



PDABBLE GAMES
PRESENTS



THE MAGESTIC MESSENGER

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

Bloodthaw 118 (March 2009)

Volume 7, Issue 1

“...so the true form of the Golden One, of Aulian the Pure, will reach its third perigee with Magesta at the End of the Age of Awakening, but, as his host will be of low birth, he will not prevail over the sleeping Enemy of this world, and his Light will fade...”

A deafening cry pierced the chaos of the battle on the hills of Shadowstrad and, for an instant, the darkness was illumed with living fire as the newborn phoenix, freed from its fetters, took flight from this realm of shadow. Anger at the release of the great bird, and fear at what the Shadow Queen might do to those whom had let it happen, rippled through the darkness and spurred the battle on to greater heights as the shadows unleashed everything they had at the intruders from the world of light. Fear and pain ruled as the still air was rent with the screams and cries of the dying warriors. They pulled back to the portal they had created at the base of a hill and fought to ensure they could account for all of their own. The shadows never ceased in their attacks and it seemed certain that the battle would continue onto the world of light. It was then that the falsity of the prophecy was fully realized.

Deaf to the pleading of his friends to return, Aulian turned and charged up the hill of shadows, his war cries resonating in the ears of his enemies. As the portal closed before the solemn faces of his allies, the darkness bit into him time and time again, and it was not long before he stumbled against the swarming hoard. The visceral cry of rage that tore from his throat as he disappeared beneath the mass of shadows sent delicious shivers of fear through my body. Suddenly, those shadow warriors were engulfed in the light of 100 suns.

When my vision returned after several painful minutes, I was greeted by the nearly disintegrated corpses of more than 50 shadow warriors. Aulian was pressing up the hill, his battle roar making him shine all the brighter. I followed him and watched through half-closed eyes as he tore through the city, calling for “Shadowmancer,” undoubtedly referring to Szkilljirnazkabor, and for “Shadow Queen,” while smiting every shadow that stood in the path of his radiance. None could so much as look upon the brilliant warrior to defend against his attacks, and he split them each in turn like lightning through a starless night. His sun-drunk rage again sent fear dripping down my spine.

He fascinated me. I followed him for weeks, even months, unable to detach my wonder from his tireless rampage, his very presence dissolving the foundations of the Shadow Realm.

I think he felt her even before the deepening darkness that announced her approach. He turned to face the Queen of Shadows, light streaming off him in waves. In his eyes, I saw hatred yet resolve. The Shadow Queen, encapsulated in an orb of darkness so profound that it swallowed everything around her, wore equal hatred, but in place of resolve was arrogance. Her knowledge of the prophecy lifted her head and pulled her lips into a sneer. A single heartbeat later, Light and Shadow met in a terrifying dance. The contrast made stars pop behind my eyes as the mortal enemies erupted into each other. Several times it seemed that the Golden One was about to triumph, but in the next second the Queen’s darkness would spill out of the cracks in his golden armor and become whole once more.

Continued on next page.

The battle raged through the rising and setting of three moons before the sound finally came that would mark its end; it was a sound that the prophecy said would not come until Magesta's fourth perigee: the Spirit Song of Julian the Pure. In the hollowness of the Shadow Queen's visage, I identified the exact moment when she realized that the prophecy was undone. Cold rage was quickly doused in fear as those waves of light rippled through her eyes, cast by the dazzling figure before her. She shivered as he sank his sword into her shadowy form, and in the next instant she exploded, sending shards of darkness flying in every direction before vanishing beyond the horizons of Julian's glow.

The Warrior of Light did not even pause to catch his breath before continuing on his path of destruction. My throat felt like it was filled with ice, but oh I savored that moment, watching him thunder into the darkness.

Exhausted, I let him go; his stamina out-matched even mine. The Hunt for a new Queen of Shadows would soon begin, and I wouldn't dare allow myself to be found anywhere near that antechamber where, like only two queens before her, Vrihlgana had been destroyed.

