

THE MAGESTIC MESSENGER?

A newsletter of the Magestry Live Action Role-Playing Game

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Elmerton's First Day in Mongrella

The Heroes of Elmerton were standing in applause inside Mongrella's Great Hall. Hatch van Graves had just been named the Incarnation of Luck, a Lesser Incarnation of the newly restored Lady Fortune; and Galynn Silverbow and Helik Windsaber had been thanked for their many sacrifices in the battle, recently victorious, with the Sleeping Lord Villarious. The voice of Brent Birchwhistle, Mongrellan Elder, rose above the din. "And to all of you!"

At his cry, the front wall of the Great Hall vanished, as if falling into the floor. Beyond was revealed a space at least ten times as large as the one visible until this time. Filling the new chamber were hundreds of figures of seemingly varied races: mongrellans all, and they stood in an applause so thunderous as to make the Heroes' own sound lesser than the quaking of leaves in a gentle breeze. There were a score of fully-laden banquet tables laid at intervals between the figures. Less than half of the foods were recognizable to the Heroes, but they all smelled simply sublime.

"Let us break trinble and take hoalaff together! Come to know us, for your town will be among us for many days yet, and once we have finally returned you to Magesta, it is unlikely we will ever meet again."

The feast carried on for many hours. There were fine wines, fresh breads, and produce and meats prepared in every way. And all the while, there were games. When dinner had ended, there was not a morsel remaining, and not a single person was so hungry that his or her hunger was not fully satiated by the deserts that followed.

It was well into the evening when the dishes had finally been cleared away and Brent spoke once more. "Citizens of Elmerton, once this night has ended, yours will be the freedom to remain within the boundaries of your own town or to wander out into the greater parts of Mongrella. But, the sun has not yet come, and there are friends awaiting you in the Story Grove to finally put this long tale to its end."

The Heroes of Elmerton were led out of the Hall and, instead of their familiar town, through a lush forest that autumn had not yet abandoned. After a short walk, they found themselves at the rim of a deep bowl in the forest floor. Its sides slopped downward and were blanketed by thick tufts of soft, dry moss.

At its flat center burned a high campfire, beside which stood a pair of solemn silver figures: Escher and Antion, the only two Glitterdhavians known to have survived the destruction of their home world, Glitterdim. Their faces were hard as stone, as if they had not known emotion in over a century.

Once the Heroes had been seated amongst the comfortable moss, Galynn Silvebow approached the Glitterdhavian storytellers, removing an amulet from around his neck as he walked. He placed the amulet first to one and then to the other, who each put it on in turn. After the amulet was returned to Galynn and he had been seated, it was Antion, the shorter of the two, who began in this way...

Their Final Story

Antion

Your Town of Elmerton was, by powerful magic, ripped from the very astral fabric of the World of Magesta and the dimension it lies within. It has been temporarily situated here, Mongrella, while the enlightened people of this land search space and time for the appropriate place to return you to.

Mongrella is a land with a history many times longer than Magesta's. The Mongrellan people long ago mastered both magic and technology so that the two are seamless. There was a time, however, when the two were very distinguishable, and it is from this time that several hundred mongrellans wished to leave and make a home in a world that placed a much stronger emphasis on magic. Those mongrellans had shaped their forms so as to be akin with the animals of the woodlands, rejecting the ways of steel and steam. They were brought to Magesta two thousand of your years ago, at the start of the Age of Arrival. They were brought by Kelcius and came to call themselves mongrelians.

For the last thousand years, as time is reckoned in this dimension, Mongrella has been, and still is situated in the clouds above the World of Daent, a world created by the Overworlder Daethorn Greenbush and one that has a history that has been very much involved with Magesta's. Mongrella's current form is a kind of flying island, little more than a dozen miles in diameter, covered by forests, bordered by mountains, and with a lake and city near its center.

It was little more than forty years ago in the reckoning of Daent's time that several elves were conceived in The Bloodwaters, the most common physical manifestation of the sentient elements that make up the entirety of this universe. One of these elves, conceived in the red waters that correspond with Energy and give life to the magic of Magestry on your world, was and is named Saavedra. When Saavedra was young, he drank a very magical substance called Faeriewater. This elixir instills in its consumer a life-preservation force known as a Sprite. History has seen that, upon the death of such a drinker, his or her Sprite escapes, leaving the old body behind, and enters the womb of another sentient female. The spirit of the drinker is then born anew and, over the years of his or her next life, begins recollections of the previous life or lives.

Escher

In a short time, Saavedra will die. His Sprite will

enter into the womb of a woman named Sara and inhabit the unborn son of Galanthas Du'Mentharen, who is also called Galynn Silverbow and Haladalestelan. Sara is the mother of the last of Daethorn's three births, and so this child yet to be is the half-brother of an Overworlder and will be named Saedius Magestis.

In time, Saedius Magestis will be given an Orb of Creation by the Mongrellans. He will use this potent item to create the World of Magesta in the way that Antion will now describe.

Antion

An Orb of Creation is usually used as a tool by a powerful being to create a new world of that being's design, which is how Daethorn created Daent. Saedius, however, decided to design his world in a different way. He wanted Magesta to be the design of many, so he imbued his Orb with dreams, thus giving it its own sentience. These dreams came from many different people on different worlds (including the dreams of Magestans yet-to-be); he even carried it through the Shadowmist that surrounds this universe to collect dreams from the Elder Realm.

Saedius carried the dream-imbued Orb to the colored Bloodwaters and first dipped it into the blue water that corresponds with Spirit, giving the Orb a spirit of its own. Then, he placed it in the red water, imbuing it with Energy and Magic. Before submerging the Orb in the yellow water that corresponds with Time, he lay upon it and fell asleep, combining his dreaming mind and spirit with the mind and spirit of the Orb. This was the beginning of Magesta's Age of Creation.

By Saedius's command, the Orb expanded. Its physical form became the earth and substance of Magesta, and it was, because of the red waters, cloaked in a potent magical Essence. The spirit and mind of the Orb remained with Saedius, who lay asleep upon the new-formed earth, alone. In his dreams, he envisioned that this earth was covered by water, and so the seas rushed in and closed over his sleeping head.

Throughout the Age of Creation, which is not measured in time as you now realize it, whatever Saedius dreamed, with the help of the Orb, became reality in the waking world. He created the eight realms of energy, the forests, the skies, the contours of the land, and all manner of plants and animals. To those creatures with intelligence, he became known as the Sleeping Lord. In the waking world, there was no

sleep, no dream, and no death. In their places were different energies of magic, and Saedius was the dimension's Steward of Magic.

Because Saedius could not rule Magesta on his own and did not wish for any one person to do so, he decided that help should become manifest from the divine dreams of polytheistic peoples. In this way, the many abstract phenomena of Magesta would be each presided over by a separate individual who would be known as an incarnation. There were to be seventeen Great Incarnations (the number seventeen having been dictated by a certain combination of the different colored Bloodwaters) who would represent what the Orb would decide to be the seventeen most pervasive phenomena on his world, and they were to be named in this order: Life, Nature, Knowledge, Magic, Chaos, Fear, Community, Law, Peace, Labor, Fortune, Evil, Faith, War, Memory, Time, and Dream.

