

THE MAGESTIC MESSENGER



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"EPIDEMIC NO MORE!!!"

Rage Fever has officially been declared a full scale plague by the highest ranking healers of the King's court. Having not been contained as previously hoped, it now has spilled out of The Go-Betweens with no end in sight. Thousands have been forced to flee many of the surrounding towns and villages, seeking refuge behind the high walls of major cities. Irvanshire has found itself ill prepared for such an internal menace as many of its soldiers and healers have been sent to the frontlines of the war with Lowex and Tohmshire. Panic has gripped the hearts of the masses as they run for their lives like so many woodland creatures before a forest fire. In this case though the flames are deranged madmen, and it is not burning that they are doing but savagely killing all whom they come across. Reports estimate that the infected now number into the thousands and appear to be slowly forming into large, ever growing packs as they pour out of the region in which the dreaded disease originated. Riverton and Bloomingport are already bracing for the first waves of diseased and are pressing for support from the King. If a cure is not found soon then what we have already seen will be nothing compared what is to come!

Too Real to be Ignored

It has been nearly a month since the closing of the Battle of Point Edgar, when the people of that proud city, led by Sir Rakesh of House Rulian, drove back and scattered an imposing Tohmshirian force. I was there that day; I saw the whole thing. The Lowexians refrained from joining the fight and even stood between Point Edgar and Tohmshire in defense of the city. The gates were never so much as fired upon by the Tohmshirians.

Then why, I asked myself one dark day last week upon reaching the outskirts of the city, are there no sounds or smoke rising from Irvanshire's second largest settlement, the seat of the king himself? As I gained the top of the ridge, bringing the city into view, I was not ready for what I found. Point Edgar was there, but the entire city seemed to be lower than it should have been. It was sunken into the earth. Many of its buildings were naught but scattered brick and beam, and what was the greatest horror: water had rushed in to flood the crater that had been created by something immensely powerful. Above the surface of the new harbor, I could not spot any structures except for those that had stood, and still stood, twenty feet high or more. Point Edgar had been destroyed.

I know that I did not imagine this, for there were other Waywatchers there with me, and even now as I write this, they remain with me and confirm these visions. When the four of us further investigated the catastrophe, we discovered the most horrible sight. Extending for almost half a mile over the surface of the water were thousands of floating corpses. But it was not the bodies themselves that were so disturbing. Even as they bobbed there and I could see that the water currents under them were still powerful, they remained arranged in the same pattern. To any literate person, and even to two of my companions whom are illiterate, it was obvious that the bodies spelled out the word "UNBELIEVERS."

Needing to find more evidence as to how all this could have happened when none of us had heard anything about any turmoil in the city since the closing of the battle, we took to the countryside. When we headed back into the same woodlands that we had stepped out of only a few hours earlier, we found even more destruction. Thousands of trees had been uprooted and lay on the charred ground. Bodies of animals lay blackened against earth that was as dry and hard as flagstone. It looked like a painting I had once seen: Last days of the Age of Tears.

After searching the landscape for several hours, we met another unexplainable phenomenon. Waywatcher Grey, who passed away two years ago and is now remembered as the late Lord Renwar of House Lav'Endros, appeared before us. He was leading a group of ten Waywatchers of whom I recognized only about half. He seemed to be in a terrible hurry to reach someplace to the south and was covered with fresh wounds. He and his men paused and he addressed me by a name I am unfamiliar with. He then proceeded to point west, in the direction of Elmerton, and shouted orders at me as if he were my superior. Of the many things wrong with this scenario, Grey was not blind as he had been when he died, and while he lived he was MY apprentice. But none of that seemed to matter anymore. I decided to have faith in him and did not question him or his orders. My men and I set off to scout the area he had indicated.

About an hour later, the landscape changed again. We stepped from out of the unusually hot Orctober sun into the shade of trees. Things seemed to be as they were before arriving at Point Edgar.

Several days have passed since these strange visions occurred, and in that time I have, once again, seen Point Edgar with my own eyes. The water has returned to the harbor and every brick is where it is supposed to be. The citizens of the city report that it has been peaceful since the closing of the battle.

~Harlo Leafdrop

The Death of a Dark God

The cool night air was rent with the screams of my fellow worshippers as our dark "brothers" made the same realization that we had: the Dark One, the false incarnation of Faith, had been destroyed. It is hard to say exactly when the realization was made by those of the Truly Faithful, but I know that I saw a light dancing once more behind the eyes of several of my brothers and sisters late in the afternoon that Sunday. None of us knew for certain what had happened, but we felt in our hearts that a significant change for the better had been made.

The Knights felt it as well, and it made them uneasy. I suspect they felt empty, as if the Void had taken a vital part of their souls... it is a feeling that the Truly Faithful are well acquainted with. They did not act, however, until they found out the truth of what had occurred. In those precious hours, we were able to discreetly move out some of our weaker brethren and gather what weaponry we could, but not even our newly restored zealous fervor could stand against the wrath of the Knights of Nocturne when they learned of the truth. The truth was surprising: Morkanthos dead- killed by a man in the rebel town of Elmerton. We knew then that our lives were at stake.

