

**THE MAGESTIC MESSENGER**

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

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**Revisiting the Age of Tears?**

Up to this point, I have graciously been uninvolved in the goings-on of the world in the present. I have suffered my ears little to the unwelcome vocalized trespasses of Important News coming from the loud-mouthed hams that call themselves the Magestic Messenger. I care not for the world of today except inasmuch as it is yesterday. I study the past. Our past: The history of our world in all its glory and tragedy, its wrinkles and filth and pure being. It is in our history that we may find the will to live for today.

Be that as it may, I was astounded to hear the other day of a most odd occurrence happening in the now; the Incarnation of Devastation has regained so much of his power that he is killing and replacing other Incarnations with beings of his choosing. This sounded somewhat familiar to me. Of course, I dove into the tomes in my library and found that this is exactly what had been happening in the Age of Tears! Was history repeating itself? I had to find out for sure. I gathered some important tomes, left my library (after locking it with several locks, so don't even think about it, scoundrels), secured a quality coach and coachman and found myself wandering all over Aszuron, looking for patterns to reappear in the world's events. I was not disappointed... though I must say I am becoming a trifle concerned.

I first researched the Incarnations that had been killed and replaced. So far, this seemed to present a similar pattern to what my tomes had told me about the Age of Tears, though it seems that Devastation has upped the ante, as it were. Where once, during the Age of Tears, he subdued and beat the Incarnations in an attempt to gain more power, it seems that now he is killing them. It was only a matter of time before I found out that Peace had been replaced with an off-worldly dwarf who calls himself Evad Warforger, Faith with the god Morkanthos, Music, Magic, and Knowledge had both been killed and replaced, and many Lesser Incarnations as well. This was troubling enough, and then I heard about the wars.

If there was one thing above all that defined the Age of Tears, it was the absolute presence of War. War between countries, cities, families, the heavens and the earth- war was absolutely prevalent. We are seeing much of the same now. The death of the Incarnation of Peace and the instatement of his replacement have driven many a latent warlord to his feet and to arms. Countries once allied peacefully with one another now fight as if their rivalry had been centuries old. Warlords command troops as though under another's control and under this control, these countries have been fighting until one or both are completely exhausted in troops, supplies, and in every other way. Under these circumstances, there will be several changes needed on the maps of Aszuron as we know it. I will document what I know to be true here.

Boliam is no more, having been conquered by the kingdom of Jar Garreth. Though both elf and jungle terrain native to Boliam put up a fight worthy of the history books, the better organized troops of their southern neighbor overpowered them.

Eggoras has also been conquered by its unlikely neighbor to the south, Yorrex. As Yorrex has always been considered the "younger brother" nation to the vast Eggoras, it was thought highly unlikely that it would see victory. However, they proved the common conception incorrect and now stand proudly as a kingdom that has doubled in size and power.

Lowex overtook the peaceful kingdom of Anjaya with little problem, and it is assumed that this battle-ready kingdom will not stop at only one.

And in a completely unfathomable series of events, the small country of Leapei (formerly Leepay) has conquered the seemingly stronger Zeut, assimilating its lands into its own. The almost entirely mongrelian country would have been overrun if it hadn't been for the actions of the Bel Zonian Matrizons, who stepped in to save their country and the people they protect. The country's name was changed to its original spelling to proclaim its triumph.

Rodenbern and Fegoria are locked in battle over land and boundaries.

Irvanshire and Tohmshire continue their war with increased fervor, and Tohmshire has turned its warlike gaze on the kingdom of Toscandow.

Toscandow has its own problems, however, as the rough-edged territory of Peir Thanyn has pushed through its borders and started the fighting there. Toscandow has, it seems, asked for help from Tohmshire in its battles, and tentative treaties are being drawn up between the kingdoms. Even in the midst of its war, Toscandow has started sending troops to the small country of Tsard in the hopes of overruling them.

Kire Dero, Sapshire, and Irvanshire are locked in various battles across their lands, while Loreth tries its might against Sapshire and Keillorn.

Swardia too, has started battles against Jar Garreth and even Yorrex in an attempt to claim some of the land that has recently lost its boundaries.

