

THE MAGESTIC MESSENGER

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

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Volume 5, Issue 5

THE ASCENSION OF TATSUNORI AZUMA

In the castle they called me Ditzza, but Papsy Rai called me Felicity. Papsy's gone now and I don't have a home anymore. I'm gonna tell my story to a Messenger to let certain folk know that Doctor Ivan is gonna be upset with them but then I'm gonna go hide. Doctor Ivan doesn't want me back. Doctor Ivan would kill me. He already tried but Papsy made me his daughter and Doctor Ivan really liked Papsy, so he let him keep me.

My Papsy Rai Terranym used to work for a man named Doctor Ivan Mangelo who currently lives in a castle in Eddinburg. He was Doctor Ivan's most trusted friend and accomplice and the guy who Doctor Ivan trusted to do things and get things. I was only a test subject. They took me from my home a long time ago and they said they killed my family so I can't go home. Doctor Ivan tried some things on me and I failed. I was a bad tester. Doctor Ivan was very mad and wanted to get rid of me, but Papsy said he needed a serving girl. Papsy was so nice to me, like a father. He took care of me and took me on his missions and let me help with all sorts of things and get lots of things. He didn't care what I looked like and he wouldn't let Doctor Ivan get rid of me. I went all sorts of places and everywhere with Papsy.

Then we went to a farm 'cause Doctor Ivan sent Papsy Rai to visit his slave Tatsunari. His slave wasn't doing what he was supposed to and Doctor Ivan wanted him to do or die. He told Papsy to go to the farm and make Tatsu fight him in honor combat and if Tatsu won against Papsy then he could not be Doctor Ivan's slave anymore. Then Doctor Ivan and Papsy laughed and laughed and I laughed too because no one can beat Papsy. Papsy is the biggest and best warrior and sneakiest killer and fastest stabber in the whole world. No man has beat him ever ever. Doctor Ivan told Papsy Rai to bring the slave's sword back as proof that he

was dead and Papsy said he would bring his head if he wanted...

We went onto the farm and there was nobody there. I saw cows and corn and then lots of tents. Papsy told me that I should stay in the woods and practice hiding. I saw the slave Tatsu alone by the tents. He was wearing a red bandana with a picture of a birdie on it. Only one other man was anywhere but he was scared of Papsy, I think and watched like me. Papsy went up to Tatsu and made the challenge. Tatsu bowed at Papsy and then they fought! And fought! Tatsu made a good fight for Papsy and I knew Papsy was enjoying the combat. Papsy always likes it when people fight good against him. But no one has beat Papsy ever and Tatsu didn't either. Papsy stuck his sword right through Tatsu's belly and the slave fell down and didn't fight anymore. Papsy looked at me and smiled his wild smile and bent to pick up the Tatsu's sword.

Then his fingers touched the sword and Papsy was gone. I thought he had hopped like some people do, but then there was ashes all over where Papsy was before and hoppers don't leave ashes. I cried for Papsy, but he didn't come back. Then all of a sudden there was a beam of light that made my eyes hurt and Tatsu's body got really bright and disappeared into the light and it shot up fast and faster into the sky.

Doctor Ivan is gonna be angry like when I was a bad tester because now he has lost his slave and Papsy. And Papsy used to get him special things that made the drones make people die and now Doctor Ivan can't get those. I just wanted to warn the people who were in the tents at the farm because Doctor Ivan will probably be looking for you. And maybe me but he won't find me. Papsy made sure I was good at hiding so that's what I am going to do.

FAMILY AND FARM DECIMATED BY SAEDIUS CULTISTS

In all the languages I am familiar with, there are no words that can fully describe the heart-wrenching scene I was witness to when I visited Farmer Shryber's Farm recently. The first signs of destruction could be seen even a mile downstream from the farm where red foam and ashes gathered on the rocks and riverbanks. Further upstream, blood ran from corpses of cattle, sheep and yes, the occasional person. Any crops that couldn't be taken were burned, the livestock were slaughtered and homes were looted and destroyed. Many brave men and women who tried to fight against the waves of cultists were seriously injured or killed, and several families have lost daughters, mothers and wives to the barbarian horde. The farm has been left in pieces with only a few brave, uninjured souls left to help

pull it back together before the winter months.

