories of Cosmology and how they relate and are important to Magestans everywhere.

Course taught by Professor Sabyl WolfsTone

### ***Betrayal, Civil War, and Tears***

*First, let me introduce myself. My name is Perry Birchsong. I'm a merchant of some high status and well I know some people in high places. VERY high places. I only blow my own horn so you know where I got this letter. It is from a friend of mine who is a, well, to keep him safe, I will say he stands in meetings at the high court of Lowex. Yes, he is there when the Queen makes proclamations. Since the war started, it has been hard for me to stay in contact with my old friend, and the war has also made business very hard, seeing how I would to trade from the Stony Mountains all the way to Irvanshire. Most of the letters I exchange with this friend are about family and about the war itself; particularly the war in Irvanshire. Included below is one such letter:*

*Dear Perry,*

*I cannot believe it, my friend. In fact, it is hard to fathom something like this could even have been thought of. What has happened in the last week is like a bad dream. The news, the proclamations, the deaths, it is just a nightmare. It is no news that the Queen has made some strange judgments, leading from simple food shortages all the way to this war. People still wonder why the Queen did not declare war on Tohmshire. Summit or no, what the "Emperor" and his gang of thugs he calls soldiers are doing all over is the kind of thing our Kingdom would not have stood for in better times. But here we are a year later: at war in your nation while a civil war brews in mine. Yes, that is right, my friend; there is talk of civil war in the Kingdom of Lowex.*

*It started a week ago in the throne room at the Queen's palace in the Capitol city of Alore. Queen Rosella sat on her throne as her three advisers told the lords and Generals of the land what the Queen had "Decided" about state affairs and the war. You already know my opinion on those three sods. But, getting back to my tale. You see, as they were talking about an increase in tariffs and taxes, a man burst in and walked right up to them. He knelt, but what he said made my heart skip in shock: "General Nexus Thatcher has returned."*

*At first, mummings and excitement swept the crowd. I even saw color and that long lost twinkle return to the queen's eye. But soon, the high adviser yelled and there was an abrupt silence. The man continued, "There is more. He has come through the northlands with an army. He must have consorted with our enemies in Loreth to move that many people."*

*"People?" The queen's voice was so soft that some, myself included, nearly wept, for we had not heard her speak in months.*

*His answer froze my blood: "Yes, Your Highness. At least two thousand men follow him, and my sources say that they are men whom either deserted the army stationed in Irvanshire or served the general in the War of Shad-*

*ows. His army is now in hiding and I don't know where he is, but this can only mean one thing: He seeks to overthrow you."*

*Once those words were spoken, the whole room exploded in an uproar. Yells of "hogwash" and other profanity were interjected, and people got into arguments about if the "Hero of Lowex" was coming to overthrow his adopted Granddaughter. I saw the three advisers huddled around the Queen before they turned to face the crowd, which was suddenly silenced by a spell. The Queen then spoke the following words, and I will write to you what the court scribe wrote down so as not to forget anything:*

*"It is clear what the Old General's goal is. Long have I know that he has been in Irvanshire and that he has an apprentice and friends there. He seeks to undermine and topple our great nation. To make alliances with our northern enemies and to bring an army here is proof. So, I hereby declare Sir General Nexus Thatcher, once Leader of the Untied Army of Lowex, a criminal to the crown and to the people. He is to be hunted without mercy. A bounty of 20 Magestic, noble title, and land is offered to the one who brings me this traitor alive so he can be made an example of to all who stand against Lowex and her people. Any who stand with the Nexus will suffer the traitor's fate."*

*The Queen then turned and walked away and the High Advisor declared the court closed. For a few moments audience stood stunned. I could not move and was unable to fathom what the Queen had said. Finally, everyone slowly left, not wanting to talk about what just happened.*

*Since that day and for the past week, people who fought in the War of Shadows have been rounded up and questioned. Many people are deserting their posts in the army or even committing suicide. But the worst was a riot that led to the death of thirty-three people, including two children. I am scared, my friend. I am scared for what Lowex has become and what she is becoming. Pray for us. I hope that all will not be lost, for stranger days are coming. And, to speak of strange, I notice just as the Queen was leaving the throne room, I swear I saw tears; perhaps because she has made her Grandfather a criminal and given him a death sentence; or perhaps because she knows if civil war is coming, the royal line will end with her death.*

