

THE

**MAGESTIC MESSENGER**

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

Harvestwane118 (Sept 2008)

Volume 6, Issue 5

*Wood Trolls - Walking Component Beds?*

It seemed like a rather mundane Creationday morn: I woke with the Magestream and made my way into the forest to search through the mosses, ferns, and leaves for alchemical components. My walks through these beautiful glades have never been eventful; in fact, they have mostly been beautiful and relaxing. So imagine my shock (and subsequent consternation) to be surprised by no less than six wood trolls meandering around my glades! As a recently awakened alchemist on an early morning nature walk, I had not thought to bring any weaponry



(aside from my harvesting tools), and so decided that the best course of action would be to huff and grumble quietly to the nearest tree, while watching the trolls and waiting for them to leave. As I watched, I was intrigued by the actions of these normally agitated and hostile creatures. Though I knew they must have caught my scent, they paid me no mind, but went through the glade meticulously harvesting the components that grew there. Though their tender actions surprised me, it was what they did with the components afterwards that really demanded my attention. As they lifted the components from the ground, roots and all, they gently placed them into various rocks and crannies on their own bodies. Before my eyes, the components took root and the trolls went back to harvesting more, with the component nicely nestled in and growing. This continued until my glade was

nearly empty! I followed the trolls for several hours as they harvested most of the components out of the other various glades I visit and then wandered off as one... as if they had been called. It seems as though they were particularly interested in the more common components including Blood Root, the mold that makes Green Spores, and Dark Chestnuts. If this continues, I know I will be forced to find my components elsewhere, which will become costly. Does anyone know of anything that can be used as troll repellent? Any help would be welcome.

- Winifred Barklen

**Baron Windlock In Dire Condition After Troll Attack**

Baron Simon Windlock was returned to his manor house in serious condition after being found alone in a grove near his estate. During brief periods of lucidity, he is rumored to have spoken about being assaulted by trolls coming from the trees. Still, House Windlock is investigating to be certain this is not an attack by dissidents or brigands.

There is no word as to why he is has not gotten better from the use of Spiritualism magics, but the wishes of all of Elmerton are with him.

Looking for a way to help the world around you? Consider these worthy options, some of which can be done without traveling outside of Elmerton.

- Locate the source of the rodent population explosion in the South Farthings and save the farms and homesteads from losing their crops before the end of winter.
- Discover how Tshurkurka is taking gypsies and find what he (now in a female body) is doing to them.
- Learn the true purpose of the Dark Tree near the Fae circle, and find the connection between missing spirit messengers, a Gypsy Market of the Moons, and missing Fae.
- Find the name and agenda of the person silencing the trees and making the Wood Trolls collect common alchemical components.
- Determine how to grant Byron a peaceful and final rest.
- Contribute your time to record information of note in the Elmerton library.



Below is the latest list of contributions to the repayment of Elmerton's back tax:

Rakesh	30 gold
Tavern With No Name	30 gold
Countess Windlock	10 gold
Siegfried	3 gold
Kendrick	2 gold
Ghorig	2 gold
Seth	2 gold
Town Taxes	1 gold
Tamlin	1 gold
Fingon	1 gold
Llewellyn	8 silver
Aeden	2 silver

Seventeen gold remains to be paid before the end of the year. Contributions should be given to Magistrate Rakesh.

The next session of court in Elmerton will take place on the 4<sup>th</sup> of Reapingdusk at 3 bells after midday in the amphitheater. Taxes of one silver will be collected from each person.

*Thank You One & All!*

We, the proprietors of The Tavern With No Name, would like to thank all the people of Elmerton for coming to what we are considering a successful soft opening of our establishment. With the exception of a few minor incidences involving an uninvited guest, a couple of missing bottles of from our private stock, and the theft of a personal item belonging to one of our staff the night went as smoothly as expected. We are looking forward to a future filled with the fortunes this age promises and sharing them with all who frequent our tavern and home. So on that note we will be leaving you with an open invitation to visit us as often as you wish, but please do so only if it is good fortune you are seeking!