Citizens of Irvanshire,

The New Year is swiftly approaching, and I wanted to make sure that we all welcome it, and all the New Life it brings with open minds and hearts. As Life's warmth touches frozen branches and melts persistent snows, revealing the New Green underneath, we too must awaken the lives that only we can. I speak, of course, of the ritual of the faelings— the springtime celebration of renewal and new life. On one night before the New Year, you should find a partner and, with him or her, create a doll out of grasses, vines and twigs to offer to the fae. As a couple, you should then find a place in the natural world (away from buildings and such) to hang it along with a light component and a piece of parchment bearing the name of the doll and the names of its creators. As the fae dance through the area, they will "take" the doll and leave in its place a small gift for you. It has been rumored that, in the spirit of renewal, those who seek out people that they have dislike or with whom they have had the most disagreements, to make a faeling with, reap rewards greater than those who choose to make the doll with a friend. I hope you all choose to participate in this beautiful tradition.

Yours,

Devoter Fica

One Word

The feeling began as the Brotherhood of the Phoenix was drawn to Elmerton. You could feel that there was a sense of destiny that brought great powers together for a singular purpose, even calling allies from the distant Sun realm and from beyond the realm of Death. A sense of purpose was building and when Luther arrived – when Aulian arrived – you could tell that the gathering was complete.

The feeling began to move, and we followed it. Preparing us for the task ahead, Aulian the Warlord reminded us of our deeds, and made us recall what we were fighting for. His words rang with conviction so strong that we all believed that never again would the world of light be afraid of the dark. As our portal opened, we surged up the hill with a cry of "For Magesta!"; we felt as unstoppable as the rising sun.

As the Brotherhood of the Phoenix reached the garrison and passed inside, we rallied our fallen, banded together, and for about twenty minutes endured all of the pain, chaos, raw magic, and fear that the Shadow realm could deliver. In the midst of it all was Aulian the Warlord, light streaming from him, reflecting on his gilded skin, and flashing like lightning with every swing of his sword.

Suddenly, a call went up, the barrier went down, and the Brotherhood came out. With our mission completed, the Phoenix would soon be free, and we began to fight our way back down the hill. Many fell, and were picked up by others, all the while moving with Aulian's commands in the background.

As we reached the bottom and began to escape, the shadows pressed upon us, eager to extract some amount of revenge. A great flash of light and piercing cry marked the passing of the Phoenix, on its way out. Sending a shadow to the ground, Aulian looked back towards the portal and declared "Go back! I am going to Kill SzKilyrnazKabor!" At this, Aulian summoned his magic, and the few of us remaining closed our eyes as a blast of sunlight erupted from him. The nearby shadows shifted back. One look, one word, and then Aulian the Warlord charged through the line and back up the hill, refusing to heed our calls to return.

"Remember," was all he said. I know that I always will.

Well, Elmerton, little more than a year has passed for you since you fought and defeated the Great Enemy of Magesta, and not much more has passed since you imprisoned the Incarnation of Devastation and put right what he made wrong, or restored Gwendolar to her rightful position as Incarnation of Nature. So much you have done for these lands, and how has the world treated Renwar's heroes? Parades? Tracts of land? Noble titles?

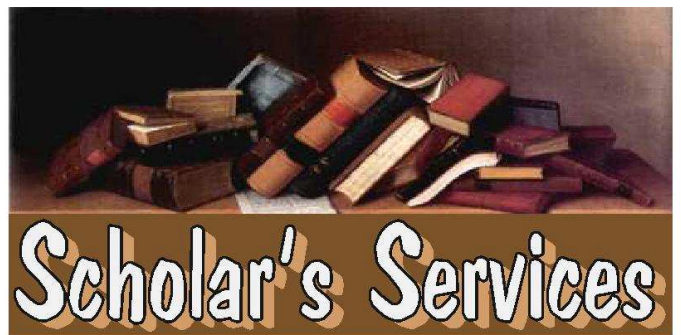
No? Pathetic, isn't it? Two of your local knights were stripped of their titles, and you were charged 100 gold for "back taxes." It does not surprise me that they who rule would be capable of this. They are greedy cowards who fear you. They know that the common folk might look to you for help, or for something even more dangerous to the crown: your leadership.