Perhaps one of the most devastating losses on the farm is the loss of the Freeman family- the first casualty of this terrible tragedy. Carol-Ann, Terrence Jr. and Biggs (Biggsy) Jr. Freeman were set upon by what others describe as huge, evil-looking sea creatures with webbed feet, gaping mouths full of long teeth, and huge blank eyes. Though the small family fought bravely, if briefly, the creatures overpowered them and literally tore them to pieces. Then, before the eyes of the few souls who stayed to fight, the creatures turned into copies of the family and started down the road to the campsite where many folks from Elmerton were staying. Shortly after they left, waves of cultists swarmed the farm leaving the scene I have described above.

Carol-Ann, Terrence and Biggs did not return from Death's Realm and their absence is grievously mourned on the farm and for miles around. To know this family was to love them deeply, and there are very few who have visited the farm and have not been welcomed and cared for by the Freemans. Carol-Ann was born on the farm to parents, who like so many others on Shryber's Farm, had been rescued from slavery by Farmer Shryber himself. A brave and compassionate woman, she genuinely loved all people and had a life goal of helping those in need. Several families on the farm owe her their lives and the same can be said for many people who have passed through the area. She embodied love, generosity and goodwill, and she passed these qualities on to her two sons, Terrence and Biggs. The two boys were known around the Farm for being good-hearted, silly boys with a love for company. They won the hearts of many who passed through the area. Shryber's Farm will not be the same without this much loved family. A memorial service for those who have died will be held on the 9th of Elftember, 2007 at Shryber's Farm.

This farm, and the families on it have provided so many people with love, care and whatever they could need. If you have the time, money or resources to help rebuild the farm and help feed the families for the winter months, I urge you to do so. Correspondence and aid can be sent to Robin Marie Freeman at Shryber's Farm.

PRAISE DAETHORN!

Daethorn, creator of worlds and powerful force for good has always been present on Magesta. Most recently, this great being was instrumental in ending the rampage of the Incarnation of Devastation. He has always been strongest when the people of this world acted in Agreement with his values of kindness, justice, and peace. When he was strong, Magesta had many years of peace and prosperity. Now, with the spreading influence of the Sleeping Lord, peace and prosperity are things of the past. Wars, disease, and famine cover every nation, justice is discarded for an obvious favoritism of Saedius, and kindness is murdered alongside innocent farmers. We live in a world of fear, rapidly falling under the tyrannical rule of the Sleeping Lord.

Why is this happening? It is because another great being called Daelarius opposes Daethorn. Daelarius has used his power to aid the Sleeping Lord Saedius for his own malicious goals. To put it simply, Daelarius is using Saedius as a club to pound Magesta into submission. He has great power and mercilessly uses it to destroy any resistance he can find.

What can we do? Think back to the days of peace and prosperity. Remember the values of kindness, justice, and peace. Live as best as you can to demonstrate those values, even if it is only in small matters. Tell others, in this Dimension and on all Dimensions, about Daethorn and how to live a better life with his values. Speak the name of Daethorn to remind others of the better days. Do this, have faith, and Magesta's days of fear will begin to come to an end.

Too All Citizens of Elmerston,

I hope you all have had your eye-opening in the Go-Betweens. Now, I implore you to return to my lands. My wife and I are confined to the manor house as some plague is raging outside (pun intended, I assure you). It began with sick goblins quickly turning blood frenzied and killing everything in sight. Now, many of the local farmers have taken ill and are doing the same. Even the ones our guards managed to kill have gotten back up and are still enraged.

