



PDABBLE GAMES
PRESENTS



THE MAGESTIC MESSENGER

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

Boneharvest 118 (November)

Volume 6, Issue 7

May the World Know Vengeance Once More

It has been over 120 years since last I lifted a quill for the Magestic Messenger. My purpose in that day was to inform the heroes of Elmerton that they, you, were about to be tested. Once again, this is my purpose, though this time, they are not the Black Angels who will be your protectors.

My relationship with the mad man began about the time of the birth of my nephew Galanthas, and I can write, with some certainty, that I am the only naturally-born Magestan that he ever came close to trusting. It took more than a century of careful deception, but my efforts yielded the benefits of Ivan Mangalo's vast and cruel expertise, as many of you witnessed personally the night when The Vigilant came to your town and executed the soul of a construct that was built, in all measurable ways, identical to myself.

Ivan Mangalo is great, terrible, and immortal beyond even the standards of incarnations. He has built, by his creations, the most perfect army. His castle is beyond siege. His efforts are above the possibility of failure. Only one known being in the world may reverse this, and it is trying. It has been trying ever since it was captured by the mad man in the sixteenth century of the Age of Tears.

It was only years before this that Ivan removed the Spirit of the Phoenix from his older sister, the rightful bearer of it. This spirit ensured that, should he die, he would be born anew, as is the way of the Phoenix. When the great bird came to remove its gift from the false possessor, Ivan was prepared for it and trapped it in the Shadow Realm. Thus, he was able to retain the Spirit, and each time he was reborn, he grew in power. His power has been growing for nearly nine thousand years.

It was so great in the last century of the last age, that he easily subdued the Incarnation of Vengeance when Swordmaster Rukki Steelwind summoned that being to Ivan's castle in Eddinburg by his quest for revenge upon the original Brotherhood of which he was a part. There were some in that Brotherhood who killed Rukki's wife and daughter for fear that the females would distract him from his path and from training his son to follow in that path. From the ashes that Mangalo was sure to make of the Brotherhood, Rukki wished to remake the group alongside his son.

But Rukki did not leave the field the day the Brotherhood died. Those who did escape sought to honor Rukki's wish and to take revenge upon Ivan. They would do so with the blessing of the Phoenix and would come to call themselves the Brotherhood of the Phoenix. Their leader, Rukki's son Haku, would soon occupy a position that had not been filled in millennia: Champion of the Phoenix.

So, it is with this knowledge that I inform you that your town is about to be tested. Whether you wear the red flag of Haku's Brotherhood or not, Ivan and his minions believe you all to be enemies. What is more, he knows of this prophecy: When the Phoenix names a Champion, and that Champion takes drink with Aulian the Pure, the Spirit of the Phoenix will fly free. Ivan knows Haku has found Aulian, and he assumes that all of you are to be Aulian's soldiers, but Ivan does not fear the prophecy. He knows that fate is no longer as potent as it once was, and he believes he can disprove the prophecy. He will seek to do so by spilling Elmerton's blood. However, something has happened that Ivan did not guess. One of his great projects has been undone, with quite inopportune timing.

I wrote earlier that Ivan subdued Vengeance. He did more than that. Ivan unmade Vengeance. He took away his mind and made him believe he was just another construct with the singular purpose of destroying Haku Steelwind. You may have been in attendance last moon when my brother Fingon reversed Ivan's work.

Vengeance, the son of Fear and Law, has returned to Magesta, and you can guess who is on the top of his To Do list. Despite this, Ivan is relying on his good fortune. In more than eight millennia, it has never let him down.

So what will prevail? Fate and prophecy or the ever-spinning wheel of Lady Fortune? Will Aulian the Pure lead steadfast heroes into the heart of the Shadow Realm so that Haku and his Brotherhood might reach the Phoenix? Or will those same heroes be unceremoniously sliced apart in their beds by creatures unliving?

Should you prevail, nearly all I have gained from Ivan Mangalo in two-hundred years will be lost. So what is my motivation in writing this? You may be wondering. The penning of this is an action that speaks betrayal as loudly as when Ivan learns that my Black Angels and I are cutting down his constructs before the boundary of Elmerton. I do this because I will not allow my brother to meet the fortune that Ivan has planned for him. You should each be thankful for the benefit of having his favor.