*McKraken & MacGuinness*  
Proprietors of The Tavern With No Name

### Court Minutes

Court on Wakingday, the 13<sup>th</sup> of Harvestwane in the year 118 of the Age of Fortune was presided by Magistrate Rakesh. Also in attendance was Captain of the Guard Haku Steelwind and the town council representative Kempachi Tzumi. Later arrivals included General Mondolo Xerrantis and Allister Windlock.

Magistrate Rakesh began court proceedings by casting potent magics which shrouded all those in attendance with a twofold enchantment of Magical Armor to express his appreciation and thanks for those who were punctual and cared to give their time to take part in the proceedings of the town.

The Report of the Guard, delivered by Ghorig Liesh, "Fire shades" caused much havoc late Gatheringday night. It is uncertain if there is a direct connection between their presence and the rescue of one of their kind earlier that evening.

Marionettes of no exceptional qualities were present in town and approached The Wining Spirit the night of Gatheringday.

There was a singular undead within the boundaries of town.

A woman spent a good deal of time in the town (specifically the tavern) on Gatheringday, noted by her shirt with decorative metal pieces which jingled softly as she moved. This woman is believed to be an abyssal succubus, and has made four thralls of townsfolk (Xeiran Whitewind, Raziel, Kendrick Teague, & Nox). These thralls will defend and guard her if she is attacked and do not believe to be under her influence. If she is seen within town, the standing order is to incapacitate her to the best of one's ability.

General Mondolo Xerrantis entered the amphitheater at this time. He announced to all that he has recently concluded his investigation of the threat known as "Project Deadman." He has found absolutely no evidence of the Project in the area, and has determined that any rumors or

stories are merely heresy and not fact. "Project Dead Man" disappeared more than a century ago with the disappearance of Elmerton and rumors of its existence have merely resurfaced with those citizens from Magesta's past. He still desires to collect stories, and if any citizens have any reports or encounters with anything connected to the Project, they should contact him with the information.

The Report of the Guard continues;

One of Lex & Ari Mitorae's brothers has recently been rescued.

The presence of elementals of earth has been noted in the morning of Wakingday. Furthermore, there has been a high level of energy of the earthen and acidic nature observed in the area. It is believed that this is due Lintessa Stormsil's recent return to Elmerton.

A squad of the Disciples of Dissention entered the town of Elmerton Wakingday morning. They were "dispatched" before the opportunity for surrender was given. Magistrate Rakesh expressed his deep regret for this, as one of the Disciples had a letter on their person expressing their desire to desert the DoD. From this point onward, all beings with the capability for logic and reason are to be given the option of surrender. They will then be given a fair trial as opposed to meeting their fate at the harsh end of a blade. It is still to be noted that all Disciples of Dissention are still known as enemies of the state!

There have been constructs that appear to be men formed of black stone with glowing eyes that have sought to harm members of the town. They seem to be impervious to most harm, but vulnerable to the singular individual which they target. Each seeks to collect/absorb/take something from their target, and upon its acquisition the target changed. While several were defeated, one had escaped, and the group as a whole managed to successfully "collect" from Llewellyn Mousecarver, Kraven, and Dryden.

Allister Windlock entered the amphitheater at this point in time to bring charges against four members of town for

assaulting him and his cousin several moons ago during a ritual they were conducting to honor the Incarnation of Fear. A full explanation was held until the conclusion of the court's normal proceedings.

*The Report of the Guard continues;*

A hill troll was encountered earlier in the morning.

Groups of Mongrellians have been passing through Elmerton. These individuals have made it their life to fully embrace their animalistic traits and shirk the "civilized" lifestyle. They look to increase their numbers by persuading other Mongrellians to follow their ideals, and seek to eliminate all others. Shorig & Tiki "joined" their group under false pretense to gather more information about the group's actions and motives. Their rouse was discovered and the two parties came to blows. Three of the Mongrellians were slain and one was sent away.

A woman described as wearing a red cloak left packages of muffins around town. Some of these muffins were poisoned. Statements were taken by the individuals who were involved, and the woman is currently being held at the manor house.

