



PDABBLE GAMES
PRESENTS



THE MAGESTIC MESSENGER

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

Petalsong 119 (May 2009)

Volume 7, Issue 3

People of Elmerton,

Long ago my people were given a valuable gift: a moon crystal. It had the ability to replicate things that were reflected into it by moonlight. Many of my brethren, from many fae houses, were fascinated by it. They traveled to all parts of this world and many others, imbuing the moon crystal with sights and sounds to bring home to share.

At the beginning of this new Age, when interdimensional travel became nearly impossible, the fae who had been dimension-hopping with the crystal attempted to return to Magesta. They were not aware of the difficulty they would meet, and rather than returning to the Fae Realm, they became trapped in the Void along with the moon crystal. But we did not mourn them, for those in the Void have no awareness, and so it was with them; that is, for most of the year. Once each summer, when the moon was in the proper place, it would shine through the crystal, sending beams of light in all directions. Many of these reflected beams would pass through the Void-bound fae on their way toward Magesta, and everywhere in the world that the moonbeams struck, images that were contained within the crystal would become manifest from the very Essence of the world. There would be jewelry and confections, there would be stories and gadgets, and everywhere there would be fae to sell it all. It was the Market of the Moons, and for 117 years it moved to various parts of the world. It would appear for only a few nights, vanishing each morning, before it was gone once more to await the passing of the snows.

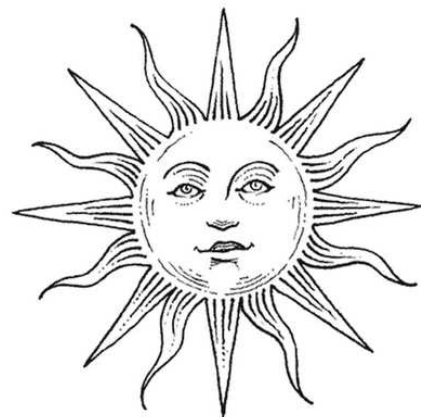
Contrary to what you may believe, there was no Market of the Moons last year. What you of Elmerton witnessed was an artificial visitation. Summer had not yet come to the 118th year of the Age of Fortune when the tzigane - the Mestere family of tzigane, specifically, though others supported them - entered the Void and stole the moon crystal. They used the crystal and several items they called astral mirrors to force their own night market into being. Last Petalsong, during the day before this market was to happen, you may have noticed two tzigane passing through the forest, encircling the town, and after their passing, those of you trained in the ways of Magestry may have seen pillars of Essence energy ascending into the sky at various intervals. Those tzigane were signaling their hopper accomplice, directing her as to where to send the various moonbeams that would deliver the market. Rather than many markets around the world, there would be only one: in Elmerton.

My people were infuriated by this theft, not only of our property, but of something that had become part of our heritage. We demanded the crystal be returned, but we were denied. The tzigane told us that they had not yet finished with it, even though their market was done. We issued them our warning. In accordance with our custom, we informed them of our intention of declaration. If our crystal had not been returned by the time a year and a day had passed, there would be war between all fae and all tzigane.

Since that day, we have learned why the Mestere stole our crystal. They were forcing the Tzigane Witch Tsharkarka to become manifest in Elmerton. No doubt they thought that the legendary heroes of Elmerton could handle him. We thought you should know this, because aside from it being a very blatant assault on you, we suspect that your town will become the epicenter of much bloodshed.

The year and the day have nearly elapsed.

-Baralus of the Fae



The 26th day of Petalsong in the 119th year of this Age of Fortune

Citizens of Elmerton,

You have all heard the legend of the dreaded Tzigane Witch Tshurkurka, no? You must learn that this is more than mere legend. In his time among his Remeika family, he gained much power and much ill intent. It was but mere fortune that he, oops, cast himself into exile. To ensure his captivity, we of the Mestere family became his jailors, and we did quite the good job about it. Well, I guess if you don't count what happened at the end of the last Age, but that was hardly in our control, you think?

It was when Orloph Remeika decided to help with something about the Nightmare Boogie Man. He used the deep blood magic on Lucian J. Romeno and a man named Kendrick. Katryana Mestere knew this was happening, and on that day she found that the magic portrait of Tshurkurka was fading, something that could only happen if his captivity was weakening. She tried to stop this ritual, but nope! The Remeika called this terror back into their own family, you see?

Tshurkurka began slipping back into this world, but a new Age dawned and with it his approach was slowed. There were magics preventing the moving between worlds, and the tzigane witch was trapped in the Void. Plus, before the Age was a day old, the Remeika family name was no more; they were gathered in by the Romeno! Tshurkurka no longer had a family, and much of his power was scattered. But if you think he would let these things get in the way of his goals then you do not know how resourceful tzigane can be! For 117 years, he called the most powerful tzigane to him, to the Void, upon their deaths. He drew not only their spirits, but their essences, too! In them he found much of his former strength, and into them he infused more of it. His plan, I tell you true, was to come back into the world in the bodies of these many tzigane. Instead of one Tshurkurka, there would be a dozen or something, and they would all be the same person but in many places. Oh my!