However, I expect there will be many more constructs than my Angels and I can find, and some that we do catch will be impervious to our attacks as they are meant specifically for one or more of you. You have already encountered these.

Fight well but conserve your strength. And may Fate be with you.

~Winion Telperien

~ Court Minutes ~

Court on Wakingday, the 18th of Reapingdusk in the year 118 of the Age of Fortune was presided by Magistrate Rakesh with the town council represented by Suki.

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 Magistrate Rakesh;

- A necromancer murdered five bound captives and animated one of the corpses. She and two others were "dispatched."
- Multiple undead gypsies attacked at the tourney field. Nothing of note was found on any of the bodies.
- Two gas filled creatures came into town boundaries and appeared to be investigating its residents by sniffing at them. Upon investigating Helik they assaulted him. There was a hypothesis that they came from Tendrillia, though this was not corroborated. They were part machine and ran on a kind of moss, gas, and natural energy. One exploded upon being incapacitated, the other was studied by Jynæ.
- Samson was attacked by an Earth elemental and recovered an important stone from their goblin leader.
- Two obsidian faced constructs were defeated within town.
- Two humans were encountered who claimed to have successfully returned Elmerton to Aszuron by performing "cleansing sacrifices" of all non-humans. They were both escorted to the town boundaries.
- A pair of agents of Death sought the town's help to repair disjointed spirits with souls present in town due to the early Festival of Souls.
- Two watch members followed by two spirits in turn followed by a woman with her eyes gouged out run through

and fled out of town.

- A letter sent by Xatriana Ramika explained that she sought to return of her jewelry. If this becomes relevant to your life, see a gypsy about its return.

- Town Council member Jynæ has died, with his spirit not returning from Yerkarian. His spirit was allowed a few brief moments among his friends to say his goodbyes.

- "Pickles," a hill troll known to travel with the Sugar Plum Fae, came into town as a zombie. After being killed, his stomach was found to be filled with candy, leading to the identification.

- Lady Aleria Windlock had her throat slit as an encounter with the man known as "Checkmate Phester." Her body was brought to the manor house, and her spirit had the strength to return.

- It has been said that upon losing the chess game, Checkmate Phester will die.

- "Bruiser" came into town, took lives, and left.

No criminal charges were raised upon the conclusion of the report of the guard, and open announcements were made as follows;

- Ari - Information has been acquired on the Market of the Moons, the void, etc. An open invitation has gone to all magical theorists at dinner to share, discuss, and speculate on this information.

- Magistrate Rakesh - The trading post has been freshly restocked, included a scroll of Restore Mind and a Scroll of Resurrection (priced at 15 gold crown each). There are also legalized trap kits, ink, and parchment available.

- Ghorig - Local farmers have been overrun by rats, that have not only eaten all crops but have began biting and diseasing livestock. The swarm has even attacked and devoured an entire person. A set of tunnels was discovered - man-sized so that they could be crawled through to navigate - and eventually an area that was reached that sounded like more than a thousand rats were about. The swarm bested Ghorig and Llewellyn, who escaped with their lives. Magical Explosions will possibly help with the huge

number of creatures, and a return to the caverns is planned to be led by Ghorig.

- Suki - Pumpkin cookies & muffins will be sold for four copper and three copper per pair, respectively.

- Loxi - Nayden from Vaya murdered her fiancé and now she loves the man. Eraku was found dead with a note from Nayden left in his hand. Nayden is wanted for questioning, described as a man with long, thick dark hair and pale white skin, approximately the build of Talis. He is also suspected in mentally assaulting Luther and Læx.

- Suki - A reminder to all that her and Kel are still seeking wood trolls.

- Magistrate Rakesh - The remnants of the Red Sun Clan (approximately one hundred strong) are camped near town, being flanked by House Windlock and another orc tribe. Unfortunately the only escape route for the clan is through Elmerton. Be wary of any scouts.

- Teg - The bridge past the Gwendolar shrine by the waterfall is covered in vines, and suspected to be caused by "Mama."

- Magistrate Rakesh - The south side of the woods has been determined to be strongly under the influence of "Mama," who is responsible for the wild men who think they are wood trolls, the increase in wood trolls, the collection of components, as well as the harmful trees and stones in the area.