The Tavern with No Name extended an invitation to all citizens residing in Elmerton to a free dinner ("A new opening for a new age"). By word from House Windlock, while no one is barred from attending, any reports of suspicious or illegal behavior must be reported at once.

*Announcements from the Open Floor;*

Helik Windsaber: There are plans to set up a "Tavern Watch" to free up the services of the town guard. This project is to be headed up by Nox and Dryden, and has the aim to keep an eye on the goings on in the tavern and serve as an intervention force in the event of conflict. Essentially, the "Tavern Watch" will be bouncers with limited powers to detain. Others mentioned in possible involvement were Jack Garren, Tiki Mousecarrer, and Helik Windsaber.

Magistrate Rakesh: Communication has been made to agents of Vorkarian regarding the dark tree

in the forest. He was informed that the Incarnation of Death had sent many spirits into the Evernight Forest to collect the wayward Tonerius Cypress Frosthill, but they never returned. It is hypothesized that this is due to the tree. The tree is also said to absorb shadow energy, and Ari Mitorae has knowledge of more details.

*The charges of Allister Windlock;*

A small group of Elmerton citizens assaulted Allister Windlock and his cousin as they were both conducting a ritual dedicated to Lady Fear with the aim of instilling fear into the gypsies with some connection to "Shikurka" (with my personal apologies for any misspelling). Those involved in the assault were Helik Windsaber, Nereah Rheonix, Jonathan Delancy, and Ari Mitorae. Helik plead guilty to the charge of assault on a noble and asked the court to show mercy on others involved, some of who did not truly assault and were only present, because he personally led the expedition and felt that others may follow him due to his reputation and not because of the facts of the matter or any personal investment. Helik has been placed on retainer in the town of Elmerton, not to leave its boundaries, for a period of six months. Also for this time he will be voluntarily taking a pay cut of one half for his services at the tavern to express how sorry he is and as a show of faith and respect to the House Windlock. Nereah and Jonathan had their sentences reduced to merely that of breaking & entering. Nereah was present for the proceedings, plead guilty, and was sentenced to be on retainer within the boundaries of Elmerton for the period of one month.

Finally, taxes have been brought back down to the sum of one silver per moon, and were collected at the conclusion of the court's proceedings.



MAGE

**IT DÖES NÖT EXİST**

LET ME TELL YÖU A STÖRY  
ÖF ÖNE FATEFUL DAY  
WHERE DÖZENS ÖF DEAD MEN  
CAME RUNNING ÖUR WAY;  
DÖWN FRÖM THE HİLL  
AND ÖUT ÖF THE MİST,  
BUT WE DİD NÖT FRET  
SİNCE THEY DİD NÖT EXİST.

A PERFECT DECEPTİÖN,  
THE ULTIMATE SURPRISE,  
THEY TAUNTED AND LAUGHED  
AND STUCK SWÖRDS İN ÖUR SİDES.  
THEİR MACES AND AXES  
AND METAL CLAD FİSTS  
DİD US NÖ HARM  
SİNCE THEY DİD NÖT EXİST.

WİTH THE BÖDİES ÖF HERÖES  
SPREAD ÖVER THE FİELD  
THE ARDENT FRÖM GÖTHRÖK  
BİD THE DEAD MEN TÖ YİELD;  
THEY PAUSED İN THEİR SEARCH  
FÖR SURVİVÖRS THEY MİSSED,  
WHİLE WE DİD NÖT DİE  
SİNCE THEY DİD NÖT EXİST.

BÖRED WİTH THE TÖWN  
THE DEAD MEN DEPARTED,  
GÖİNG BACK TÖ THE PÖRTAL  
TÖ WHERE THİS ALL STARTED.  
DÖ NÖT BE AFRAİD  
ÖF EVİL İN YÖUR MİDST,  
İF YÖU HAVE BEEN TÖLD  
THAT İT DÖES NÖT EXİST.

**RİDDLES BY RAKESH**

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

Most love it more than life and fear it more than death. The wealthy want for it, but the poor have it in plenty. What is it?

Marking mortal privation, when firmly in place.  
An enduring summation, inscribed in my face.  
What am I?