At the beginning of the 118th year of this Age, when they say your Elmerton town returned, the cosmos was, once again, opened, and Tshurkurka was going to finish his plans, he really was. We had to stop this, so we did. We Mestere went to the Void and borrowed the fae moon crystal that makes the Market of the Moons. Instead of making the moonlight pass through the Void Fae and go all over the world, we cast it through Tshurkurka's Void Tzigane and made all of the moonbeams land at Elmerton. In doing this, the essences of the witch's kidnapped tzigane became infused into the essence of your land. When the market ended, only the spirits of the Void Tzigane went back to the Void; their essences stayed in Elmerton, you understand? So all of that power was stolen from the witch. I mean, he will come to get it, for sure, but at least he will do so with only one form and not many. Also, during the time that he remakes himself, he will not be able to travel; that is something else we did!

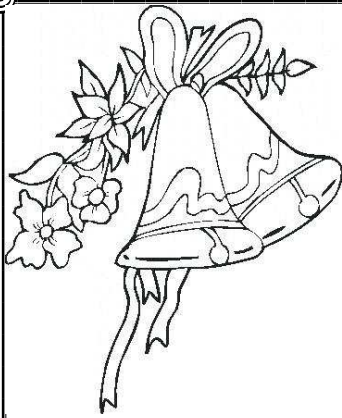
Now, don't start away thinking that we did this to make Tshurkurka your problem. We had no choice! In order to remove the power that Tshurkurka gave to the Void Tzigane, we had to join their essences with the approximate time in history where they originated, and to do that we needed to use the power of the Evernight Forest, which exists nowhere but around Elmerton. Our options were limited, no?

You understand! Yes, of course you do, but the fae can't fit it into their sparkly little heads. They have declared war on us, maybe even on all humans! This war will begin at sunrise on Wakingday, the 30th day of Petalsong if we don't give back their crystal. We Mestere are almost done with it. For truth! We have created a new prison from the light of many moons, and we need just a little more time to make sure that Tshurkurka's power will be contained.

But we fear that we will not finish before Wakingday! But our progress could be quickened if we had lots and lots of freshly picked bloodroot. So, if you care at all about restricting the Tzigane Witch's access to your town, and about staying out of the middle of a war, we would ask that your bloodroot harvesters help us in our effort. Please? It must be fresh, no more than several hours old, and we need to get as much as we can on Gatheringday night. If the sun rises before we have finished, we will let war come upon us. We fear the evil of Tshurkurka a wagonload more than the magic of the fae.

-Ghizemi Mestere





Wedding bells in Elmerton!

Come one, come all to the Wedding of the year! Let us all gather together on the 31st day of Petalsong for this joyous occasion, and to help celebrate the union of Elmerton's own spiritual leader, brother Burns and Princess Mary of the Taur-nau Orc Tribe out of the Jewind Mountains. We would like to congratulate this young couple and wish them the best of luck in the future. We would also like to welcome father of the bride, King Traavy the Enormous, and the rest of the Taur-nau Tribe as guests of house Windlock during their stay in Elmerton. May we all put aside our differences in this time of celebration and show our new friends from up north what makes Elmerton "...a diamond amongst stones!"

Ladies of Elmerton,

You are cordially invited to join us on the evening of Gatheringday the 29th of Petalsong at the Wine and Spirit Tavern as we congratulate Princess Mary of the Taur-nau Orc Tribe by celebrating her pre-nuptials with a party in her honor. As this will be a unique opportunity to experience a mixing of cultures, we are asking that all attending dress for the occasion (gussy up girls) and perhaps bring some sort of culinary delight reflective of one's racial background (be creative). Drinks are being provided for by local Brewmaster Tamlin Dreher on behalf of House Windlock, and all attending can expect a pleasant night of games, prizes, and charming company (No men allowed!).

Dame Alleria Windlock,
Justicar of Elmerton

Riverton Farm Burns!

Local common folk and neighboring farms were awakened with a start during the late night hours of Fortuneday, Petalsong 3rd to the alarming smells of thick smoke and a hellish night sky stained red by the raging fires which had broken out at the farm of Hobbes Bracken, just outside of Riverton. Little could be done by the unprepared residents other than standing back and watching as the deadly flames engulfed everything which once was the livelihood of the Bracken family. Every building, stable, and barn as well as its expansive pastures and the fields of Farmer Bracken were consumed by the blaze, which, fortunately, failed to spread further beyond the family's independently owned land. By dawn the fires had exhausted themselves leaving behind little more than a blackened sheet of smoldering ash and charred earth. Nothing survived the intense, yet short lived, inferno, which, some are claiming, was so hot that it left no remains of any of the Bracken family, the more than two dozen farmhands, nor any of their livestock. Locals are fearful that due to the unusual circumstances behind such complete incineration and lack of "evidence" that it may be the work of some supernatural force or evil fire cult. Local authorities are looking into the matter and refusing to comment until a full investigation is completed.

The next session of court in Elmerton will take place on the 30th of Petalsong at 3 bells after midday in the amphitheater. Taxes of one silver will be collected from each person.

HELLO ELMERTONIANS!!!!

