

PDABBLE GAMES

PRESENTS

THE MAGESTIC MESSENGER

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

Stillbreeze 118 (August 2008)

Volume 6, Issue 4

119TH ANNUAL BREWER'S FESTIVAL AND AUCTION TO BE HELD IN ELMERTON

Are you a brewer? Do you dabble in wines and ales or are you simply an “active observer” in the whole brewing process (especially the end results)? No matter what your interest is in brewing, you will want to be at the 119th Annual Brewer’s Festival! The Brewer’s Guild of Irvanshire is once again sponsoring the Brewer’s Festival and Auction and the good Countess Windlock has given her leave for it to be held midday in the small town of Elmerton on the 13th day of Harvestwane. As usual, there will be an auction with items from ales to potions up for bid followed by an amateurs only brewing competition. The auction is a chance for craftsmen of all sorts to display and sell their wares. If you have wares you would like to have auctioned off, you may bring them to the auctioneer before the auction starts. You will need to provide a description of your item as well as the price at which you would like to start the bidding. You will receive 80% of the final bid (the other 20% goes to the Brewer’s Guild to pay the King’s taxes for the auction). We encourage any and all craftsmen to take part!

The brewer’s competition is a chance for all those aspiring brewers to show their merit. If you are interested in entering the competition, all you have to do is sign up with the Brewmaster in Charge of ceremonies at the start of the festival. However, there are rules to be followed:

First, you may not have any of your brews consistently sold in more than two taverns across the kingdom. This is an amateurs only competition after all.

Second, while magical brews will be allowed, no entry may have a mind-altering or control effect. The entries will be subjected to magical detection before they are allowed to be tasted, and the judges will be checked upon after each testing to insure that their judgments are their own. Any brewer found trying to use a mind-altering effect on a judge will be immediately disqualified.

Third, the brews must be of an alcoholic nature.

A panel of judges will rate each of the brews and will award points based on taste, creativity, and technique, and it is therefore highly recommended that each entry be submitted with a recipe and description of the technique used to brew it. The winner of the competition will have the opportunity to oversee the creation and sale of his or her winning brew in the Brewmaster’s Tavern in Tradegate for one year (with royalties). He or she will also receive an original recipe from the personal recipe book of the Master Brewmaster himself. The runner-up will receive a bottle of extraordinary wine crafted by an official member of the Brewer’s Guild.

We hope that many of you will take part in both auction and competition and we will see you in Elmerton!



Tshurkurka Summoned!

I can tell you this for certain. I was there. I write this in the hopes that someone will be able to help us. The hooded men told me that they wanted all gypsies to know Fear... not just those without families. They told me that he would be summoned and would be able to take us all whenever he wished; that we would all be potential victims of the Exiled One and his Cursed Family. I sat, bound physically and spiritually to my sweet cousin who was suspended between two pillars. I watched, paralyzed with fright, as the hooded men placed an amulet around her neck and cut shapes and runes into her flesh. Her screams pierced my heart and I could do nothing. Others came to stop the ritual, but they could do little. My cousin's eyes rolled back in her head and, in a deep voice, she opened a portal to the Abyss in between the pillars from which she was suspended. She screamed and screamed and the amulet, as well as the runes carved into her flesh, glowed red and purple. Her body was wracked with spasms and finally, she hung limp between the pillars. One of the hooded men dumped a cupful of something down her throat and I heard him mutter something about raising her corpse. My cousin's desecrated body shook violently... and... was changed into something more terrifying than I had ever seen in my life. Unable to move, I felt myself losing consciousness. The last thing I knew was an unearthly roar and a man cutting the bonds between my cousin and I.

The Exiled One has been summoned. I know not the identifies of the hooded men, nor the reason they would do such a thing, but it has happened and we, as gypsies, are in very real danger. This is a warning to be on your guard, for now every gypsy is in danger of joining the cursed Remeika in waking death.

The Smiths Guild meeting for Harvestwane will be at 1pm in the tournament field smithy.

 Elmerton's court for Harvestwane will be held at 3pm in the amphitheater. Taxes of one silver will be collected from each person.

To the Citizens of IRVANSHIRE:

With the recent REAPPEARANCE of the town of Elmerton, a deadly rumor has begun to spread. Let this be known to all: There is no such thing as Project:DEADMAN, Perfects, Ultimates or anything of the sort. Project:DEADMAN has not been heard from in well over one hundred years and, except for one or two greatly overblown incidents involving undead creatures, nothing even closely resembling attacks of those sorts have occurred at all. It is found suspicious that the only reports of this are coming from Elmerton, and a full investigation of that town will follow shortly.