Saedius wished that he would himself be the Incarnation of Time, but he was already the Steward of Magic and thus technically the Incarnation of that phenomenon, so he fathered a daughter to take his place as Magic, and she was called Dihnouda.

As a young girl, Dihnouda liked to watch the visions she would see in the Orb that lay on the chest of her sleeping father. Of everything she witnessed during her long viewings, her favorite was something that Magesta had not yet known: music. She saw all of the great things that music could inspire people to do and feel. During her viewings, Dihnouda also saw death for the first time. She was deeply concerned for grieving people, but she also saw how music could help them cope with that grief.

So, Dihnouda asked her sleeping father if there might be room in his design for an Incarnation of Music. He told her that perhaps Music would be known as a Lesser Incarnation, but not as a Greater. Dihnouda was not satisfied with her father's response, and when all Greater Incarnations except for Time and Dream had been named, she stole away with the Orb so that she might use it to give music to Magesta. Having little knowledge of how to use the Orb, she used her magic to create a chrysalis within it and then carried the Orb to many different places. She even, with the help Brent Birchwhistle, carried it through the Shadowmist, where her task could not be hindered by her father's loyalists. On these voyages, the Orb saw many minstrels and other artists and spun these visions into the life that was forming within the chrysalis. When Dihnouda returned to Magesta, she extracted the chrysalis and stowed it within a human woman. Soon after, Iander was born,

and when he was only a young boy, he journeyed to the Bloodwaters and validated himself as the Incarnation of Music.

Saedius was disappointed with his daughter, but he loved her, so he allowed her creation to remain. In the place where Time should have been, there was now Music. However, Dihnouda's action was not without consequence. Magesta would need some distinguisher of Time, and since death was one of the reasons for music, Music was to be the reason for Death. Iander's first child was to be the Incarnation of Death. However, since there was only one allocation remaining for a Greater Incarnation, and it was to be Dream, Dream and Death became one in the same, and they would together be known as the Incarnation of Repose. To this day, Vorkarian and Lucidius are a liminal: one person within two bodies.

The naming of the Incarnations of Dream and Death marked the end of the Age of Creation and the beginning of the Age of Repose. Saedius awoke and released what remained of the intangible Orb. It expanded and became the Dream Realm, which overlapped the physical realm of Magesta from the Psychic Realm to the Spirit Realm. In response, the Realm of Death was also created, stretching from the Spirit Realm to the Psychic Realm. Magestic beings could now dream and die.

The world did not, however, continue according to Saedius's plan, for the Overworlder named Daelarius took advantage of this time to welcome to Magesta a god-like being from beyond the Shadowmist. Its name was Villarious. Villarious was an entity that perfected the ability to clone himself and each of his clones strived to achieve dominance over any world it could reach. Three of his clones, pluralized as "Villarii," nearly attained godhood on the world of Qualin'Mar, the world where both Daethorn and Daelarius were born. Daelarius was created of Daethorn's spirit and Villarious protected him while he was still young and vulnerable. Daethorn later defeated those three Villarii, but Daelarius survived, becoming an Overworlder in this universe.

Now, Villarious had been a longtime enemy of many peoples, especially the mongrellans and their many powerful friends. His clones were pursued through many universes and dimensions until they had been all gathered except for two. One of these clones was not evil and in fact helped to defeat the others. He was called Lario. The other remaining Villarious had succeeded in achieving godhood in a far off world, but that world existed in a small plane with no room for

further conquest. He grew bored and was soon discovered by Daelarius, who offered him entry into this vast universe as both a show of thanks for what he had done for him and a way for both of them to benefit from the power that could be gained.

So, when Saedius Magestis awoke from his slumber at the start of the Age of Repose, Villarious was there to greet him. Because Saedius had released the Orb and had only just appeared in the waking world, Villarious was much more powerful. In addition, he had many powerful minions in attendance. Saedius was fearful. Villarious explained that he wished to become the Essence of Magesta, nothing more. He did not wish to hold dominance over the people of the world; he only wanted to have the power of Magesta as a tool with which to dominate other worlds. He promised that Magesta would not be harmed as long as Saedius cooperated, but if Saedius tried to resist or seek help, the world would fall into darkness. Saedius knew Villarious and wholly believed that the enemy was capable of all that he promised. He had no recourse save cooperation.

Villarious then went to sleep in Saedius's place, taking Saedius's name with him as he became potent in the Dream Realm, perhaps as powerful even as the realm's keeper, Lucidius. The true Saedius remained awake and went away with Villarious's minions, who called themselves The Vigilant. They determined that Saedius's new task would be to collect the most powerful of Magesta's Essences, and his new name would be Keepus. Magesta did not know that its creator had awoken, so, to its people, he was still The Sleeping Lord Saedius, but every prayer uttered to him served only to strengthen Villarious.

The next fifteen thousand years witnessed the slow realization of Villarious's plan. His presence within Magestry, the Essence of the world, grew steadily. The two-thousand seventh year of the Age of Arrival was to see his final domination. Any unoccupied Essence would be simply destroyed and all that Keepus collected would be offered to Villarious so that his victory would be complete. From there, he would spread his influence to other worlds.

There were, however, complications. Villarious succeeded in occupying virtually all of Magesta's Essence, but the pathways to other worlds were blocked to him. With the potent Essences Keepus had collected, these pathways could have been opened up to the enemy, but Keepus was never able to gift the Essence to Villarious.

Escher

In the near future, Galanthas will travel back in time with many of you to Magesta's first cycle, fight through the Sleeping Lord's minions, and face Keepus. Keepus's conduit to the Void will be cut off, severely reducing his absorption ability. Because of this, the souls trapped within Keepus will not be able to escape, but with the use of the Sickle of Mageayre, their Essences will be harvested and Galynn will carry them back to his own time, disallowing Villarious's manipulation of them.

Antion

Because Villarious could not have the success he desired, he decided to begin again, but this time with some changes that would make preventable the things responsible for his previous failure. Because Death was the only true measure of Time on Magesta, the enemy manipulated Lucidius and, thus, Vorkarian, giving himself the power to send himself and his chosen minions back in time to the beginning of the Age of Repose. During the ritual to facilitate this, Keepus, who was truly Saedius Magestis, died for a short time. In his death, his Sprite was released once more; however, due to the circumstances, the fleeing of the Sprite did not disallow Keepus from stabilizing; perhaps because the energy of the Sprite was highly temporal in nature, not simply spiritual. The Sprite was quickly gathered by Renford Greenbush, who had been watching these new events with great concern. Renford is a great uncle to Daethorn and he was a friend and guardian to Magesta for many millennia. Though he was born in the nearby dimension of Antiva, his true home has long been a far off plane of existence.

Renford divided the Sprite of Saedius Magestis into three pieces: past, present, and future. He hid the Sprite of the Present within a dwarf named Tormir. Tormir began to be cognizant of the present knowledge of Keepus and had the ability to travel through time. He used this ability for study and to create the Amulet of Forgotten Lore, which you saw Galanthas present to Escher and me before this story began. The necessity for that presentation arose out of the circumstances of Renford's choices for the other two pieces of Saedius's Sprite, for into myself he stored the Sprite of the Past, and into Escher the Sprite of the Future.