Only Romoria, encased in its impenetrable mountains, has remained "officially" neutral, though there have been rumors of warlords and unofficial troops from the mountains attacking whatever kingdom they can.

It can be assumed that the wars and individual battles are not over even though many kingdoms have been conquered and others lie on the brink of destruction. There will be revolts and riots and entire revolutions as the respective kingdoms and nations attempt to assimilate and integrate cultures, people, and forms of government. The fighting has not ended- indeed, it has only begun.

All the war and the fighting has had its effects on the lands and their peoples as well. Crops, homes, and cities are destroyed, leaving many kingdoms in famine and many people without homes. Fresh water supplies are corrupted in order to flush out troops, and innocents are paying for it with their lives. There are few families who have not lost brothers or fathers, sisters or mothers to the wars, and those that survive usually only do so for a short time.

These are only a few scanty descriptions of what has been happening, not only in Aszuron, but also all over Magesta. Nearly every kingdom, every nation is at war with another, and it doesn't look as though it is going to end with any quickness. And it's not only on the large scale that this is happening: Men and women are fighting with one another, families are being torn apart by conflict, towns and cities even within the same kingdom are near to declaring war. If something doesn't happen soon, it is likely that we will see another 5,000 years of war, fighting, famine and, yes, tears. History, my friends, is teaching us now. I am seeing the pattern... are you?

-Leopauld Mongsinger  
Magestic Historian

## Everything Under the Sun

All over Aszuron, the faithful to Rael have heard a call to arms. Prophets have heard His voice and it has demanded action. Rael has called his followers to initiate a crusade against all Morkanthos worshippers and followers of Devastation.

Irvanshirian noble house Donato has begun pressing Morkanthosians and Disciples of Devastation, arresting members for the slightest infractions. An elite order of holy warriors from Swardia has left the country, hunting Devastation. They are traveling all over Aszuron. The general opinion is that they are simply seeking death.

Following their divine guidance, some worshipers of Rael trekked deep into the jungles of Tsard to seek their destinies. Pursuing a small band of undead who had stolen sacred texts devoted to Rael, the legion of mongrelians entered the sweltering morass. Their fates were truly sealed once the darkness of the jungle enveloped them. As they closed in on the fleeing undead, the sacred text was within their grasp when the familiar voice of Devastation belted through the steaming jungle. "Everyone put on their nappies, it's story time. Let me tell you this tale Devastation's way."

As Devastation read aloud the texts, he blasted aside the undead, splintering them into thousands of pieces. They were reduced to dust as he brushed past them. His mocking tones were part laughter, part terror. Suddenly, the Raelites were upon him with weapons ringing loudly as Devastation read the text line by line. As they attempted to strike him, they hesitated fearing to harm the tome, and gave Devastation his opportunity to lash out. With but a hand he crushed the knight leading their command. At the end of the first page, he ripped it out, and all those Raelites stood stunned at the desecration of the tome and their commander. The text had never been harmed since Rael delivered it to his followers.

Devastation knelt down to the corpse and in the flowing blood of the knight, he coated the torn page in the sanguine ink. As he held it up, all could see that this was sealed in blood, perhaps never to be read again. "Now this is how my story goes. Bring me more of this wonderful ink."

As he commanded, a force of Morkanthosians came out of the forest upon the mongrelians. With a combination of their command being sundered and their amazement of the sacrilegious acts, the surprise came with no warning. By the end of the battle, the entire force of Rael worshipers was destroyed. The Morkanthosians watched as Devastation sat in the middle of the battlefield, reading aloud and completing the vile coat on each of the torn pages in the blood. When it was finished, Devastation merely sat up, shrugged, and walked away.

"I've read better."

The blood soaked pages fell to the ground and littered the jungle floor.

Rumors of a few survivors have been whispered but to date no one has been found. In their fervor, supposedly the Morkanthos worshipers took the bloody pages to their sacred temples throughout Aszuron.

## Tears on the Morning Grass

The look on her face, in her eyes, as she surveyed the destruction of the shrine to the Lady is not something I'll soon forget. As her gaze fell upon the burnt trees, the bloodied stones, and the name of the dark god crudely carved into the white prayer stone, the resolve drained from her strong features. She left the very next morning. She was not the first... she will not be the last.