To put citizens at further ease, I will soon be taking a trip to Elmerton to personally investigate these claims. If anything like this actually did exist, the Royal Intelligence Service would certainly know about and put a stop to it. We can assure all of the subjects of the good Kingdom of IRVANSHIRE that you are safe, and that this problem from a century ago has not returned and never will.

I will see to it personally that all your fears be put to rest.

GENERAL MONDOLU KERVANTIS
 Chief of the Royal Intelligence Service

GILBERT'S GUIDE TO THE PLANES

ALLOW ME TO PREFACE THIS TALE; I DO NOT LIKE TO BE TRICKED, NOR SUMMONED. THOUGH SOME HAVE CALLED ME DEMON, OR AVERTED THEIR EYES UPON MY ARRIVAL, I AM NOT TO BE CALLED HITHER AND YON LIKE SOME SORT OF OATHBOUND ABYSSAL CREATURE, HIDING MY TRUE NAME AND PERFORMING PARLOR TRICKS FOR HEDGE WIZARDS. THAT BEING SAID, THE STORY FOLLOWS: I STARTED THROUGH A PORTAL TO CERADALAN (A PERFECTLY WONDERFUL, AMPHIBIOUS WORLD WITH MILD TO HOT DAYS, AND HUMID NIGHTS) AND ENDED UP IN AN EXTREMELY DRY, WARM, RED STONE CAVE THROBBING WITH DRUM SOUNDS AND RINGING WITH WHAT SOME MIGHT CALL AN EERIE, ETHEREAL MELODY, BUT TO MY PORTALJACKED SENSIBILITIES SOUNDED LIKE A PRE-DINNER SHOW. AN ASSORTMENT OF CREATURES STOOD AROUND THE CAVE GAWKING AT ME WITH WHAT I INTERPRETED AS A HUNGRY GAZE. THEY WERE ALL FEMALE, AMONG THEM WERE AN ELF, A HUMAN, A DWARF, AND ANOTHER CREATURE I COULDN'T QUITE PLACE. SHE WAS REMINISCENT OF A TENDRILIAN, BUT SMALLER AND WITH A STRANGE, CATLIKE FACE, POINTED ELVEN EARS, AND TENDRILS ON HER SHOULDERS AND VERTEBRAL JOINTS ONLY. I COULD ALMOST SMELL THE CAULDRON BUBBLING WITH WHAT PASSED FOR ROOT VEGETABLES IN THIS WORLD, BUT THE PROTO-TENDRILIAN SURPRISED ME BY STEPPING FORWARD TO GREET ME, ARMS OUTSTRETCHED, AND SHE SAID, "WELCOME TO AHN-TUMBEL, DIMENSION WALKER. MY NAME IS HONISUN SUNWEAVER. I AM A MEMBER OF THE CIRCLES OF FIVE IN MAIDEN FALLS AS WELL AS A PRESTIGIOUS MEMBER OF THE KE'AMEN SEN, OUR MOST POWERFUL MAGES' GUILD."

SHE QUICKLY INTRODUCED THE OTHERS AROUND HER AS OTHER MEMBERS OF THE MAGES' GUILD. THEY HAD SOMEHOW STUMBLER UPON A METHOD OF HERETOFORE UNKNOWN PORTALJACKING (DIMENSION TRAVEL IS ALMOST UNHEARD OF IN THIS WORLD), MANAGING TO SUMMON ME TO THEIR WORLD, WHICH, AS THE CLICHE GOES, IS IN DANGER OF DESTRUCTION. THE ELF (ODDLY COLORED, SILVERY-BLUE SKIN) WAS THE ONE TO PERFORM THE MAGIC, HAVING HAD TAKEN EVERY OUNCE OF HER ENERGY TO DO SO. (UNTRAINED, DIMENSIONAL CASTING IS VERY TAXING.)

FOR THE NEXT COUPLE OF HOURS, I WAS SUBJECTED TO A NOT-SO-SHORT-AND-SWEET VERSION OF AHN-TUMBEL (A WORLD I HAVE HEARD OF BUT IS YET TO BE MARKED FOR THE MAGESTAN'S NIGHT EYE). IT IS SOMEWHAT UNIQUE IN THAT IT IS SURROUNDED BY THREE SUNS, EACH NAMED FOR ONE OF THE THREE ARCHETYPAL STAGES OF FEMALE LIFE; THE MAIDEN, THE MOTHER, AND THE MATRIARCH. I SAY UNIQUE BECAUSE NEARLY EVERY REALM I HAVE VISITED WITH SUCH A PLETHORA OF SUNS IS UNINHABITABLE. THE PEOPLE OF AHN-TUMBEL ARE, AS YOU WOULD EXPECT, PEACEFUL SUN-WORSHIPPERS. THEY DERIVE THEIR POWERS FROM THE SUNS AND THE ENERGIES IMBUED INTO THE EARTH AND THE NATURAL WORLD.