Though Villarious and his Vigilant did not discover what had happened, Keepus did, and he sensed that knowledge of Past and Future would be detrimental to his subtle resistance effort, for, if Villarious discovered Keepus's intent to betray him, Magesta would be forfeit. Keepus sought out the two of us. When he caught us, he altered our memories and hindered our ability to form new memories of certain subjects. By the Amulet of Forgotten Lore, our minds have been restored so that we

may impart upon you that which Renford sent us to Magesta for.

His purpose was for Magesta to remember what you citizens of Elmerton have discovered with virtually no help from us. He wished that you may know the truth of the Sleeping Lord and, in your time, defeat him and restore Magesta. However, even more than your knowledge of this, Renford wished for you to remember that the time from the beginning of the Age of Repose to the end of the Age of Arrival was duplicated.

Escher

This is a fact that the people of Magesta will find it difficult to retain in their memories once the two time-cycles merge and continue into the future as one. To them, time will have always seemed one continuous stream, details of one history melding with those of the other. As you will be circumventing this destructive merger, your memories will remain whole, as is the wish of Saedius Magestis.

Antion

We have told you of much of the creation and the first time cycle that has been...

Escher

...and will continue to be...

Antion

...unknown history. This evening's tale is blank from our inception into Magesta at the dawn of the second cycle's Age of Repose (which came to be called the Age of Remembrance) until the fall of Villarious at the end of the Age of Arrival. Ours is not the story of the toils of heroes and eventual defeat of the enemy, for that is yours to tell, each in your time. But, we will finish this evening by explaining some things about this story that are yet unknown.

Beyond the Shadowmist, in the universe that was home to Renford and Kelcius, the original Villarious was defeated and trapped within a crystal along with all but the two aforementioned clones. The daughter of Villarious, Villaria, hated her father and sought to take her own revenge upon him and his clones. She knew that Lario was one of those clones and that he was in possession of the crystal containing the others. Because she hunted him, he escaped to Magesta in the guise of a man named Thalias Darkshadow, along with the crystal, so that he might hide from her.

Lario soon learned that Magesta's Sleeping Lord was none other than the final clone of Villarious. He kept a close eye on Elmerton because he guessed that you heroes would be the most likely to lure the awakened false Saedius. When the battle began, Lario was there, for he knew that, if you were to succeed, the last play would need to be his. In the final moments, when Galanthas and

Helik had the enemy on his knees and were scorching him with the fire of their pure Essence, he saw Lario and recognized him. Reaching out his hand for aid, The Sleeping Lord saw the same spirit in Lario that was within himself. But Lario did not move to help him. He only stood above him, waiting, as his singular and repetitious call for help was muffled by the weight of bruised and tireless bodies... "Villarious!"

When the Sleeping Lord finally lay beaten and motionless, Lario knelt beside him, held out the crystal containing the Villarii, and drew him into it. Soon after, Lario left once more, carrying the crystal back through the Shadowmist to the safety of those who could protect it. Thus, the author of eons of terrorism and destruction throughout uncounted universes had had the book closed on his final chapter.

Villarious had finally been defeated.

As the long night ended and the Magestream fell upon the tower of Concori Ayre, near Point Edgar, which had been the tower of the Vigilant during the first time cycle, Magesta's duel history began to merge as one. As the merger began, the mongrellans extracted Elmerton and the lands around it from Magesta. This act went unnoticed for two reasons. First, it had already been removed from space-time and was then superimposed over the land on the shore of the Sea of Shades, where the Sleeping Lord rose. Secondly, it was only an instant later that Saedius reclaimed the Orb of Creation. For an instant, the world of Magesta did not exist. The land was retracted into the physical form of the Orb while the Dream Realm once again became its spirit and mind.

[As Antion was finishing his sentence, a figure was heard to be approaching the Story Grove. The woman glided gracefully down the slope to stand between the storytellers. Once she was within the firelight, her long dark hair and pronounced eyelashes were distinguishable.]

Maija

While you sit here, Magesta is still caught within the instant Antion speaks of. The consciousness of the world sleeps within the Orb and is unaware of its non-existence.

Escher

You have all met Maija. She is the current host of the Present Sprite of Saedius and, thus, Magesta's Guardian of Time. Once our story is complete, Antion and I will go with her to meet Saedius. Once his Sprite is returned to him and whole, he will bring the Orb to the Bloodwaters to complete the step that he had not taken at his initial creation of the world. He will dip it into the yellow waters of Time and make himself the Lord of Time as taught to him by Kelcius. His new identity will ensure that Magesta can never again be so threatened.

Back to the Future

Elmerton's Return to Magesta

Escher

The circumstances of the merger of time cycles, as dictated by the Bloodwaters, will seal the dimension of Magesta, rendering inter-dimensional exchange nearly impossible. One-hundred seventeen years will pass on Magesta before Elmerton can be returned to the year 118 of the Age of Fortune, though your stay here on Mongrella will seem not even five months.

During the years that Elmerton is absent from Magesta, the area where the town and displaced land belongs will be shrouded in perpetual midnight. It will become known as the Evernight Forest, a kind of darkness in which neither light nor magical darkness will exist. Nothing will be seen, smelt, or found except that which Saedius desires, for his will be the control of Time on Magesta.

Most who enter the Evernight Forest during these 117 years will simply pass through, finding nothing but confusion and trees that can only be felt. However, at the will of Saedius, there are some who will pass into the forest and arrive successfully within Elmerton, and the future. Since Elmerton will not exist on Magesta until the first day of 118, these visitors will appear after that date, though at different times.

Once many of these visitors arrive, they will be unable to return to their own time. Others, however, will be allowed to pass back through the Evernight. Saedius will determine every person, object, and bit of knowledge that is allowed to pass through the Evernight Forest in either direction.

The lost 117 years will become the focus of many scholars and historians, for throughout this time the merger will be completing itself and truth will be hazy. Much of what will occur is unknown even to me.

The time you return to will be different from what you have known in many ways. For one, you will find that dimensional travel has been greatly diminished. For another, the Great Incarnations will be widely known and worshipped. There will even form a powerful group devoted to them that will be known as The Allegiant. All Great Incarnations will be respected equally, and casting by the power of Evil will be a legal practice.

Maija

Now is the time, Escher.
[Maija turns and begins leaving.]

Escher

[To Maija] Very well. Though it is easier for you to leave as you will soon be seeing them all again.

[To the Heroes] For Antion and me, this evening's tale will be our last before the pieces of us that belong to Saedius Magestis are returned to him. Once the telling is complete, we will depart and never again return to Magesta.

We hope you have listened well and understood, for it was the last time this story will be told in our way, and it is the last time that it will be true.

[Escher turns and begins leaving.]

Antion

For what is truth? Most of the stories or parts of the stories that Escher and I told to some of you before our minds had been restored were, to some degree, false, even though you assumed them to be true. In so doing, you found success and further truth, so perhaps our tales were not as false as we thought.

Renford Greenbush sent us to you so that Magesta might not forget a truth. After nearly fifteen-thousand years, we have finally come to understand the real truth he intended, and it is that truth is not the importance of a story. The only important thing about a story is its listening, for it is only in the ears of the listener that truth may be found. The story that we have just finished has been, and probably will be, spun in a myriad of ways throughout the ages, and each time it is told it has the opportunity to be true, no matter how it is told.

