

THE MAGESTIC MESSENGER

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

Elftember (September) 2007

Volume 5, Issue 6

GOODBYE TO A HERO

Even now, as I write this, tears well within my eyes and my hand trembles because I cannot believe it. To think that he is gone is the most unbelievable consideration to ever enter my darkest dreams. I grew up hearing his tales of valor and sacrifice, of his noble acts and his daring in the face of insurmountable odds. He was one of the few people I have ever idolized. A man of simple origin, but not a simple man. To myself, and to many, he seemed a symbol of safety and stability who would always be there; he could never die.

But I know it is true, for I was there when the body was brought into the audience chamber of Queen Rosella. The hero of Lowex, General Nexus Thatcher, is dead.

The day was a dull Tuesday afternoon. As usual, I was looking painfully on as Her Majesty continuously nodded to the unheard words of her War Advisor. Outside, there was rioting over a few loaves of bread, as was common these days in the cities and villages of this once proud nation. The queen sat unmoving and emotionless, being that way ever since she heard that her honorary uncle, Nexus had marched an army west into the heart of Lowex, threatening rebellion. Most of us standing in the in the audience chamber were numb, perhaps that is why we did not hear them enter the room. It seemed that they just appeared.

Three men of the most disgusting stature and smell, wielding visages that looked as if they hunted men for sport and profit, strolled up to Her Majesty's throne, dragging a lard stack that smelled deeply of rotting flesh. In a second, the men were surrounded by the Red Guard and the Advisor was loudly questioning who they were to so boldly enter the throne room of the Rose of Lowex.

They introduced themselves and Jasper the Truant, Felix Dunes, and Marcus O'Rolus, servants of Truth and the Sleeping Lord, and they had come to claim the reward on the traitor Nexus. With a proclamation that their Lord imbued them with the strength to defeat the legendary warrior, the men opened their sack and the body of the elderly man rolled out, spilling onto the stone floor.

There was no movement in the chamber. The only sound: a lone rat scurrying across the flood.

At last, Queen Rose broke the stillness as slowly stood up and approached the body. She kneeled before it in a pose that she seemed to hold for an eternity. Tears began to roll down her red cheeks. Then, in an explosion of emotion, she jumped up, nearly swallowing her own hand that attempted to hold back her pitiful sobs. She sprinted from the chamber, and her cry of sorrow was heard throughout the castle.

Soon, the body was moved and the men were publicly given their rewards by the War Advisor. He had the authority to award such things as gold, land, and title. But that was not the worst of it, for, since Nexus was declared a traitor, his body suffered a traitor's fate. It was disemboweled and dumped most unceremoniously into the sewer, as for his head, it now hangs at the city gate as a reminder to those who dare to betray their queen and county.

In the days that followed, flowers were laid before the gates, but their presence, just as the queen's public appearance, have begun to dwindle.

I fear that these may be the last days of the once beautiful and proud kingdom of Lowex. We are becoming something else.

From Hiding, Anonymous

VICTORY AT LAST!

For many weeks there has been a magical stand-off for the battle for northern Sewardia. Clerics of Rael had held out, and even, at times, shown progress toward forcing out we, the mages of Concori Magesti.

It was the beginning of the summer when the first of our order, armed with Arcane Seekers, ventured into those frigid lands. We had received reports that the people of that kingdom were clinging to their corrupt values in worship of their false god Rael. The true creator of the world has watched them in their worship for millennia; and thousands are the chances he had given them to repent.

When we arrived, many of them tried to deny their allegiance. Fearing for their own destruction, many even sworn oaths to the Sleeping Lord, but the Seekers could see through them, into their very Essence. They knew their words were false. If the Sleeping Lord has no presence within you, then you have rejected him. Magesta must be cleansed of these types of people, for they are a danger to us; they threaten to unmake his world when he finally rises.