So, instead they sow the seeds of doubt and suspicion amongst the people, making them fear you and your town as a source of magic and danger that cannot be trusted. Meanwhile, the nobles of Irvanshire show you how truly incompetent they are, and demand from you the very respect that they, instead, should owe to you. And the fool man-child that calls himself King: he lends ear to not one of your voices. You are completely without representation, lesser than peasants, when you should be greater than kings.

Yet, despite all this, you stand proud and defend these lands. Rest assured that I have never forgotten the kindness, bravery, and sacrifice that Elmerton has given for Magesta. That is why I have kept my men and plans away from you while you completed your important work. I recognize that these lands would not be here if not for your efforts, and I would be forced to wander another world.

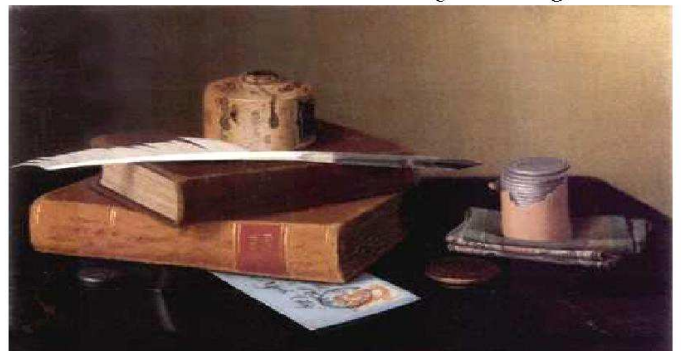
So, let this letter serve as a warning. I feel that you deserve it for all you have done. When the spring comes, my plans for you will not be postponed any longer, and the courtesy I have been showing your town will end. It shall be most invigorating to cross swords with you once more. And if you should wish revenge on the nobility for the way they have treated you, perhaps you should beg their help in dealing with me. I would love an excuse to forever silence their pathetic voices. Until the spring, Elmerton, have a quiet winter. And, once again, thank you for saving us.

A



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.





Faemin Fear for Lives in Fiddleheads!

Fear's icy grip has held tight in the Fiddlehead Hills all winter as reports spread of giant, unstoppable undead roaming its shadowy forests at night in search of the fae folk and their hidden settlements. No one knows where these hulking monstrosities came from or why they are hunting down the relatively harmless faemin, but one eyewitness claims there is a definite hate driving these creatures to seek out and slaughter all fae, as in the case of Dindledollo last Reapingdusk. So violent and single minded is this rage that

once they spot their prey a sudden surge of anger and energy seems to overcome them and they charge forward with surprising speed and ferocity. Ignoring all attacks made against them, nothing seems to distract these brutes from their target nor stop them from acquiring it, and once they do little to nothing can be done to save their victim from being horribly ripped apart limb by limb. Until more can be learned, let word continue to spread and a warning go out to all Faemin and Fae across the Fiddleheads, the Go-Betweens and all of South Farthings, tread not out into the night for these undead juggernauts are waiting for you!

Looking for a way to help the world around you? Consider these worthy options, some of which can be done just by spending some time traveling within the borders of Elmerton.

- Discover what really happened to Haku, Ivan, Izen, and the Incarnation of Vengeance.
- Uncover what happened to Luther / Aulian.
- Investigate the gypsy Blood Beads, see how they relate to Tshurkurka, and uncover how to destroy him or exile him back into the Void.
- Learn the true purpose of the Dark Tree near the Fae circle, and reverse its corruption.
- Determine the link between the recent unusually high rodent activity, the large amounts of missing food, and the unknown resolution of the Rage Fever epidemic.
- Discover the agenda of "Mama" – the being 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, kidnapping people, and organizing the attack on Baron Simon Windlock.
- Study the Nah'Zah'Rin (the creatures that have black and purple facial markings) to determine what they want and how to send them back to their negative energy dimension of Gelad'Rian so they stop corrupting plant and animal life here.
- Research how to grant Byron clarity of mind and a final rest, possibly using a toad wood circle.
- Uncover the reason why the Portal Authority is destroying all records regarding Tamarack.
- Locate and identify the being behind the name Checkmate Chesster.