If your weapons and other useful skills would return to my lands and rid them of this sickness, I would be grateful. If you could return quickly and make my lands hospitable so that the upcoming auction I'm supposed to host isn't completely ruined, I'd be even more grateful.

*Praise Saedius,
Baron Victor Van Doren*

BREWER'S GUILD

TO HOLD AUCTION IN ELMERTON!

The Brewer's Guild would like to invite craftsmen, traders, merchants, nobles, and all other interested parties to an auction in the town of Elmerston! The auction will be held at the Elmerston manor house during dinner on Elftember 22nd. There will be a charge of one silver piece to enter the auction, though dinner will be free to those who do not wish to participate. Only those who have paid will be able to purchase anything off the auctioneer's block. There will be several trade and craft items (both magical and mundane) up for bid as well as brews from various talented brewmasters, several potions, and our most anticipated item; the personal journal of the Incarnation of Knowledge. There will be a full list of items up for bid made available at the dinner for those who wish to see it. All proceeds from the auction will benefit the Brewer's Guild.

Our Children

Allow me to think out loud a moment in an effort to contemplate the morality with which we operate. We voted several moons ago to allow the Faelings to be caged for the totality of their short and now sorrowful lives. Several were opposed but the vast majority were in favor of the decision. I thought for a long time why this decision bothered me so. Certainly, in times of war and strife, sacrifices must be made.

Some would argue the decision was not ours to make. Ah, but if that was so how did Fate come to place it on our lap? Maybe it wasn't our lives we were sacrificing, but your life is not always in your control. I am sure everyone in town has, at one point or another, been forced to do something they would rather not do. Maybe it's because of a spell, maybe it's because a friend's life is in danger or maybe it's a sharp blade at your throat. In this case all three are true and though the blade is just a metaphor for Saedius, it is a blade all the same.

No, that wasn't it. I pondered further in the deepest state of meditation I could muster. The answer came like a dagger in the soft flesh of my side, awakening me to a cruel fact I had avoided. It wasn't that the Faelings were innocent, though they are; it wasn't that we were imprisoning them unfairly, though we were; and it wasn't even that we had done so with an astounding lack of ceremony or remorse, though we did. They are family.

Many of you are very lucky. You have parents, children, siblings and spouses. Take it from someone who, for a long time, had no kin. Family is important. I spent all too many days of my life a wretched boy without a mother's love or a father's pride to lean on. I thought it strengthened my inner self, but it was merely a plate mail shell on a hallow inner core. Thank the gods and the Incarnation of Fate that I met my father when I did.

And here we were. The Faelings may not be of our blood, but they are our children. We constructed them with care. We enacted the rituals to give them life. We are parents. It does not matter that I voted against surrendering the Faeling's. What bothers me most is that I did not do more to convince others to change their vote. And so I write this not in an effort to assess blame but in the hopes it guides our hand in a more careful manner in the future. We will continue to need to make sacrifices, but it mustn't be family and friends. If we cannot protect them, then what kind of world are we saving from being remade?

*-Rowen Syaoran
Swordspeaker*

Conclave for Those Faithful to the True Gods

I am Helik Windsaber, follower of the Lady, bartender of the Wining Spirit, known as one of the heroes of Vorkarian, and I call out to those who still follow the tenets of their god to come to Elmerton. We have fought against each other in the past, but a new enemy rises from the shadows and he is known as the Sleeping Lord. His lies and trickery have caused many to be seduced by his false promises and ideals. We need to stand together to fight this enemy that threatens our faith and the very existence of Magesta. I have seen first-hand how he has ripped families, friends, and communities apart, and soon he will aim to raze Magesta itself. So I am asking, to the heads of their respective orders that still follow the true gods of Magesta, to come to the Wining Spirit in Elmerton at the end of this month on Saturday at three bells past noon to establish a temporary peace among our sects and form an alliance to battle this common enemy. I have spoken with those of my order and I will be representing the Followers of Gwendolar. I hope to see the other religious sects come to this meeting, but I also ask that while we are meeting here we do so under ceased hostilities for this conclave. I know the idea of some of us uniting may cause uneasiness for many, but the alternative is that we will be consumed by oblivion. I hope to see you there and that this nightmare ends for all of us.