So many have left the arms of the Lady since the Incarnation of Faith met her demise and was "replaced." Their faith lives have been emptied and refilled with hatred, cruelty, death, and despair. Many have nothing left. I have seen priestesses leave the order despondent and hopeless and I have seen countless others follow suit. Knights, strong men inducted into the sacred Fellowship, have given up their vows and left those they have sworn to protect in deference to the false Incarnation. Their lives are torn asunder, they have no faith... no hope... they feel they have nothing. Hundreds of our brothers and sisters in faith have taken their own lives in anguish for what has happened... and hundreds more will find their own pain unbearable.

I myself feel the urge to fall into despair. I have to will myself to be strong with every morning's prayer. As I watch thousands fall, I know that it will be my shared duty to be there to pick them up. The Knights of Nocturne will desecrate hundreds of shrines, they will murder hundreds of our faithful, but they will never be able to destroy that which we stand for, that which we love, that which we believe in.

Faith, my brothers and sisters, is not gone. Take heart in that. It will never be gone. It has changed, this much is true. The dark god has taken up the mantle of faith and perverted it, but it is not gone. *We still have our faith.* It is strong and living and pulses within us with every heart-beat.

Do not fall into despair. Do not let the evil that has entered our world desecrate all that you hold dear. Do not fail to get up and rebuild. Find strength in your brothers and sisters and faith. In one another be unified. It is our hope; it is our strength; it is our faith.

The Lady Guide you,

Lady Rochelle D'Artignon  
Daughter of Gwendolar

### Heed These Words:

On Elftember 3<sup>rd</sup> the forces of Arvanshire and Tohmshire met nearly twenty miles east of the Tradegate River, just south of the Fiddlehead Hills. The Arvanshirian force was roughly 1,600 strong. Nearly half of the force consisted of regular soldiers from house Brightland, led by their commander, Lord Dorn Brightland the Just. The remainder of the Arvanshirian force consisted of local militias, volunteers, and eager mercenaries. The Tohmshirian force was estimated to be no more than 1,000 men strong and led by Lord Raphael Halkett the Strong.

Reports had come to Lord Dorn Brightland's attention that the Tohmshirian soldiers were advancing north along the Tradegate River with the intention to bring war to the Go-Betweens and out maneuver Arvanshirian forces. Lord Dorn Brightland marshaled his forces well and chose to bring the Tohmshirian advance to a halt at the twin fords of Deep Axe River.

It was a dusky early eve, nearly sunset, as the Tohmshirian forces came into view. Lord Brightland the Just deployed his core of soldiers in full view of the enemy with only the waters of the ford between the soldiers. The shields and banners of Arvanshire and house Brightland stood as a challenge to the advancing Tohmshirians. Meanwhile, the militia and mercenaries were deployed in concealment as reserves on the right flank. Their position at the lesser of the two fords was to assault the Tohmshirians from the flank in a two pronged attack.

As the Tohmshirian force drew near, light began to fade. The Tohmshirian force stopped just out of bowshot for what seemed to be an eternity. Officers hurried about their army and eventually their force was organized into a two wave attack. The numbers seemed far more than Lord Brightland the Just had been lead to believe. Both commanders had now committed their forces to the battle; soon, men would die.

As the crimson sky dimmed behind the amber hills in the distance, the first blows were struck. Shields splintered in the waters of the greater ford as Tohmshirian soldiers crashed into the Arvanshirian line. The soldiers of Arvanshire wavered against the magically enchanted Tohmshirian warriors and nearly broke as balls of flame and arcs of lightning ripped into their formation. It was then that the halberdiers of House Brightland charged into the fray. These veteran warriors fought with such courage and skill that the Arvanshirian line was now pushing the Tohmshirian assault back across the deadly waters of the ford.

The signal had been given for the Arvanshirian reserves to assault the Tohmshirian flank. Yet, as Lord Brightland the Just watched from a distance, no move had been made by his reserves. Had it been treachery, and ambush, or something more? It mattered not, Lord Brightland would charge with or without his reserves. He led his per-

sonal retinue of heavy cavalry and charged the ford.

Lord Brightland ordered the line to be reformed as his forces assembled on the far shore of the ford. The main body of the Tohmshirian army advanced closer to the Arvanshirian line. Speaking words stronger than steel and more ferocious than a thousand storms, Lord Dorn Brightland the Just marshaled his men for a full charge.