So, we who are faithful to him, we of Concori Magesti, have fought these Raelites with spell and fist. It was in our darkest hour that we realized our efforts and ethos were vindicated, for deep within the walls of the Raelite settlement, a simple shrine, a shrine to their god that they had kept for centuries and considered with never a modicum of suspicion, exploded.

The shrine to Rael exploded in the most brilliant display of color and power, blasting the buildings and churches and the very fortress walls out of the ground and into rubble that landed around us. When the air had cleared, every Raelite was dead, but not a single one of our number was so much as scratched.

That, my friends, is the power of truth.

Long Live Saedius!

~Kromorius Verentus

BASTION'S WAR CORNER

I call out to all warriors and share my words. Anyone who like to cut, stab, hack, or kill anything in honor...well kill anything in general. I now hopefully have my words in this travel farther than I can alone. I am trying to gather a group of warriors bent on ridding us of the annoying Tomshirians. This group could learn from each other and hopefully we can dent the defenses and maybe slowly build an offensive against Tomshire. I truly hate them with all my soul along with many others, but personally I want to see them dangling on chains. This is why I shout to the masses, well I do that most of the time, but I shout so that support may rise and come together. We can do many things if the numbers are there to support such. I hope to also gain Irvanshire backing with military and hopefully like I did once before lead a group on raids to hinder the Tomshirians. So any warrior or anyone who hates Tomshire please gather and send word so that we may meet and make this idea become real. I hope to see many weapons side by side in the fury of battle and may we be brothers in arms till the end.

- The Dwarf, Bastion.

Sisters of Elmerton,

Let us dance to our victory. I want to thank once again each and everyone of you for assistance. Most of all I wanted to thank our teacher, Rorie, Knight of House Windlocke. If we did not have each other I think it would be a great loss. Within each of us we have great strengths and together we are a force to be reckoned with. I am grateful that I have you, I am grateful that we have each other. We shall have our next meeting at my tent on Saturday, Elftember 22nd. This meeting will include training, eating, talking, and etc. Please don't forget you tank-ards, food to share, and important subjects that need addressing. Don't forget we still need a proper name.

Suki - Protector of Villian

*Rumor Has It... **

By The SILVER-TONGUED DEVIL

Two More Found in Port Hensworth!

Two more headless bodies surface in Port Hensworth as what some are claiming to be the work of a serial killer continues to go unabated. Numbers thirteen and fourteen in this series of grisly murders belong to Nespin and Elspeth Ellington, and according to reliable sources were discovered along the docks not far from the location of their family owned business. An employee of the two who wished to remain nameless reported that the brothers had been working late the night before taking inventory of the fine crystal wares which carry the family's name. Local authorities are refusing to comment on these latest victims of who I am calling the "*Gentleman Killer*". As things fare, all can be certain that more will follow if someone does not do something soon.

Local Haunt Haunted?

In the past year since the opening of its doors the unusually named The Tavern With No Name has had more than its share of first year troubles. Problems extending beyond poor staffing, drunk and rowdy patrons, or lack of profits that normally ruin other establishments are not what I am talking about. No, these are not the issues the proprietors, McKraken & Mac Guinness have had to face according to a growing number of reports, but rather near fatal "accidents", skeletal unearthings, and inexplicable occurrences of the supernatural sort are. This has led many to claim that The Tavern With No Name is *haunted!*

Not being one to spread rumors (at least not before investigating its sources) I, The Silver-Tongued Devil, had taken the opportunity to visit said pub and have a look-see for myself. Unfortunately I was unable to interview the two partners from Terl Ayre who owned

and operated the place, but I was able to speak with several members of their staff. In particular, was an odd girl calling herself "Squirrel" who, although obviously human, believed herself to be such a creature and acted so. Apparently the tavern owners believe in equal opportunities, and from what I saw of the rest of their staff I would have to agree. Never the less, my brief encounter with Squirrel did uncover a few interesting bits of somewhat cryptic information that left me with more questions than I had began with, but I have decided them worthy of reporting.