-Helik Windsaber

The Loneliest Goblin

At least that is what it looked like to this passerby when I stumbled across one as he sat hunched over upon a large log. I had found myself misplaced in the woods somewhere north of the town of Elmerton when I had found him. He had not noticed my approach, for his beady yellow eyes were preoccupied with staring at the entrance to a wide burrow dug into a rocky hillside. It appeared as though he was sobbing, for his scrawny frame shuddered with each heaving breath and his homely, green face was wet and streaked where the tears had washed away the grim. Finding this odd, for what could cause such a creature to do such a thing, my curiosity was stricken, and I decided to inquire of it.

Being schooled in many languages, of which goblinese was one, I stepped forward and made my presence known to the sad, little fellow. Greeting him with a goblin's version of a friendly 'Hello!' I expected him to be somewhat startled, but to my surprise he appeared not to hear me. 'Could this poor, pathetic wretch also be deaf,' I thought. Moving closer and speaking louder I once again announced myself, 'Hello, friend!' I thought adding friend to the greeting would make me appear less threatening and my intentions more clear. I should not have bothered, for truly this was a hearing impaired goblin. Well then, I would have to try something more direct, and so I stepped into his line of sight. Certainly this would get his attention, and it did! It also drew my attention to the very long and very sharp spear resting on the ground beside him. I swallowed deeply and with both hands raised with palms out, as is the international sign for friend so I have been told, I tried once more, 'Greetings, friend! May I be of assistance?' His reply was not what I was hoping for. I believe his exact words were, 'Cha-putt-nik!'

Now, I am not familiar with this particular phrase, but from his demeanor I believe it meant something to the nature of, 'No, thank you, I am fine.' Finding this difficult to believe, I felt compelled to make certain before continuing on with my wanderings, 'Are you sure? You seem sad. Would you like to talk about it?' and I gave him my most sincere smile. I fear I may have blundered in the translation, for his response was not what I expected at all.

(Continued on page 5)

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With frog like reflexes he jumped up, grabbed his spear, and angled it inches from my throat. He seemed most perturbed by my last statement, so I tried to reiterate, but he would have nothing of it. 'Cha-putt-nik!' he croaked again before breaking off and running up the hillside where he climbed up upon a cluster of boulders just above the burrow he had been so intent upon. Fearing I had offended him I tried to apologize, but by the way he so angrily stabbed at the earth with his spear I felt it best to be leaving. As I turned to make a hasty escape, there came a thunderous clatter from behind. The goblin, in his fit of rage, had dislodged one of the great stones from its resting place and it, along with so many of its neighbors, tumbled down upon where the entrance of the burrow had been. When the dust had cleared, there was left no sign of it ever existing. As for the loneliest goblin, I cannot say. He may have perished in the rockslide, but I am not quite certain of it.

So on that note, I say this to all of you who happen upon a sad, solitary goblin sulking in his own misery, let him be. That is unless you have a better understanding of what 'Cha-putt-nik' means and how to properly respond to it.

- A Misguided and Misunderstood Observer

Citizens of Elmerton,

Would you like to be on the town council? We are in need of two new council members, due to the sad loss of one member and the lack of attendance by the other. I know that there are rules that were stated as in: you can not be convicted of a crime, have to be a town resident, have to be in town so many moons, and etc. If you feel like you could be useful come see me. Also if you were an alternate, and would like to take your place now, again, please see me. Once I know who is interested in taking part, I will speak on your behalf to Silvia and Rakesh, and most likely a town vote will follow. See you all in court.

Suki- Protector of Yillian

Even More Desperately Seeking!!!