BECAUSE A TRINARY SUN SYSTEM IS NOT TRICKY ENOUGH, THE SUNS ARE CONSTANTLY MOVING IN WHAT THEY HAVE CALLED THE ANA'SIRA OR "SUNTIDES." THERE ARE FOUR SUNTIDES AND CAN TAKE ANYWHERE FROM 100 YEARS TO 200 YEARS TO PASS AND THEY DESCRIBE THE POSITIONS OF THE MAIDEN AND MATRIARCH DURING THE SUN CYCLE. SINCE I AM A PARTICULARLY UNLUCKY FROG-MAN, I HAPPENED ONTO THIS WORLD IN YEAR 52 OF THE 100-YEAR STRETCH OF WHAT THEY CALL *SUNSTOUCH* (WHERE ALL THREE SUNS ARE CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE WORLD TO TURN ENTIRE OCEANS INTO SAND AND THEN THAT SAND INTO VAST POOLS OF MOLTEN GLASS.)

NOW, I LOVE THE HEAT AS MUCH AS ANYONE, BUT THREE SUNS BEARING DOWN ON A CIVILIZATION IS A LITTLE OVERKILL - SO I'M SURE YOU'RE WONDERING, AS I DID, HOW A PEOPLE ARE ABLE TO LIVE ON A WORLD CONTINUALLY SCORCHED BY 3 SUNS. THE LADIES WERE GOOD ENOUGH TO EXPLAIN TO ME THAT THE PEOPLE OF AHN-TUMBEL LIVE, NOT ON THE SURFACE OF THIS WORLD, BUT IN GIANT FISSURES THAT HAVE OPENED UP IN THE EARTH. THEY ARE PROTECTED BY AN ALMOST IMPROBABLE COMBINATION OF THE NATURAL ENERGIES AND RITUAL MAGIC THAT HAS BEEN HONED AND PERFECTED BY THE KE'AMEN SEN (THEIR STRONGEST MAGE'S GUILD, FOR THOSE WHOSE MINDS HAVE DRIFTED). IT IS DURING SUNSTOUCH THAT THIS MAGIC IS MOST NEEDED. WITHOUT THIS PROTECTION, EVERYTHING FROM THE CLIFFISDE DWELLINGS (ANAKIR) TO THE THE MISTY BOTTOMS OF THE VALLEYS (HITH'SEN) WOULD BE COMPLETELY DESTROYED BY THE COMBINED HEAT AND MAGICAL ENERGIES OF THE SUNS. THIS RITUAL REQUIRES THE ENERGY OF NEARLY EVERY INHABITANT IN THE VALLEY. AT THE BEGINNING OF SUNSTOUCH, THERE ARE FESTIVALS IN EACH OF THE GREAT FIVE CITIES BELOW THE TREE LINE. IT IS AT THESE FESTIVALS THAT THE INHABITANTS OF THE VALLEYS ARE SENT INTO A TRANCELIKE STATE, THEIR ENERGIES FLOWING FREELY UPWARDS (RATHER LIKE HEAT FROM DESERT SANDS) TO BE FUNNELED INTO THE KE'AMENSU STATIONED ON PLATFORMS NEAR THE EDGES OF THE VALLEY. THE KE'AMENSU (WHO HAVE BEEN MEDITATING FOR YEARS ON WHAT THEY WILL HAVE TO DO) CREATE A PROTECTIVE SHIELD, WHICH COVERS THE WHOLE VALLEY. FOR A SPAN OF ALMOST 100 YEARS, THE PEOPLE OF AHN-TUMBEL EXIST THIS WAY, DRAWING SUSTENANCE FROM THE TREES, FROM THE DRUMS AND ETHEREAL SONG, AND FROM ONE ANOTHER. BUT NOW, SOMETHING IS ENDANGERING THIS TIME OF PROTECTION.

THE INHABITANTS OF THE HITH'SEN HAVE REPORTED THE APPEARANCE OF SEVERAL NEW CREATURES, WHICH APPEAR TO BE MAGICAL, BUT NOT OF ANY MAGIC THAT THEY HAVE ENCOUNTERED BEFORE. THEY HAVE BEEN WREAKING HAVOC IN THE TU'EM'EN (THE EVER DARK-CAVERNS THAT MAKE UP THE BASE OF THE VALLEYS) AND THE HITH'SEN HAVE BEEN RELATIVELY UNABLE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT THEM.