She claimed that "the 'angry man' did not want them there", that "he does not like what the owners are doing", and that "the bones from the fireplace are not buried out back anymore!" The last statement was accompanied by a most disturbing giggle. Unfortunately, we were interrupted by another staff member before I could learn more. The head barmaid, a woman named Annie Dupree, appeared very displeased with my questioning of the tavern's mascot, but when I tried to get her to talk all she had to say was that "The tavern is not haunted" and that I "should leave before the owners find out" that I had been "snooping" as it were. I inquired as to what harm it would do if the rumors were false to which she replied, "There ain't no ghost...not anymore." What was even more interesting was the expression that accompanied latter, one of sadness.

Now unable to leave without uncovering what was really going at this house of "spirits", I rose in pursuit but found myself accosted by the tavern's security, a dark elf no less whom I failed to catch the name of. I would have protested, but following his sideways glance to where stood a tall, dark haired man wearing the fine garments of wealth and proprietorship I decided not to. His perturbed expression told me what need not be said, I had outstayed my welcome and it was time to go.

So now comes the the original question of whether or not The Tavern With No Name is really haunted? To this I reply, if it is so I saw nothing to support the existence of a ghost, and if there had been one it was not present during my visit. The real question which I would like all to consider is "What is really going on up at that tavern on the hill?" I look forward to finding out and informing all of my readers of what I uncover. So look out Mr. Ian McKraken and Sir Sonny MacGuinness, if those really are your names, for The Silver-Tongued Devil has got his eye on you!

The town guard is a bunch of slackers from the bottom to the very top. They've been living off of our taxes and just watching things happen. We pay them for protection and then we get beaten up because the fight is happening too far away. We get robbed and murdered in the night. So much for law and order. They don't even wear their colors so they can hide in the back as we end up doing their job. They need to step up or step out. — Anonymous

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

Though it would be inaccurate to say writing runs in my blood, it did run in my father Yu's blood. In the interest of trying my hand at the pen I have decided to get a few of my memories down on paper.

A Mind Made Up

My father had been invited in as mediator of a debate between 2 magic guilds. It seems he was respected enough by both sides that they would consent to allowing his sole decision to become the outcome of the matter. He cautioned me before we arrived to be on my best behavior and keep a sharp mind. I had no idea what he meant by sharp mind until we arrived.

It seemed the magic guilds had both requested use of a large building for their base of operations and the local nobility wanted no part of the feud. It took the guilds several weeks to merely arrive at the decision of who would moderate so expecting them to decide anything more complicated was out of the question.

The first of the two guilds in question was a local nature guild, "The Harvest of Agennon", specializing in nothing more than developing magic's to improve farming in the region. The second guild had more renown as one of the strongest psionics guilds in the area, "The Radiant Mind" specializing in what my father referred to as "the usurping of free will." I had always considered mind control magic to be no dirtier than necromancy but it is firmly entrenched in society due to its obvious political and military applications. Truthfully I don't see the difference between controlling a corpse or controlling a living person except maybe the smell.

I asked my father why the psionists didn't just "change the minds" of the nature casters. He replied that any nature guild worth its salt has access to spell immunity. I paused a moment before asking if he would be using spell immunity to which he replied in the affirmative.

"Wait a minute what about me," I said in an incredulous tone.

"You," he replied "will be eating." Yu didn't keep secrets from me, but he did keep surprises.

We arrived to worried villagers and terrified children. They knew well that if a real fight broke out their wooden doors would offer little protection and their thatched roofs little shelter. A young boy gave me a worried look. I did my best to reassure him with a comforting smile but calming people was never my forte.

We entered the hall to angry voices carrying words and phrases I had never heard before. Suddenly all sound ceased and only later did I discover

my temporary bout with deafness was my father's way of protecting me from things I shouldn't be hearing. I remember at the time being furious someone had even invented such a spell. After all, a young man's mind is filled with all sorts of curiosities for the forbidden.