I am badly in need of learning the art of cooking and would very much like to find one who is trained in such to apprentice under. I have been told by many others that I have talent with what little I already know, but would like to learn more so that I may earn a living at it. I am especially fond of making sweets and tasty treats, such as cookies, pies, and pastries. I am willing to pay for your time and lessons, or even apprentice under you as an assistant for as long as need be. I can now be found living in Elmerton as a permanent resident, so please come visit!



Suki- Protector of Yillian

Sisterhood,

It is time for us to meet once more! Our next gathering shall be taking place at the pavilion on the turning field in Elmerton, Saturday afternoon. Please try to attend, for, as always, there are topics of the great importance to talk about, so start thinking of what you believe are issues in need of discussion. Do not forget to bring something to eat or drink to be shared with everyone as well as your tankard!

I also want to take this opportunity to extend an open invitation to all the women of Magesta interested in learning more about us and why we continue to gather. We would equally love to meet with you and hear what your thoughts are on matters that affect us all. So, please come and be welcomed to our circle of peace and possibilities!

Suki-Protector of Yillian

Rumor Has It... *

By The SILVER-TONGUED DEVIL

DISEASE & MADNESS RUN RAMPANT!!!

Reports are flooding out of the region surrounding the township of Elmerton of an outbreak of fever that is driving its residents mad with bloodlust and rage. Some even tell of entire farming communities and small villages being wiped out by this highly contagious illness which turns all it infects into savage, mindless beasts. Disturbingly, most who have contracted the disease have died not long following. Worse still, it appears that it is not the symptoms that are doing so, but rather, their deaths have come at the hands of those who the sick have attacked. In many accounts, friends and families of the afflicted out of self defense have been forced to take the lives of loved ones who have succumbed to the madness. This *rage fever* drives its victims to a berserk, incommunicable state from which there is little hope of returning from. Beware citizens of the realm, for should not a cure be found soon, you may be its next victim...one way or another!

SAVAGE MAN-BEASTS RAVAGE COUNTRYSIDE!

"They'd done killed every last one of me goats," exclaimed goatherd Ronnal Thogbottom, a resident of the southern Fiddleheads, "and they would've gotten me to if'n Ol' Lou hadn't warned me!" referring to his loyal pet dog. An expression of remorse falls across his face, "I just wish poor Ol' Lou hadn't been so damn stubborn," pausing to blow his nose in a well used hanky. "The damn fool, done and went got caught by those...those... MONSTERS!"

Thogbottom had been leading his thirty or so goats up the rocky hillside before dawn in hopes of beating the other herds to the better grazing areas. when he, or rather his goats, fell prey to what many of the locals say is a pack of blood-thirsty "*Man-beasts*" which has been haunting the hills for several months now. The frazzled, old man went on to say, "Ol' Lou ran ahead, I thought he had spotted a hare by the way he

took off barking. Next thing I knows he's coming back with his tail between his legs."

Ol' Lou had not spotted a hare, but what he had found followed him back to his owner and the herd. "Terrible creatures they was! Like men, but not...anymore. Long, black claws they had and jagged teethed that stuck out like this!" putting both hands to his mouth with fingers splayed outward, "Snapping and drooling and growling...there had to be a hundred of them! Well, maybe not that many, " scratching his gray chin hairs, "The sun ain't come yet, and it was still pretty dark...but that's not the point!"

Thogbottom's tale of monstrous, goat-eating beasties went on and on, but in the end he came to this conclusion, "I may not know what them damn things are, but I do know that I never plan on finding out. Ol' Lou did, the old fool, and look what went and happened to him."

THE BELL TOLLS TWELVE!

Recently another headless corpse was found in Port Hensworth, making the twelfth such in a series of unsolvable murders that has been plaguing the citizens of its upper class in as many weeks. The body is believed to belong to that of one Nathanale Roy Whitecrest of the seafaring family of same name. It was discovered by a local clam digger while she was scouring the beach along the eastern shoreline early one morning in Gobly. Shelly McCloister claimed, "I'd been a kneelin' down diggin' with me spade, searchin' fer da clams as I do, when I's find 'im. Ee'd been buried out der, 'eadless an' all so's none knows is my guess!"