Magesta is perhaps unique in that way, for it is truly a world of multiple histories and truths, and it is the ability to realize which stories you have a part in that is virtuous and truth-vivifying. You all had a part in this story, and yours will be many to follow, but do not start away thinking that the truth you know will be everyone's truth, and do not so quickly dismiss the truths of others, for fallacy is more often the truth than is truth itself.

So I ask again; what is truth? Did Saedius Magestis truly shape Magesta out of dreams? Was his great plan truly interrupted by the evil Villarious? Is Galanthas Du'Mentharen truly the father of Saedius? Did Saedius Magestis ever really exist at all?

Maybe not. I suppose it depends whom you ask.

[Antion turns and begins leaving. When he reaches the top of the slope, he turns once more. For the first time, the trace of a smile can be seen in his stern silver face.]

But it was sure as shit a good story, wasn't it?

SLEEPING LORD DEFEATED!

Gilbert entered the crowded tavern carrying a letter from K'Tar. He gave it to Galynn, who read it aloud. The last of the three strongest daquamoores, Zal'Battool, had magically surrounded Elmerton and isolated it, much like Helik did to the Vigilant Tower the night before. Gilbert, being not native to Magesta and a powerful Hopper, was the only assistance that could reach Elmerton. K'Tar made it clear that the Sleeping Lord Villarious must be woken up as soon as possible. Lucidius and the Ephialtis were both restored and were already working in the Dream Realm to force him out. Gilbert would transport the town to the shore of the Sea of Shades so the heroes could face Villarious when he rose. As Galynn finished the letter, the heroes realized that there would be no Magestream to help them prepare for this fight.

The heroes left the tavern and all were gathered into two groups. The journeymen heroes prepared to fight arcane creatures that would mirror the abilities of their opponents. Zax was given a beacon by Gilbert that would attract those foes and keep them away from the other group. The master heroes gathered around Galynn and Helik to combat Villarious and his closest daquamoores directly. Good-byes and well wishes were exchanged – all were aware that this battle could likely be their last.

Gilbert worked with Suki, Neveah, and Teg to dimensionally triangulate Elmerton and then move it to the shore of the Sea of Shades. Grim faced, all of Elmerton's heroes moved towards the ancient runes near the rocky shore – a place of power for Villarious. The wise woman Orna was nearby, drawing him out with haunting music and ceremonial fires she had prepared.

Fire appeared on the water, and it slowly moved towards the heroes. After a minute, a sleek form left the lake and climbed the rocks before the heroes. We knew the black creature at once to be none other than Villarious, the Sleeping Lord. He calmly surveyed the gathering before him while stretching and testing legs that were walking upon land for the first time in 15,000 years. Looking confused at the unfamiliar land around him, he asked in a voice that was both accusatory and aggravated that he was not where he had intended, "What is this place?.. Who are you?"

A single voice openly stated the heroes' intent. "I am Galanthas DuMentharen and this is your tomb."

Villarious flexed his fingers and summoned his minions. Essence mirror creatures appeared from the dark. The journeymen heroes carried the beacon away from Villarious and the arcane creatures followed them back towards town. Raising both arms, Villarious then summoned his daquamoores guardians. The master heroes let loose with sword and spell, and the battle began.

REMEMBER ... PRAISE DAETHORN!

VIGILANT DEFEATED!

Ever since the last raid on the Tower of the Vigilant, Helik Windsaber had wrapped his corridor of Anti-Magic around it to isolate and contain the mages inside. Hearing of the situation, and knowing of Elmerton's desire to eliminate the Vigilant, Gilbert entered the town with a plan.

Elmerton had been detached from the timestream months before. Gilbert suspected that if certain talents were found, then he could perform a dimensional triangulation to magically move the town. The dimensional triangulation, combined with the detachment from the timestream, would allow Elmerton to act like an extra-dimensional space.

The plan was to put the town of Elmerton inside the Vigilant's tower. Once inside, Sir Haku Steelwind would use the Sword of the Phoenix to break the connection to the collective of every mage he struck. This would render them vulnerable to everyone else. In addition, Helik would use the power of his corridor to drape the Vigilant in darkness, making them easier to hunt. After some searching, Teg Dunham, Neveah Phoenix, and Suki were found to have the desire and ability to perform the dimensional triangulation. Gilbert gathered them together, explained their tasks, and after some preparation, cast the spell.

The Vigilant were caught completely by surprise, and many mages were killed before they began to resist in force. Their magic and their guards were of little help as any injury that befell the heroes of Elmerton was easily undone by Helik in his corridor. Eventually, one of the Vigilant discovered protection under Concori Nystra in Raziel's glade, and the survivors gathered there.

A powerful warrior mage of the Vigilant demanded retribution from Raziel as per the oath that Concori Nystra had made. After consideration, Raziel revoked Concori Nystra's oath of protection from both the Vigilant and Concori Ayre. This made it possible for the Vigilant to curse the town and its people on the spilling of their blood. The curse was fulfilled shortly thereafter as the warrior mage fought Haku and was slain with the Sword of the Phoenix.

DAQUAMOORE DEFEATED, NIGHTMARE LORD RESTORED!

The vampire Maija came to Elmerton to ask for help in restoring the Ephialtis, better known as the Nightmare Lord. She made clear that her intent was not to replace Lucidious as the Incarnation of Dream; instead, she wished to restore the balance to the Dream Realm that had been missing for so long. The restoration of the Ephialtis would also help to force the Sleeping Lord out of the Dream Realm so he could be fought on Magesta. Because of her position as Guardian of Time, the heroes decided to help her.

After much preparation, Maija was ready to begin the ritual that would summon forth the pieces of the Nightmare Lord's mind. This ritual would also bring Nem'Nlarrok, one of the three greatest daquamoore, as he resided in the Psychic Realm and was actively working to keep the shattered parts of the Nightmare Lord's mind separate. Knowing this, Maija called on Will Gray to be sent to the past and collect a dream from the Nem'Nlarrok he would find there. Sir Rakesh the Smith, Seth Barder, and Ne'Ekro Drocha also went with him.

As the ritual commenced, psychic shades carrying the mind of the Ephialtis flew towards the town, pursued by Nem'Nlarrok. As the heroes fought, Kendrick Teague was transformed and became a vessel for the Ephialtis. Wielding the Windsaber, he fought Nem'Nlarrok with legendary strength and power.

While the battle wore on, Will Gray returned from the past, having succeeded in his goal. Finding an opportunity, he called forth the dream from the past to weaken Nem'Nlarrok and remind him of his near defeat. The heroes then attacked with renewed vigor, and after a close struggle, Kendrick Teague cut him down.

When the rest of the psychic shades were defeated a few minutes later, the entire town assisted Maija with the final part of the ritual. The Ephialtis left Kendrick Teague and entered the creature that called itself the Boogeyman. The remaining parts of the mind and spirit of the Nightmare Lord were absorbed into the Boogeyman. As the ritual was completed, shockwaves of psychic energy erupted from him, rendering many of the heroes unconscious.

MAGESTA'S CREATOR REDEEMED!