ITS ME ATREYU YOUR ONE AND ONLY!!!! I KNOW YOU HAVE MISSED BEING SCARED SO IM DONE WITH MY LIBRARIES OR RATHERS MORE LIKE I GOT KICKED OUT FINALLY BECAUSE APPARENTLY I WAS TOO LOUD!! WELL MIRARI GOT US KICKED OUT FIRST CAUSE SHE "DROPPED" OUR SCALPAL IN A LIBRARIANS HAND BUT THAT'S BESIDES THE POINT!!! ME MIRARI ANIMULA AND KOOK (and his army) are coming back to Elmerton to visit for a gooooooooooooo
ooooooooooooooooong while I cant wait to see all of you!! Maybe mommy will visit yes? And I haven't seen "DADDY" in foreversies EITHER!!! SEE YOU SOOOOOOOOOOOOOON TO SHATTER YOUR DREAMS!!! AND HAUNT YOUR NIGHTMARES!!! -ATREYU and THE OTHERS (also KOOK's army)



Irvanshire is Under Attack!

Battlefront Updates From the Quill of General Mondolo Kervantis

Usually, I would have my scribe take care of this for me, but these are very serious matters, and I wanted you all to know that they are getting my full attention.

Lately, as you all know, men in the colors of Lowex and our old enemy Tohmshire have been sacking caravans and fighting entire towns within the confines of our beloved kingdom. They have murdered, plundered, and burned their way through smaller settlements, though overall, the larger towns, Elmerton included, have done well and beaten back these well organized forces. Lowex claims they have no army near Irvanshire and Tohmshire claims they have neither strife against us nor an army mobilized against us. These are boldfaced lies, as many of our towns and villages can attest to. They are beating the drums of war and advancing on a kingdom that has shown them nothing but good will and hospitality for decades. Lowex, it seems, forgets Irvanshire's role in the development of its kingdom over a hundred years ago and its much needed military and agricultural support during its Famine in year 63. With all this in mind, not even the Trade Embargo recently enacted on their kingdom should be enough to incite war. Patrols in all areas of the kingdom have been stepped up and, so far, we have been very successful at beating back these forces, though more seem to be pouring in. Let this be known to all: Any group of men, large or small, seen wearing Lowexian or Tohmshirian colors are to be killed on sight. A person acting on his own may be arrested and questioned, but anything that can be considered

a fighting force must be destroyed. We are not at full war yet, as our good king has not declared such, but be wary, as it may be an option if Lowex and Tohmshire do not cease their attacks. The bottom line is that we must defend ourselves and our interests at all costs. The second matter is regarding "Project: Deadman." For the last time, such a thing does not exist and these fairytales are not wanted or needed during a time when we could very well soon be at war. While we do not know the author of the work of fiction that was printed in the last messenger we have a very good idea where it came from. Citizens of Elmerton, this is your final warning: stop fanning the flames of panic over a population that does not need it. Focus on our real issues and not the ones you see fit to create thereby scaring the populous for no reason. If these rumors continue to spin out of control with you at the hub, I promise that you will not like the consequences.

On a related note, a band of murders under the name "The Sons of Alaric," have resurfaced. This collection of psychopaths are enemies of the crown and must be snuffed out. Any member or person who claims affiliation with or support of this group is committing treason. These men cannot be trusted. They not only spread lies about this "Project:Deadman," but they will murder and have murdered people they believe to be its "products." Members are to be arrested on sight, that they may answer for their crimes.

These are the updates for now. More will follow as are needed. In defense of the proud kingdom of Irvanshire, I remain yours,
General Mondolo Kervantis

Congratulations to Ghorig Liesh for formally accepting the position of Captain of the Town Watch!

With the loss of Haku and Luther, and the departure of Lex, Balthazaar, and others from the Town Watch, it has become increasingly difficult to fill all of the duty posts. As such, the Town Watch is now seeking recruits.

The current structure of the Town Watch is:

Ghorig	Captain
Kel	Sergeant
Zax	Corporal
Talis	Watchman
Taea	Watchman
Markus	Watchman
Kaleb	Watchman
Aeden	Watchman (on extended leave)
NeEkro	Watchman (on extended leave)

Benefits of serving on the Town Watch

- † Position of authority backed by House Windlock
- † Pay of 4 copper per hour while on duty
- † Census tax exemption
- † Discounted armor and weapon repair
- † First in line at meals if you are on duty
- † Memorial and burial allowance

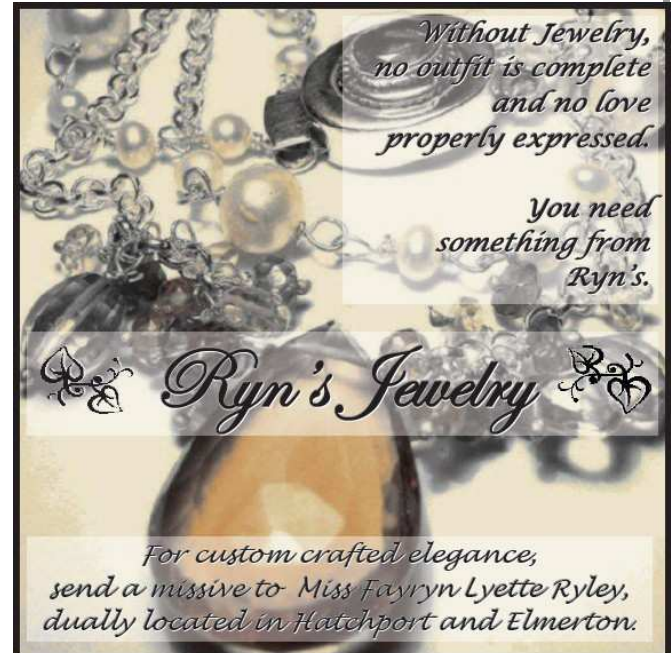
Responsibilities of the Town Watch

- † Enforce the laws of the land, arresting individuals when possible
- † Stand watch to protect the tavern and trading post
- † Patrol the town and deal with any potential trouble, sounding an alarm as needed
- † Coordinate combats and the defense of the town
- † Deputize individuals as needed to effectively complete short term tasks
- † Oversee the sale of goods and collect sales tax from the seller

