

# THE MAGESTIC MESSENGER

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

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*I know of no other way to put it: this is the end.*

*I have spent the last two months travelling with K'Tar, and I have seen horror and atrocities. While I have not witnessed all of these events first hand, I know them to be true. This is what we must deal with.*

*The Incarnation of Devastation has begun brazenly and openly killing other incarnations. Many of you were there when he killed Iander and know that he replaced him with an orc, until Kalim stepped up and took his place, bravely defying Devastation's will.*

*Devastation's first move this summer was to destroy Thesera, the Incarnation of Faith. She had been travelling slowly across the land, speaking to the faithful everywhere. She collected people as she walked – Raelites, Morkanthosians, Gwendolarians and more, all together in the same place. Putting aside all of their differences, they followed her from town to town, listening to her words on the importance of faith in one's life. Along the way, the Incarnation of Hope, a minor incarnation, began following the group. During one of Faith's speeches, the skies darkened. A single, polite clap rang out from among the audience. Devastation stepped forward. "Your words are quaint and cheap. I am unmoved."*

*"I'm sorry to hear that. Perhaps you'd –"*

*"Move me."*

*"W-what?"*

*"I said...move me." Devastation said, taking a step forward. He grabbed the Incarnation of Hope by the throat, and started squeezing. "I will stop, when YOU move ME!" Hope began to squirm.*

*"Please...stop."*

*Devastation's grip tightened. He was holding her with one hand, her feet dangling off the ground. He cast a spell in some language I'd never heard. A dark light began undulating around his hand. He took another step forward. "Not working, Thesera. My heart feels just as hard. You don't have much time." He said, glancing at Hope.*

*Faith started to preach. During each pause, Devastation took another step forward, dragging Hope's struggling body behind him. Finally, he was face to face with her. "Well, I'll be. Looks like you did move me." Devastation said, and in one motion lifted Hope over his head and down into the Incarnation of Faith. They both crumpled into the ground.*

*Everyone just watched.*

*Devastation pulled out a blade, crackling with energy. He plunged it through the two incarnations in one thrust. There was a lot of screaming. Many people ran, some fell to their knees, tears in their eyes. Some Raelites drew steel and charged Devastation. He unleashed a hail of magic at them, and they crumpled, lifeless. Gwendolarian priestesses tried tending to them as knights interposed themselves between Devastation and their holy charges. A few Morkanthosians slunk off, while others watched on morbidly.*

*Devastation decapitated the other two incarnations, put their heads in his bag, and calmly walked away, puffing on his pipe.*

*As if a cruel and conscious command of the Incarnation of Fate herself, I was present at another of Devastation's public displays of violent usurpation; they are always public exhibition. It was Sapschire, at the Temple of Ghaatma. The Incarnation of Charity and the Incarnation of Trust held their ground in an attempt to stop Devastation from murdering Ghaatma, the Incarnation of Peace. He is driven, and no matter how grim his task, his demeanor never changes. It is all just a game to him.*

*"Crapface! You come here." I don't even know how he saw me or why I did. "Give this nice gift to Charity." I took the wrapped box, and walked over to her. She was on her guard.*

*"Open it."*

*Charity refused, but Trust took it and unwrapped it. I retched as the stink wafted out of the box.*

*"Oh, Thesara, Hope...I am so sorry this had to happen."*

*"Faith was getting a little too old for her job. I replaced her. New guy. Wears a lot of black, really into death. More my style."*

*"Is this your gift to me, Devastation?" Charity asked.*

*"Don't look a gift-severed head in the mouth, Charity. I'm not really here for you, anyway. I'm here for HIM." Devastation pointed to the Incarnation of Peace, who sat behind them, quietly smiling.*

*Trust placed the box on the ground, solemnly. "We won't let you do this. We will stop you."*

*Devastation donned an uncommonly stern visage. "You can't stop me. No one can stop me." Then there was a huge explosion. The heads... the severed heads exploded. I was knocked at least a hundred feet away, and slammed into a tree. Within minutes, I was dead.*

*Later, I was told that Devastation had easily dispatched Charity and Trust. No one was able to witness how Devastation killed Ghaatma. After a few more explosions, there were no witnesses left. They were either dead or had retreated. They could do nothing. Some say he refused to fight back; that he just let Devastation do it.*

*Devastation has wiped out Faith and Hope. He has replaced Thesara with Morkanthos. He murdered Trust and Charity. I don't know if he's replaced them with anyone. Peace is no more. Now a dwarf from some place far from this world has taken his place, one who calls himself Evad Warforger. Peace is a forger of war? Devastation will not stop until he has killed all of the other Incarnations and replaced them with beings of his own choosing.*