Keepus was not present when Villarious rose from the deep because he chose to withhold the powerful essences he had absorbed. This, he hoped, would make it more likely that Villarious would ultimately be defeated. His choice was not without great peril; as Villarious fought the heroes of Elmerton, he also dispatched powerful daquamoores to find Keepus.

After Villarious was finally defeated, Keepus was able to enter Elmerton and seek refuge. Although exhausted, the remaining heroes moved to defend him - chief among them were Galanthas DuMentharen, Helik Windsaber, Kalim Rusal, and Lucian Romeno. As the daquamoores were defeated, Keepus was struck with the Sickle of Mageayre, and the tiny faces that littered his form began to fall away - freeing the trapped essences. Eventually, the last of them were forcibly removed, and the heroes gazed at Keepus' motionless true form. They saw Saedius Magestis, the true creator of Magesta.

Attempts were made to heal him, but no magic or herb could close the wounds. The heroes thought of different ways to help as his pulse began to slow. Rakesh suggested that the Stone Rose might work and ran off in search of it. After some time, he returned with it in hand, and healing magic was slowly passed through it to revive Saedius. As he gained consciousness, remorse washed over him and his body was wracked with sobs.

A female dressed in white approached, and introduced herself as Romina. With her help, Saedius was comforted and he found rest in the Dream Realm. She then turned to the heroes, praised them for their great deeds, and said that they should also rest. "Magesta will need your dreams - now more than ever."

MEMORY RESTORES FORTUNE!

Mother Memory emerged from her meditation with a small stretch, having finally recalled what she was looking for. Taking her warmest scarf, she left Incarnia for the last bastion of hope on Magesta - the town of Elmerton.

Arriving at the tavern, she announced that she knew how to complete the restoration of the Incarnation of Fortune. As she had been made to make all Magesta forget, she could also make all Magesta remember. However, this could only be done from one place - the Halls of the Deceived, deep in the Spirit Realm.

Seth Barder led the way through the Halls after a portal was secured and opened. He and the other heroes found that the Disciples of Dissention were protecting a beacon. With them was one of the three greatest daquamoores - Kol'Mollar.

Confusion reigned as bloody combat, stale conversation, and witty banter took turns as the event of the moment. Eventually, the Disciples of Dissention were defeated, and Kol'Mollar tired of the heroes' presence and prepared to go to sleep.

Having prepared for some time, Raziell and Lucian took this as their opportunity to strike. A spell was cast using the combined power of Concori Nystra, which reminded Kol'Mollar of his past defeat. The heroes began to skirmish with Kol'Mollar, but many hung back, wary of his power.

Rakesh saw this and used powerful magic to fill the heroes with great morale. With that, the battle was fully joined and Kol'Mollar used his knowledge of the Spirit Realm to his utmost advantage. In the end, Lilly used the Luck Blade to strike him down, and then quickly passed it to Johnathan Delancy, who finished him.

With all danger removed, Mother Memory used the beacon in the Spirit Realm to restore the memory of Fortune to all Magesta. The heroes returned to Elmerton, injured and tired, but victorious.

Dear Citizens of Elmerton,

I am so proud of every last one of you. Once again, you have fought together as a community, but this time it was not only to defend your town, it was to save the entire world from oblivion. I would like to take a moment to thank all of you for your incredibly noble and virtuous efforts to defeat the evil that was the Sleeping Lord. From the time when many of you were invited to Elmerton under the guise of the harvest festival to this momentous day, you have proven your strength and honor. If Lord Renwar were with us today, he would shake hands with each town member with tears of joy in his eyes and pure admiration in his heart.

We have endured the most heinous of threats and have come out victorious. From the Incarnation of Devastation to the Wolflord to your latest conquest of the Sleeping Lord, you have proven that as long as we work together we can overcome any great malevolent force that wishes us harm.

But, there have been many sacrifices in our trials and tribulations. We must never forget our long lost friends and fallen comrades, notably Lord Renwar, Kaybin, and Siegfried. We are grateful to these departed heroes for our lives. We should mourn their deaths by embracing and enjoying life. I feel so close to many of you, but I believe I have helped to teach you one most important lesson: to respect one another and to stand strong as a community.

I have been asked by Kalim to become the Dean at his school for the literacy of Orcs. At this current juncture, I cannot think of a better place for me. This does not mean that it does not grieve me to leave my brilliant students Kendrick, Cinraeus, Osirus, and Neveah. Do keep up with your studies while I am away. I will also miss those whom I worked closely with. I would like to say goodbye to Haku, Hatch, Galynn, Rakesh, Kieran, Suki, Jynx, Seth, Lynsara, Tonerius, Temorn, Farrock, Teg, Glen, Aneurin, Lucian J., Balthazaar, Helik, Luther, Lilly, Jonathon, Fingon, Ne'ekro, William Ellington, Gyas, Xanados, Meg the Messenger, Brother Burnes, Captain Finnegan, Ghorig, Kenpochie, Dacia, and Aedar. But do not be misinformed, I will miss all of you even the people I never spoke with.

With all of that said, I must make an announcement. For several months Rakesh has been observing my magisterial style. Rakesh will now be the official magistrate of Elmerton. He will work closely with the town counsel members and Haku Steelwind for legal decisions. Rakesh, I know you will live up to this job well, and I hope you have learned much by my example. Congratulations.

To the town of Elmerton, I have watched you grow strong. I want all of you to know that I am honored to refer to myself as an Elmertonian. I am proud to call each of you friend. You are welcome to visit at the school for the Orcs whenever you can.

*Sincerely,
Your friend and former Magistrate,*

Sylvia

The Untrodden Age

The truth of what happened that night may one day fade into simple legends told to children so that sleep may take them. Regardless, if you had not succeeded, there would be no legends or children. At least not as we define them.

And so we stood staring outward, our backs towards a displaced Elmerton. We were the embodiment of a line in the sand; a circle of protection around the whole of Magesta. I looked to my left and right attempting to draw courage from the mighty heroes that surrounded me. The quiver in my legs betrayed me as the coward I was.

My mind flickered with suggestions of how and why I would fail. I was merely a student. Caitlyn, Leklonesis, Ahtzi-Anat, Oryn or my Father should be standing where I was. Wouldn't Magesta be better off in their capable hands? Hands... Mine were small and trembling. It seemed unlikely they could hold the fate of Magesta when I was having such trouble properly grasping my sword. I had truly lived a fool's life. I was to fall short of my every goal. There were just so many things that got put off because I had always assumed I had more time in life.

"Calm down Rowen. Simply standing here is the greatest thing either of us has ever done." My father sought to calm me but I was too scared to hear him. Scared is too gentle a word for the state I was in. Terrified? Horrified? Aghast? All fall short. I was a child alone in the dark of those woods. How was I to oppose the Sleeping Lord?

Magesta rumbled as The Sleeping Lord lumbered out of the water. The beacon carriers took off with foes in tow. I watched the resolute faces of those with less training than me doing their part for Magesta. I could not follow them for my essence was "too strong." I did not feel "too strong." Where were these heroes drawing such boundless courage from? They moved with utter disregard for their own lives and here I was shrinking away in fear for mine. I held no beacon. I stood watching as they gladly accepted the task of making themselves targets.