*I hope this letter finds you in a better way than myself, my old friend.*

*Make of this letter what you will, but I believe strange and terrible things are coming. May the coming days find you well, reader. I have a few coins. Perhaps I'll hire some hands to gather the bounty for me.*

*~Perry Birchsong, Merchant*

You have taken me for granted and pushed me around for the last time. My services go unthanked, my blood is spilled to no avail, and my name is thrown around in all manner of disrespect. For more than years I have slaved to protect this town, to heal it's wounded, to bring it's criminals to justice, and to perform my duties as a spirit hunter. This moon's latest display of how you treat someone who has shed blood and tears for you all, time and time again, is beyond my capacity to forgive and forget. The moment Kalim had the nerve to say to me but I thought we were buds in order to gain some knowledge from me, after he had stood by and allowed my arrest without cause just proved to me how oblivious you all really are as to how you treat me. I have no use for buds of that quality so drop the charade.

Why just this moon, Haku slandered not only myself but a friend of mine as well, only a few feet away from me, apparently not caring that I was within earshot. I quickly confronted him and his reply was simple he is a knight, and can say whatever he wants. He continued that he could even cut me down where I stand if he wanted with no repercussions. Heh, sometimes Haku, words will get you in trouble faster than a sword will. You smile your pretentious smiles, so secure in the web of lies and deceit you weave over those you look down on. But in time, you will see you have been fooling no one but yourselves. You keep everything a secret from me, so sure in your smugness that I couldn't possibly have anything intelligent to add. You never consult me for advice. You never ask for my aid in your quests, or seek me out for information. Your blind ignorance will be your downfall, as many of those you overlook hold great power. Perhaps if you had let some of the wrong crowd assist in previous dilemmas in town, there would not have been so many ridiculous mistakes made, or so many lives lost.

I wait with much glee for the truth to come out in court. As it was, I had to fight with Haku to even be allowed to know WHAT it was I was being arrested for. You show more respect to common brigands that you do to a towns member who's given her life in battle more times than most. Never again, though. If you expect my swords unsheathed in defense of a towns member other than myself or the few loyal friends I have, you are mistaken. It's a shame my great healing abilities will go to waste as well, but such are the prices of misuse of power and title.

On the recent issue of Morkanthos I have been plagued this last moon by certain towns members concerned for my well being pulling me aside and lecturing me on this topic, trying to shove their own

morals down my throat. You preach to me about Gwendylar and warn me of Morkanthos, both subjects you know equivalent amounts about very little. Just because you have deemed one faith as the right way, doesn't mean it is so. Until you have solid proof of such, I would appreciate it if you would not pester me about this issue any further. And I have to wonder, why is it you are so concerned only with me When I was approached by the priestess of Gwendylar, I pointed out to her several other towns members whom I know to be friendly with the followers of Morkanthos, but she did not approach them. I have done nothing. On the issue of me naming followers of Gwendylar, I point out this is it not very similar to Haku showing the followers of the Everlasting Howl where the grave site was Of course, Haku had no choice...but neither did I. It always amuses me that you are so quick to overlook and forgive the evils and bad choices made by those who wear the red bandanas, but you are ready with an accusing finger and wagging tongue to crucify those out of your favor on the cross of the mistakes they've made in the past.

Aneurin of the Elustari, Master Spirit Hunter

## Rumors of Lowexian Soldier Revolt Confirmed.

It was mid-winter when the discontented troops of Lowex made a passage through Loreth, North of the Large Lakes. It is confirmed that Nexus lead the elite forces through this passage to enter Lowex from the North. It was an unexpected move, it allowed the thousands of veteran soldiers to reach the capitol city of Aloreia undetected.

In the hours following the arrival, soldiers were dispersed over the city to tactical positions while Nexus brought his envoy to Queen Rosella, the Rose of the West. Current information indicates that the soldiers were to respond to a series of coded messages in the hope that violence could be avoided.