(Gilbert's Guide Continued)

THOSE WHO ARE TENDING THE PEOPLE INVOLVED IN THE RITUAL OF PROTECTION ARE TERRIFIED THAT THEY WILL TARGET THE MAJOR CITIES AND DISRUPT THE RITUAL. OF COURSE, IF THAT HAPPENS, IT WILL MEAN THE END OF LIFE ON AHN-TUMBEL.

WHEN ASKED TO DESCRIBE THE CREATURES, THEY SPOKE IN UNSURPRISINGLY NATURE-BASED METAPHOR (NOT TO MENTION EXAGGERATED GESTURES) OF BEINGS OF FLAME, WATER, AND STONE. I'M SURE I DO NOT HAVE TO PRODUCE MY READERS INTO THE REALIZATION THAT THESE CREATURES ARE ELEMENTALS. THE MAGICS THAT HAVE BEEN LEVIED AGAINST THE ELEMENTALS HAVE MET WITH ONLY MINOR SUCCESS: AS THIS PLANE HAS LITTLE ATTACHMENT TO THE ELEMENTAL PLANES, THEY HAVE LITTLE EXPERIENCE IN IMBUING THEIR WEAPONS WITH ENERGY (HAVING NEEDED THEIR WEAPONS TO DEFEND ONLY AGAINST ORCS AND OTHER NATURAL CREATURES), AND MANY OF THE WARRIORS AND MONKS ARE IN DEEP, TRANCE-LIKE STATES. NORMALLY, I WOULD BE BOUND BY THE TENETS OF MY KIND TO LEAVE THE PLANE BE, BUT IT APPEARS AS IF SOME SORT OF EXTRA-PLANAR INFLUENCE HAS BEEN EXERTED HERE, AND I AM OBLIGATED TO TRY TO HELP THEM AS I WAS ON GLITTERDIM. I ONLY HOPE THAT THIS WORLD DOES NOT FALL TO THAT DOOMED REALM'S FATE. MY FRIENDS, IT IS A WORLD IN DESPERATE NEED OF OUTSIDE INTERVENTION.

THAT IS ALL FOR THIS INSTALLMENT OF EVERYONE'S FAVORITE INTERPLANAR JOURNAL. ENJOY IT. READ IT SEVERAL TIMES. WHO KNOWS HOW LONG IT WILL BE BEFORE THE PORTAL AUTHORITY LOOKS THE OTHER WAY LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO SQUEAK ONE TO THE PUBLISHER. TA TA!

KING ADAMAR SEEKS THE SWORD OF OATHS

Knights of the realm have been sent across the land of Irvanshire seeking the mythic blade. Legend speaks of a sword originally created to guarantee the fealty of servants. Subsequently, it was lost to antiquity and quite possibly lost forever. The recent search is based on rumors of its resurfacing.

King Adamar is a good king who has inspired the loyalty of his knights and subjects in the realm due to his fair treatment and sense of justice. In the light of this, maybe he is indeed the right one to bear the blade; but then comes the caution in the legend...

*In this, the binding so complete
The soul is bowed in sore defeat
As magic takes what magic may
The cost of oaths we must repay*

*So oft the binder holding debts
Is of a mind that he forgets
The hearts of men are seldom yours
When fealty takes the mask of chores.*

Men, evil and good have used the sword for their ends. The best of these have been tempted to use its power to ensure their power. Men have gone to their deaths protecting the holder of the blade at any cost. It became a tool of oppression many times in its history; a history that built several minor empires. Where are they now?

Love, honor, honesty, trust, benevolence, truth and justice have built tremendous empires. Some of these exist today. Thousands have died for these because of the ideas they hold sacred in their society.

Perhaps King Adamar is the rightful wielder of the Sword of Oaths. He may indeed use it responsibly. Given the opportunity to be tested by an ultimate power over men would he be tempted to its corrupting influence?

Some think the oath sword is just a mythic story told to warn against having ultimate power over men. I personally believe it existed and was destroyed, perhaps King Adamar will find the blade and see to its destruction. I pray the incarnations will not let it destroy him.

*I freely pledge my fealty to the Wise King Adamar.
Long live the King.*

Phillip of Riverton

Wedding Bells Ring in Elmerton!

Destiny and Fate have come together to unite two young lovers in the holy bond of matrimony. After an extremely short and, from what many are saying, passionate engagement, Lady Fae Aneurin and Master Dwarf Bastion have decided to tie the knot. The Magistrate of Elmerton will be conducting the ceremony following Court on the 13th day of Harvestwane.



In celebration of this most joyous of occasions, the proprietors of the Wine & Spirit Tavern will be holding a catered reception as a gift to the newlyweds at which will be served a variety of hors d'oeuvres as well as Dwarven Ale and Fae Wine (free of charge) to all attending.

So come one, come all to the wedding of the year and help us wish these two loverbirds a long and happy life together!