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



**Mechanical Lock,**  
Simple, Common, Complex **Quality**

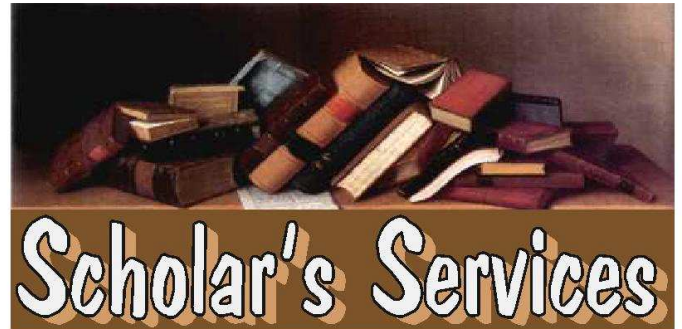
Better Prices Than Your Grandmother Can Find.

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!

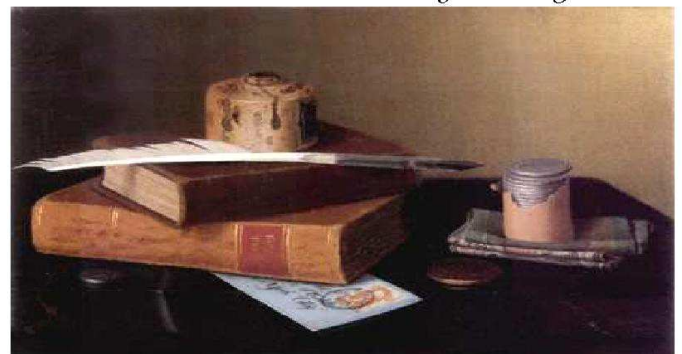
If you FIND a better price, prove it, and I'll beat it! - Guaranteed.

**MECHANICAL** locks are better than **MAGIC** locks

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



*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.*



## HOUSE WINDLOCK SUMMONED TSHURKURKA

The half skull-faced noble and his bodyguard strode into the middle of court that was underway in the amphitheatre and accused the local tavern manager of assaulting a noble. While uncommon by itself, the situation he described attracted my attention even more - members of House Windlock were admitting to the summoning of the gypsy witch Tshurkurka!

The noble present was clearly hiding something, and seemed to try and pass all blame to his cousin. His cousin had opened the portal to the Abyss. His cousin had clearly obtained Portal Authority approval for this extraordinary connection. His cousin simply wanted to scare the two gypsies present and have them spread Fear through the rest of their families. His cousin never intended to bring back the Exiled One, it was merely a chance unintended side-effect. His cousin was unreachable in his pocket dimension, and would likely not be coming out of it for weeks.

As his bodyguard shifted uneasily, the half skull-faced noble even tried to earn favor with the town by suggesting a punishment of detainment instead of the usual penalty of death. He had the smell of Fear on him, and seemed to be eager to escape whatever punishment he had earned for freeing a great evil that had been trapped for over a thousand years.

I, for one, am eager to see what misfortune lies ahead for him, as well as for the rest of House Windlock. Whatever it is, there must be a reckoning - House Windlock cannot go unpunished for this terrible crime!



### Elmerton Town Auction

With the success of the Brewer's Guild Auction last moon, the Elmerton Trading Post has decided to sponsor a town auction that will immediately follow court on the 4<sup>th</sup> of Reapingdusk in the amphitheater.

There will be no cost to participate in this auction, and lots will be collected by the Trading Post manager before the start of court.

All lots will be announced at the start of the auction and bidding will start with the highest priced lots first. No lot may start with an asking price of more than 2 gold.

Lots must be approved by the Trading Post manager before they are auctioned off, with standard lots containing written offers of teaching or service, alchemical components or potions, and magical scrolls, bestowments, or enchantments.

All successful bidders are expected to pay the Trading Post manager in full at the end of the auction, and will receive their lots at that time.

All lots sold will have 10% of their final price taken as sales tax, with the rest of the money going to the individual or group that submitted the lot.