Swarms of Daquamoore, the most powerful creature we had ever fought, poured out of the forest. There would be no beacon to pull these away from us. I abandoned my training, fighting in apparent contempt for proper form.

Then I received a great gift in odd wrapping. I was paralyzed by one of the Daquamoore and moved by Hatch Van Graves out of harm's way (I appreciate it, Hatch). I spent what felt like ages listening and watching the town match the Daquamoore blow for blow.

As I watched friends and neighbors fight, kill and die from relative safety, my disposition began to change. Slowly, my focus moved from fearing my own end to wanting to fight against Magesta's. If Galynn and Helik can stand up to The Sleeping Lord, if Suki and Will can stand up to the Daquamoore, if Lex and Bastion are willing to die drawing enemies away, if Kel was willing to stand her ground in the middle of the fray, then why couldn't I do my part? It wasn't death I was afraid of, but failure. However, I didn't need to kill The Sleeping Lord; just do what was within my power. If I could honor my name and the names of those who had invested time and effort in my life in the process, then all the better. Perhaps I was originally paralyzed wishing I was anywhere else on Magesta, but by the time I had regained a full range of motion I appreciated the significance of my surroundings.

New life, new chances - these are beautiful and miraculous things. But there can be nothing new if the old is not let go. There is no new life without death, and all things are destined to follow this rule. However, I always believed an exception should be made in my case.

I have a few words I would have liked to say in person, but if Kafim lived to tell the tale, he has told you all what happened to me the night the Villarious rose from the Sea of Shades and why I am writing this instead. (That or those I intend this letter for are worse off than dead.)

Elmerton, that crazy small town, was my home. I wasn't born there. I arrived as a stranger and you welcomed me as a neighbor. I learned from some of you, and in turn, gave what guidance I had to offer. I bled and you would bind my wounds. You bled and I would bind yours. Together, we drank and loved. Sang and danced. Bled and cried. It made me what I am today. But in the recent moons it occurred to me it was there I would die. I was certain of it - fatally certain.

And there it was, my friends, I was terrified and yet I was right where I belonged. In the thick of it, doing what needed to be done. What was both right, and just. Sometimes, you see, even though you know that you're going to be knocked down you should stand tall. You NEED to stand tall. If not to simply do what is right, but to show evil that nothing comes easy. Teach those that would commit evil that there is a price they must pay for every incursion, for every last attempt to take something that does not belong to them. Or to undo what has been done.

I can find more than enough solace in the fact that that night, we all stood side by side to teach Villarious that very lesson. That we all stood together. Shoulder to shuddering fear-filled shoulder. That we stood with a purpose. None of us would let the world or any part of it pass us by. Not a single one would have chosen to sit back and let someone else, anyone else, fight that good fight in our stead.

That night, my face was stained with fear. Soon, however, the fear gave way to stinging hammer blows and gushing sword wounds all over my body. I felt nothing but the incessant blows from the Daquamoore, and the bones cracking in my arms and legs. My spirit in twain, my body could have easily been ignored on the path, or abandoned to become a slave of Villarious. But you, my neighbors, dedicated my body to the Fae Realm. And because of your actions I escaped eternity in the Spirit Realm for my long awaited and happy courtship, which my own bashfulness had impeded.

I know my sudden end might cause sadness in this time of great celebration. But I do not want you to weep or cry for me; instead, remind Magesta of my sacrifices and my hopes. These last few words are not a simple request from a friend. They are an order from a knight, convalescing happily in his homeland.

Sir Farrock Frosthill

Knight of House Myddvai

(Continued from page 11)

And so later on in the battle I found myself crippled in a pile of bodies bleeding out, I fought with pride to defend them from several Daquamore knowing full well we would all die on that spot. I was unafraid and unshamed as life began to seep out my body. My last thoughts were not of dread but of a subtle certainty that Magesta would be safe. How could it not when some of the heroes of Elmerton still lived and breathed. Their shouting a soothing certainty that life on Magesta would remain.

In the end I was given another chance at life. We all were. It was hard earned. Maybe in this life I will find the courage and time to do what I have been putting off. I hope the same for any others in a similar situation. I make the following vow; this is not just a new age for Magesta.

Rowen Syaoran,
Swordspeaker

RIDDLES BY RAKESH

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

This runs fore to aft on one side of a ship, and aft to fore on the other. What is it?

I have four wings, but cannot fly. I never laugh and never cry; on the same spot I'm always found, toiling away with little sound. What am I?

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!

Friends of Elmerton—both new and old:

To commemorate this bright New Age in which we find ourselves, I should like to open the doors of the Du'Mentharen estate in Point Edgar on the 30th of Marchestry, and invite every citizen of our fine town - and any friend thereof - to a lavish dinner expertly prepared by our dear associates Raziel and Hatch van Graves.

Please understand that this is more than a simple celebratory feast: this is, symbolically, our thanks beyond words for so many years spent flying in the face of seemingly insurmountable odds - and, finally, overcoming those odds together.

We will break bread in the glow of the dawn for which we fought so fiercely and remember those who have passed to Vorkarian's keeping in the service of Magesta.

With gratitude,
-Galanthas Du'Mentharen

- Muster for the Town Watch will be held daily on the tourney field at half-an-hour before noon.
- Smiths Guild will meet at 1pm at the smithy on the 29th of Marchestry.

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.

If Maget is too busy, or if u want to give an
apprentice a chance, give me an email at

mrfondupot@aol.com

for your boffer needs. Prices are set lower to make
up for lower craftsmanship. Make sure to write
boffer in the subject line.

Ne'ekro/Travis

Pay No Attention to the Man Behind the Curtain

A Letter from Paul

In March of 2002, I was driving Scott Slater from his dorm room in Storrs, CT to Stamford to attend the ConnCon role-playing convention. Scott and I had been table-top role-playing together for years and I had recently introduced him to live-action role-playing at a game called Fantasy Quest, which had been introduced to me in 1997 by Mr. Randall Dederick. En route to the convention, Scott and I whimsically chatted the idea of beginning our own LARP. In the awareness of our politically-charged world, I remarked that our game might appeal to more people if our world featured no pantheon of fictitious gods. Having recently read Piers Anthony's *Incarnations of Immortality* series, I suggested that perhaps our deities should be more akin to those incarnations of various phenomena. Suddenly, from the passenger seat, I heard a voice that was some combination of Bill Cosby, a sociopath, and the Reverend Jesse Jackson. Scott was already role-playing, declaring himself, "the Incarnation of Devastation! Your feeble foam sticks and bean bags are no match for my heat-vision sun glasses!" A year later, the dream was realized. Devastation was out of the box. We knew then that Magestry had begun.

But allow me to step back a few years. In 2001, with the help of Randall Dederick, I had started PDabble Games, a game company that sold downloadable modules to accompany the D&D tabletop game. My vision was to create a campaign setting much like *Dragonlance™* or *Forgotten Realms™*, except I did not want to be contained to a singular world. I wanted my setting to be a mosaic of imagination, where there could live genres to satisfy the role-playing needs of almost any gamer; in fact, I wanted it to be a place open to the creations of others. I had really enjoyed and admired the dimension-traveling aspect of Robert Asprin's *Myth* series, not to mention his humor. I wanted the players of my setting to be able to "dabble" here and "dabble" there. It was for that reason, more than to pay homage to its creator while conveying the feeling that the setting is not overly stoic and stuffy, that I chose the name Dabbleverse. To me, that name, along with the name of the game company, promises that we can have fun without taking ourselves too seriously.