Mongrellians Anger Stellaccis

Farmers in the North Farthings are sleeping more soundly this evening as Baron Raffaele Stellacci has agreed to resolve a dispute with a local Mongrellian village. The farmers claim numerous incidents of crop theft that the local guard have been unable to quell.

"This has clearly escalated into a military situation," Lieutenant Grimsby of the local watch said. "We are simply not equipped to handle nightly raids by 50-100 individuals who then immediately flee out of our jurisdiction. We have gone to the Mongrellian village numerous times only to be turned away by their guard. Let's see them turn away an entire regiment."

One of the local farmers, Dell George spoke up on the matter. "This har land belong t' Baron Stellacci and he dun take too kindly to theft. I dun understand why them Grelians are acting this way. We ain't ever had problems with them a'fore. I grewed up here and I ain't ever seen anything like it. They's all gone crazy. But crazy or no, this is the Stellacci's corn."

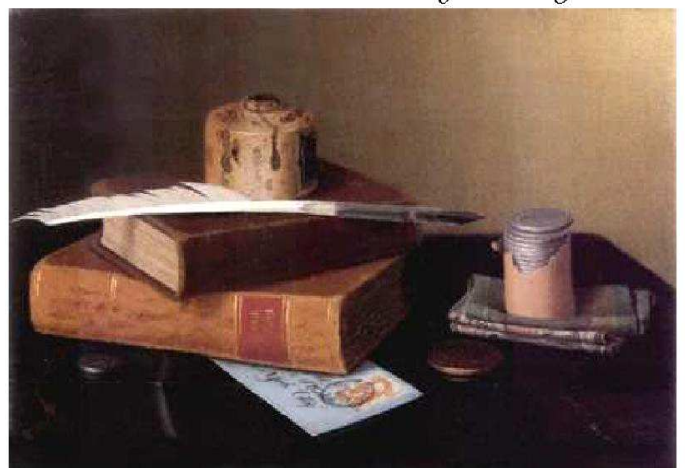
Travel to the area is currently not recommended and the farmers are being urged to stay indoors after dark until the troops arrive.

- Gammons Stark
Magesfic Journalist



Scholar's Services

Services of several scholars available in the Town of Elmerton. Please contact Vincent Scott, Kenpochie, Mathias or Tegwald Dunham for more information. Reasonable rates, as low as at cost for worthy causes.



Does anyone else find this... *Mestereous*?

A gypsy-run Market of the Moons? When first I heard of this happening, I thought that perhaps the Mestere family, seeing how popular the market was, wanted to have a part in it. I thought for sure that, somehow, they had made an agreement with the Fae that would allow them access to the market. Surely the Fae would find the Mestereous pun extremely funny. Up until the time of the market, the Fae did not seem to think that anything was wrong: They spent that morning running around handing out coin (as they usually do) to anyone who promised to spend it at the market.

The appearance of several gypsy statues in the woods surrounding the market suggests that they were as surprised as I was, not to mention more than a bit angry, to find not a single fae at the market. It was entirely gypsy run, was much less splendid, and much darker. Masked vendors and spooky gypsy entertainers sprawled out over the Tourney Field in Elmerton, while unsuspecting Elmertonians ate, drank, gambled, and shopped.

Is this something to do with the market appearing in the area once known as the Evernight Forest? Are the gypsies responsible for this take-over or merely victims of some magical intervention? Either way, the wrath of the Fae folk is building and I, for one, hope to be far away when it finally breaks.

Dwarven Mine Collapses. War Threatened with Elves.

The Elven noble house of Tiriteel has accused a Dwarven mining expedition of mining underneath Elven land. The Dwarves denied the allegations and the two groups had come to a standstill when the mine mysteriously collapsed.

Over 50 miners are said to be trapped underneath. It was suggested that the hearty Dwarves could survive as long as 4 weeks if enough of the mine remains intact to supply air. A rescue is underway but is said to be undermanned with little hope for success. Anyone willing to lend a hand should proceed immediately to the eastern Great Frostwood. Mining equipment such as shovels and pickaxes will be provided at the site though your safety can, of course, not be assured.

While House Tiriteel has also offered assistance reopening the mine the dispute has intensified. Accusations of foul play were rampant and the Elves have further reinforced their borders. Dwarven clans similarly are mobilizing and suggest that should the Elves approach the mine in any way, it will be considered an act of war.

Some sources suggest a noble of House Falstoke has been called in to negotiate and calm the situation. There is a general concern that a fight between any group of Elves and Dwarves could eventually expand to a large scale conflict.