- Magistrate Rakesh - An' Xan' Bell is a realm with three suns whose inhabitants live in deep ravines. The dimension is currently threatened by elementals and is disrupting a ritual which serves to protect its living beings by shielding it from the sun. Gilbert has sought help as has Rakesh. An' Xan' Bell's three suns also have some connection to the three creatures growing in the light sanctuary.

- Oren & Spheron, Elemental Callers - Spheron is seeking the magical blade of Tonerius Cypress Frosthill in order to perform a ritual that would keep the fire realm away from Magesta, because it is becoming dangerously close.

Taxes were subsequently collected and court was dismissed.

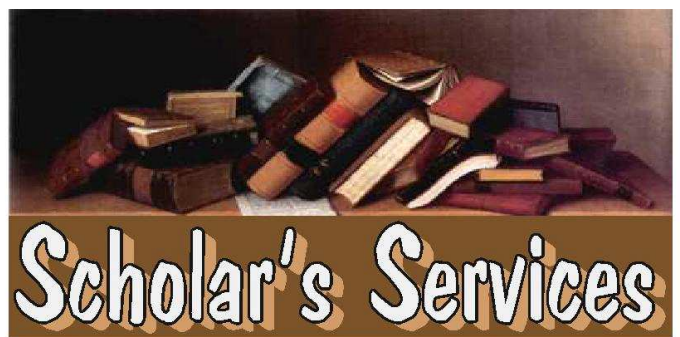


Greetings Elmertonians!!!!

I cant wait to see you!! I'm almost done with project dea....errr....project scare the crap out of elmerton!!! Mommy will be so proud of me when she sees my magnificent Army that I have been constructing..yes that's right folks you heard it!! I have been spending my time building an army that can walk around and pretend to be alive!!!! KOOK is my general and my sisters are my strategizerz! My army has this to say to you elmertonians!!

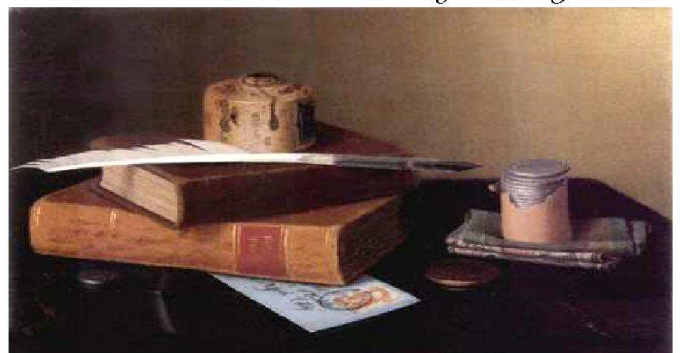
"were coming for you, were coming closer now, were coming for you, were gonna getcha now!!!

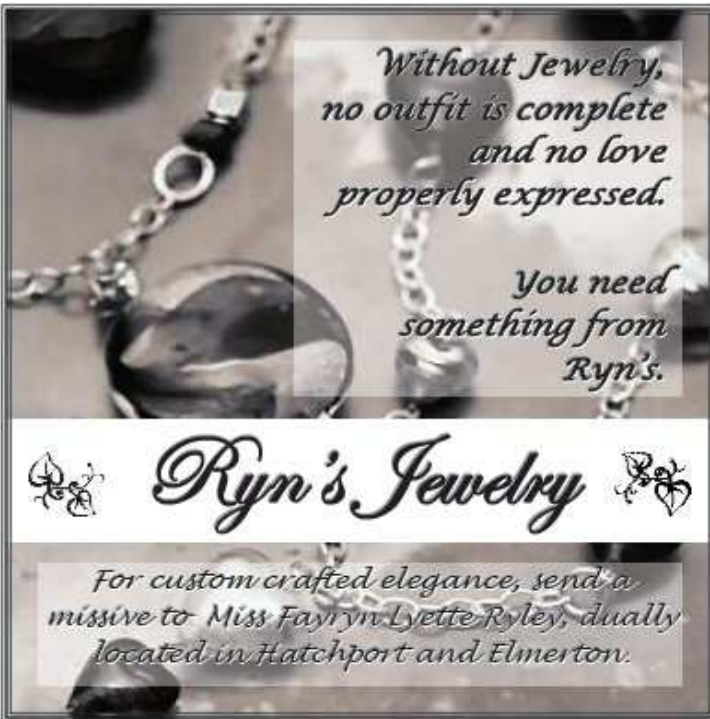
signed,
Atreyu with fear!