The battle was over quickly. Many of my brothers and sisters have very little training in the ways of the sword, and against the superbly trained Knights, we held little hope of survival. I am a coward. I lost faith. I hid beneath the fallen, waited for the fire of vengeance and wrath to pass and came out only when I knew that my blood was safe. What I saw made me wish I had fallen with the rest. The area was covered in my fallen brothers and sisters, and fires raged in many of the buildings. Even the wooded areas surrounding us had been set aflame. It was as if

the Knights had intended to leave nothing living and, in an instant, I knew that with the death of their god, this was to be their creed.

I left the encampment that night and tracked the Knights, hoping to be able to warn people before they got to them. Their path, one of fire, death and complete decimation, was not hard to follow, but I have thus far been unable to predict where they will head next. I have come upon the decimated shrines of many, many Gwendolites, some Raelites, and any villages in between. The only people I have found left alive were children, all under the age of three, left crying, burned, beaten, and starving in their houses or on the streets. Even many of those had been killed by the more "merciful" of the Knights.

I have personally counted the remains of 15 villages, 17 Gwendolite settlements and 13 Raelite settlements. While the body count in the settlements was low (too few people worship anyone but the Sleeping Lord these days) the number of deaths in the villages has become staggering. I have heard from several other sources that the Knights of Nocturne have been rampaging through all of Aszuron, making their wrath known and felt by everyone. Several armies in many of the kingdoms throughout the continent have been raised against the Knights, but I send this letter out as a warning to everyone: Hope, as we know it, is gone. The world is darkening and you must be prepared for it. Be on your guard! Do not let it down for even an instant. Evil times are upon us and it has now fallen into your hands to protect yourselves and your families. I pray you take this responsibility seriously.

-the Faithless Servant

RAEL'S WRATH BE HEARD!

An open letter to the defilers of our temple:

You have committed a dire mistake, whoever you may be. Rael's light shines far, and deep, into even the darkest places where filth scum like the desecraters of our holy shrine might hide. and Once Rael's eyes catches you, o my dire enemy, you will regret ever setting foot in our sacred place with ill intentions. Once the eye of Rael finds you, be assured that our fiercest and most zealous followers will track you down, and slay you to the last being. His Holy Wrath will be sated by your smoldering corpses! By the will of Rael, we shall find you and destroy you!

~Sarn Highsun, Elder Priest of Rael.

THE BATTLE OF POINT EDGAR

I'd heard about the Tohmshirian "ghost legion", quietly moving in from the front lines and avoiding our forces but thought it was just an enemy lie until a few weeks ago. Then, early one Elftember morning, as I looked out from the walls of Point Edgar and saw dozens of banners and thousands of enemy troops, I knew that it was real. I wasn't the first to see them, but when I got to the top of the wall, Tohmshirian flags were moving to block the roads around the city. Bells were ringing, men were being called to duty, and the whole city was anxious. We knew that with our walls, we could hold them off for a while, but they outnumbered our forces three to one.

Throughout that day and into the next, riders on horseback left the city, carrying messengers or those rich and daring enough to make a break for it. Some made it through. All of the militia had been called up and given posts on the walls, and volunteers were being organized. On the horizon, orange and blue banners appeared to the south of the red and blue ones. Lowex had joined the Tohmshirians, and I knew of no kingdom that had warriors with a better reputation. Worse, it felt like they were nearly ready to attack.

A few hours before sunset, everyone was ordered to report to the main square except for a few guards on the walls and gates. I couldn't see very well, but on the central platform there was a dwarf and a man, both heavily armored and carrying warhammers. The man began to speak, saying how Tohmshire and their King is our main enemy. A few people cheered when he challenged them to try and take the city, but I held my tongue, as did others. He seemed to notice, and his next words stuck in my head.

"I can hear your doubts. I can hear you say, bravery will not turn aside an arrow or a sword. Listen closely." At this point, he and the dwarf alternated casting some spells that gave everyone magical armor. "Now brave soldiers, you have armor worthy of your courage. Now, you need not doubt your ability. Now we will crush the forces of Tohmshire and send them reeling back to where they came from! Long live King Rulian, and long live Irvanshire!" Even I cheered for that.

After the speech, I went back to my post, but after about a half-hour, Sergeant Atkinson came up and told me to go to bed. In answer to my confused look, since it wasn't even sundown, he said that we were going to attack the Tohmshirians that night, before they were ready to attack us. He told me that we knew the land better than they did, we had a

group of Waywatchers who would sneak in and give us the element of surprise, and the dark would make us look like we had more men. Plus, that man who gave the speech and the dwarf would be leading the attack. When I asked after his name, he told me the man was Sir Rakesh of Brighthand – the one who led Elmerton to get rid of the Incarnation of Devastation. As I walked back to the barracks, I just hoped he knew what he was doing.

Waking up and moving out in the dark under cloudy skies, we eventually got into position. After a few minutes of tense waiting, we began to move towards the Tohmshirian campfires. Then we broke into a run. They had no idea what hit them.