Elmerton I send this out to let all know that I am not a fugitive and that I was released from my jail time and relinquished my charges. I prove to everyone this day that I am not purely a savage bloodthirsty warrior and that I have respect and honor. I have such by serving my time and complying with these laws and court punishments. I paid my dues and I want to let all know that I am not a tool of war for everyone's use. I will not fight your front lines without respect given from whom ask my aid. Of course I will never let anyone lay and die and I know when the town needs help but I am not jumping up to each conflict anymore. I am trying to say fight your battles and ask me to possibly help, but I no longer will do as I once did. It's hard to hold my temper and lust for battle, but I have done it with mild slips thus far and I will continue to try to show my better judgment. As for I did not break away and run or anything in which I could have tried or done when I was jailed.

~Bastion

Elven Ruins Discovered

I have never seen anything like it! We found some old scrolls in the basement of a library that was being relocated. They were obviously very old and it's a wonder they hadn't turned to dust yet. They were written in an ancient Elven script and we had to wait several weeks for an Elven scholar to arrive who was capable of translating it.

As it turned out, the translator could barely read the scroll. He deciphered enough to clumsily point us towards the northeastern point of Irvanshire. We packed up as much gear as we could and headed out. I must confess the travel was exhausting. I find myself much more at home in bed curled up with moldy books and ancient tomes than on horseback. Being lifted only to fall and crash repeatedly into a horse's back does not appeal to me.

We arrived and were instantly disappointed. We found nothing but a clearing surrounded by some old trees. Still, since we had gone to the trouble of bringing shovels, we decided to use them.

It was the second day we struck stone. It was almost immediately evident we had found... something. The stone was smooth and expertly engraved. Continued digging resulted in even more wonderfully crafted stone.

It appears to be a circular floor with an oddly shaped pillar in the middle. It is hard to describe with words, but is glorious to gaze upon. At this time we are not sure what purpose the site was used for. The scrolls themselves are still in the process of being translated further.

At this rate, it will take a few months to fully expose the site, and hopefully by then we will understand its purpose. Until then, I must return to digging and cataloging the engravings.

- Jonas Jackson

Sapshirian Hunters Overstep Bounds

House Brighthand is reviewing petitions from an unnamed House to revoke the Sapshirian Hunters' free reign to enforce law within Irvanshirian borders. The House in question has vouched for the innocence of at least two people captured by the hunters.

An advocate for the unnamed House commented, "We cannot stand idly by and allow foreign law to encroach on Irvanshirian sovereignty. If they would like to capture criminals within our borders, they can go through existing law enforcement groups such as town watches and, in severe cases, the RIS. We are always happy to work with our neighbors to please the Incarnation of Law."

A diplomat present on behalf of Sapshire insisted there must be some mistake and the group is as diligent as possible in proving guilt before acting. He added, "The hunters responsible will be brought here to defend themselves personally as soon as they are located. I am sure they can alleviate any and all concerns."

*Elianas Shribner
Scribe of the Royal Court*

Tom: Hey, it's Jerry. Sorry I missed you last moon, but there is something huge going on. I will let you know next time you come around to Elmerton. This is some scary stuff and I hope I am wrong..

CRIMINALS NO LONGER RESTRICTED TO SHADOWS

I will remember that morning for the rest of my life - however short that may be.

It couldn't have been more than an hour or two after dawn and most of the team was still fast asleep. We had stayed up late moving into our brand new headquarters.

Some guard on duty at the door had noted that the streets looked busier than usual. I wasn't from the area so I blew off the comment, assuming there was an oddity at the market or a particularly interesting performance going on.

It was then that I heard the quietest of noises. It was like a gasp, but not quite. More like when a sudden hit to the chest forces just enough air from your lungs to make a sound. I hadn't quite had the chance to learn that young man's name. He was just the guard on duty to me; closer to a piece of furniture than a person. It doesn't matter now.

Several men burst through the door and quickly dropped to a knee. A barrage of fireballs flew over their shoulders causing me to dive into the next room to keep from being burned alive. The racket caused many of the men to stir upstairs as I heard footsteps and calls to arms. The fire was already wildly out of control.

It didn't take long for the voices upstairs to turn from confident calls to cries for help. I could hear my fellow agents being slaughtered. I wanted to help, but my only hope of not being burned alive was the basement escape tunnel. The fire had significantly weakened the floorboards, allowing me to shatter them with my sword and drop through.

As I made my way through the tunnel to safety, it struck me: How could this have happened? None of us had ever considered an audacious attack on our base of operations. It was broad daylight in Point Edgar! We were a task force designed to counter a new wave of crime and here we were destroyed by it in the blink of an eye.

It was only a couple months ago that a task force was created. There were whispers that criminals were organizing and merchants felt threatened enough to convince nobility something needed to be done. Captain Olson Makkena was given a budget, headquarters and assigned about 50 men to identify the groups involved. I wonder what the nobles will do now.