Nexus' stated aim was to have the Queen withdraw her support for Borgeh II's unjust colonial efforts against the peoples of Irvanshire. The outcome is not certain, whether the royalist forces suppressed a rebellion or joined with their brothers in arms. The only certainty is that nothing ever goes as planned, despite this, sources are confident in the resourcefulness of the Hero Of Lowex. The future of this conflict hangs on what happened in those hours.

N. Thames, Sq.



## Unnatural Explosion Rocks the Manor House at Elmerton

In the late hours of Saturday, the Eighth of Impril, an unnatural explosion rocked the Manor House at Elmerton. Immediately following the explosion, guards flooded into the area surrounding Lord Mac'a'Fay's Manor House searching for magical items and hiding persons and securing the area. Townspeople were unable to assist the wounded and dying Nobles despite their valiant efforts.

The carnage was nearly total. While the Manor House's stone walls remained unscathed the windows were all blown out. No signs of charring were seen, but in the dark this was difficult to confirm, there were no flames and in the light of day the Manor House was inaccessible. The possibility of an Elemental Explosion is not ruled out.

Eyewitnesses indicated that many of the Nobles were killed in the blast. The lady Falston escaped the blast area to be escorted to the Middle Cabin by a townspeople. She was saved but she was very shaken by the incident. In her opulent gown and rich appointments she struck a harsh contrast, sitting next to the fire sobbing for her losses as the townspeople comforted her in her grief. She was certain that the Lord Falston was dead.

Though no such representations were made, this appears to be the work of the terrorist organization known as the League Of Azsuron. Their apparent purpose is to strip the nobility of their privilege and to bring about a revolution. The publicity in the last Magestic Messenger indicated that there would be a significant gathering of Nobles in Elmerton; it seems it was a temptation too great to pass up. Will this influence their merry making. The populace is often sustained by the thoughts of the nobility in troubled times, for once many commoners are glad they keep their revelry to themselves.

Indigo Falstaff

The Sapshirian Hunters would like to thank Balthazaar for helping to capture Dirk the Notorious. He was a nuisance. They see good things in Balthazaar's future. After vigorous training, Balthazaar may be able to join the Sapshirian Hunters. A conference will be held in two moons that Balthazaar should attend. Keep up the good work.

~Ami of the Sapshirian Hunters

## Freedom of Information Movement

*We all have our fears. We all have our secrets that protect us, protect others, or perpetuate those fears. But what the people of Elmerton oft' seem to forget is that the world is greater than your personal struggles and embarrassments. The world is greater than your life and the lives of your friends. The world is most certainly greater than just your little town... so much greater.*

*Right now all of Magesta is in very grave danger. We are ALL in very grave danger. Right now my greatest fear is that because of the transient nature of our towns and the secrets we keep, the knowledge to save us all is not being shared... important details may even be lost already...*

*Please, I beg you all, reach beyond your small groups of trusted friends. Share your experiences each moon with everyone -- what you thought was unimportant could be vital to this world's survival! The more all of us know, the more pieces of information we can put together, the more power we have to save Magesta!*

*Please, those who would call me friend and even those who would call me foe, let us all share what we know so that we may save our petty fights and our private struggles for a future... a future we have no promise of right now.*

*Your true and humble scholar,  
Duffy MacTyre*

## Banking Problems Solved

A few days ago, members of the Ugly Hand gang were located in a well-concealed cavern just outside of Elmerton. These brigands were guarding a substantial treasure that had been stolen from a caravan operated by the Merchants of the Northern Road. Before the stolen goods and money could be moved again, a small group was assembled to retake the items and make an example of the bandits.

Led to the cave entrance by the local merchant, Rowen, Tonnerius, Sakinin, and Kazuma entered the area and quickly sealed off routes of escape. After the formality of announcing that the brigands were under arrest, fighting broke out as the thieves tried to flee. Despite twisty passages and unexpected competence in psychic magic, the outlaws were dispatched and the money was recovered. All townsmembers fought well and demonstrated a high degree of honesty by returning all coins that were hidden on the highwaymen.