Requirements for joining the Town Watch

- † Must be present for most (if not all) Court days
- † Ability to engage in combat and perform all above responsibilities
- † Be of good character with no criminal record
- † Literacy is preferred but not required

Anyone interested in joining the Town Watch should speak with Ghorig.



*"Free thyself of thine crime lest thee be
judged guilty!"*

~ The Hangman ~

10 GOLD REWARD

A business man, Samuel, who frequents the town of Elmerton has disappeared. He was last seen in the town of Elmerton but failed to meet with clients afterward. Persons with any information should contact officials in Elmerton. An anonymous party has offered 10 gold for information leading to, or the return of, Samuel.

FREES CANDY!!!

Who liked CANDY? We doos!!! Who liked FREES CANDY? Everybody doos!!! And doos weev gotten some yummy-yummy FREES CANDY 4 yoos!!! That's righty rights, the Sugar Plum Fae of the CANDY Corn Mountains has done the awesomestness ting agained and createded the bestest, greastestest, yummiest, and most deliciousest CANDY 4 yoos!!! BESTEST parts...its FREES!!! In supportings our favoritest kins and their most funnest and fun mostest Fae Games, the Sugar Plum Fae of the CANDY Corn Mountains are traveling- ing ALLLLLLL overed Irvanshire 2 handed out FREES CANDY samplelers to ALLLLLLL peoples cause ALLLLLLL peoples LOVES CANDY!!!! YAHHHH, FREES CANDY!!!!

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.

- Determine how Tshurkurka is using the gypsy Blood Beads to sever the family protection of gypsies that receive them, and uncover how to destroy him or exile him back into the Void.
- Determine how the Dark Tree near the Fae circle is linked to the three Light Creatures, to the Evernight Forest, why it continues to draw in spirits, and how to fix it. Also, study the black gems, which appear to be Dreamstones, which were obtained by some individuals when they came through the Evernight Forest to arrive in Elmerton.
- 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.
- Search for the missing Light Creatures who have left their sanctuary without a trace.
- Discover what really happened to Haku, Ivan, Izen, and the Incarnation of Vengeance.
- Study the Nah'Zah'Rin (the black creatures that have 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.
- 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.
- Research how to grant Byron clarity of mind and a final rest, possibly using a toad wood circle.



The 23rd night of Newgreen shall forever live in my mind.

At dawn, the reserve companies of House Windlock were mustered. We waited all day for the word to step out; finally, just before sundown, we were unleashed. We took our positions just a few miles west of Elmerton along a quiet woodland creek. Hours past as we waited for the Orcs; the silence was torture. As the sun dipped below the hills, the shadows of the forest slowly surrounded us and ushered in the impending night. For a time, we almost thought the bastards wouldn't show. Then, at long last, we saw our call to war.

A flaming arrow blazed out of the dark tree tops and arced across the twilight sky. My heart paused. We watched the soaring arrow for a still moment; then, our fiery signal plunged through the branches and landed just a few yards away. As we watched the silhouettes of Orcs looked about in confusion the crimson glow quickly faded and then we realized that we were the closest to the signal arrow. If we charged, we would be on our own till the rest of the company arrived. But, if we waited the Orcs would slip away into the night; and that, we could not allow. Our time had come.

Our grizzly sergeant let out an uneasy breath. He told us it was time to do what we all came here to do: it was time to kill some Orcs. We drew our blades, readied our spears, and hurried across the whispering stream before the Orcs could slip away.

I can't remember everything, but the fighting got bloody fast. We did catch the wretched creatures by surprise; but, our support was still on the way. After a few moments, dozens of Orcs surrounded us. The next thing I knew, I was wounded and standing alone. The rest of my squad had been cut down and the Orcs were coming for me. I quickly prayed to the Incarnations for mercy; then prepared to make my last stand. That was when the flash of blinding light came.

I remember trying to shield my eyes, but it was no use. At first I thought I had died. Then I heard the Orcs shouting in a panic and I realized, not only was I still alive, but the light had surprised the Orcs as well. I heard them pull back and soon an eerie silence descended upon the forest. Standing alone, I listened to the soft chimes of the stream and my sight gradually returned. I could make out the shapes of trees and my fallen comrades. Then, I saw a strange figure kneeling next to the sprawled body of my fallen sergeant. With its left hand the figure gently closed my sergeant's lifeless eyes and then turned to face me. I stepped back in horror.

My blood had been boiling from battle, but upon seeing this shepherd of death my heart was chilled with fear. His cloak of dulled gold wrapped him in a cold embrace and his skin looked as if the warmth in his soul had been snuffed out. His cold eyes were drained of life and they looked upon me in judgment. A chilling moment passed, and I trembled as I looked upon his stern face. When he spoke, his deep voice was stalked by an eerie rasp and I felt my soul quake. "While you still can, go," he commanded. "Leave this place and do not look back."