Sir Rakesh and the dwarf stuck straight into the camp, smashing everyone and everything in their way with their warhammers. The rest of us swept behind them and took care of the stragglers. It was pretty inspiring; for a good ten or twenty minutes we just ran over the Tohmshirians and didn't look back. After that, they got organized. I started worrying about the soldiers from Lowex, but I couldn't see any from where I was.

As the fight wore on, the magical armor that I had been granted saved my life no less than three times – twice from the same Tohmshirian with a spear. Eventually, the sky began to lighten. And then the Magestream came. I've never been so glad to see the sun as I was that day.

Shortly after the sunrise, a bunch of Tohmshirians broke off and made a run for the city, trying to get around behind us and in through the city gates. It didn't work though, and that group was surrounded and cut down as they began to retreat. As we pushed after them through the hole they left in the Tohmshirian line, we saw scores of soldiers who were already dead. They were burned by fire or acid, their limbs were withered, or they were completely turned to stone. I later learned that the Waywatchers had been there, and as disturbing as it was to me, I can only imagine the effect it had on the Tohmshirians.

By noon, almost the entire Tohmshirian army was dispatched. The survivors were pinned between us to their east and the Waywatchers in the forest to the west. Most of them fought to the death – it looked like they were more scared of failing than of dying. I was glad when it was all over. There was still a war to fight, but the King was safe, and I was alive. Long live Irvanshire!

GILBERT'S GUIDE TO THE PLANES

IT IS WITH A HEAVY HEART THAT I WRITE THIS INSTALLMENT OF GILBERT'S GUIDE. TOO OFTEN I HAVE HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO OUTLIVE MY STUDENTS, AND ONCE AGAIN I HAVE LOST A GOOD FRIEND. I CAN ONLY SEEK SOLACE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HE PASSED INTO THE AETHER HAVING COMPLETED SOMETHING IMPORTANT, AND ALTHOUGH I CANNOT UNDERSTAND THE SACRIFICE, I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO RESPECT IT. AND SO SIEGFRIED, THIS GUIDE IS DEDICATED TO YOU: I HAVE NEVER MET A MAN MORE DEDICATED TO HIS FELLOWS, NOR ONE WHO WOULD SO WILLINGLY DESTROY HIMSELF, EMBRACING UNSPEAKABLE DARKNESS SO THAT SOME LIGHT MIGHT SHINE IN THESE TIMES. AND SO IN DEFERENCE TO SIEGFRIED OF GOTHROK, I WRITE TO YOU FOR THE FIRST TIME ABOUT A PLACE ON YOUR HOME DIMENSION; YORREX, THE PLACE SIEGFRIED CAME FROM.

YORREX IS FAR ENOUGH REMOVED FROM GENTLE SOCIETY AS TO RENDER IT ALIEN TO ALL BUT THE MOST HARDENED MAGES-TANS. IT IS FAR TO THE NORTH OF HERE, AND I WOULD NOT BE SURPRISED IF YOU HADN'T HEARD OF IT. IT IS AN EXPANSIVE COUNTRY, SPREADING BROADLY ACROSS THE NORTHERNMOST SEA, ICE COLD. PERMA-FROST DISALLOWS MOST TYPES OF AGRICULTURE, SAVE SMALL, HARD TUBERS. SCRAPING A LIVING OUT IS MORE THAN MOST CAN HANDLE, AND AS A RESULT, MANY WEAK PEOPLE DIE AND ARE FORGOTTEN. THE ONES WHO STAY ALIVE ARE CYNICAL, AND SUPERSTITIOUS. I WAS NEARLY BURNED ALIVE UPON MY BRIEF VISIT TO ONE OF THE NOMADIC VILLAGES. IF THE INABILITY TO SUBSIST WITHOUT FREEZING TO DEATH DURING THE INTERMINABLE WINTER NIGHTS WEREN'T ENOUGH, TRIBES OF BARBARIANS ROAM THE LAND, SCOURING THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR ANYTHING THEY CAN MANAGE TO FORAGE FROM THE POPULACE. AN UNPLEASANT PLACE TO BE BORN, AND EVEN LESS PLEASANT TO REMAIN. YORREX HAS FALLEN INTO A SORT OF ANARCHY OF CONVENIENCE, GIVEN THAT NO CIVILIZED PERSONS WANT TO CONQUER IT, AND THE BARBARIAN TRIBES CANNOT UNITE FOR LONG ENOUGH TO ADMINISTER.