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.





*Without Jewelry,
no outfit is complete
and no love
properly expressed.*

*You need
something from
Ryn's.*

Ryn's Jewelry

*For custom crafted elegance, send a
missive to Miss Fayryn Lyette Ryles, dually
located in Hatchport and Elmerton.*

The next session of court in Elmerton will take place on the 8th of Boneharvest at 3 bells after midday in the amphitheater. Taxes of one silver will be collected from each person.

Hey, Tom. I have good news. Me and big man have been talking and we want to invite you to join our club. I'll see ya soon to see what you think.....Jerry

Circle of the Sword Maidens



*Going forward we will be gathering
at the amphitheater in Elmerton
at high sun (noon) every Fortuneday.
It needs not be said that
all sisters are always welcome!*

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.

- Help Ghorig combat the rats that have invaded Elmerton.
- Travel with Duncan to fight a worthy foe.
- Help Ari return the Moon Market to how it was before the Reparation.
- See Mathias or Kempochie to contribute your time to record information of note in the Elmerton library.
- Discover the agenda of "Mama" – the person taking over the woods beyond the Gwendolar shrine, silencing and enraging the trees, having the Wood Trolls collect alchemical components, attracting people who desire to become like a Wood Troll themselves, and organizing the attack on Baron Simon Windlock.
- Locate and identify the being behind the name Checkmate Chesster.
- Investigate the creatures that have black and purple facial markings, and determine why they are rotting the forest and corrupting the wildlife.
- Learn why individuals and even small groups of people are disappearing all throughout southern Irvanshire.
- Discover how Tshurkurka is taking gypsies, what he is doing to them, and how to destroy him or send him back to the Void.
- Learn the true purpose of the Dark Tree near the Fae circle, and reverse its corruption.
- Determine how to grant Byron clarity of mind and a final rest.

Battle Report: An Idiot's Guide to News in the Kingdom

It all started, well at least started for us, when House Windlock made a deal with Orcs of the GuraH Brock Clan. The house gave them approval to hunt down Red Sun Orcs on their land. Later I learned that the Red Sun Orcs had been continuously hunted across the continent by a rising Orc Clan from the west. With growing defeat, the Red Sun Orcs gathered near the safety of the Ever Night Forest.. which at some point in the last year turned into a town, Elmerton. The shrinking Red Sun Orc Clan continued to gather, and the GuraH Brock were quick to gain access to legally hunt the last of the clan.. which, is the start of my story.

After many moons of war the once notorious Red Sun slave trading empire started to crumble. The old chiefs of the clan saw their defeat, and sought allies. It was a group of heroes from Elmerton that first discovered Red Sun Orcs casting by the power of the shadows, and an odd 'Slave Shade' creature working in the cave. I am told that Shadows have traded instruction of shadow magic for slaves. The massive slave force of the Red Sun Orcs, in whole or in part, now takes their commands from Shadows.

Early this moon a combined force of GuraH Brock Orcs and Royal Guard made a daring move. The military strategy escapes me, but I know they were brave as they carried out a daring mission. The combined forces successfully caught the bulk of the Red Sun Clan unaware and forced them to retreat west, essentially surrounding the Orcs in a forested plane after depriving them of their fortified strongholds. The Orcs were weaker without their defenses, but they were also more desperate.

Allied forces were ordered to regrouped and construct defensive lines around the land, waiting for an attack. Royal Guard forces lined the north as GuraH Brock Orcs held the south and a combined element defended the east. The western line contained many scattered towns, whose guardsmen kept a careful eye for the Red Sun.. one such town was that of Elmerton.

It is in Elmerton, where many caves attractive to the orc eye are home. An unsuccessful warring party and a successful scout visited the town. Lord Howzin Windlock, on a security patrol, recorded this activity. It is fortunate for Elmerton that Lord Howzin was able to persuade the GuraH Brock War Chief, NartoG, to send advanced scouts. Upon cresting a hill they saw a massive Red Sun war party moving to assault Elmerton. Quick action allowed the Allied forces to intercept the Red Sun and save the town; however, the cost was dear, the GuraH Brock especially took many casualties including their honored war chief NartoG.