I glanced at the icy faces of my fallen comrades; I could only pray that some could still be saved. My heart blazed with a bold fire and I took up my sergeant's shield. Taking a defiant stand over my brothers, I said "No." My knees shook with dread but my heart was steadfast. The figure before me stood up, his haunting eyes narrowed.

"They died so you could live. Do not throw away your life so carelessly."

He was right; they died for me and they died for each other. For a moment I thought about fleeing before their sacrifices would be in vain. I still had a chance before the Orcs returned. Then an unbearable shame wrapped my heart like the darkness of night; I could not abandon them. I owed them my life. Looking at the visitor before me, I told him how we had all sworn oaths: either we would leave the field of battle as one, or not at all. He tilted his head as if he were contemplating my words. Then, gravely, he said, "So be it." That was just before the Orcs returned.

The Orcs and I had finally recovered from the burst of radiant light. Now, a gang of their warriors returned to finish us off. Bearing my wounds, I took a stand between the Orcs and my dear fallen brothers. The haunting visitor just stood like a spectator as the Orcs closed in. Alone, all I could do was delay the inevitable. I raised my shield and gripped my spear as if it were life itself. Orcs descended upon me without mercy, nearly half a dozen of them. I blocked and deflected as many attacks as I could, but there were just too many and when an axe bit deep into my ribs I staggered back and knew the end had come.

Suddenly, my body surged with power. My wounds closed, my muscles grew, and the fire of my heart flared into an inferno that consumed the Orcs. I lashed out against the beasts and felled two of them with spear thrusts to the throat. Dropping my spear, I reached for a sword and fearlessly closed in against the rest of my foes; I fought as if I were possessed by a hero. This power made me into ten times the man I was. The

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(Continued from page 8)

Orcs grew frantic after I gutted the biggest one of their group. I pushed the beast to the ground and severed its ugly head before assaulting the next Orc. Before I realized what happened, all of the Orcs around me were dead; I looked around for another foe to fight but there were none. I twisted my blade before ripping it from the chest of the last Orc.

As I looked back to my fallen brothers I was relieved to see none of them were defiled by the Orcs; somehow, I did it. Then I noticed that the body of my fallen sergeant had been moved. The mysterious visitor was once again kneeling next to his body and adjusting the corpse into a respectful position. The sergeant's hands grasped a sword that was placed on his chest; all this the grim visitor did with his left hand alone. Then, the visitor leaned close to ear of the dead sergeant and spoke in a chilling whisper. I couldn't hear what was said, but the scene saddened my soul. As I looked at the hollow face of my slain sergeant I couldn't help but notice a likeness in the lifelessness between him and this mysterious being. "He won't be retuning, will he?" I asked somberly as I looked over the corpse of my friend.

Coldly, the visitor replied, "He doesn't need to." Then he looked at me with those accursed lifeless eyes that still haunt my dreams. I felt something when he looked at me, as if we shared a similar heroic presence. Then I realized what had happened, he was source of the power that came to my aid.

After a moment, the visitor gave me a slight nod and then started walking away. Before he got far, I cried out, "What can I do?"

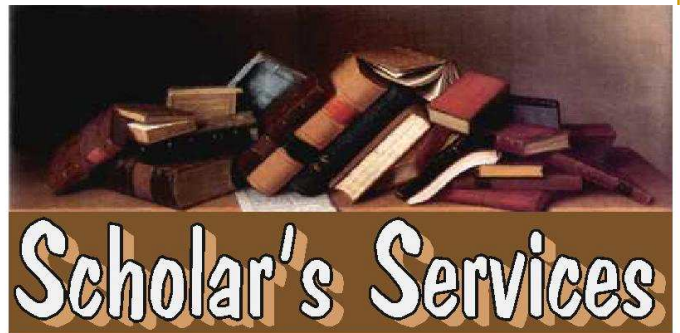
He paused, and as the wind rippled his cloak the few remaining golden fibers sparkled. "Remain vigilant," he said, and then he slipped into the darkness of the night.

Soon, I saw the torches and heard the rest of the fighting as I stood by my brothers. When our support finally arrived they said that the Orcs were caught completely by surprise and that we had made a crushing blow against them. The healers tended to the fallen and, thankfully, most survived. Our sergeant was buried with honors the next day.

Few have believed my story about the visitor; my friends simply believe that I held the Orcs off alone. But others saw the burst of light from a distance. I don't know who the visitor was or what brought him to the field, but I do know that I would have fallen that night if he had not come. If anyone can explain to me what happened that night please speak with me.

Thank you.

Corporal Edgard W.
Windlock Reserve Company II



Scholar's Services

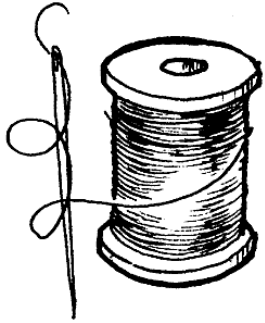
Services of several scholars available in the Town of Elmerton. Please contact Vincent Scott, Kenpochie, Mathias or Tegwald Dunham for more information. Reasonable rates, as low as at cost for worthy causes.