DESPITE THIS, SOME VESTIGES OF THE ONCE GREAT NORTHERN EMPIRE REMAIN. OF NOTE IS THE GREAT MAUSOLEUM, COMMISSIONED TO BE BUILT BY LENTHOR, THE FROST KING, IN 1843. IT IS AN EXPANSIVE CATACOMB, A TRUE CITY OF THE DEAD, AS THE MAJOR MARTIAL FACTIONS HOLD THIS UNFORGIVING PLACE IN GREAT REVERENCE, CONSIDERING IT THE PERFECT PLACE FOR A WELL FORGED WARRIOR TO SPEND ETERNITY. EVEN THE BARBARIANS, WHO SEEM TO HOLD NOTHING SACRED, LEAVE ALONE THIS SILENT TESTAMENT TO FIGHTING IN ITS GREATEST FORM. THE FROST KING'S MORTICIANS REMAIN THE ONLY ORGANIZED SOCIETAL STRUCTURE, KEEPING THE MAUSOLEUM SAFE, AND ACCEPTING FOR INTERMENT DEAD WARRIORS WHO HAVE PROVEN THEMSELVES WORTHY ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE. THEY ARE NOW NEUTRAL, ALMOST MONASTIC, THE HEROIC DEAD THEIR CHARGES TO KEEP. GOTHROK IS THE VILLAGE THAT LIES CLOSEST TO THE MAUSOLEUM, AND IS MORE SETTLED IN THAN THE UNFORTUNATE NOMADIC TRIBES, YET NO EASIER TO LIVE IN. THEY HOLD THE SAME SUPERSTITIONS THAT THEIR NOMAD BRETHERN DO, AND ARE VERY WARY OF OUTSIDERS.

IT IS HERE WHERE GREAT MEN ARE BORN, AND IF THEY LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO GET AWAY, THEY OFTEN PERFORM GREAT ACTS OF GLORY ON THE BATTLEFIELD. KILLING GODS, FOR INSTANCE. AND IT IS HERE WHERE GREAT MEN DIE, AND DO BATTLE SILENTLY THROUGH THE HALLS AND PLAZAS OF THE MAUSOLEUM - ONLY TO BE REVIVED AND FEAST THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT. OR SO IT IS TOLD. WERE THERE ANYTHING LEFT OF SIEGFRIED, I WOULD BRING HIM HERE.

Citizens of Elmerton Uninvited to Dinner

Word of the epidemic proportions of the Rage Fever disease has reached our ears here in the manor house and as such, we are closing down the Manor House to visitors until such time as this plague is cured. My wife and I have decided that even dinner here once a month is too much of a risk, so we are canceling the town's invitation to dinner at the manor house until further notice.

**BEHIND BLUE EYES:
THE OBITUARY OF SIEGFRIED GOTHROCK
BY KALICO RUSAL**

On Elfember the twenty third, AGA, Magesta lost one of its greatest heroes in Siegfried Gothrok when he valiantly gave his life for the good of the land. Siegfried's choice to sacrifice himself to deal the death blow to the God and False Incarnation Morkanthos will go down in history as one of the greatest heroic acts of our time.

Siegfried was not your typical hero, he did not lead the charge into battle, nor did he hold rank as a knight. He even joked at the concept of being called a "hero" by calling his group of compatriots "the heroes" sarcastically. What I remember most though is him being there in the clutch. Wherever there was a man down in dark times Siegfried was there. He showed up when the chips were down and the battle seemed lost to turn the tide, time and time again. It is the simple task of fixing a limb or enchanting a sword that we Elmertonians will remember.

There is of course one who will miss him the most: Lex Mitore our hearts go out to you. Your young love was a glimmer of hope in this dark world we live in and sadness fills my soul when I think of the pain you must feel. It seems only yesterday the two of you had come to me for advice about how to proceed with your feelings of care for each other. Know that the shoulders of Elmerton are at your disposal and the sadness in your heart is mirrored in ours.

To the world who never met this man, know but this: he was a simple man like all of us who walk Magesta. He was met by fear for his profession and even at times distrust for the company he held but when it came down to it he grasped his destiny and saw it through to the end, something many on Magesta have not the courage to do.

So Siegfried wherever you walk know that all of Magesta is in your debt, that all of Elmerton will miss you and next time we meet, the mead is on me.

HELP SHRYBERS FARM

I intended to mention this at court, but the sudden arrival of Keepus and the destruction that followed pushed it from my mind. Despite our now weakened state, there are others that are still worse off; I write of the survivors at Shryber's Farm. I was shocked by the complete absence of familiar faces at the memorial service that was held on the ninth of Elfember. The farmers did not miss this either - I was regarded with a polite coolness, but still caught pieces of what heard like snide remarks against us. I cannot blame them. However, I did manage to find Carol Ann's sister, Robin Marie, and pledged my support as well as the support of our town.

The people of Shryber's Farm need warm clothing for the upcoming winter. Any tailors who are willing to donate their time and skill should speak to me - I will provide you enough wool and fur to keep you busy for as long as you can sew.

They also need food and help rebuilding their homes. I will be contacting my merchant associates to deliver provisions that can be stored through the winter. However, despite the impression that you may have gained at the Brewer's Guild auction, I do not have limitless funds. Anyone who can donate their gold, silver, or even clay for me to use to purchase food and material will receive my personal thanks.

If you desire to help, but have no money, I would urge you to travel to Shryber's Farm and use your strength to help them rebuild. If you agree to spend two weeks working at the farm, I will give you the four silver that you will need to travel there and back. Find Robin Marie Freeman, and tell her that Sir Rakesh sent you.

There are many things happening in the world, and much to do. That, however, is no excuse to forget those in need. Many people died because of our carelessness. If we do not help them now, many more lives will be lost. I will help them, and I hope all of you will join me.

PRAISE

The messenger is a great tool for carrying words farther than any shout ever could. It is often used to communicate displeasure, relay bad news or warn of an impending threat. However, it gives me great pleasure to use the messenger to shine a sunbeam upon something positive I have witnessed.