IRVANSHIRE SQUEAKS THROUGH ANOTHER WINTER



his past winter proved to be one of the most trying for the entire populace of Irvanshire, but none suffered more than the common folk living outside the kingdom's major cities. This season's snow arrived early in Boneharvest upon frigid north winds blowing down from Swardia and burying the realm in many places under several feet of the white stuff. Hardest hit were those north of Loft Cratvia, The Lakeshires, and Port Hensworth. The Icewind Mountains and their less hardy inhabitants still remain cut off from rest of the world and traveling through the higher routes will not be possible until later in the spring.

All this cold and snow may have been bearable to some were it not for widespread food shortages reported amongst many of the smaller villages and farming communities across South Farthings and The Go-Betweens. Thousands were forced to seek aid from neighboring cities like Riverton, Bloomingport, and Hatchport which were hard-pressed by the huge numbers of needy folk. Riverton's city guard had to be employed in full force to squelch a large riot which broke out in one of its market places in Ravingfrost after officials announced that they would be rationing the city's food stores for the remainder of the winter. Luckily, Fortune still favors the Kingdom of Irvanshire, for Fear's threat of famine fell just short of its deadly mark.

Another shortage is being felt across the realm and in the coin purses of many brewers, alchemists, and the like as the prices of several normally common components continue to rise. Blood Roots, Dark Chestnuts, Greenspores, and Stones of Seasons are in short supply across most of the kingdom, which some are claiming is due to the local wood troll population near the town of Elmerton. Many skeptics are finding it difficult to believe that a mere pack of the forest dwelling creatures could be responsible for creating such a widespread deficit. Others still, are worried at the possibility that other components may turn up in short supply, or that something is effecting the balance of nature causing it to reduce its bounty. Whatever the case may be, Irvanshire should prepare for the prices of not only these now rare components to go up but also the cost of the potions, brews, and other concoctions made from them!

One thing which has not been in short demand over past months is the ever growing problem of rodent infestation. Record numbers of complaints involving rats have been reported all across the region spanning from the Fiddleheads to the Go-Betweens to eastern portions of the South Farthings. As a result much of this winter's food shortages are being blamed on this blight as well as localized outbreaks of fever, illness, and livestock loss. So serious a threat that this rodent menace poses that the King has agreed to an allotment of extra funds to fight this internal enemy of the realm, and a call for experienced exterminators has gone out across the kingdom. It is rumored that the Royal Court will be appointing official rat catchers over towns and communities in more infested areas. Whether or not this will make a difference will have to be seen.

Lastly comes the numerous sightings of giant, white-furred creatures seen roaming along the deep snowdrifts and wintry forestscapes in the lands south of the Icewind Mountains. Over the winter months there has been more than a few reports of deadly encounters with these ferocious, towering creatures by hunters, woodsmen, and travelers far and wide, and none of them good. A handful of these accounts have popped up over the last month of a particularly large and solitary "Snow-Beast" stalking the forests and hills around the town of Elmerton. Residents have become concerned by the continuing presence of this monster, which is responsible for the deaths of over a dozen people and countless cattle and livestock. Local hunters have tagged the beast a "Man-Killer" and for anyone seeing it to stay clear and take shelter but not to flee, for doing so draws this predator's attention and none have been able to outrun it to date!

25 GOLD CROWN REWARD

FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE THIEF WHO REMAINS AT LARGE AND IN HIDING AMONGST THE TOWNSFOLK OF ELEMERTON. AS WE GROW CLOSER TO REVEALING THE CRIMINAL RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ASSAULT OF OUR BELOVED MASCOT, SKWIRL, AND THE THEFT OF HER FAVORITE BAUBLE, A COLORFUL GLASS GEMSTONE BRACELET OF NEAR WORTHLESS VALUE, WE ARE ASKING ALL BOTH NEAR AND FAR TO STEP FORTH AND AID US IN UNMASKING THIS SCOUNDREL WHO POSES AS FRIEND TO THE FACES OF THE INNOCENT ONLY TO STAB THEM IN THE BACK WHEN THEY TURN THE OTHER WAY.