Local authorities remain baffled by the killings of now a dozen members of four of Port Hensworth's more well known families, all of which were men. Houses Maseur, Van Braughan, Ellington, and now Whitecrest have all suffered losses at the hands of this murderer, or murderers, and fear they will continue until someone does something about it. Both House Maseur and Van Braughan are offering rewards for any information leading to the apprehension of the killer(s).

*Disclaimer: All, some, or none of which is based on actual, factual truth or otherwise!

RIDDLES BY RAKESH

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

My first is in chocolate but not in ham, my second's in cake and also in jam, my third at tea-time is easily found, my whole is a friend who's often around.
What am I?

My first is in window but not in pane, my second's in road but not in lane, my third is in oval but not in round, my fourth is in hearing but not in sound, my whole is known as a sign of peace. What am I?

From the Rock Sugar Mines deep beneath
the Candy Corn Mountains
come we, the Sugar Plum Fae
under orders from our accountants.

Bringing with us word for all of Magesta,
rejoice and be happy and have a fiesta!

We want everyone to know
that we are not fakers,
for when it comes to the bestest candy
we are its makers.

It is tasty and sweet and will rot your teeth,
and it costs very little so more you can eat!

Eat it for breakfast, lunch, and for dinner,
eat it in spring, summer till winter!

Lolly (that's me)
eats it all the time,
that is how she came
to write you this rhyme .

So save up your clay and
don't fill up your tummies,
for soon we will visit to
sell you our YUMMIES!!!

Wanted: Rat Catcher!

Elmerton farmer seeking experienced exterminator of rodents and their sort.

Will pay fairly upon eradication of all unwanted pests. Farmstead located on the northwest end of town.

Ask for Heston Moore.

(Serious inquiries only, please!)

Let Kalim Look it Up

With the LIBRARY out of commission and probably never coming back, 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. And even though Duffy is "back", you all know that I'm the only incarnation that really loves you. So if you need information and don't want to find it yourself, ask or write me anytime.

Boffers By Maget

*If you want a boffer made by Maget, send an email to:
MagicBoffer@gmail.com*

With the following information:

Blade Length and color

Handle length and color

Pommel length and color

Crossguard length and color

Pictures you pull off the internet, to give him an idea of what you want, will help.

You'll get an email back with an image that will clarify exactly



Rules Changes

Magestry will soon experience rules changes that will update our rulebook to version 1.3. We are just about ready to finalize these changes, but we want to give you, the players, a chance to voice your opinions about the proposed changes. So speak up! Please voice your disgust and suggestions on the Magestry Community on LiveJournal.com.

A list of all proposed changes along with a rough draft of version 1.3 of the Magestry Player's Rulebook can be found at Magestry.com; it is version number 1.299. Please read through the book and email the staff if you notice any grammatical errors or inconsistencies in the rules. We will update the book as changes come in, so please be sure that you are looking at the most current version when hunting for errors. You will be rewarded with a Brownie Point bounty for your effort. Email your catches to RuleHunter@Magestry.com. Thanks!

I'm Ready for My Close-up...



And ready you better be! This event we are still going to be taking pictures for the rulebook and we want you to look your best. There will be candid shots and a couple of set-up shots (if we think your costume/makeup is really rockin', we may take you aside to do some of these ones) and we will also be

doing shots of each the races! If you think you have a really great costume for a race you don't play at game, bring it anyway, and we will try and get a picture of it. Most of the pictures will be taken on Saturday during the morning and through the afternoon, so make sure you're there and all sorts of pretty for that time period! If you don't want your picture to appear in the rulebook, you don't need to do a thing, but if you do want your beautiful mug to grace the pages, be sure to fill out a photo waiver that says we are allowed to use your image. See you there!