As most living in Elmerton may know, a small portion of its population has been imbued with elemental essence. It is my honor to tell you a little about these fine individuals that you may or may not already know. I do so out of great gratitude and respect as well as in the hope that I may begin to repay the debt I owe them. They have been a guardian force watching over my life and the town in general.

Bastion takes many disrespectful comments in a good natured manner. Kaybin once took me aside after many in the town were remarking negatively about Aneurin even after she fell in battle. He said to me "Many in this town say stupid uncaring things. It is best to ignore them." They were simple words with great impact. When the Lowexians attacked the town 2 moons ago and most fled, I looked to my right to find Bastion taking on 3 of them in an effort to cut his way back to Dacia and Haku who had stayed behind. Together we were able to push back to the tavern and retake it in time for the next wave.

Tristan is a towering figure and can be counted on to remain loyal no matter what the situation. When his brother went missing in another dimension after taking a substantial risk, the stressed town reacted harshly. He defended his brother without the use or threat of violence but with passionate loyalty.

Ne'ekro, Tristan's aforementioned brother, is often viewed negatively for where his ambition for strength and power leads him. While the sources from which he draws power remain in question, how he uses it never can be. He tirelessly defends the town with sword and magic alike. If

the town guard were trimmed to just those that treated it as seriously as it deserves, I have no doubt Ne'ekro would remain.

Aeden is exactly who you want watching your back. His dedication to scouting to provide early warning to the town is as admirable as it is vital. While many in town say and do things they regret or should, Aeden remains well mannered and makes the right decisions. Try to think of one time Aeden has upset you and I bet you will come up empty handed.

Dacia is a shining light spell in the darkest night; a gem in a town of coarse stone. I have great respect for people that spend their lives in pursuit of the healing arts. Our lives would be shorter and more painful without them. Those seeking to take advantage of her generous nature should be warned that she is as competent in sass as in tending to wounded. I wouldn't have it any other way.

There is not much I can say about Kel that most don't already know. Her knowledge of manipulating the elements surpasses my own. I would have seen Vorkarian at least one more time than I already have without her. She blends logic with emotional compassion brilliantly. She is a future leader of this town and I am glad for that.

Lex tends to paint a picture of whimsy and joy. That is until the situation calls for courage which she possesses in abundance. I have, with my own eyes, witnessed her break Tohmshirian lines driving forward with a group of soldiers veteran enough to know to follow her. Even more impressive is that that story is not exceptional but is in fact the norm. I believe she will make an excellent leader of the guard down the road. If I were to join the guard in the future I would request to serve in her unit.

Kensu Moto is a good friend and a powerful ally. If I didn't know better, I would say he constantly watches me during battles so he can jump in just in time to save my skin. I have been backed into a corner many times only to see Kensu arrive at my flank to assist me. He is not the most

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BURN EM!

Know all those people with the rage fever that're too far gone to have the disease removed? Well, burn em! That'll stop em from gettin up again and turnin into those ghastly undead like creatures and killin everyone they see. Just because you knock em down once don't mean they'll stay down. I've seen 'em get up again, even after I stuck a pitchfork clear through! But then we got the idea to start burnin the bodies of those who died, and that worked great. It might be a fever, but you can still fight fire with fire!

Some crazy plague lady didn't like that much. She said that if we died with the disease and let it turn us into the undead thing, then if we came back from Death, we'd never get it again. Now, I know she's right Cause it happened to Emily and she takes care of the sick now, but I'd rather not die in the first place thank-you-very-much. Most people I know aint lucky enough to have a second chance. I say, burn em first!

BROTHERS AND SISTERS, THE TIME HAS COME FOR US TO STAND AGAINST THOSE THAT WOULD TRY AND KEEP US DOWN. WE HAVE ALLOWED OTHERS TO STAND UP AND PROTECT US. WHEN OUR HOMES HAVE BEEN ATTACKED WE'VE DONE NOTHING. WHEN WE'VE BEEN HUNTED WE'VE DONE NOTHING. THE TIME HAS COME FOR US TO TAKE CONTROL OF OUR OWN DESTINY. WE MUST TAKE A STAND AND STOP RELYING ON OTHERS TO BE OUR GUARDIANS. I AM CALLING FOR ALL WHO ARE ABLE TO JOIN ME OUTSIDE THE TOWN OF ELMERTON IN THE FIDDLHEAD HILLS. IT IS THERE WE WILL BEGIN OUR CRUSADE AGAINST THOSE THAT HAVE BEEN PREYING UPON US.

THE SEEKER

(Continued from page 6)

experienced member in town but shows great promise. His essence is strong and I believe him bound for great things.

Scindo is someone I have known since he first arrived in Elmerton. It didn't take long for me to realize he is meant for greatness. I trust him with my life and even with my sword. I can joke that one day he will betray me only because I know it to be absurd.

If I left you off it was either by pure accident or because I simply don't know you well enough to spout praise. Perhaps in time that will change.