I continued work on the downloadable products through the rest of 2002, and it was only at the end of the year that Magestry became a serious thought. I began work in earnest at the beginning of the spring semester (probably not the best time). Every hour that was not spent reading or writing to satisfy my five literature courses was poured into creating the rulebook, buying and

making equipment, and playing phone tag with dozens of camps and insurance companies. Much less time was spent on the actual creation of Magesta.

That is not to say that *no* time was spent on creating the world. Indeed, I had my method all planned out. I was going to start with the high-concept stuff and work my way down. Overworlders like Daethorn (who had been my first table-top campaign character from a weekly game that Rand had run when I was in high school, which, by the way, was so good that I have yet to find a GM to match his performance) and Daelarius had their own problems and ambitions, and my goal was to trace those problems down through incarnations and kings until I had the start of a saga of adventures that the PCs, common folk, could deal with. PCs who achieved great success through years of these adventures would eventually acquire renown throughout the land and maybe even the kingdom.

Well, May was nearly at its end, the rulebook was written and printed, I had finally found a camp to play at, and all was ready to go... that is, except for understanding those finer points of life in the Kingdom of Irvanshire.

When the first "Game-On" was called on May 31, 2003, virtually no plot had been written and only one organization had been created. In my thinking from the top down in the great chain of being, I had gotten as far as the problems of Overworlders. The first major plot I ran called for the PCs to aid Daethorn in the problem of Daelarius opening troublesome portals in unpredictable places so that he might assassinate other Overworlders who, in going to investigate, walked into a trap. Huge stuff, right? Where the Incarnia do you go from there?

At the last event in November, you saw very clearly where you have to go. The Sleeping Lord problem spanned four and a half years, led several epic plotlines to a head, and characters that were deeply (pun) involved became known throughout not only the kingdom, but all of Magesta and several other dimensions. What had started as a harmless sharing of my personal mythology between myself and twelve friends in Ellington, CT, to which was added only six others the next month in Oxford, became an unstoppable epic of the kind that no professional LARP would be stupid enough to run. There is great danger in that kind of plot writing. Those who were involved from the beginning, who had predetermined roles to play out, became a seat of power from which other PCs felt alienated. I left no room for other GMs to create comparable plot, so the PCs they wrote for naturally felt like their storylines were not important, or worse: not there at all. In reality, they were,

and any conception to the contrary was my fault entirely.

I did not like the direction the plot was headed, but the fictive reality demanded that I finish what I started. In the fall of 2005, I called a virtual halt to the introduction of new plots and asked the GMs and other plot writers to focus only on resolving those epic pieces that were already in motion. Our goal was to do that while involving as many PCs as possible. At about the beginning of last year, that goal started to be realized, and out of our efforts we saw a new side of you all. We saw your ability to come together and enjoy the game as friends. When the Sleeping Lord finally went down, it was because you cooperated and worked hard for it.

And that about did it; wrapped 'er all up. The final defeat of Villarious marks the end of an era (and an Age) in more ways than one. In the way that concerns you, plot-writing will be much different. Magesta will no longer become trembling or tranquil from PC actions alone. You will no longer have daily conversations with incarnations and the avatars of Overworlders. The world of Magesta will seem to become much larger and you will find yourselves to be smaller fish in a deeper sea. You will get to know certain NPCs much better, the plots will seem less forced and scheduled, and they will be more accessible. Plot on a smaller scale will allow us to do more with them in-game, and you will find intricacies that the epic plots could not get small enough to allow time for. In essence, the plot-writing has now been opened equally to all GMs and plot-writers, and that can only mean good things to come.

However, there is another way in which an era has ended. It is a personal one, but I do not think there will come a better time to share it with you.

I was not able to understand it when I was sixteen, but my adventures with Daethorn marked the beginning of a kind of personal mythology. Up until that point, my role-playing had been very episodic; one story never seemed to fit with another, even if I was playing the same character. What Rand brought to the table was a vast and detailed cosmos. His were the characters of Kelcius, Renford, and Rexus; his was the dying world of Qualin'Mar and the mystical land of Mongrella; and there were plenty more to fill a multitude of role-playing settings. The universe he invited me into was more intriguing to me than any I had read of in any work of literature. I was intrigued not only because the story was good and mind-boggling complex, but because I felt like it was ours and it was real. Like Antion said, there is something about a wonderfully spun tale that creates a truth that can have more meaning than any provable fact. This is mythology.

In Joseph Campbell's *The Power of Myth*, he explains that modern American culture is devoid of living mythology. Myths are stories that are not believed to be

literal but are considered true insofar as they help us grasp the unexplainable, understand that which cannot be understood. It was this lack of acceptable myths that caused me to seek my own, or if not to seek them, at least to understand them once they came to me. I started by rolling some dice, scratching some numbers onto a paper, and choosing a name from a randomly generated list; but that character of Daethorn soon became ME. His interests, his morality, his sense of humor were all mine. Role-playing gave me a chance to see what I would be like, or what I hoped I would be like, if confronted with the problems that Rand lay before Daethorn each week. I can still recall walking through the woods one night. I was miles from civilization with no flashlight and the night was black as pitch. I will now admit that I was scared, and remember calling on Daethorn for courage. He was a ranger; he could handle this without flinching. It didn't make sense, maybe, and perhaps it was childish, but it worked, and I have never since had the slightest fear of the nighttime forest.

Over the years, my personal mythology expanded. Like Rand, I created many characters and lands with colorful histories, and, like Rand, I invited others to share in my mythos. The defeat of Villarious marks the culmination of the long story that both Rand and I have built for years (he for more years than I). I am pleased that so many of you were able to share in the tale. As I said, it was not a plotline that I ever wanted to go through with a professional LARP, but it was all I had, and you guys made it possible and fun. Thinking back, there really isn't a whole lot that I would change.

But I will not pretend that I did this on my own. There are several people I need to thank.

First and most of all, I need to thank Mr. **Randall Dederick** for starting it all. It was Rand who introduced me to role-playing and, early on, instilled in me the importance and benefit of a personal mythos and cohesive universe. Rand kept me interested in role-playing when several of my other friends began participating in less wholesome or cerebral activities. Had he not done that, I dread to think who I would be right now. Rand was also instrumental in the formation of both PDabble Games and Magestry. He brought the knowledge of computers, web design, and "legal" matters that my projects would never have existed without. I have also called him hundreds of times when I have been in a pinch for plot or rules ideas; they always come so easily to him. Rand has recently stepped down as the webmaster for Magestry and PDabble Games so that he can pursue a larger project that will be his greatest contribution yet to the role-playing world. It's gonna be big.

Secondly, my thanks goes to **Scott Slater** for his years of creative help (and financial... I'll get you back on the first, my brotha) and his lack of resistance when being

chained to a computer desk at 2AM on the night before an event. Scott has been my steady number one since the beginning and has kept me [mostly] sane with laughter. He only missed two games ever, and without his able leadership, they were probably the hardest for me to get through. (He still owes me two vacations. Let that be known publicly.)