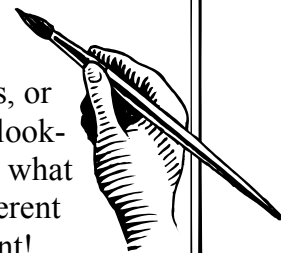
MAGESTRY'S COVER CONTEST!

Ever wish to see your artistry in print? Even if your answer is no, now is your chance!

Magestry is holding a contest for the design of the cover of version 1.3 of the Player's Rulebook. The contest is open to PCs, NPCs, or others who have never even heard of Magestry.

Here are the guidelines:

Covers can be artwork, photographs, or some other graphic design. We are looking for something that best displays what Magestry is. That is, of course, different to many people, so do what you want!



The only text required on it is the following:
PDabble Games Presents the Magestry Player's Rulebook

There is no limit to the number of entries one person may submit. All entries are due by the end of the day on Thursday, September 13th.

Please send them to Rulebook@Magestry.com or mail them to:

Magestry
PO Box 1037
Middlebury, CT 06762

The creator of the winning cover will receive a free color copy of the new rulebook and a FREE pass to Magestry's 2008 season! If the winner is not a PC, he or she may gift the pass to the PC of his or her choosing.

Good Luck!

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 ☆ In order to make a little extra coin,
 ☆ Magestry has begun a fund raiser selling
 ☆ frames for automobile license plates. The
 ☆ frames proclaim:
 ☆ "Be a Weekend Warrior!!!"
 ☆ to grab the attention of fellow motorists
 ☆ and also display our web address,
 ☆ Magestry.com.
 ☆
 ☆ Each plate frame sells for a mere \$5 and
 ☆ the staff will award 10 Brownie Points to
 ☆ a player if he or she buys one.
 ☆
 ☆ Help us out!
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Fund Raiser

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. If you are planning on donating anything, please email me, Angela 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 in advance.

MAGESTRY'S Best of Gobly 2007

The month's **Best PC Award** goes to **Jae Weisbrot** as Jonathan Delancy. We heard nothing but good things about his performance and we were consistently impressed whenever we got the chance to interact with him. A meeting with Jonathan Delancy was always one to be recounted back at Ops. Great job, Jae!

And, last event's **Best NPC Award** goes to **Meg Plumb**, who was an amazing NPC the entire event. Nearly every time we saw her, she was helping to dredge out the flooded NPC HQ tent, picking up coffee and donuts for everyone, trying to keep up morale or rocking out some really stellar plots. She helped to make sure that plots went off and was a wonderful leader. She was exactly what we needed for this event and look for from all of our NPCs. Thanks, Meg!

*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 Informations) 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.

PDabble Games

PO Box 1037
Middlebury, CT 06762

MAGESTRY's Next Event is
August 31 - September 2, 2007

At Chesterfield Scout Reservation in Chesterfield, MA

The cost is \$60 for PCs (\$55 if sent by mail by August 24) and Free for NPCs.

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 space. There is also tent space available, so if you plan to pay at the door, bring a tent because you might not get 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 both PCs and NPCs will receive a full dinner on Saturday night. The cost of the dinner is included in the registration fee. NPCs will also be fed breakfast on Saturday and Sunday mornings.

PCs and NPCs should also bring some of their own food!

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

MAGESTRY 2007

Fall Event Schedule

August 31– September 2, 2007 (Chesterfield)

September 21-23, 2007 (Chesterfield)

October 19-21, 2007 (Chesterfield)

November 2-4, 2007 (Chesterfield)

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

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

Registration Forms, Waivers, Medical Forms, and a free downloadable copy of the **Player's Rulebook** can be found at
Magestry.com

*Make checks payable to "Magestry"

**There will be a \$25 charge for all returned checks.

Magestry.com
PDabbleGames.com