Let me alleviate any misunderstanding that those mentioned have fought to protect Elmerton and myself outside of their own free will. I have spoken with each of them and they neither regret the combat they have taken part in nor would they wish it done any differently in the future. They have entrusted their lives to my hands. I take that responsibility very seriously.

For those of you I spoke of please meet me 2 hours after midnight Friday night October 19 at the Tourny field. Please bring a mug or chalice. In the event the Elmerton rains return we can hold it in the Upper cabin. Until then, stay safe.

-Rowen Syaoran, Swordspeaker

I chose this memory to honor those that fell in last moons bloody battles. Many of our number were lost. I hope and pray that they may return to us through the grace of Vorkarian. Regardless, I sit here in quiet contemplation of the sacrifices they have made.

BE NOT ANXIOUS

Several times a year my father would commit himself to various causes that would invariably pull him into a battle or two. I used to beg him to take me along. I wanted a taste of war. Yu always had the same response, "A boy anxious to fight in a war is too young to." And so he would leave me to the loneliness of an empty cabin in the woods with only my chores for company.

As forlorn I was with Yu gone I grew to dread his return. Battle had a horrible effect on my father in the form of invisible wounds. He would return without a scratch on his skin but beaten and bloodied within. He barely spoke for days after returning. I did my best to take care of everything from housework to cooking and slowly he would return to life. His stale eyes once again began to shine with life.

When I was about fourteen years of age I asked again as usual but instead of the old response he sighed and said, "Maybe its time. Gather your things." I had never packed so quickly in my life and we set out. He prepped me for hours about what I would see and what I should do. I listened intently only occasionally letting my mind wander to scenes of knights on horseback valiantly charging into the fray with the sun at their backs. When we arrived at camp it wasn't quite what I expected. The men were agitated and stressed and the camp was dirty. Gone were my visions of cheerful excitement and colorful war tents.

Yu came to me and instructed me very directly to stay at the camp. I was anxious to please him hoping to be invited back to future battles. The stage was set for an attack at dawn and I would get to see my first battle. I didn't sleep a wink that night.

Faint sunlight gleaming off my sword the following morning confirmed to me the battle was soon to begin. Excitement burned in my chest like a fire elemental. Horns were sounded and lines formed. Just as I had dreamed the men marched in to the sound of drums. You could almost feel Armego cheering.

I remember the blood and gore. I wish I didn't. There wasn't blood in my daydreams. There wasn't gore in my fantasies. There weren't screams of terror or the horrible sound of bones cracking under steal either. I don't remember when I shut my eyes but once I did they wouldn't open for hours. The miserable truth of the matter is you can shut your eyes tightly to the point where only a faint glow of yellow bleeds through your eyelids but you can do nothing to shut your ears. Covering your ears is like trying to bandage a man who lost his arm. You can slow the stream of blood spurting out but there is nothing short of magic you can do to stop it completely. I heard everything.

And so, hours later, my father found me. A huddled mass on the ground too scared to be embarrassed about the tears that streamed down my cheeks.

"I am sorry father," I mustered from my position on the ground.

My father's words were strong and gentle, "Experience is the most brutal of teachers Rowen for she teaches without concern for how ready her student is. But by the gods you will learn quickly from her."

We began the long walk home side by side in silence. Both of us were exhausted but gaining strength with every step. The next time my father was called upon to go into battle I did not ask if I could join him. Strangely, when I didn't, he did. "A boy anxious to fight in a war is too young to." I understood it now and I had come of age.

-Rowen Syaoran, Swordspeaker

War Update

-It is now known that the Tohmshirian assault on Felwyn's Gap, while an opposing force that threatened the nearby city of Trade-gate, was a diversion meant to distract Irvanshire from a large force that entered the kingdom south of the Pine Hollow Mountains and made an attack on Point Edgar. Colonel Stoneheart and his men defended the Gap bravely. He extends thanks to all, notably Luther Hungsinger and the powerful forces he brought to the fight.

-Sir Rakesh of Brighthand led a charge that decimated the Tohmshirian force outside of Point Edgar.

-The forces of Duke Mac'a'Fay of Riverton have succeeded in securing the entire northern border and more than half of the western border of the kingdom. Tohmshire has not the strength to make an attack from sea.

-Lowex has ceased fighting and has entered negotiations with Irvanshire.

REMEMBER ...
PRAISE DAETHORN!

A PLEA TO A PIRATE

I have upturned nearly every stone in Elmerton, on land, and in water. My body shoots pain to cuts from the thorns and sticks in the deep woods. You, Mug Eye Jones, said it would be a treasure hunt looking for the buried body of Captain Cyrus Mesmerum. Yet, the only wonders I have found are my body's blood and sweat from a fruitless search.

However, this bootless struggle gave me a long time to reflect, Jones. Of your fear and cowardice, particularly. Hiding behind a piece of parchment with smug words and an air of superiority over both myself, and my closest associate Osirus Mesmerum, instead of meeting us face to face at the grave in Port Hensworth. You knew we were coming, you told us in your letter, and you took the body and fled, like a yellow-bellied pantywaist. Afraid we might have found something that hindered your plans? Or, were you just afraid of us and our power to defeat you, Jones? I'll assume the second, unless you, Jones, only you come tell me differently.