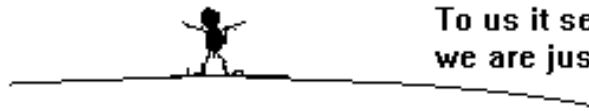
The allied orcs were battling alone for hours until the Royal Guard arrived. The retreating Red Sun were followed into a network of caves with many natural and orc constructed caverns. I have heard that the Red Sun were trying to fortify themselves within the caves of Elmerton, but after their unexpected loss they settled about ten miles from the town in smaller and narrower, but longer caves. It is possible that the Orcs are trying to tunnel to other cave networks, or possibly down to the Magesdeep.

The last battles of the Red Sun Orcs will be fought this moon; they will be fought under the earth in cold, dark caves where fear and terror reign in the shadows.

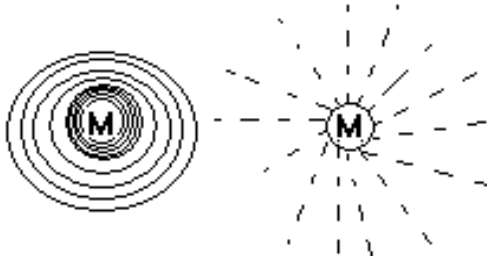
Magical Theory Moment

(M)

Magesta as seen from a tremendous distance
is round.

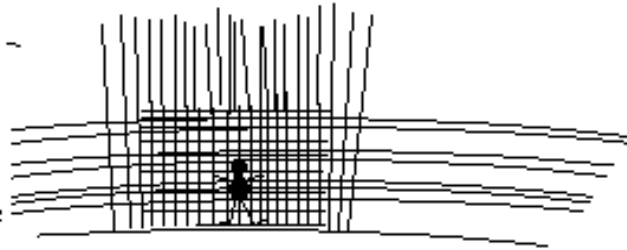


To us it seems flat or bumpy as
we are just specks on its







Lines of energy are spreading away
like ripples, and radiating away like rays.

We have these lines of
magestic energy passing
through us all the time. It is like
standing in a grid line of a map.



One way of seeing these lines is in the magical language, of written and read
magic. It is a series of lines. In order to inform the magical energy of our
intentions we can tell it by picking our "letter" or runic character out of the grid.

Hence, , is just up and to the left of you, pull it from the ether to inform it of
your will. The known alphabet is just a fragment of the possible.   

COMPONENTS IN SHORT SUPPLY

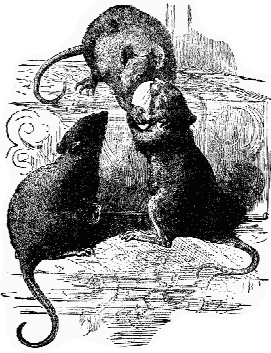


GREETINGS PEOPLE OF THE REALM! MY NAME IS FINSLOW NAMA'GEDDOM AND I AM AN
ALCHEMIST IN A BIT OF A PINCH. THE OTHER DAY I ENTERED MY PANTRY TO TAKE
INVENTORY OF MY STOCK OF HERBS AND ROOTS AND WHATNOTS AS I ALWAYS DO BEFORE
THE WINTER SEASON BEGINS WHEN COMPONENTS BECOME MORE DIFFICULT TO COME BY.
UPON COMPLETION I WAS MOST SURPRISED TO DISCOVER I WAS OUT OF SEVERAL RATHER
COMMON ITEMS. FIGURING IT WOULD BE NO BIG DEAL TO JUST PICK UP WHAT I NEEDED AT
THE APOTHECARY IN RIVERTON I HEADED THERE ONLY TO BE INFORMED THAT THEY HAD
BEEN SOLD OUT FOR SOME TIME. INQUIRING AS TO WHEN THEY EXPECTED MORE IN I WAS TOLD IT MAY BE
AWHILE DUE TO A SHORTAGE OF WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR, ALONG WITH A NUMBER OF OTHERS IN THE
LOCAL MARKET. APPARENTLY WOODTROLLS ACROSS THE GO-BETWEENS AND SOUTH FARTHINGS WERE TO
BLAME. HOW, I'M NOT EXACTLY SURE, BUT IT WOULDN'T HELP MY PROBLEM EVEN IF I DID. WHAT I DO KNOW IS
THAT I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO CREATE MANY OF THE MORE BASIC POTIONS I DO UNTIL I GET MY HANDS ON
THESE COMPONENTS. I'M SURE I WON'T BE THE ONLY ALCHEMIST EITHER, SO THIS IS WHY I AM TAKING THIS
OPPORTUNITY TO ANNOUNCE THAT I SHALL BE TRAVELING ABOUT THE REGION OVER THE NEXT FEW WEEKS
PURCHASING FROM ANYONE WHO MAY HAVE ANY OF THE FOLLOWING COMPONENTS TO SPARE:

BLOOD ROOTS
DARK CHESTNUTS
GREENSPORES
STONES OF SEASONS

I WILL SEE TO IT THAT A FAIR TRADE IS MADE IN EXCHANGE FOR THESE ITEMS, WHETHER IN THE FORM OF
COIN OR POTIONS. SO HOLD ON TO WHAT YOU HAVE UNTIL I AM ABLE TO VISIT YOUR VILLAGE OR TOWN.

LOOKING FORWARD TO DOING BUSINESS,
FINSLOW NAMA'GEDDOM
ALCHEMIST & POTION MAKER



Rat Catcher Wanted!

The commonfolk of Rivervale are desperately in need of a rat catcher to rid us of the infestation that is plaguing our riverside community. Experience is desired, but we will take whatever help we can get. Room and board will be provided. Please seek Fergis the Miller.

CITIZENS OF ELMERTON

Let it be known that House LavEndros and House Windlock are officially recognizing the Circle of Sword Maidens for their good work and talents in making safe properties within LavEndros land and owned by Baron Simon Windlock. Both houses are thankful and pleased to have such upstanding and capable citizens. The Circle of Sword Maidens set a fine example for all Elmertonians.

To my dear friends and new-found family...

If you are reading this, than I suppose I have been collected, at long last. Perhaps I threw sixes, perhaps I just broke down.

I feel I should explain myself. Many of you strove to protect me, urged me to hide instead of charging.

But I could not. It is not in me to run away. From the prison camps to the killing streets to the many, many dodged assassination attempts. Through it all, I grew, I gained, I strode on. I rose in fire and steel, cut my path to the throne, and seized the day with an iron fist. And I did this all by never backing down. There is no gain without sacrifice.

Being here on Magesta was essentially a second life for me. I really died 248 years ago, on Pyross, when my mate was slain. Since then, every inch of life given was just another gray brush stroke upon a once colorful canvas that was my existence. I cannot excuse nor justify the monstrous deeds I committed during these years, nor will there ever be one past that history needs its butchers as well as its shepherds. I cannot blame my deeds upon my mother nor my brother, for he who simply follows orders was the true instrument of destruction. I will not apologize here, for I consider being on Magesta and the deeds I performed the closest to penance I will come. Coming here brought back a sense of purpose again, to aid such great heroes upon their quests to vanquish evil away from the horizon. I pitched my hand and expertise in where needed. I screamed defiance against Thomshire, I threw an unbreakable lock upon the box of Devastation, I took death after death from a certain godling who will remain nameless to keep him off of our saviors when needed. I made new friends, a new family, and I will treasure every moment while in

eternity. Perhaps in helping save your world I helped save my own soul.

I have no idea what awaits me on the other side. I can only hope that I find the missing piece of my soul in the Spirit Realm, and I can spend eternity feeling completed again. I know the truth now, that there is an eternity awaiting us. And as such, my body's final resting place no longer matters to me. It is all or nothing, a leap of faith, to find whether or not love truly conquers all.

Send word to me, if you get a chance. After all, no story ever truly ends, it just no longer matters what's written.

May you hold your heads high in honor,
may your aim be true and steady.
May your enemies flee before you,
and your armies be ever ready.
May the Heavens stay above you,
and keep glory in your art.
May your love be everlasting,
and forever in your heart.

- Niddogg Jiin'Raah, Prince of the Shard Spire.

PS: Where my body ended up per my request is where it belongs now. I owe someone something, and it will pay for it.