The battle raged on as men cut each other down in the chaotic melee. It seemed as if Lord Brightland's heroic charge would win the day, yet, evil lurked in the darkness. Magic brought fallen soldiers to their feet once more; yet, now they filled the ranks of Tohmshire as undead warriors. Soldiers charged from darkened trees to relieve themselves not as the reinforcements Lord Brightland had, but as the vile Disciples of Dissention. It was then, that the battle was most grim that Lord Brightland and Lord Halkett of Tohmshire met in combat. It is said that Lord Halkett suffered grievous wounds from the fight; yet, Lord Brightland had lost. No one knows if he was simply slain, captured, or worse.

Both forces lost many a man that eve at the twin fords of Deep Axe River. Arvanshire lost both a noble lord, as well as a battle that night. The forces of Tohmshire under Lord Halkett have not been seen since the battle. Perhaps they are marching north to Craftshire, south towards Bloomingport, or perhaps they withdrew to the west, back across the Tradegate River.

Know this all folk of Arvanshire; this war is far from over. More loyal sons of our noble kingdom shall fall before we grasp victory with an armored fist.

Sisters of Elmeron,

I wish for us to meet and further discuss what I have spoken to you about. I would also like to invite any other women in town that I was unable to speak with last moon to join us at the pavilion near The Wining Spirit on Saturday, Orctober the 14th at noon. This is a peaceful gathering, so please bring an open mind and leave any animosity towards others at home. I look forward to seeing all of you there!

~Suki

## Necromancer Cult Investigation Continues

In Impril, earlier this year, a raid was conducted on temple ruins to purge the Fiddlehead Hills of a cult of Necromancers. All Manuscripts recovered, which included a detailed record of the cults activities over the past decade, were taken to Ken Ryndil for further investigation. Although the authorities conducting the inquiry are not revealing many of the details they have uncovered at this time, they admit that three of the eight necromancers were elven, but claim they could only confirm one of them being from Ken Ryndil. An anonymous informant tells us that the unnamed elf had strong ties to the Dark-Elf Registration Authority.

Master Horsrich Bodolza, the Spirit Hunter who commanded the raid, has petitioned over the past four moons to gain admittance to review to the records, and was finally granted access earlier last week. Although it seems some pages and scrolls have been removed, which is denied by the elven investigators, the majority of the manuscripts remain intact. His primary motivation, he claims, is to try to locate other similar cults within lower Trvanshire, and to determine if this group was involved in any major events within the region. He tells us that this cult was responsible, most notably, for the assault on a Spirit Hunter training facility in the Fiddlehead hills known as the Green Hills encampment in Orctober of 2004, that left many trainees dead, and resulted in the escape of a prisoner. According to the records, the guide who led Master Horsrich's raiding party to the cult's location, known only as "The Shepherd", had past dealings with the "Mort Lords" (as the cult referred to themselves), but details are insufficient to provide much useful information about this man. Master Horsrich has been trying to track this figure down for further questioning since his raid four moons ago. He is offering a small reward for information that guides him to the location of "The Shepherd", but admits that he doesn't hold much hope for any useful leads, as thus far he's received reports of only scattered sightings though out the Fiddlehead Hills.

TO ALL CITIZENS OF ELMERTON

AS WAS REQUESTED BY PRINCE NIDDOGG JIIN-RAAH MOONS AGO IN THIS SAME PERIODICAL, I MAY HAVE ALREADY OR BE IN THE PROCESS OF INDIRECTLY CALLING DOWN THE WRATH OF THOSE MORE POWERFUL THAN MYSELF [WHICH IS THE MAJORITY OF BEINGS]. I AM NOT SURE ON THE SPECIFICS OF THIS THREAT, THOUGH IT HAS BEEN IMPLIED TO ME THAT THE BEING WILL NOT COME HERE HIMSELF. WERE I NOT FORBIDDEN TO I WOULD USE HIS PROPER NAME, THOUGH I AM NOT ALLOWED IN PRINT OR SPEECH TO USE IT.