Awaiting the conversation of a craven,
Squire T.C. Frosthill

RIDDLES BY RAKESH

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

Double my number, I'm less than a score, half of my number is less than four. Add one to my double when bakers are near, days of the week are still greater, I fear. Who am I?

What can touch someone once and last them a lifetime?

The Heroes of Elmerton Free the Deadly Seven From Necromancer's Control As Balthasar ran back to the town to get help he knew that Kalim was in deadly peril. In the last hours of an of a surprising Friday night the Deadly Seven would have their last stand against the heroes of Elmerton.

Balthasar's reputation brought Elmerton to its feet, and in minutes the town was far west of town embarking on a fearful endeavor. The taunting of the Seven's leader was chilling to the men and women gathered to rescue their friend. The heroes would show their mettle by facing this terrible threat. In moments the danger was clear. As Elmerton's citizens entered the forest several were controlled to attack their friends. Within moments the townspeople were fighting off not only the Deadly Seven but some of their most fearsome fighters. The battle seemed lost as powerful townspeople fell to the ground, dead.

But the heroes fought on vowing they would leave no one behind. The tide seemed to turn as the Seven's spiritualist fell to the ground. But he was impervious to a final end. The mark on his forehead stood out as an oddity but with the ongoing danger a solution seemed far away.

Soon the town was divided and the controlled townspeople were fighting with deadly effect. Controlled against her will, the archer was firing arrow after arrow through the darkness, every one of them landed on a townspeople. In this confusion a dampening field was cast over the melee, and with it the confusion ended.

The Deadly Seven members, now four remaining, claimed that they had been controlled by a "necromancer" who had controlled their bodies but not their minds. The controlled townspeople came forward to corroborate the claim. The Psion had told them telepathically that the Seven's recent actions had been forced while their minds could only watch the atrocities they committed. With this revelation the Necromancer became the primary target. He was down in moments.

On his person a rune was found, a stylized seven. The dampening field continued to protect them but it would not last forever. Efforts to destroy the Rune seemed futile until a powerful spell was able to dispel it. As the rune fell to ashes the Deadly Seven were released from their bond. The mark on their foreheads was gone.

They had been hired a long time past to "kill the necromancer" but it had been a trick to lure one of the most powerful bands of heroes ever, The Deadly Seven, into his clutches. Prior to the controlling by the Necromancer they had thrown their might against injustice. Now they would return to that righteous cause. After a few drinks in the Tavern the Four went off to more adventure.

Again these brave adventurers have made right the paths of the wicked. The forces of evil continue to rue the efforts of these amazing heroes of Elmerton.

~T

Friends,

I would like to take this opportunity to share with all the letter I received last moon. Perhaps it will hold more meaning to you than it did for me. If you find it to be so, please come see me in Elmerton as soon as possible. The fate of the many depends upon it.

Healers of Elmerton!

Plague is upon you and yet you have still to act? For what reasons do you wait? How long will you remain idle while disease spreads unabated and countless lives are lost? If it is help which you are counting on, then doomed you shall all be. A cure will only come to those who seek it. Do not rest hope in salvation from others, for they are burdened by their own troubles! War and death abound in these days of turmoil and despair. Let not this new enemy rise up and cast its shadow acrossed all the land. I have heard the deeds of those who dwell in the township of Elmerton. So great and so many acts of doom and destruction have its heroes thwarted, that compared to such a mere fever is but a weed to be plucked from a garden by you. Again, depend not in others for the answers you seek. Seek it in yourselves! Look to what you already know. Connect the pieces of this puzzle together, and together you will find a cure. Hesitate to do so and all will be lost. So hurry! The hourglass is running, and winter is not far off. Irvanshire will be ill prepared to face such if disease runs rampant throughout her. If you are uncertain as to where it is you need to start, then look to where this plague began. Find its source, for every puzzle begins with a single piece. Good luck my brothers and sisters, be well and be wary!

*Quentin Nozgoode,
Servant of the Forlorned*

Rumor Has It...*

By The SILVER-TONGUED DEVIL

Irvanshirian Soldiers Slaughtered in Elmerton!

A squadron of some forty of Irvanshire's finest arrived in the township of Elmerton on the afternoon of the 22nd of Elfember in search of aid after supposedly contracting Rage Fever. The soldiers had been encamped in the Fiddlehead Hills to provide support to the plague ravaged region when they themselves became its victims. Diseased and delirious, they stumbled into the town in the hope of finding a healer to relieve them of their suffering. What they found was a pack of blood thirsty wolves.

An eye witness to the incident said that the residents of

Elmerton made no effort to help or even pacify the infected soldiers. Instead, they chosed to deal with the problem the easiest way they knew how...by cutting them down where they stood and burning the bodies in hopes of disposing of the evidence! The witness, who wished to remain nameless for fear he would meet with a similar fate, went on to tell how many of the local townwatch had participated without hesitation. Also, members of Elmerton's newly founded Healer Guild stood idly by watching from a safe distance as the massacre took place.

Disturbing it is that the home of so many of Magesta's heroes has become nothing more than the hideout for a mob of murderers. We can only hope that his royal majesty, King Rulian, takes action and justice is served to all those involved!