WE ARE VERY SERIOUS IN OUR OFFER OF 25 GOLD CROWNS TO ANYONE WHO BRINGS US THE CULPRIT, THE BRACELET, OR BOTH, AND ANYONE WHO SUCCEEDS IN THE LATTER WILL ALSO FIND A PERMANENT PLACE IN OUR MINDS AND HEARTS!

MCKRAKEN & MACGUINNESS

OWNERS & PROPRIETORS OF

THE TAVERN WITH NO NAME



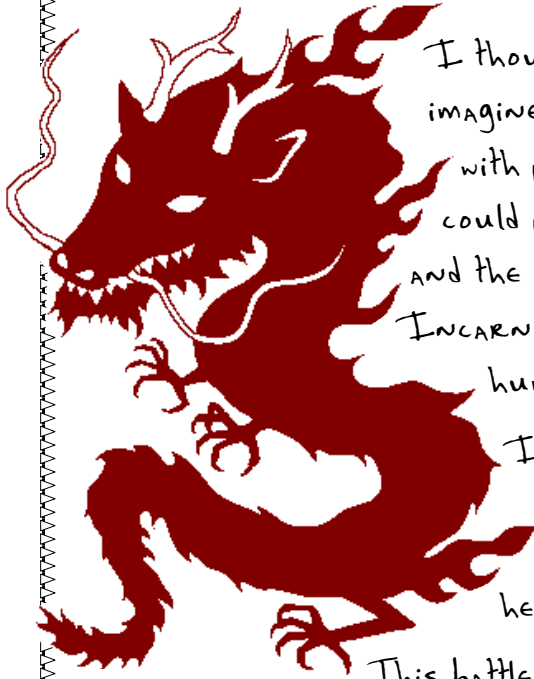
The next session of court in Elmerton will take place on the 28th of Bloodthaw at 3 bells after midday in the amphitheater. Taxes of one silver will be collected from each person.

NOW HIRING!

WE, THE OWNERS AND PROPRIETORS OF THE TAVERN WITH NO NAME, WOULD LIKE TO ANNOUNCE THAT WE ARE NOW LOOKING TO EXPAND OUR BUSINESS AND STAFF AND ARE SEEKING THE RIGHT PEOPLE FOR THE RIGHT JOBS. AT THIS TIME WE ARE MOSTLY LOOKING FOR EXPERIENCED PEOPLE FOR THE FOLLOWING POSITIONS:

- ~ FORESTERS/GROUNDS KEEPERS
- ~ RESIDENT HEALERS/SPIRITUALISTS
- ~ COOKS & KITCHEN STAFF
- ~ INN KEEPER/MANAGER
- ~ CHAMBERMAIDS
- ~ HOSTLERS & STABLE HANDS
- ~ BARTENDERS & SERVING WENCHES

WE ARE ALSO ACCEPTING APPLICATIONS FROM LOCALS OF ALL TRADES, PROFESSIONS, AND SKILLS. INTERESTED PARTIES NEED ONLY TO INQUIRE AT THE TAVERN WITH NO NAME, AN EXISTING MEMBER OF ITS STAFF, OR ONE OF ITS OWNERS.



I thought the INCARNATION of VENGEANCE would be taller. I imagined a mighty dragon with scales of shining red, sleek and fast with powerful wings. I imagined vicious claws and fangs that could pierce even magestite, a fiery breath that could melt stone, and the unblinking eyes of an unshakable predator. The INCARNATION of VENGEANCE was nothing like that - just a small human, barely bigger than me.

I only saw what he was really like when he fought. He didn't walk - he stalked and pounced after his target. He fought as if his opponent had done him a great personal wrong. And he was fast - really fast. I was glad he was on our side.