PPS: Talis, stay in school. Seven years in the Lamplighters Academy, seven years in the Blackhouse Citadel. I'd get started soon, you don't have all the time in the world.

PPPS: Last one. Who ever ended my life...
MAKE. THEM. PAY.

Master Galanthas Du'Mentharen would ask those interested in conducting their Magical studies through the tutelage of Concori Ayre to arrive at the Glade, Greenshadow at midnight on Gatheringday, the 7th of Boneharvest. Those seeking consideration should arrive bearing an unlighted candle of personally symbolic significance, and an individual willing to speak on behalf of the petitioners. Please understand that this is not an endeavor to be undertaken lightly, and will be regarded as a statement of loyalty to the Court of Ravens. Apprentice-Petitioners are asked to consider carefully their dedication to the art of Magestic Magic.



People of the Fiddlehead Hills: be warned and be wary, for a new murderous menace stalks our woods. During the late night hours of the twenty-second day of Reapingdusk it was with much dismay that I happened upon the horrific site of what was once the village of Dindledollo and the faemin tribe which dwelled there.

I was returning to my lodge after an unsuccessful evening of hunting a pack of vesper wolves which had been stalking the eastern hills since late summer when I caught sight of a hulking creature slowly lumbering along amongst the trees. At first I thought it to be an ogre or hill troll that had wandered down from the north, but something about the way it carried itself and moaned so sorrowfully made all my instincts and years of experience scream that something unnatural, something supernatural was at work here. It wasn't until the thing stepped out from under the shadows of the forest and into a moonlit clearing that I was filled with dread and woe. It was a hill troll, a big one, and he was covered in blood and gore. At first I feared it had gone musth, or rogue, as the older ones often tend to do, and I was not looking forward to the daunting task of taking one down alone. Though I also knew I couldn't allow it to continue rampaging across the countryside.

Spear in hand I moved in from behind as close as I dared, not wanting to get within reach of the tree trunk it carried as a weapon. Having fought their kind before, I knew that one blow from that thing could crush every bone in my body. I was right up on it when my foot faltered and I knew I had lost the element of surprise. Leaping back and enchanting my weapon with fire, I readied myself expecting it to be swinging as it turned. To my astonishment it did not, nor did it show any signs of even noticing the light which my spear had been giving off. Hill trolls are cunning creatures with excellent hearing and sense of smell which, even when blinded allow them to fight very effectively. This one didn't become violent until my weapon had already penetrated the back of its skull and was sticking several feet out of the center of its face. Even then it did not react as I had expected. A strike like that should have dropped the monster where it stood. Instead this one only moaned loudly and stumbled about awkwardly as its head became engulfed by flames.

Never in all my years have I seen a hill troll behave so. I watched in disbelief as it extracted the burning skewer from its skull, dropping it and turning back in the direction it was heading. Uncertain of what I was now facing I moved up to retrieve my weapon when I noticed the distinct smell of decayed flesh mixed with that of the burning sort. The beast was undead, but what was worse was that the fresh blood it was covered in was not its own. In pulling out the spear it had dropped what it had been carrying in its offhand, the torn remains of faemin wings! That was when I came to realize how close to the Dindledollo village we were and that the monster's path had come from that direction.

Fearing what such a creature could have done to the simple fae-folk who lived there, I turned for the village posthaste, knowing the giant undead could easily be tracked and dealt with later. I will not retell of the grime scene I found upon arriving other than that not a single faemin had survived and that their deaths were of a very violent nature. Dindledollo had been home to more than forty of my forest friends, now it is their resting place. In the telling of this story I hope all will be forewarned of yet another terror which haunts our hills. As for me, I will be devoting all my nights hunting down this undead goliath until it is destroyed and can harm no more!