- Let this be a lesson to all who would attack the Merchants of the Northern Road, and thereby injure the kingdom of Irvanshire. -

With the recovery of the gold, the Merchants of the Northern Road have declared an end to the botched banking situation in Elmerton. Official records are currently being collected to determine the individuals and amounts that can be reimbursed. Unfortunately, no banking operations other than this reimbursement will be conducted until better safeguards can be put in place. Contact your local merchant representative for details.

## A GATHERING OF MINDS IN ELMERTON

Come one, come all to a PICNIC!\*

On the 22<sup>nd</sup> of Impril, at the pavilion near the area known as the Black Tower, there will be a mid-day gathering. Anyone who would like to join us in friendship, conversation, and relaxation will be very welcome. Hostility and close-mindedness will not be tolerated. If you would be attending to ruin the occasion for anyone else, please do not attend at all.

Anyone who would like to eat and drink should bring a food or drink item to share with all who are present, your own dishes to use, and a mind open to conversing with your fellow townspeople.

*Your true and humble scholar,  
Duffy MacTyre*

\*This event is not to be confused with the Brotherhood's regularly scheduled picnic, though they are all most certainly invited, as well.

## The plot thickens... or is that just the gravy?

*The town guard of Elmerton has had significant challenges of recent. The latest scandal involves the robbery of an item of some sort. I do not know what the item is, or its purpose, but I can tell you that Rakesh, Lt. of the guard issued a reward for the return of this mystery thing. Apparently, he notified the majority of the town to this situation stating "a gold for the item, with no questions asked". Many characters mobilized to claim the reward, only to find that a powerful master spirit hunter beet them to it. This towns person was given a gold as promised, and then swiftly arrested for theft by the guard... but arrested for what, and why? Rumor also has it that a lesser spirit hunter striped this citizen of her title (but that's a silly little rumor, we all know how those work). Evidently the arrest was made with such a lack of evidence that a Baron had to intervene. This marks the second matter where a higher noble (the first being the king) was forced to correct errors which jeopardized peace and freedom in Elmerton. Let us all look for corrective action to avoid such another mistake of wrongful imprisonment; but who can help Elmerton with this unjust action? One would hope a town with such heroes could help themselves!*

*Working for you,  
Silent Night*

## LOANER SWORDS

As a new service, if your weapon has been shattered, during the time that it is being repaired you may request a loaner sword from the Smiths Guild. This way, you should be without a weapon for only a short amount of time. Naturally, if the loaner sword is broken as well, you will be responsible for its repair, but will be able to take another loaner sword.

I will not tolerate nor can I even fathom the disrespect shown to Aneurin last moon. Imagine being arrested for finding a trinket on the ground. I have seen murderers questioned before arrest or allowed to roam free until trial. I have seen strong evidence gathered with meticulous detail in most instances to protect the honor and the dignity of the law. Imagine my DISGUST at seeing Aneurin ARRESTED FOR RETURNING a crystal berry she FOUND on the ground while walking with me. As for evidence there was none. The only witness, myself, was never questioned by either Haku, Rakesh or any guard members for that matter. The reason for the blatant disregard of protocol was made clear to me after the arrest. "She has made poor decisions in the past." If I weren't so disgusted I would have burst into laughter on the spot. Most of you have made many poor decisions in the past, many of which were made LAST MOON. A perfect example would be the crippling idiocy that led to the crystal berry being stolen in the first place. It is good to know the only thing that stands between my soul and the Wolf Lord is a group of fools who not only can not protect 2 crystal berries but cannot pinpoint the time or place I was lost AND arrests the person returning the necessary item. The truth is many know the real reason for Aneurin's arrest, and for those who don't, allow me to bring something to light. There are 2 classes of townspeople. These 2 classes are easily identified by anyone with common sense so there is no need for me to list them here. To quote one of their opinions on me "He used to have so much potential but he has fallen into the wrong crowd." So be it. No tears of mine shall be shed for being rejected from a group of people who barely acknowledged my existence for over a year. I will know my place. I will make sure I never pick up anything from the ground without first asking permission.