This battle was important to a lot of people - I could tell: Creepy castle with coffins in the basement. People that weren't really people but were really monsters of people stitched together. Fighting statues that moved. I was just along for the fight.

When I got to the back room when it got mostly quiet, there was a bloody mess in one corner, which was apparently the guy named IVAN we were after. The INCARNATION of VENGEANCE was on a stone slab, the leader of the Brotherhood was on the other, and a scholar in a gray robe was doing magic. When he finished, they both got up. Well, mostly. The INCARNATION of VENGEANCE looked like I felt yesterday morning, when I staggered out of bed with a hangover.

Then things went wrong. All I'm sure of is that we left that castle pretty quick, and now the leader of the Brotherhood took over the INCARNATION of VENGEANCE's job. I'd be pissed if it were me. He's not even that much taller.

"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!



Cry for Aid: An Idiot's Guide to News in the Kingdom

Everything started off according to plan, but it did not end that way. The Red Sun Orcs were surrounded by coalition forces of the Royal Crown and GuraH BrocK Orcs. Losing numbers, ground, and allies the Red Sun Clan was on the verge of extinction; even as they fortified themselves in caverns and caves underground, we still had the upper hand- victory was in sight.

Everything changed when our forces pushed them back to a central chamber. It was in this chamber that the darkness came alive and shredded our ranks. Men were driven mad with fear, others died from terror, after the darkness hypnotized men's souls it attacked with brutal violence. Trained soldiers routed, creating a mob pushing through the narrow caves. The fleeing men would all certainly be killed were it not for Cord Howzin Windlock, and the bravest of his men. It is reported Cord Howzin and twelve of his best charged the darkness with shields illuminated and swords afire.

The Commanders of the Crown's military regained control of the men and they reentered the cave. The trail to the main chamber was littered with bodies of men and orcs. The underground chamber was surprisingly found to be abandoned. Cautious soldiers searched the area and found few passages leading deeper underground, no one was willing to explore further. Just before the Commander gave his next order a startling movement and noise entered the chamber preceding a figure.

The man was identified as Sir Cud Adler of House Windlock. Despite his physical and mental injuries, Sir Adler was able to give what may be crucial information of his account:

It was friends from Elmerton that gave Cord Howzin the knowledge of how to fight shadows. With light and fire Howzin, Adler, and eleven other men charged the enemy to allow for a successful retreat. Despite their skill, magic, and will, they were overtaken. Survivors were chained and imprisoned by the Red Sun, immediately they were made slaves and put to work.

Adler spoke of the orcs and their Shade Slaves. He was unclear of who controlled the Shade Slaves- Red Sun or Shadow, but their existence stems from an agreement between the two parties. The Shadows would teach the Red Sun their magic, and the Red Sun would do the daylight bidding of the Shadows. Adler described slaves of the Red Sun lined up waiting to be turned into a Shade Slave. At this point Howzin, Adler, and a few others made a break fighting their way through orc guards. Only Adler escaped. Regardless of his great strength, Death took Adler before he could be brought to the surface.

The next day a party was sent to search the caverns, they found nothing. The fate of Cord Howzin and the other survivors remains unknown, the truth of the Slave Shades has yet to be uncovered, hope to eliminate the vile Red Sun Clan is dimmed, and the forces of the Irvansire crown and GuraH BrocK Orc are not enough. At a time such as this, it is clear that this cry for aid can only be met by a hero... are there any who can answer such a call?

~ Court Minutes ~

Court on Wakingday, the 8th of Boneharvest in the year 118 of the Age of Fortune was presided by Magistrate Rakesh. Also in attendance was Dame Aleria & Baron Simon Windlock.