House Manseur Loses Patriarch!

Louis Rogere Manseur, owner and proprietor of Maseur Le Mason, was discovered this past moon absent of a place to hang his hat. An insider reported that the body was found during business hours in the wine cellar of the tavern that is famous for its fine dining and high prices. The self proclaimed wine connoisseur had excused himself for a moment while he went down into the cellar to retrieve a particular vintage for a guest. When he failed to return after a time, his wife went to checkin on her aging husband. Her scream alerted all present as to why he had taken so long.

We need not guess who the murderer was, for it is without a doubt the work of the *Gentleman Killer*, and makes this number fifteen if you are counting. At this point, if I were a nobleman living in Port Hensworth I would either stay home and bolt my doors, move to the country, or invest in an iron gorget. We hear they are the latest fashion in Point Edgar where, after some research, we discovered a similar rash of headlessness had occurred nearly a year ago to date. It was not made so publicly known due to the fact no noble blood was spilled, but thirteen members of a certain corrupt merchant guild did lose their heads to an assassin many had nicknamed *The Axeman*. Authorities had failed to act do to the belief that the murders were the work of a rival guild. Could this have been the case, or was it the work of one very skilled, very methodical psychopath? We think we know the answer, but we will let you decide for yourselves. In the meantime, we will be waiting to see who is "necks" on the chopping block!

Gnomes Desert Fiddleheads!

Numerous villages, shires, and hamlets along the eastern hills have recently been discovered to be completely absent of their Gnomish residents and livestock. Normally this would not be so odd in a time of turbulent wars, raging plagues, and barbaric, doomsday cultist, but details of these discoveries are also reporting that all personal possessions, supplies, and everday items have been left behind. No evidence has been uncovered to support foul play as of yet, but the mass disappearances are being looked into by the combined efforts of both the local Irvanshirian militia and Craftshirian authorities.

Gribble's Gourmet Gobbles

"Cured" Rat Meat

Get 9-12 well aged rats (at least 2 weeks old, smellier the better)

Put in big pot.

Make brine:

5 pounds salt

Pinch of sugar (not too much, yuck!)

2 whole cornpeppers

Handful of clovers

Some green pickle-stuffs

Lots of onions (crush with fist)

Some red burny-stuff (Don't touch eyes!)

Water or vinegar (whichever)

brown.

If rats float to top, stuff with rocks.

Leave out in sun for 6 hours or until surface covered with flies.

Cover with pig bladder (Catching flies underneath, yumm!)

Store in a cool place.

Turn rats every few days.

When white mold forms on top rats are ready to eat (about 2-3 week)

Save brine to serve with other meals or mix with lard for dessert.

Stir until nice and lumpy

Enjoy!

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 20th of October.

Your Town Locksmith Just Got Better



Mechanical Lock,
Simple, Common, Complex Quality

Prices are SIMPLE and FAIR!

Simple Locks = 5 silver!

Common Locks = 1 gold!

Complex Locks = 3 gold!

Keys For Existing Locks = 3 silver

Locked Boxes/Chests = 1 gold + Lock

Manacles = 1.5 gold!

MECHANICAL locks are better than MAGIC locks

If you need any of the listed items, Contact Seth Barder
By Letter or In Person!

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.



ULGORR SHIPPING

Now on its Way Upriver!

Denizens of Riverton, the Fiddleheads and points North: Prepare to have your blocks knocked off with deals! Once an exclusive feature of Bloomingport, Ulgorr Shipping is now expanding upriver, with prices that would make you drop dead! Hard to find items, rare materials, exotic beasts - Brox Ulgorr has it all, and without the exorbitant price hikes born of Trade-gate Tariffs! So keep an eye out for the Ulgorr bonded merchants coming through your area, and be sure to send any special requests through them or directly to the Ulgorr shipping syndicate in Bloomingport.

Ulgorr - Quality and Quantity that you can trust.

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.



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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! ☆☆

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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 Elftember 2007

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

This month's **Best PC Award** goes to that dangerous, in-game fuzzball, **Eric LaBonte** for his impeccable performance this game as Ghorig. We heard nothing but the best of comments about Eric and our interactions with him proved that to be the case. We really feel that his roleplaying this game exemplified what we like to see at Magestry. All that and in great makeup as well! Great job, Eric!

Honorable mention goes to **Sean Dey** for his always great performance of Siegfried. This game was no exception. From Hyjula to Morkanthos, Sean displayed a consistent show of exceptional roleplaying, and we definitely noticed. Our NPCs always had something good to say about their interactions with Sean, and we heard great things from our PCs as well.

And, last event's **Best NPC Award** goes to **Ryan Cahill** for his enthusiasm for the game and his willingness to help out wherever and whenever we need him. He has impressed us with his knowledge of game rules and mechanics and has been a big help to us behind-the-scenes. Thanks, Cahill!

- 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'8 Next Event is
October 19-21, 2007

At Chesterfield Scout Reservation in Chesterfield, MA

The cost is \$60 for PCs (\$55 if sent by mail by October 12th) 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!**



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