We were seated at a large table in an even larger hall. It was easy to see why the building was worth fighting over. Surely at one point nobility had dwelled there before moving on to even more luxurious accommodations. A huge banquet was prepared and while the men from both sides argued their case for the building, I ate portion upon portion of the many culinary crafts. Somewhere around my sixth leg of turkey I began to listen in again. I won't bore you with the details but it boiled down to who's magic was "bigger." After they were done listening to themselves talk, both groups turned to my father and awaited his response.

I am not lying when I tell you I nearly choked to death on my food when Yu asked me what I thought about it. The guilds squirmed in their seats murmuring in disgust at my opinion being heard and I can't say I blame them given the startling lack of attention I had paid.

"Well," I said, "this food is really good and if the nature casters are responsible for that, then I say they get it."

"Growing boys always tend to think with their stomachs," Yu said.

"But," I said cutting him off. No, I hadn't said "but" though I clearly heard it said in my voice. Statements continued to flow out of me though the words were not my own. It would have been terrifying if it wasn't so damned disorienting. When "I" was done it was clear to everyone I had decided in favor of "The Radiant Mind."

"All these psionists and not a smart man among you?" My father intervened. The looks on their faces were priceless. He quickly cast dispel on me before turning back to the psionics guild.

"I know my son and those were not his words. Clearly he has made his decision in favor of the nature casters and I second it."

The room erupted in both joy and rage. My father unsheathed his sword a quarter of an inch and all went silent.

"We have fulfilled our part and will take our leave," Yu said. We bowed and I thanked them for the food.

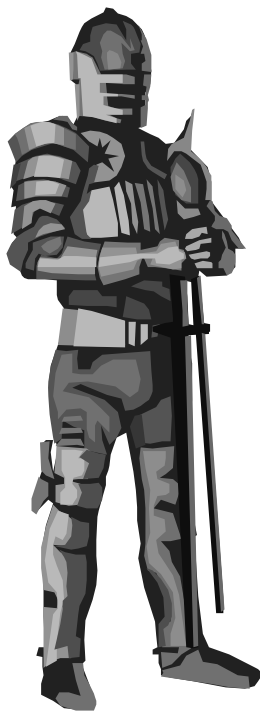
Further down the road I asked my father, "What would you have done if they didn't try a cheap trick?" He merely smirked and pulled a couple of turkey legs out of his pockets.

- Rowen Syaoran
Swordspeaker

REMEMBER ... PRAISE DAETHORN!

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 ten 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 beyond repair. Contact Rakesh for full details.

Muster for the Town Watch will be held daily on the tourney field at half-an-hour before noon. No openings are currently available.

The Smiths Guild will meet at 1pm in the smithy on the 22nd of Elftember.

RIDDLES BY RAKESH

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

What is it that makes tears without sorrow and takes its journey to the sky?

I have no voice and yet I speak to you, I tell of all things in the world that people do. I have leaves, but I am not a tree, I have pages, but I am not a bride or royalty. I have a spine and hinges, but I am not a man or a door, I have told you all, I cannot tell you more. Who am I?

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

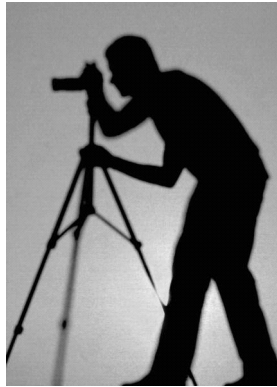
Pictures you pull off the internet, to give him an idea of what you want, will help.

You'll get an email back with an image that will clarify exactly what you want before actual construction begins.