*If we do nothing, we are all doomed. Somehow, we must find a way to fight him; to stop him.*

*Somehow.*

*-Aferossynomak*

**Let us mourn Faith, Hope, Peace, and the many others who have fallen at his evil hands, but we should not mourn our efforts thus far. There are some who are sent to us from the past who can help us defeat him.**

**We will await them, even if we stand alone.**

**- Atucha and the Bards**

## *Meg the Herald?*

Obviously, all of us in the tavern during the drinking contest between the Messengers' Guild and the Heralders realized that there was some sort of a mistake when I, Meg the Messenger, was taken into custody for conspiring against Duke Mac'a'Fay. Even though us Messengers are tricky sorts and I was able to escape being brought in on false charges, Sir Swiftmissive thought it would be best if we were to straighten things out with the Duke's son.

Jules Mac'a'Fay claimed to have no knowledge of the arrest warrant. However, he decided he would drop all charges against me, in his father's name, if I were to work alongside the Heralders and deliver his messages. I was forced to accept this condition as Sir Swiftmissive reminded me that a good messenger will deliver any message to anyone, anywhere. It was a difficult decision for me since the Heralders are my mortal enemies on account of their not being able to properly deliver even one simple message. They are dramatic, sloppy, lazy, flamboyant imbeciles that do not have well-defined abs as messengers should.

The Duke's son must have realized all of this when he requisitioned my assistance. And he got me a new hat! I will still be delivering my usual messages on top of the new ones. I should be able to handle it, since I have devoted my entire life to delivering messages. If I cannot, I'll just throw the extra ones Tonerius's way.

Oh, and my apologies to Hatch Van Graves for not being able to visit his abode, as I had planned. I've been busy with all these new messages...and before that, some silly guards were chasing me around. Is the invitation still open for later?

~Meg the Messenger  
(Not Herald)

## *Arrests Made in Tomb Raider Case*

Several moons ago a tomb was raided. That it was the tomb of a noble should go without saying, the rest of us are likely as not to be dumped in a pit or consumed flesh and bone by wood trolls upon our final demise.

This tomb was populated by some nasty type creatures (living at the time) who were subsequently dispatched. The tomb was filled with about 6 nicely appointed bone boxes, but nothing too special. However, as the raiding party was clearing out, a smaller group apparently found a secret passage to a more elegant room. In this, sitting under a veil of magic was some very well preserved fella. Thus surpassing the state of the occupants of the well appointed bone boxes (and clearly a spot above decaying in an old bog or being worm food for a while until being raised (semi-ceremoniously) as an undead... and then later hacked to pieces, etc.) quite considerably by not rotting at all. Near this well hydrated mummy was a collection of goodies that would set anyone with any sense to salivating, and tempt many to lower their morals for a leg out of poverty.

Mind you, no one did. That's correct, the tomb was left goodies in place. Only to be left securely unguarded.

Anyone, or thing, could have snuck in there at any time and pilfered the objects, perhaps guards or wards against such an occurrence could have prevented this, it is hard to say. At any rate, there has been a wide search for the perpetrators, and even arrests, though the accused believably protest their innocence. There will be trials and hopefully we will report that the rogues have been brought to justice. Whatever the outcome, one thing is certain; someone will pay for this most heinous crime.

~Ahoyo Gaths

hELLO!!

sUnny summer and HoT days of Burnings, Elmerten PuPPeTS! I heaRD thE GiANt WoLVES IS all gONE foR gOOD!!! So ME, Kook, Mirari, and Irae are COMING BACK iN Elftember!!! wOO isn't that just great?!? Hopefully that nice lady from house whateveror-something can keep her promise and help us find MOMMY!! She is REALLY good at Hide and Go SEEK!!! I cant wait to come back and visit all of mommies elmertONiaN marionettes again ist gunna be fun!! I got a HUGE jar full of red stuff now! Im getting closer to hopefully being able to make one of you!! Mommy gonna be so proud of me!! OH I bumped into some really scary looking bards and they taught me a song and Im gonna sing it all for you at the tavern!! Ill do it Friday at midnight and then Ill give the present I made for Haku STEEL Wind and KaybiN, they will love there present AND THE STORY THAT COMES WITH IT!!! OH Kook told me to let you guys know!! I made two new friends! One's name is Sanem and the other's name is Animula, there so precious to me. OH YEAH one more thing if ANYONE knows how to sew or tailor including skinning hides I would be very much appreciated if you came and teached me those great skillz!! I for some reason cant find that old looking marionette lady who tried to get us all to kiss her...EWWW I want her skin fabric I think it would make a good summer jacket!! What Do you guys think?!?!

P.S. GypSies MAKE BOOTIFUL JINGLY MUSIC I FEAR THEM!!!! YEY!!