THE THREAT HAS COME DOWN ON THE TOWN BEFORE, THOUGH LIKELY LESS STRONGLY THAN IT WILL IN THE COMING MOONS. IN THE PAST, I BELIEVE THIS ANGER HAS Poured DOWN ON US IN THE FORM OF REDCAPS AND WHAT APPEARED TO BE ZOMBIES. NOW, WE ARE ALL FAMILIAR WITH ZOMBIES AND THE AMOUNT OF STRATEGY NEEDED TO DISPATCH ONE OF THEM.

THE REDCAPS HOWEVER ARE A DIFFERENT THREAT ALTOGETHER. THEY HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO ACT AS AN ANIMAL IN THE WOOD, INJURED AND NEEDING OF YOUR ASSISTANCE. THIS IS A CLEVER PLOY TO LULL YOU INTO THEIR GRASP. ALSO, THEY ARE TOUGH-SKINNED AND REGENERATE WHILE EATING. THESE CREATURES ARE CAUSED INCREDIBLE PAIN BY CONTACT WITH COLD-IRON THOUGH I AM NOT SURE MUCH OF THAT IS AVAILABLE IN THE TOWN.

THAT IS THE INFORMATION AVAILABLE TO ME AT THE MOMENT, AND PLEASE, IF THIS WILL BRING THE ANGER OF THE TOWN UPON ME AS WELL, I ONLY ASK THAT I BE ALLOWED TO COMPLETE THE TASK LAID OUT TO ME BY ONE QUEEN THAT I PAY HOMAGE TO. HOWEVER, KNOW THAT ALL OUR TOWN MUST STAND STRONG TOGETHER TO SURVIVE THIS DARK NIGHT, AND KNOW THAT BY DEFENDING OURSELVES FROM THIS THREAT, YOU WILL DO YOUR PART IN ENSURING THE BALANCE IS INTACT FOR HE DAWNING OF THE NEXT AGE.

SIR FARROCK FROSTHILL  
KNIGHT OF HOUSE MYDDVAI

### Scrolls for Sale

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

## The Thoughts of A Recently Executed Man.

In Maygrelian I was ordered to Point Edgar to answer charges of theft from a noble's tomb. Before a day had passed I made for the Court at Point Edgar to plead my case. I was looking forward to having my innocence confirmed by any means, including submitting to mind reader or some such, as this would surely exonerate me. Upon my registration with the Court I was led to a paddock to await my trial. As my time came closer, two of My Grand Liege Duke Mac'a'Fay's guard came and informed me that the charges against me had been removed and that I was free to go. I admit that I sought no writ, but recognizing the two honorable guards and seeing the subsequent permissive nods from the Court's Staff and Guard I had no reason to protest as I was released from the paddock. I continued to summer in our great capitol as I attended the Academy.

The claims above, were they untrue, would certainly warrant a significant punishment, I do not make them lightly. All can be confirmed and I stand ready to participate fully in any investigation of my actions.

Unfortunately, in the Court of Elmerton, these claims were neither accepted nor were suggestions of means to confirm my claim allowed. A well known psionicist offered to read my mind, upon which aspersions were made upon her character. Others suggested a stay of execution to confirm with our Duke's administrators my claim. Knowingly making this false claim to gain some temporary reprieve from my fate would surely make it worse. Of course, the only worse thing than the fate I was to receive on that date would be soul execution, as I was soon summarily executed. I can only imagine that by the grace of the Incarnation of Death I was allowed to return to Magesta, as I am here to write this.

With great disappointment I confirmed my execution. The coup-de-grace was a steady blade drawn across my throat. In my melancholy I left Elmerton wondering if I would ever return. Thinking despondently of the friends and comrades I had made there. It is only in this unhappy pondering that I concluded that I should write to the Magestic Messenger in the hopes that no more martyrdom to injustice be required. I understand the extent to which small slights against

certain people may be repaid. I make these statements knowing that that is my burden to bear.

I believe in the sanctity of life. I believe that, though many have returned even from Death, that this does not make it less of a harsh punishment. I believe that every death is one closer to your final. I believe in the hope of a people for justice. And I believe that one innocent killed in the name of justice debases her.