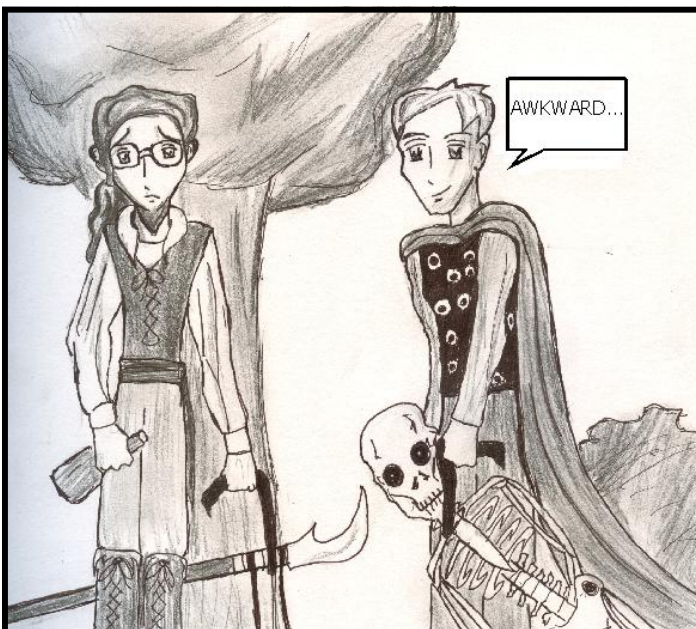
I'm Ready for My Close-up...

As you know, we are almost done with all things rulebook! We have one last thing that needs to happen before we can send it in to be published: we need photos. That being said, we are going to have a photo shoot on Saturday, September 15 at 12:30pm. We are currently trying to decide between two places- one in Danbury, CT and the other in Manchester, CT. We have decided to make the decision as to which place we will choose based on who emails us back and where they live. We will choose the place closer to the majority of players who have said they will be there. **If you can come, email Angela at NPC@magestry.com by Thursday, September 13th.** There will be Brownie Points, but no food available.



The photo shoot will include pictures of the playable races, combat, stealth and many other things, so we could use the help. Please bring awesome costuming (as most of our stuff is back at the camp in Chesterfield) and any other props you think would be helpful.

This will be a bring-your-own-lunch-and-snacks kind of thing and, since it is sponsored by Magestry, we will not allow alcohol to be consumed during this time. We hope to see many of you there!



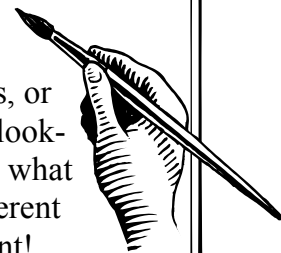
MAGESTRY'S COVER CONTEST!

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!

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

Thank You!

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 Gnomust/Elfteember 2007

Here are our picks for the best of the August/ September event:

Our PELs are telling us that this month's **Best PC Award** should go to that dastardly duo **Graham Sternberg** and **Tommy Sadler** for their roles as Galynn and Helik or, as we have come to call them, Galelik... or... Helynn. Either way, their roleplaying this weekend during this very stressful time in Elmertonian history really impressed PCs and NPCs alike. As many times as we saw them, they were in-game and really playing up their characters. Great job, guys!

And, last event's **Best NPC Award** goes to **Hunter Allen** for reasons that include (but are not limited too) full body makeup on two different occasions, always being ready for whatever plot we had ready for *him*, a really outstanding dinner (under budget, on time and cleaned up within an hour!), and taking a leadership role in NPC HQ and in game. Thanks for making HQ a little less stressful, Hunter!

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☆
☆ **Fund Raiser** ☆
☆ In order to make a little extra coin, Magestry is ☆
☆ 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! ☆
☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

- 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.

MAGESTRY'S Next Event is
September 21 - 23, 2007

At Chesterfield Scout Reservation in Chesterfield, MA

The cost is \$60 for PCs (\$55 if sent by mail by September 14) 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

September 21-23, 2007 (Chesterfield)
October 19-21, 2007 (Chesterfield)
November 2-4, 2007 (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:
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).

Magestry.com
PDabbleGames.com