~ Aspen Nighthollow ~

Trading Post—Items for Sale

Potions	Num	Price
Cure Wounds 3	6	6 sp
Elemental Missile	6	1 sp
Elemental Weapon	2	6 sp
Feat of Strength	6	3 sp
Literacy	4	3 sp
Neutralize Poison	2	8 sp, 5 cp
Purify Food and Drink	2	3 sp
Remove Disease	4	6 sp
Resist Magic	6	6 sp
Spell Immunity	2	15 sp
Stoneskin	2	7 sp, 5 cp
Translation Stone	2	4 sp, 5 cp

Items	Num	Price
Trap Kit, Common (Licensed)	2	8 sp, 5 cp
Trap Kit, Simple (Licensed)	4	2 sp, 5 cp
Piece of Parchment	10	5 cp
Vial of Ink	4	5 cp

Scrolls	Num	Price
Control Elemental, Level 10	1	1 gp, 5 sp
Dismissal, Level 07	1	2 gp, 5 sp
Elemental Immunity	1	3 gp, 5 sp
Turn Undead, Level 10	1	4 sp
Restore Mind, Level 09	1	15 gp
Resurrection	1	15 gp

Components	Num	Price
Aloe Leaf	4	5cp
Blue Mushroom Stalk	4	5cp
Charcoal	2	2cp
Garlic Flower	4	4cp
Pure Magestry	4	4cp
Stem of Jade	4	4cp

Weekend Hours:

G 10am - Noon, 11pm - 1am

W 10am - Noon, 9pm - 11pm

F 10am - Noon, 11pm - 1am

Located on the hill above the Tavern. Send special requests to Rakesh.

REWARD!

15 gold crowns for either the capture of the thief or the safe return of the gemstone bracelet which was stolen from a member of our staff back in Harvestwane. It is still believed that this most despicable and malicious culprit is one of Elmerston's own, and it is also because of this upsetting fact that we have decided to raise the reward for their capture. We want to make an example of this deceptive fiend who poses as friend to lower the guard and steal from those who only wish to give to others.

Should you know who this wolf amongst sheep may be, please contact one of the owners of The Tavern With No Name as soon as possible. We will make certain your efforts are handsomely rewarded!

McKraher & MacGuinness

Owners & Proprietors of
The Tavern With No Name

STOLEN GOODS!

THE FOLLOWING ITEMS WERE STOLEN FROM ELMERTON ON THE NIGHT OF THE 18TH OF REAPINGDUSK:

- A 15 LB ANVIL
- A 140 LB ANVIL
- A SUIT OF CHAINMAIL
- A HELM WITH NASAL GUARD
- A LONGSWORD
- A FENCING SABER
- TWO HAND AXES

BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR INDIVIDUALS ATTEMPTING TO SELL THESE ITEMS. IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION ON THIS THEFT, CONTACT THE ELMERTON TOWN GUARD.

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

Laments for a Lost Love

By Lexi and Majento Laieshi

*When our eyes meet, my heart slows
like an anchor sinking deeper, and deeper below.
I'm trying to breathe, but I'm starved for air.
I'm reaching for you, but you are not there.
My soul laments for your safe return
until which. I've gained, my eyes will burn
with tears from the sea
and I will wait with passion for all eternity.*

RIDDLES BY RAKESH

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

I run, though I have no legs to be seen. I possess no heat, yet I do have steam. I have no voice to let words out, but from far away you can still hear me shout. What am I?

A warrior amongst the flowers, he bears a thrusting sword. He uses it when'er he must to defend his golden hoard. What is he?

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 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!

MAGESTRY'S Best of Reapingdusk '08

Here are our picks for the best of the October 17th-19th, 2008 event:

This event, our **Best PC** award goes to Magesta's own "Pillar of Pain," **Mark Vadney** in his role as Haku Steelwind. We heard great things about his role-playing from you, the PCs, and as NPCs, we were duly impressed. From Izen to Ivan and back again (with mini-Haku in between), Mark showed us how this role-playing thing is done and we took notice. Very nicely done, Mark!

This event's **Best NPC**, **Matthew Richards**, can be best described as a ever-flowing font of energy. He was forever out doing something and, many times, was out crunching by himself simply because he wanted to be out in game. No matter what role we offered to him, no matter the makeup nor the mask, he was always willing to do it and do so with a smile and tons of energy. What a wonderful addition to the Dark Side! Watch out all you lackadaisical PCs! Thanks, Matt!

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
Nov. 7th-9th, 2008

At Chesterfield Scout Reservation in Chesterfield, MA

The fee for the next event is \$60 for PCs (\$55 if ***received*** by Oct 31st) 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

November 7-9, 2008 (Chesterfield)

Spring 2009 Event Dates

March 27-29, 2009 (Chesterfield)

April 24-26, 2009 (Chesterfield)

May 29-31, 2009 (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