*Monastery Tales, by D'Este Ake!*

*Whatever knowledge I have of the outside world that I didn't get from the book-scrolls in our monastery library, I gained from the tales of wounded adventurers who found their ways to our humble halls. I was often sent to tend to those who resided with us as they regained their strength, and while caring for them, they would often tell me about the circumstances that brought them to us. I thought it might be enjoyable to recite these tales to those of you who like a good story. I sincerely hope my meager writing skills might entertain you, even if for a moment.*

*Without further ado, I present the Tale of Nyl the Trapbreaker, pt. 1.*

So there I was, lad, outside the gates of the tower where me lover for the past three moons was locked up. She was a noble, she said, related to House Windlock, and betrothed to another man; if 'er father ever found out she and I was seein' each other, he would put her away and not let her out 'til her weddin' day. We thought we was bein' careful, but somehow he caught wind... so she was trapped and I couldn't just walk away.

A word of advice, kid: Never trust a woman. Oh sure, they's pretty and soft and curved in all the right places, but once one of 'em is in yer blood, it's the end of ya, true right.

So there I was. I waited 'till nightfall then approached the tower. Loads of guards patrolled the area, but they doesn't call me "Shadowwalker Nyl" for nothin'; I slips by 'em like quicksilver through yer fingers, picks the lock on the door to the tower, and like that, I was in. I knows the stairway was booby trapped to the hereafter, but they doesn't call me "Ice-Hands Nyl" for nothin'; you'll never meet a better trap-breaker than me, lad. When 'er father, standin' behind 'is line of henchmen as they dragged 'er away from me, told me that I'd never make it past the first step of the tower, all he did was egg me on.

I'll be damned if there weren't a trap at the first stair. Mightn'tve missed it too, but they doesn't call me "Hawkeye Nyl" for nothin'. Torchlight barely glinted off yer standard metal tripwire trap, but thin enough to be

damn near invisible, and sharp enough to go through yer boot and make you lose half yer foot if yer not careful. Can't even cut it with a scissor. Not bad, not bad... but I knew he had to be more cleverer than that - after all it takes a lot of money to get the shite like this, yeah? Why go for just one? So I grab the torch from the wall and change the lightin', and as sure as I'm sittin' here, the first five stairs is damn well crisscrossed with the little buggers.

Maybe these would work on some poor sod, but they doesn't call me "Breaker Nyl" for nothin'. From one of me pouches I gets a slender vial of an angry greenish liquid. Magically enchanted glass... pricey stuff, so good thing it goes a long way. I opens the lid, points the openin' away from me face before the fumes hit, and takes a few seconds to drip a small drop on each of them there wires. The nasty smell of burnt metal hits me nostrils as I hear the several satisfyin' \*SNAP\* sounds that come with the tripwires breakin'. I takes care of all the wires (I figures I might be comin' back down these stairs in a hurry) before I carefully puts the lid back on the alchemists' acid I have, and puts the vial back in me pouch... and that was the FIRST trap. I licks me teeth and keep goin' up the steps.

The next few traps was tricky... picture, if you can, a pressure plate that triggers some kinda smoke bomb, followed by a part of the roof cavin' in, with two pit traps openin' up on the staircase seconds after the fall - one in each place I might have jumped to avoid the rockfall (an irregular section of bricks on the ceiling gave the trap away; markin' the pressure plate made sure I would avoid it later on). Then we had a spiders' web stretchin' across the stairwell which, if broken, would cause the spider - so small to be almost invisible - to quickly attack and inject its deadly poison (I caught the spider and put it in a vial; they're rare and I could definitely use its poison later). And another one or two nasty little contraptions set to send me off. I did have to admit the trapper's smarts though... Thinkin' three and four steps ahead is the mark of serious skill. I could feel that they was just a little too easy though, considerin' the obvious amount of time and skill - and money - involved in their creation, but I didn't pay the feelin' too much attention - afterall they doesn't call me "Rock-'em Sock-'em Nyl"

for nothin'.