The Report of the Guard, delivered by Zeladry;

- A group of fae were recently in town, screaming about a failed ritual to usher in winter. Eraku & Ari are in the process of collecting crystals which are necessary to complete the aforementioned ritual.
- Four werewolves, undead afflicted with zombie rot, a pair of hungry ogres, a group of fire elements five strong, four fire shades, and two stone constructs were all encountered within the lands of Elmerton, each a separate instance.
- There was an attack made by a group of dire elves who were specifically affected by psionic energies.
- Loxi & Nayden had a meeting in which the latter confessed to several murders. Nayden has been described as a stocky man with long curly black hair.
- Farmer Spudbottom reported the theft of 15 bushels by a group calling themselves the "Green Hand Brotherhood"
- Liminal constructs assaulted townsfolk and are ultimately defeated by a simultaneous blow of both spiritual and psychic energy. Their dual nature is reflected not only in the coloring of their faces but in their attacks as well, where attacks from their "white" side bestow a magical sleep and attacks from their "black" side bring instant death.
- A bantula aggressively entered town, specifically engaging townsfolk by enraging them with magics.
- There has been a group of farmers apprehended (and brought to the manorhouse) who were sacrificing non-humans in thanks (and perhaps to bring about) the return of Elmerton to Trvanshire.

Dame Aleria stepped forth to issue charges against Sith for the double murder of Bastian Gtareheart. To these charges Sith plead guilty, for he was under the impression that Bastian had been collecting heads of felled foes and did so with a townsman.

Magistrate Rakesh added that he had heard that Bastian kicked the head of Jynx into the lake.

Sith's sentence was initially to be restricted to remain within the town limits of Elmerton, to pay a fine of seven gold (half of which would be paid to Bastian), and to be escorted at all times. This sentence was later reviewed by the Magistrate and Dame Aleria, and altered to be sentence of death, lifting the restriction to travel out of the town as well as the need for an escort. Along with this, the fine has been raised to 15 gold pieces, which would be payable to the town coffers and paid back at the rate of 1 gold per court session.

After the sentencing, Bastian addressed the court to explain that it was "Bruiser" who desecrated Jynx's corpse, and he had been collecting heads as a favor to Xensumoto, who had been hired by a hobgoblin to do so.

Announcements from the Open Floor;

-Tegwald Dunham. In addition to the small crystals being collected, he and Ari found small bells (about the size of a pea) that are part of a fae game. They will be used in the Spring as tokens to play games that carry with them both a high risk and a high reward.

And so concluded Court. To add a personal note, I hope all who plan to travel to kinder climates to escape the harsh Trvanshirian winter months find safe journeys as well as a safe return when both the land itself and activity thereon thaws.



Are You an Entertainer?

The Brewmaster's Tavern in Tradegate is seeking out bards, dancers, and other entertainers to provide music and other entertainment for their New Year's festivities. Interested parties should meet Hale Lonnigan in Point Edgar before the 30th day of Bloodthaw to audition. Come celebrate the New Year with us!



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

REWARD

5 gold reward for information leading to the capture of Terga Weaver, suspected mass murderer and fugitive. Suspect is female, about five and a half feet, brown hair, and no eyes. Contact Panagore Krandell in Hatchport with any information.

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

I am always old, sometimes new, never sad, sometimes blue, never empty, sometimes full. Who am I?

What is always coming, but never arrives?

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 Boneharvest '08

Here are our picks for the best of the November 7th-9th, 2008 event:

This month, our **Best PC** award goes to **Amanda Mooney** for her performance as the heartbroken Neveah Phoenix. Many of you told us in your PELs how impressed you were with the transformation that took place in Neveah this game and how Amanda really seems to have grown tremendously in her ability to role play. We are equally impressed. Congratulations, Amanda!

This month we would like to award **Best NPC** to those folks who took time out of their game to help us behind the scenes (and there were a lot of you!). Whether it was NPCing for a few hours during a game they were PCing at or taking a game off from PCing to offer us an extra body in NPC headquarters, we really appreciated (and continue to appreciate) that kind of help. So to all you PCs who joined the Dark Side, no matter how briefly, thank 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***

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
Mar. 27th-29th, 2009

At Chesterfield Scout Reservation in Chesterfield, MA

The fee for the next event is \$60 for PCs (\$55 if ***received*** by March 20th) 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 2009
Spring Event Schedule

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