In these times of great trouble for our nation and our world, it is sad that we should be struggling against ourselves. I would propose that all those condemned to execution be allowed to make appeals to their Lord Duke or Majesty King Rulian. This appeal would not be without risk, as a false appeal should merit the displeasure of the Court. All executions so appealed, if there must be any at all, should then be carried out by order of the King. This would not be to burden his Court but to ensure that those condemned in his Blessed Irvanshire not die in vain.

Respectfully submitted by His Majesty's servant,  
Tegwald Dunham.

## A Most Gracious Thank You!

We, the owners of The Tavern With No Name, would like to thank all who attended our grand opening and for making it such a great success. We would also like to take this opportunity to apologize for certain, inexplicable events that may have interrupted your enjoyment of the evening's festivities. You have our guarantee that no such incidents will ever occur in future visits to our fine and respectable establishment. That said, we look forward to seeing you again and hope you will, *"Think of us first for quenching your thirst!"*

Graciously Yours,  
McKraken & MacGuinness;  
Proprietors of The Tavern With No Name

### Hunting for Nature

Upon hearing tale of the distress in Elmerton over Incarnation's favors, my Sapshirian Hunter companions and I decided seek out Nalfater, the Incarnation of Nature.

My fellow Hunters and I have come across Nalfater from time to time, since we stick to a strict code of the forest. This time, he was much more difficult to find. Obviously, the Incarnation of Nature can make himself elusive in any forest whenever he pleases. This time, he was purposely hiding from someone or something.

Needless to say, after much effort by many scouts, we were able to let Nalfater know it was us looking for him, so he allowed us to speak with him. Without a word, he handed an arrow to us. His smile disappeared soon after he handed us the arrow, and he vanished.

Then we heard it. It started out as a slow clap, and there he was in his long dark robes.

"Oh, I just love you Sapshirian Hunters!"

We had heard rumors of Devastation, but had never seen him in the flesh.

"You know, red is not the best color for hiding in the forest."

I put the arrow Nalfater gave me into my quiver and put my hands in the air. "Please, don't hurt us."

"I love it when people beg for mercy!"

He apparently took the bait and paid no more mind to the arrow.

"But I don't like you guys prancing around the woods looking for that dendropheliac, Nalfater."

He started laughing. We Hunters fell over in pain.

When I awoke, I found the grass below me shriveled and the trees around us withered. We were cursed with an unnatural disease. When we returned to our encampment, we found that we were not alone. All Sapshirian Hunters share in this curse. Whatever tree or blade of grass we touch with our bare skin withers and dies. The outcome is not as dramatic if we touch a tree through cloth, but the plant is still harmed. Fruit and vegetables rot in our hands. Devastation has taken away the only way we know how to survive.

~Lessa of the Sapshirian Hunters

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 the 14th of October.

### Tohmshirian Soldiers Sighted in the Western Fiddlehead Hills

*In the high summer, groups of men were seen crossing the border into Irvanshire. It has been confirmed that some of these men are soldiers of Emperor Borgeh II. It is estimated that hundreds of men have passed silently into Irvanshire over the summer months.*

*It is speculated that they intend to amass an army to make raids further into Irvanshire. Thus far, attempts to confirm any large force in the Fiddlehead Hills have been unsuccessful.*

*"There'r plenny hidey holes in dem hills", said Wigness Festerchops, "I ain't sayin' they's there, there jus' ain't no sayin' they's not cuz ya cain't find nun."*

*Fears that a larger force has crept in are not discounted but they are reported to be unlikely. Authorities advise keeping a watchful eye and alerting local law enforcement should anything arise. A soldier wondered, "What's a few hundred soldiers gonna do? We have many times that ready to swoop in at the least sign of trouble."*

*Individuals in border towns are asked to be especially vigilant on their watch and to advise the Militia of any suspicious activity.*

*N. Thames, Sq.*

My fellow townfolk of Elmerton:

It pleases me to say that for the next few moons my residence will be in Riverton at the Dilisnya manor house. I have been given the honor of training this noble family's soldiers and preparing them for war. I will return to Elmerton at least once a moon to visit and help out the town. However, if you are seeking me in person or wish to send a letter, you will find me in Riverton. I look forward to my visits to Elmerton and sharing stories with friends by the fire's light.