-Rowen Syaoran

## WAR!

For over a year the call to arms has been sounded throughout the land. Many brave sons have given their lives in defense of Irvanshire. Yet, the war with Johnshire and Lowex seems as if it will never end.

Let it be so! Irvanshire shall fight on and defeat all enemies wherever they hide. All true sons of Irvanshire must take up the sword! Peasant and Noble alike can not escape this war.

I, Luther Hungsinger, call upon all able inhabitants of Irvanshire to support the war effort; if not through force of arms, than through coin and skill. Weapons and armor are needed for our soldiers before they reach the battle. Potions and scrolls of healing are in dire demand for the wounded. Defend Irvanshire! Long may the noble King Rulian O rule!

# Exotic Flavors Grace the Tables of Elmerton

While the Nobles graced the table of the worthy Lord, visitors to Elmerton for the Saturday Evening feast were well met by the delectable treats made in its own humble kitchens. Saturday evening the warm smells wafted over the town. Soon the townspeople and their hungry guests were invited to partake in the bounty.

While the townspeople were imbibing the various beverages (and some even ventured into inebriation) the townspeople lined up in anticipation of the stupendous feast. The chef was first to point out that the Broccoli Rice Pilaf was a trifle salty, all the better to replenish the vital spirits of the body.

The real treat of the evening was a saucy dish from East of the Mahaad. Peanut is a flavor seldom enjoyed in Azsuron, I had partaken in several of the shell protected nuts on a long journey. Despite my prior experience, it wasn't until the chef mentioned the ingredient that I recalled it, as this dish combined it with a rare expertise. The chef confided in me that the peanuts were treated with significant time and effort to render them into a paste with a secret recipe of minerals to bring out the essential flavors. Using this paste, the chef and his assistants combined pasta and vegetables with other blends of herbs to make this amazing amalgamation. The carnivores amongst us were able to mix in a delicately cooked chicken's breast to satisfy their hunger.

As always, the ambiance of the dining hall was pleasant for the friendly banter and the good-natured sharing of stories. Once again I was invited to the kitchen to witness the immaculate care with which the chef and his assistants exercised their craft. During our conversation the chef confided that he was feeling the call of adventure and would soon give up his dabbling in the kitchen for more exciting pursuits. He begged me to inform the public of his intent to vacate the post. He indicated that were any to apply at his kitchen soon he could offer them some mentorship until his call to valiant deeds overwhelmed him, upon which time they might assume this most honorable responsibility.

-T.Dunham

Addendum: It is my sincere regret that tragedy befell the revelers at the Lords most excellent ball. I had already submitted my review by the time the incident had been confirmed. I hope that the carnage is not as complete as some have suggested. May the incarnations be with us all.

## What? Professional Messenger?

*Tonerius Cypress Frosthill is going to bring your messages anywhere in the world. You want to give him messages to send out to your dearest friends. Hell, you need him to. It is like a craving in your soul to write a message and hand it to him, along with a small fee for traveling expenses. What greater joy is their in life than to bless someone with a message? For the guys, it helps the swooping of the ladies. For the girls, it'll make him think about you so he buys you stuff. What is better than that? Love, stuff, hey, messages. It's in style. All the cool kids are doing it. Are you?*

### *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 Azsuron*

*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 reinforced leather 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 for details.

### 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.

A cloud was my mother, the wind is my father, my son is the cool stream, and my daughter is the fruit of the land. A rainbow is my bed, the earth my final resting place. Who am I?

This thing all things devours, birds, beasts, trees, flowers; gnaws iron, bites steel; grinds hard stone to meal, slays king, ruins town, and beats high mountains down. What is it?

### MAGESTRY'S BEST OF . . . EARLY IMPRIL 2006

Here are our picks for the best of the April 7-9 event:

The month's **Best PC Award** goes to **Jamie Lundell**. We know he has gotten this award before, but this past event he deserved it more than ever. He has truly made Kaybin a believable character so very much different from Jamie that one mere glance at him on Friday night will tell you if "Game-On" has or has not been called. On Saturday night, he stared a very powerful danger in the snout and refused to break character. That is just one of the many examples of Jamie's flawless role-playing last event. Great work Jamie!