The last trap was better than the rest, 'cause it actually caught me. Not in the way yer thinkin', but it did get me, little did I guess. I tells ya, a real engineer musta made these traps, and he musta been a trapbreaker 'cause he thought like a trapbreaker. The faint sound of breathin' clued me in as I started 'round the bend up the tower staircase. Some kind of creature was up there, waitin' ta tear me apart. Ahh, and yet, and yet... why weren't it roarin' or makin' some other kinda noise? Only heard the breathin', why weren't it a'movin'? Probably thinks it's hidden... probably crouched around the corner, waitin' to pounce.

But if it wanted to pounce, why hadn't it done that while I was dealin' with the last trap? It coulda sneaked down the stairs and jumped me while I had me pants down. Maybe... maybe on some sort of leash, yeah? But what's the point of the leash if it coulda ambushed me without it? Hah! First lesson of trapbreakin', boy: read the space between the lines, and then read between the spaces. I turn the corner, the beastie jumps, and I'm so busy dodgin' the thing that I doesn't notice the needle traps or dart traps or whatever traps that gets set off at me back when the beast yanks its leash. With a low whistle of appreciation, I get to work.

I could try to figure out where all the needle holes is in the walls, but there's gotta be a lot since there's no way to know how I'll dodge. So instead I reach into the pocket of me shirt and takes out a couple of smoke sticks and a small fan. I light 'em up and, careful not to inhale any, I fan the smoke up the stairs and around the corner. Powerful stuff... less than a minute before I hear the faint breathin' turn more regular. I puts the sticks out and stows 'em away again, then slowly crept around the corner. Not too long before I'm face-to-arse with some sort of mongrellian, fast asleep. Its face looked striped and furred like a tiger, but its body seemed at least part humanoid; damn thing had clothes on and everythin'. Probably not too intelligent, or it would never let itself be trained and leashed... but it don't matter. Lookin' past, I could see its chain disappearin' into a hole in the wall. I stepped past the creature, around to the back part of the chain, and used one of me swords to push out one of the links. Hell, you pay this much for a trap, you should at

least let it go off, right? Sure enough, a fistful of darts come shootin' outta everywhere, aimed right for the place I woulda been standin' had the creature jumped at me. Instead, the darts smacked right into the creature, which woke up right pissed and was about to roar, but all that poison started workin' quick. The beastie shuddered, staggered, let out a sick moan and then collapsed. You might be thinkin', poor beastie, but since it was ready to jump out and claw me to death I didn't feel no pity. I did let myself have a bit of self-satisfaction while I slid on me leather gloves and looted it – hey, it was wearin' clothes, right? Clothes mean pockets! – but I didn't pat myself on the back too much before movin' on... second rule of trapbreakin' is, try not to get too cocky.

Ahh, sorry lad, I think I need the medicine again, then I gotta sleep some. Mind waitin' a night to hear the rest? I'll tell ya what happened when I got to the top. How'd the last trap get me? You mean you ain't figured it out yet? Chew on it for the night and I'll tell you tomorrow.

## **BOFFERS BY MAGET**

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



## Fund Raiser

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

### 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!

#### Address Changes

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

## MAGESTRY'S Best of Harvestwane '08

Here are our picks for the best of the September 12th-15th, 2008 event:

This month, we have decided to give the award for **Best PC** to **Bryan DeJoseph** for his performance as Fingion Telperion. Not only were many of you impressed with his roleplaying, sharp (and colorful!) wardrobe, and general sneakiness, but we heard quite a few good comments from our NPCs as well. As a matter of fact, we have come to use him as a warning to not talk OOG during long walks in the woods: "You never know where Fingion might be hiding... so SSHHH!" Great job, Bryan!!

Awarding the **Best NPC Award** was another no-brainer this time around: **Andy Cassell** and **Melanie Ashman** outdid themselves and nearly everyone else in their efforts as NPCs. From an amazing tavern set-up to writing a quarter of the plots to an outstanding dinner and then rocking out other mundane NPC stuff with us, they really were incredible to have behind the scenes. Thanks to both of you!

*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***

**PDabble Games**

PO Box 1037  
Middlebury, CT 06762

**MAGESTRY' 8** Next Event is  
October 3-5, 2008

At Chesterfield Scout Reservation in Chesterfield, MA

The fee for the next event is \$60 for PCs (\$55 if *received* by September 26th) 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**

**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