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

You must keep this thing, its loss will affect your brothers. For once yours is lost, it will soon be lost by others. What is it?

What has six legs, two heads, four ears, two hands, but walks on four feet?



Seloin's Stichery

Hail and well met. I am an apprentice tailor and may be able to help you with several things. What I can do and the cost for the service are listed below:

Mending Services:

-Mend a small rip or tear (less than 2 inches)..... 1cp

-Mend a large rip or tear (2 inches and up)..... 2cp

(there will be an additional charge of 1cp for each inch after 2)

Note: Please allow sufficient time for repairs, we all know how Elmerton can be.

Created Items:

-Money Pouch/Components Pouch..... 1sp

(I will have a limited amount in stock when I return to town, if you wish one reserved, write me a letter)

-Satchel/Sack..... 5sp

(All special satchels and sacks must be pre-ordered, with your specifications attached to the letter. I will try to have one or two in stock when I return to town)

-Plain Tunic..... 8sp

(Must be pre-ordered, no exceptions, specify color, size, etc and allow time for creation, thank you)

Come and see me if you wish me to attempt anything else for you.

REWARD

5 gold reward for information leading to the capture of Tersa 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.

REWARD STILL STANDS!

250 SILVER NOBLES FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE ELUSIVE THIEF WHO REMAINS AT LARGE AND MOST LIKELY IN HIDING SOMEWHERE IN THE VICINITY OF THE TOWN OF ELMERTON. WANTED FOR THE ASSAULT OF ONE OF OUR STAFF MEMBERS BACK IN HARVESTWANE OF LAST YEAR AND THE THEFT OF A GREEN AND YELLOW GEMSTONE BRACELET OF LITTLE TO NO WORTH.

SHOULD YOU SEE OR HEAR OF ANYONE IN POSSESSION OF SUCH A BAUBLE PLEASE CONTACT ONE OF THE OWNERS OF **THE TAVERN WITH NO NAME** AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. YOUR TIME AND EFFORTS WILL BE HANDSOMELY COMPENSATED BASED ON THE PERTINENCE OF THE INFORMATION PROVIDED.

WE STUTTER NOT WHEN WE SAY, "GIVE UP THE RUSE, YOU WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING, FOR YOUR HOUR APPROACHES AND THE MAN IN THE HOOD IS COMING FOR YOU!"

MCKRAKEN & MACGUINNESS
OWNERS & PROPRIETORS OF
THE TAVERN WITH NO NAME

greetings elmertonianS.

i am kook!!! bwaahaaaaa!!!!

as you already are made very well aware from my big brother atreyu my army is coming with us!! i put my ear to the ground of magesta and heard silence from elmerton! this shall go on no further my dear companions!! oh how i have missed the screams of terror and fear and how my army and i shall keep you company all threw out the year!! we will watch you when you eat, when you sleep, and when you drink!!! no corner of elmerton left untouched as we make our mother so very proud!!!! the only way to live is threw fear and that, i promise elmertonianS i shall grant you!!! mirati im trying to write a very scary message to elmerton what are you doing no its my paper and my quill well the librarian didn't need it after what you did with his hand mirati put that knife down stop distracting me mirati your making me write everything i say now good i hope your happy you have ruined everything no no nooooooooooooo but it ahhgggghhhhhhhhhhh that hurts!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

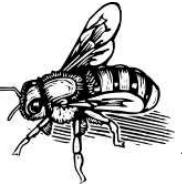
look what you've done.

-yourS in fear

-kook

ack now theres librarian hand blood on the paper good job mirati yes think it in mirati i hope your happy they better still accept this or ill find out what that slow beating sound inside there chest is oh... am i still writing..well this is new to me quit it!!

-end-



Local Brewer Busted!

On the 15th day of Petalsong Bernard Honeywell arrived at the home of his parents, Nathan and Leann Honeywell, in the early mornings hours to discover a most disturbing sight, his parents had been made prisoners of their own home and slaves to a local brewer and scoundrel, Sylas Spítwicky. Bernard, a resident of Port Hensworth, had journeyed from the distant port city after not having heard from his elderly parents since late last summer. Upon arriving at the family farm, Bernard knew instantly that something was amiss by how agitated the livestock was.

"Sure, bees sting ya once in a while, but it ain't normal for a whole swarm to go after a person unless they feel the hive is threatened!" declared Honeywell junior who carried the wounds of dozens of bee stings. He went on to say, "The house, on the other hand, appeared completely normal from the outside, but when I got to the front door I was certain something was wrong. There was a new lock on the door that hadn't been there before. I knocked, in fact I pounded on the door for a long while but no one answered so I peered in through one of the windows, and that's when I got worried. The place was a wreck and there were crates and barrels stacked everywhere as though my parents' home was being used for storage or something."

Panicked by his findings, Bernard broke down the door and called out for his parents, but no response came. He began searching the small cottage for answers, "Most of mom and dad's things were gone as if they had moved, but they would never leave the farm, not without telling me first! Bee-keeping and honey making has been my family's livelihood for generations. They wouldn't just abandon everything like that. Something had to happen to them!"