This event was, however, so packed with great role-playing, that we have to give **Honorable Mentions** to both Artie Cote and Mark Dey. This event, Art turned Farrock into a character of particular meaning and substance. He has found his niche and we have noticed (and so have the Daquamoore!) Muwahahaha! Nice, Artie. You have much to look forward to.

Rakesh was almost literally everywhere this past event. It was strange if one plot was completed without the man in the yellow tabard, which is extraordinary when you consider that he spent four hours of his Saturday pounding foil-covered rocks at the smithy! For real. No half-assed "uhhh...lemme see that armor...yeah... bang bang, boom, flick it with my finger... rub rub... uhhh, yeeeahhhh, I think that was about five minutes. Here-yago!" Thanks for making Magestry a better game to play, Mark!

And, last event's **Best NPC Award** goes to... okay, here's the thing. We cannot give this award. Every damned one of our NPCs were so sweet...and we don't want to be that high school who let's two kids be valedictorian (you know the ones we're talking about). So here we will mention all of the NPCs from last game because there were so few of them that it is possible ... and well deserved:

Brooke Duffy was all over it yet again. She came to play and sunk it deep into every roll she played. And we mean deep. If you saw her break-down of Oedipal proportions on the tavern floor, you know what we mean. Paul was about to take out Brooke's medical form and look for emergency contact info.

Shane Graves was once again on top of module building set-up. We didn't have the staff to run very many modules last event, but if it weren't for Shane, we wouldn't have had *any*. Think about it.

Eric LaBonte joined us late on Saturday and got immediately to work. He was always willing to go out as anything we asked him to. He role-played well and he **KNOWS** how skills and spells work (very refreshing in

an NPC). He was also a huge help to Shane in the module building. Eric really did everything.

Chris Stricker NPCed this game, and the job he did was similar to Eric's, but for one difference: he was there all event. Chris was always moving and single-handedly maintained the wolf encampment way out in the woods. And even though he was always back and forth between that place and NPC headquarters, he still managed to be involved in most of the plots.

Paige Riordan was truly fantastic in every role she played and was with us every step of the way no matter how abused she got. Talk about blood and guts! (But mostly about guts.)

Kim Crandall always adds a new dimension to whatever she is playing. She really helped the weekend to 'pop' for everyone, and her sweet demeanor always made NPC Headquarters a nicer place to be. If Kim hadn't been there, Mike probably would have done that thing to Paul that we won't talk about. Vile!

Anyway, a HUGE thanks to all of our NPCs. If we could get twice as many just like them, we could vastly increase our playing power, or, it just might kill us, but most likely, it would vastly increase our killing power.

## EVER THINK HELPING US IMPROVE MAGESTRY'S ATMOSPHERE?

Donations, questions about donations, requests for what we need donated and other like queries and comments should now be sent to [Donations@magestry.com](mailto:Donations@magestry.com). If you are planning on donating anything, please email me, Angela "Teh Awesomest" Jacobs, at this email address before bringing it to game. In the email, please describe what you are donating including how much it cost you/ how long it took you to make. Donations at the door will no longer be accepted without having emailed me first. Thanks so much in advance.

### Magestry Guilds are Here

"What the heck are those?" You say? Good question. Visit [Magestry.com](http://Magestry.com) to find out.

### 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 please help us.

*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 (including Gather Information's) should be sent to*

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

*All plot summaries and character histories should be sent to*

***PDabbleGames@aol.com.***

*All matters concerning the Magestry Guilds should be directed to*

***Guildmaster@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.

### 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

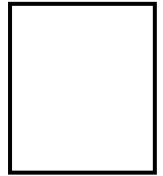
"Ding!"

-Jarad Demick

Magestry is still FREE to first-time players (see [Magestry.com](http://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

**April 21-23, 2006 (Chesterfield)**  
**May 19-21, 2006 (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 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).

MAGESTRY's Next Event is  
April 21 — 23, 2006

**At Chesterfield Scout Reservation in Chesterfield, MA**

The cost is \$55 (\$50 if by April 14) for PCs and \$10 (Free if by April 14) 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 @ 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 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!**