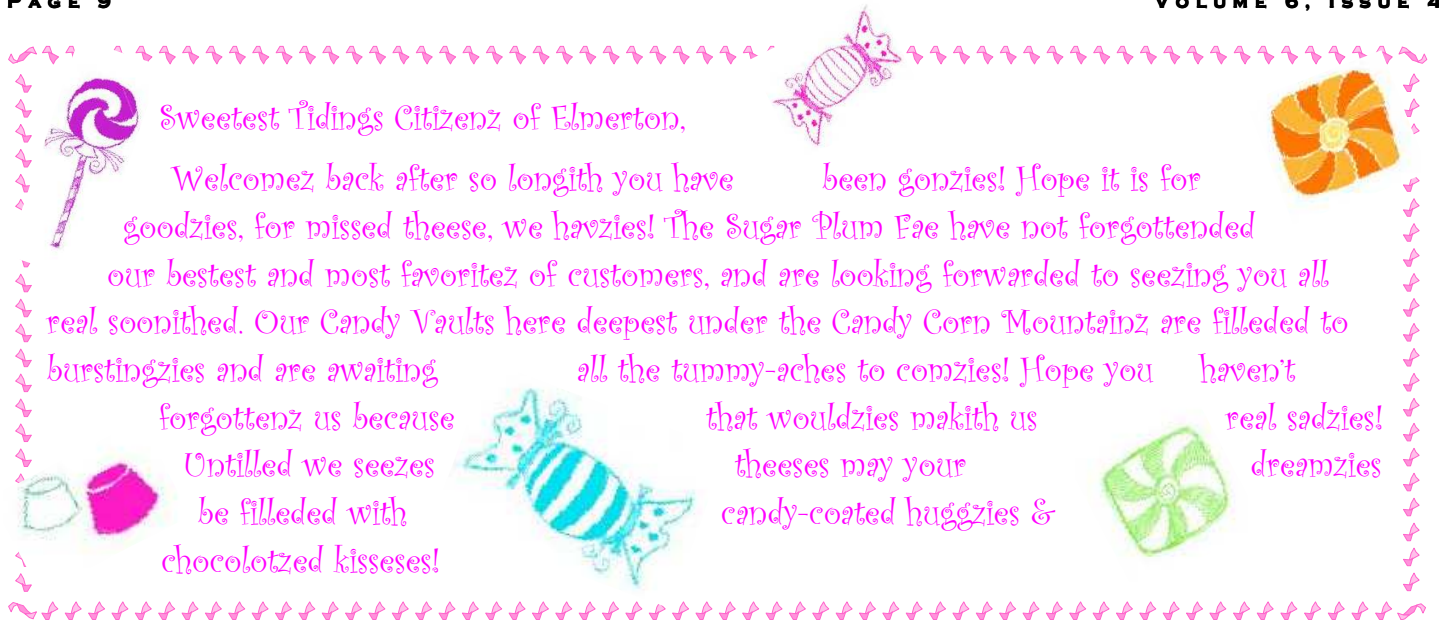
I probably should not have made this information public. If there was anyone left alive to punish me I would surely be demoted or worse. I am all that's left of the force and this is my official resignation. I only hope this information is useful to someone. Things are bound to get worse.

-Nobody Any Longer

All Take Heed

I saw a man bearing two weapons which could slay ogres in one swing in heavy armor it seemed. I had just taken a break from my travels and a short cut had led me upon a field of battle. There had to be at least fifty to a hundred men heavily armed charging this man and his dozen or so allies. He cried out in a loud low tone heard from his helmet in which his eyes were the only thing hardly seen but he yelled something like *Brothers in Arms till the end and charged in with his men fearless*. Those eyes though showed so much hatred and passion all the same. The battle went for it seemed like an eternity as the men greatly outnumbered were winning. That leader bore weapons of a large bladed sword and a one handed maul as he struck through multiple enemies in one swing. When the blood had been shed and all that left standing was their leader and the three last followers I caught a full glimpse of him. He had barbed wire wrapped around his arms and weapons and he was not the largest of men but seemingly invincible as he had cut through a majority of the mass and looked almost untouched except the blood which stained his arms and weapons. But what shocked me most was when his men looked at him and all he said was *pick up our brethren for we leave none behind*. His men then I remember faintly I think called him the *Battlelord* as they immediately picked up two bodies per. Sheathing and strapping his weapon that *Battlelord* picked up what had to be up to 6 men and started trudging off even ahead of his struggling men. His strength must be immense but his honor is what the most valiant thing was shown. He inspired his men and they even picked up the pace with some unknown reserve of stamina. I remained in the bush out of immense fear till they moved out of sight and I continued my travels. *All heed the warriors of the barbs which seem to be their symbol of barbed wire I believe to be. They fight till the end and are extremely honor bound. I don't feel them to be evil, just not a force to be reckoned with.*