Luther H.,  
Warford of Irvanshire  
Golden Swords

### Take Notice:

Now Hiring at the Wining Spirit

Many different positions are open.  
Pay and hours are negotiable.

No prior experience in tavern work necessary.

Meet at the Wining Spirit at the 13<sup>th</sup> hour of October 14<sup>th</sup> for an interview with the current staff of the Wining Spirit.

All patrons of the Wining Spirit, check the balance of your tab with the staff at the Wining Spirit monthly.

## *An Invitation to the Commoners of Iranshire*

*Only Time will remember the stones it has made sand.*

*In the coming times there will be free discourse among citizens. This inevitability will be best met by peaceful means. In other ages blood would flow to bring new ideas change. I am made optimistic not only by the participative discourse found in academia, but also by the florid discussions over firebrew or mead in a local tavern.*

*I wish that this would continue with discussion about matters important to us, the common people. Let there be small groups of citizens discussing farming and food shortages while grain rots in the silos. Let there be common voices speaking out for an equitable system of laws. Let there be discussion of what it means to be a person.*

*I submit again, the request of Our Majesty, King Rulian V, that he show the vision and foresight he has shown throughout his leadership and grant the following rights and fundamental freedoms to his people.*

1. *Freedom of conscience and religion.*
2. *Freedom of thought, belief, opinion, and expression, including freedom of the press and other means of communication.*
3. *Freedom of peaceful assembly, and*
4. *Freedom of association.*

*Again, I warn you to choose your partners well for these meetings; these freedoms have not been granted. But please discuss what these freedoms would mean for you. Then contribute the results of your debate in an anonymous article in the Messenger or other forum. Your voice can be heard. You are important. You are not alone.*

*Respectfully yours,*

*Magna  
Representative Magna  
Council for Iranshire*

### **WANTED**

**A tall and lanky male elf of about 200 years of age named Yil-ius Starchild is wanted alive for theft of a noble's property. He was last seen in the town of Elmerton in the Fiddlehead Hills. The Elmerton Town Guard has placed a warrant for his arrest and a two gold crown bounty has been offered for his capture.**

## *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.*

## **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 there 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?*

### 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.

Dearest Daddy,

Mommy misses you A LOT! She thinks we need to spend some "quality" time together as a family. She's so pretty, pretty. She's unhappy about the bad ugly man. She wants you to make him stay away or else she'll start a new collection for Atréyu. Ha-HaHa! And she'll make the crawly crawlies come out of your eyes every day. I love the crawly crawlies A LOT! She's going to find you and hug you so tight!

Luv,

Suzie

### ARMOR FOR RENT

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

The first 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 second 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.





## Magestry's Best of Elfteember 2006

Here are our picks for the best of the September 1-3 event:

The month's **Best PC Award** goes to **Erik Dey** for his superb portrayal of the newly instated Incarnation of Knowledge. We heard nothing but good things about his performance and we were consistently impressed whenever we got the chance to interact with him. Great job, Erik!

This month's **Honorable Mention** goes to **Meg Plumb** for staying in perfect character as Duffy. She was the perfect little Hermione during her classes and was a joy to role-play with at all times. It was always refreshing to know that, no matter what, we could count on Duffy to be in character and to be role-playing her heart out. Thanks, Meg!

And, last event's **Best NPC Award** goes to **Andy Cassell**, who did an absolutely amazing job at setting up the Tavern With No Name and executing an entertaining and exciting night. He spent most of Saturday in the mod building making sure everything was just right and spent a lot of time beforehand writing the plots for the night. We were impressed, to say the least.

## RIDDLES BY RAKESH

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

What is it the more you take, the more you leave behind?

Black within and red without. Four corners round about.

What am I?

## EVER THINK OF 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, Angel 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 and 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.

*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 Infomations) 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.

## FREE GAMES AND BROWNIE POINTS

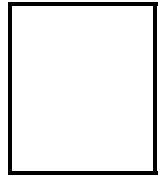
"Ding!"

-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 Fall Event

### Schedule

October 13-15, 2006 (Chesterfield)  
November 3-5, 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

October 13 — 15, 2006

At Chesterfield Scout Reservation in Chesterfield, MA

The cost is \$55 (\$50 if by October 6) for PCs and \$10 (Free if by October 6) 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 Paul@Magestry.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!**