Orange, Borange, Smorange, Quorange, the end!

--Atreyu

P.P.S. Don't think I didn't forget about U Toner!!!! I have a SPECIAL SURPRISE FOR U!!!! MWUAHAHAHAHAAAAA!!!!





## RIDDLES BY RAKESH

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

When they are caught, they are thrown away. When they escape, you itch all day. What are they?

Forward I am heavy, but backward I am not. What am I?

## 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 full details.

## NOTICE

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 one hour after noon in the smithy on the 2nd of Elftember.

## Scrolls for Sale

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

## Magestry's Best of . . . Maygrelian 2006

Here are our picks for the best of the May 19-21 event:

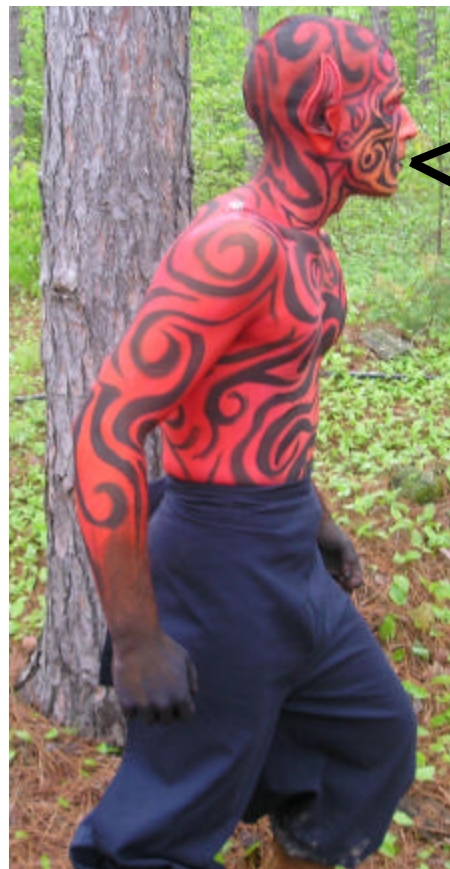
Last event's **Best PC Award** goes to **Sean Dey** as Maget. Not only did he stay in character the entire game (including when he caught on fire), but his costume was excellent and all the crouching he did made our own backs hurt out of empathy. He made the goblin race really come to life on Magesta in a new way. Way to go, Mr. Dey!

An **Honorable Mention** goes to **Jamie Lundell** for yet another smashing performance as KAAybiN! He really did an amazing job portraying a man preparing to fight to his death. His conversations IG involved real tears and his death at the final battle truly broke several hearts. Thanks, Jamie, for your stalwart portrayal of such a wonderful character. Kaybin will be missed.

And, last event's **Best NPC Award** goes to **Alex Boshnack**. Not only was he hardcore all weekend, willing to do what needed to be done, but he also showed us on more than one plot the initiative we love to see in our NPCs. He was able to take charge when he needed to and was able to lead in a way that the rest of the NPCs with him on the plots were able to rest and role-play comfortably in his leadership.

## 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.



Hmmm... Seems a bit light on articles this month.

THE WOLF  
LORD  
HATES  
EMPTY  
NEWS-  
LETTERS!

Write,  
Magestans!  
WRITE FOR  
YOUR LIVES!

**PDabble Games**

PO Box 1037  
Middlebury, CT 06762

Magestry.com  
PDabbleGames.com

**MAGESTRY'8 Next Event is  
September 1-3, 2006  
At Chesterfield Scout Reservation in  
Chesterfield, MA**

The cost is \$55 for PCs and \$0 for NPCs.

There will be two large cabins for players to sleep in and one for NPCs. Camping will be allowed if you wish. You will be responsible for setting up your area to your liking (and we will award Brownie Points for great-looking sites).

There will be snacks available, and 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!

**Directions to Chesterfield Scout Reservation, Sugar Hill Road,  
Chesterfield, MA:**

From Interstate 91: Take I-91 to Exit 19 in Massachusetts (Northampton/Amherst exit). Get on Route 9 West and go (through Northampton) for about 8 miles. In Williamsburg, turn left onto Route 143. In 4.1 miles, the camp road will be on your right. Drive up that road and park in the large dirt lot that will come shortly up on your right (after the Camp Office driveway).

**MAGESTRY 2006 Event Schedule**

September 1-3  
October 13-15  
November 3-5

All events will be played at Chesterfield Scout Reservation in Chesterfield, MA.

Registration Forms, Waivers, Medical Forms, and a free downloadable copy of the **Player's Rulebook** can be found at [Magestry.com](http://Magestry.com)

\*Make checks payable to "Magestry"