~Wandering Merchant



MAGESTRY WELCOMES NEW PLAYER REPRESENTATIVES

Earlier this summer, you all voted for the six players you thought most knowledgeable in the rules of the game, best ready to aid other players in understanding those rules, and able to adequately represent you to the staff. We now congratulate Peter Dey, Eric LaBonte, Jamie Lundell, Myk Meyer, Zak Smith, and Lynn Strickrodt for being elected to serve a two-year term as Player Rep, ending in the summer of 2010. The six of them join the other current Player Reps whose terms end next summer.

Magestry's current list of Player Representatives and their corresponding characters:

PLAYER REPS UNTIL SUMMER OF 2009

Jen Austin / Tiki
 Jarad Demick / Mathias
 Sean Dey / Siegfried or Maget
 Steve Hall / Kendrick
 Tom Sadler / Helik
 Graham Sternberg / Galynn
 Dave Tanguay / Llewellyn "Lew"
 Mark Vadney / Haku

PLAYER REPS UNTIL SUMMER OF 2010

Peter Dey / Luther
 Eric LaBonte / Ghorig
 Jamie Lundell / Kempochie
 Myk Meyer / Jack Garren
 Zak Smith / Ari
 Lynn Strickrodt / Kel

RIDDLES BY RAKESH

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

You hear me speak, for I have a hard tongue.
But I cannot breathe, for I have not a lung.
What am I?

I run around the city, but I never move.
What am I?

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. Price's are set lower to make up for lower craftsmanship. Make sure to write boffer in the subject line.

Ne'ekro/Travis

"In a world with no locked doors,
There will be no greed,
or people left to harbor it." - Seth Barber



Mechanical Lock,
Simple, Common, Complex Quality

Better Prices Than Your Grandmother Can Find.

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!

If you FIND a better price, prove it, and I'll beat it! • Guaranteed.

MECHANICAL locks are better than **MAGIC** locks

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

Do You Believe In Honor?
Has Your Allies Forsaken You?
Do You Wish To Make Yourself
Stronger?
Find My Battlemaster And May
The Barbed Warriors Welcome
Thee.

~The BattleLord

**YOUR AD COULD BE
HERE!!!**

REMEMBER TO SEND YOUR
SUBMISSIONS TO

Newsletter@Magestry.com

DEADLINE IS ONE WEEK
AFTER THE END OF EVERY
EVENT!

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆
 ☆☆☆☆☆
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! ☆☆☆☆☆
 ☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

MAGESTRY'S
Best of Petalsong '08

Here are our picks for the best of the May 2008 event:

The PELs this month commended so many different people for their role-playing that we could not determine a “best PC” from the PELs alone. Thanks so much to all of you for roleplaying your hearts out and making our jobs harder! That being said, we have decided that the award for **Best PC** this month should go to **Zak Smith** for his performance as Ari Mitorae. Playing a faemin on a mission is hard work and we (and quite a few of you) thought that Zak did a great job! We are excited to see more great things from Ari. Great job, Zak!

Now, choosing **Erik Dey** as the recipient of the **Best NPC Award** was easy: you couldn't get enough of him! The PELs raved about his stellar performances in every role he went out in and we were (and are) constantly impressed with his eagerness to help, his energy in-game and behind the scenes, as well as his role-playing ability. Erik is always a lot of fun to be around and is one of those NPCs who helps the game run more smoothly. Congratulations, Erik, and thanks.

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 submissions and character histories should be sent to
Paul@Magestry.com.
All matters concerning the Magestry Guilds should be directed to
Guildmaster@Magestry.com

Address Changes
 Please inform Magestry of any address changes that you experience: home address, email address, phone number, whatever. Please remember to keep your information with us current so we can continue to bring you the important and not-so-important news about Magestry. Remember, we're your family, whether you want us or not, so keep in touch.

PDabble Games

PO Box 1037
Middlebury, CT 06762

MAGESTRY' 8 Next Event is
September 12-14, 2008

At Chesterfield Scout Reservation in Chesterfield, MA

The fee for the next event is \$60 for PCs (\$55 if **received** by September 5th) 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

September 12-14, 2008 (Chesterfield)

October 3-5, 2008 (Chesterfield)

October 17-19, 2008 (Chesterfield)

November 7-9, 2008 (Chesterfield)

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

*Make checks payable to "Magestry"

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

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

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

**Magestry.com
PDabbleGames.com**