Next, I thank **Mark Dey** for his wonderful database upon which your entire universe now depends. PCs are only aware of a fraction of its ability. With its help, the staff has documented every relevant plot since the start of the game, and all information is easy to reference, so we will never forget things... like all the people who want your character dead! I cannot even conceive of the thousands of hours Mark has given Magestry, and I cannot thank him enough.

In thanking Mark, I suppose I should not neglect to also thank **Mike Faulk** and **Jarad Demick**. Mike and Jarad were the original database; Mike spending hundreds of hours cutting, pasting, and organizing text from text documents into my hair-brained design for keeping plot records online at Live Journal. He may never be convinced that his work was worth the time, but I have heard testimonial from staff members who still log into it... and laugh! Jarad's contribution was similar. He took character updating responsibility off of my plate when I was still keeping track of everyone's skills and skill points in Microsoft Word. He did that for nearly two years, during which time I could not imagine taking that responsibility back.

Mike Faulk also needs thanks as a reliable plot writer. Mike has always written the kind of plot that Magestry needs and not my kind of colossal acid trip. He's back in the chair after a season away, and he's still got it. (Let's just hope he doesn't give *it* all to Fantasy Quest!) There is also additional thanks for Jarad, for he was also Magestry's cook for about two years, and dinner was always great. I rarely ate it at game, but, Sweet Dihnouda, the leftovers!

Angela Jacobs joined the staff at the same time as Mike, and since then she has brought a dynamic to Magestry's plot-writing and dramatic acting that had been sorely lacking. She is, simply put, a pro, and anyone who has seen her in-game is aware of it. Angela has always devoted so much to the game, but lately she has taken on even more responsibility. For the last two years, she has always matched or outlasted Scott and me in resisting sleep the week of the game. Angela is the NPC director and has taken away several of my jobs, including whipping Scott into shape! (Though that is one job I *do* miss.) Angela is ready to lead, especially by example. She is quickly becoming the new boss. I can't wait to lose my job to her, and I can't thank her enough. (Oh, also, I love her... sorry, that was unprofessional, but I always wanted to do that.)

Another writer and GM who always added an extra dimension was **Talya Goodman**. Tal was with me since the beginning and always punctual in everything she did (and she was the only one of us to have that trait). I could always count on Tal for new plots and treespeaks (even if I forgot to

have them put up, which happened like once or something) and answers to information requests. Tal could be counted on to be at game, and she was often the only person who could fit a female role (unless Johnny was there). At the end of last season, finally seeing her chance, Tal decided to give up the GM life and become the PC she had actually wanted to be since the beginning. Damn. I had hoped to guilt her into a few more years. Thanks, Tal.

I could go on thanking folks for several more sentences... so I will. But I'll be brief since this is getting long and right about now you are all wondering when in the Abyss the newsletter will be out.

So, in high-speed but not the less thanked: **Mark Vadney** has been at my side since the beginning for everything that wasn't plot-related – he made tons of our first weapons and other props, and I could always trust him to take my truck to set up and take down the event – he would get things done; **Meg Plumb** has been our seam-slave, making most of our tabards, Vorkarian's robes, and various other costume pieces – she also edits and assembles the newsletter and prints piles of documents for each game; **Sean Dey** has been our veritable weapon factory and go-to physical arrangements guy; **Andy Cassell** has written plots and made modules that makes *me* seem like a child scratching pictures in the sand and playing with little balls of my own poo; **Peter Dey** has brought the thunder, and by "thunder" I mean the people – he has worked tirelessly to get folks involved with Magestry and has organized several Magestry activities at his university; **Erik Dey** has joined the staff and taken over some plot-writing that always takes the staff the most time; **Johnny LeBlanc** is nads-to-the-wall, nails-to-the-nipples hard core, and he doesn't back down from crap; when you tell **Nick Allen** or **Phil Krzeminski** you need spell packets, you get spell packets (try it!); **Dave Tanguay** handled the newsletter during Meg's absence and disseminated the decisions from a year and a half of rules meetings; **Graham Sternberg** brought the LARP skill, intellect, and ability to execute my most convoluted plotlines, which was probably the only reason I was able to complete the story; **Eric LaBonte** is one of the first at the camp (before even me) and always gets the hardest jobs done first and with minimal help. To all of these people, thank you.

There are many others deserving of thanks; those mentioned above are the ones that I think of as being the most consistently helpful since the early days, but that is not to say that I don't appreciate what many of the new folks have given to Magestry. All of you have played a part in shaping Magesta into what it is and what it will be, and for that I thank you.

The fifteen months between when Scott opened Big D's box OOG and Lilly opened it In-Game was a time of uncertainty for me. I wondered if anyone would care enough about my stories to stick around until they had been told.

Well, the box is now closed and a new portal lies open before us. Let's see where it leads us.

MAGESTRY'S Best of Dwarvember 2007

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

We had such a hard time trying to decide this month's best PC award because every PC at November's event did an amazing job this event. After months of indecision and deliberation, we decided that we would let the PELs completely decide the winner. So, according to all of you (and we agree), this month's **Best PC Award** should go to **Graham Sternberg** for his exceedingly well-done performance of Galynn Silverbow, who is Galanthas Du'Mentharen and Haladalestelan. We read many comments about how helped to make the atmosphere of the game incredibly realistic, how he was never seen going OOG, as well as how his speech before the Sleeping Lord battle really set the stage for an awe-inspiring and terrifying event. We were very impressed as well. Great job, Graham!

And because this event needs it, honorable mention goes to **Mike Meyer** for his farewell portrayal of Kalim. Again, the PELs were raving about how the amount of energy he puts into his character and the intensity with which he roleplays at all times. We couldn't agree more. Thanks, Mike!

Finally, this event's **Best NPC Award** goes to none other than our own **Paul Dabkowski**. Though this award does not usually go to GMs, those of us who aren't Paul used the comments from your PELs to override that particular unwritten rule for this game and give him the recognition he deserves. From the intense plot writing, to the 3 hours of sleep during the whole weekend, to making sure the game ran smoothly, and to fighting for 5 hours in a mask and wet suit after having crawled out of a lake in near-freezing temperatures, we thought that he deserved this. Many of the PELs mentioned how refreshing it was to see that kind of dedication and passion to the game and we know that he shows it in every aspect of the game. Thanks for everything, Paul!

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 ☆ **Fund Kaiser** ☆
 ☆ 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!

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
March 28-30, 2008

At Chesterfield Scout Reservation in Chesterfield, MA

The fee for the next event is \$60 for PCs (\$55 if *received* by March 21st) and Free for NPCs.
Cabin space is limited. When you pre-register (this includes payment) choose your cabin *preference*.
At the beginning of the event, DO NOT set your things up in a cabin until you are told which one you
have been assigned to. You may have to move your things if you do this!

For those planning to pay at the door, bring a tent because there may not be cabin space for you!

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 2008 Event Schedule

March 28-30, 2008 (Chesterfield)

April 25-27, 2008 (Chesterfield)

May 23-25, 2008 (Chesterfield)

September 12-14, 2008 (Chesterfield)

October 3-5, 2008 (Chesterfield)

October 17-19, 2008 (Chesterfield)

November 7-9, 2008 (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