Terrified by the thoughts of what could have befallen his parents, Bernard became distraught and took out his frustration on one of the many stacks of crates, "Mom and Dad were gone and I had no idea what happened to them. I was so angry I picked up one of the crates and smashed it on the floor. Inside were glass jugs of meade that shattered and spilt all over. I remember it vividly because it was the first time I learned of the name Spítwicky. A name I won't forget until that scum is captured and strung up by his neck for what he did to my parents!"

Their son's rage is what also led to their rescue for, hearing the commotion above, Nathan and Leann called out from the cellar below where they had been imprisoned by Spítwicky. Responding to their cries, Bernard rushed to the trap door which was buried behind a wall of crates, but found it also barred and locked.

Fetching a pry bar, young Honeywell ripped the barrier from its very hinges and freed poor, old couple from their dungeon cell.

Nathan and Leann Honeywell had suffered terribly at the cruel hands of their captor, Sylas Spítwicky, who had knocked on their door one day back in last Stillbreeze claiming to be a down on his luck farmhand looking for work. The kind hearted folk that the Honeywells were accepted the young man who Leann commented, "...reminded them of their son, Bernard." Little did they know he would attack them in their sleep a few nights later, tie them in their own basement and starve and beat them should they not do as he demanded and make the mead he has become locally renowned for.

The Honeywells are safe now under the protection of their son Bernard, but the emotional scars they have suffered may never heal completely. Besides helping his parents rebuild their lives as beekeepers and regain some sense of normality, Bernard is also seeking that Sylas Spítwicky, a most heinous and despicable of scoundrels, be brought to justice. Although this family has little to offer as reward, the Honeywells have promised a lifetime supply of, "...the best damn honey in Irvanshire!" to the one who captures the man who stung them so deeply.



FAREWELL TO BROTHER BURNS?

WE, THE OWNERS AND PROPRIETORS OF THE TAVERN & INNE WITH NO NAME, WOULD LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO CONGRATULATE LOCAL MONK, BROTHER BURNS, IN HIS MOST FORTUNATE, ASS-BACKWARDS FALL INTO ROYALTY AND LANDING HIMSELF A PRINCESS FOR A BRIDE. ALTHOUGH WE ARE UNCERTAIN AS TO HOW A "MAN OF THE CLOTH" FINDS HIMSELF IN SUCH FAVOR WITH FORTUNE, WE NEVERLESS HAVE LEARNED NOT TO QUESTION THE CHOICES OF THE LADY OF LUCK, OR PRINCESS MAWG FOR THAT MATTER.

THAT SAID, WE WOULD LIKE TO INVITE "ALL YE MEN OF LESSER...FAITH" TO A NIGHT OF DRUNKEN DEBAUCHERY AND TOMFOOLERY AS WE SEND ONE OF OUR OWN OFF ON HIS VOYAGE OF THE DAMNED ON THE EVENING OF GATHERDAY, PETALSONG 29TH.

SO BRING YOUR FRIENDS! BRING YOUR MONEY! BRING YOUR FRIEND'S MONEY! THE TAB IS ON US AS WELL AS THE GRUB AND NOBODY LEAVES EMPTY HANDED. GENTLEMEN, AND WE USE THE TERM LOOSELY, YOU WILL **NOT** WANT TO MISS OUT ON ALL THAT IS TO BE HAD AND EVEN IF THIS IS NOT YOUR THING WE ARE CONFIDENT THAT ARRANGEMENTS CAN BE MADE SO THAT YOU WILL RECONSIDER.

MCKRAKEN & MACGUINNESS,
OWNERS AND PROPRIETORS OF THE
"PLACE WHERE BOYS BECOME MEN!"

-By order of Baron Falstoke-

Wanted ALIVE:

Middle Aged Male Dark Elf with Unusual Markings on
Face and Chest

Armed, Dangerous, and Skilled in the School of Magestry
Last Seen Traveling South from The Lakeshires

For:

The Murder of:

House Falstoke Guards, A Spirit Hunter, Several Civilians, ect...

Several Strikes Of:

Assault on a Noble, Assault on a Guardsman,
Assault on a Civilian, Use of Poison, Kidnapping, & Resisting Arrest
Reward of 12 Gold Crowns to the person(s) who delivers the Dark Elf

Alive, Unconscious, and Intact

-OR-

Reward of 3 Gold Crowns for information that leads to the
immediate apprehension of the fugitive

To claim the reward, contact Baron Falstoke at the Falstoke Manor in Port Hensworth

'Twas a dawn as majestic as the rising phoenix when Sir Felix Stellacci marched forth from his manor house. His blue and yellow war cloak was trimmed with silver and softly fluttered in the morning breeze. The noble colors of his family matched those on his tunic and he wore them with pride. Centered on the brave knight's tabard was the crest of his family, the undying phoenix. Raging wings of fire were raised high as the legendary bird soared from the flames of the past.

Sir Felix's blue eyes were as foreboding as the hottest flames and as unwavering as the great Icewind Mountains. Richer than the earth of the Great Plains, his oaken hair swayed like a lush field in cool morning air. His face was chiseled in the image of the warriors of old and was blessed with the boldness of youth. The sword of his fathers was sheathed at his side and his armor, crafted by the finest artificers in all the South Farthings, glowed as it was bathed in the sun's first rays.

Emboldened by the presence of the mighty Sir Felix, the mounted warriors of house Stellacci raised their spears in salute to their lord. The grandest steed of all was made ready by the squires and the powerful animal awaited its fearless master. Sir Felix approached his warriors and exchanged a hearty greeting with each. Soon they would ride to war together. At last, the noble knight prepared to mount but was delayed by a loving call from behind him. The child's rosy hair was tied back with a blue ribbon and her innocent face was sprinkled with freckles. If each was mark that she would live a year of happiness, then the child would live to be a thousand and shed a tear. Her yellow dress was caught up in the same breath of nature as her father's war cloak. The chivalrous warrior stepped away from his mount and waded through the host of soldiers in order to reach his virtuous daughter. She made him promise to return. The knight swore on his family's honor that he would not fail. With that, she undid the bow around her hair and tied it around her father's armored wrist. She kissed him on the cheek and the knight burned the lovely sigh of her into his soul so that he would never be without her.

Sir Felix mounted for war,
and under the mighty standard of house Stellacci he rode with his warriors to the North.

~Silver



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 im-
age that will clarify exactly what you want
before actual construction begins.*

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

**REMEMBER TO SEND
YOUR SUBMISSIONS
TO**

Newsletter@Magestry.com

**DEADLINE IS ONE
WEEK AFTER THE END
OF EVERY EVENT!**

PLAYER REPRESENTATIVE ELECTION

It is time, once again, to vote for the players that you think are most knowledgeable in the rules of the game, most exemplary maintainers of the Magestic atmosphere, best ready to aid other players in understanding those rules and holding true to that atmosphere, and best able to adequately represent you to the staff. Those are the duties of a Player Representative, and as eight of them are about to finish their terms, we are in need of six more.

Player Representatives are elected by PCs and NPCs alike to serve a term of two years, so the six people elected this summer will serve until the summer of 2011. Also, with the recent declaration of Peter Dey as a Permanent NPC, his position as Player Rep needs to be filled, so rather than electing 6 people, you will be able to select up to 7. The six people who receive the most votes will serve the normal 2-year period, and the 7th place winner will serve out the remainder of Pete's term, which ends in the summer of 2010. Normally when a Player Rep steps down, his or her replacement is chosen by the staff, but because we are holding an election now, we decided to put the decision into your hands instead.

Permanent NPCs (list can be found at Magestry.com) and the following 5 players are *not* currently eligible for election:

PLAYER REPS UNTIL SUMMER OF 2010

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

However, the following Player Representatives are about to end their terms and *are* eligible for re-election*:

PLAYER REPS UNTIL SUMMER OF 2009

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

*Mike Kinnally is about to end his time as a Permanent NPC and is also eligible.

So, the polls are now open! Cast your votes for up to 7 people. You cannot cast more than one vote for the same person, but you are allowed to vote for yourself. If you cast more than 7 votes, your ballot will be discarded and you will be asked to vote again. If you cast less than 7, you cannot add additional votes later. Votes, once cast, cannot be changed.

The polls will close at the end of the day on Wednesday, July 1st, 2009. You may submit your ballot in writing or by email to Vote@Magestry.com. Either way, you must include your own name on the ballot so we know who it is from.

Exercise the only democratic right you have in this feudal monarchy. Vote!

BEAVER DAY BECKONS!

On Saturday, June 6, 2009, Magestry will be lending its hands once more to Chesterfield Scout Reservation for it's biggest annual service day, known as Beaver Day. The day begins at 9AM in the camp dining hall (module building) and ends at around 4PM. At the beginning of May, Magestry brought a herd of helpers to Moose Day (Thanks, everyone! We moved more pine than Home Depot!); let's see if we can get an even better turnout for Beaver Day. Remember that Brownie Point awards for service days are always first class. Ding!

The camp is providing lunch for us, but they need to know our numbers, so please email Paul at Beaver@Magestry.com and let him know what hours you can join us.



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 Newgreen '09

Here are our picks for the best of the April 24th-26th, 2009 event:

By overwhelming PEL votes this month, our **Best PC** award goes to **Brian Swedis** for his introductory performance as **Dorien ArmBrewster**! PCs and NPCs alike were wowed by his ability to jump into and become a part of Magesta like it was nothin'. His friendliness and enthusiasm (in role playing and in battle) were pleasant surprises to see from such a new Magestan, and his clean fighting paired with role-playing his hits extremely well made him a lot of fun to fight. Welcome, Brian, and great job!

This month we would like to award **Best NPC** an NPC we have not seen in while, but would like to see much more of: **Tim Gigliotti**! He came to the game full of energy and ready to crunch his heart out... and did he ever. Tim spent upwards of 5 hours in the woods on Saturday, stalking the leaves and trees of Elmerton in a hot, drippy mask. His only complaint? He didn't find anyone to fight. He was also responsible for a fantastic mod later that night and helped out a bunch behind the scenes. It's great to have you back, Tim! Now, STAY! ... And Thanks!

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.

PDabble Games

PO Box 1037
Middlebury, CT 06762

MAGESTRY'8 Next Event is
May 29th-31st, 2009

At Chesterfield Scout Reservation in Chesterfield, MA

The fee for the next event is \$60 for PCs (\$55 if ***received*** by May 22nd) 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 Event Schedule

May 29-31, 2009 (Chesterfield)

August 28-30, 2009 (Chesterfield)

September 25-27, 2009 (Chesterfield)

October 16-18, 2009 (Chesterfield)

November 13-15, 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