



# THE MAGESTIC MESSENGER

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

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## Of Dead Men and Heroes...

Spirits that roam the wilds of these lands, rest a while and find comfort in this story. For on the 28<sup>th</sup> eve of Bloodthaw, in the small town of Elmerton, Fortune smiled a few brave souls.

As the sun set on a blood red sky behind hills of trees, darkness washed over the lands. Daylight was receding fast and it served as a warning to the citizens of Elmerton; when the sun was replaced by the ever watchful moon, their magical defenses would finally fade. Constructs known as Perfects horded around the Winning Spirit like a pack of hungry wolves, waiting for their chance to strike. Every hour more constructs arrived and the brave citizens of Elmerton waited in silent terror. There was no escape, and soon there would be no waiting. Some prepared themselves for the frenzy that would erupt when the magical cage faded, some bid their loved ones farewell, while others prayed that the promise of help would be honored.

Whatever destiny Fate had planned for Elmerton would have to wait, because beneath the rising moon's silvery glow, Fortune's kiss was carried through the air when the cry rang out, "For the Sons of Alaric!" The cry was echoed a hundred times over when a storm of men surged into the horde of constructs. The one named Brandal, a revered leader of the brave Sons of Alaric, reached the door step of the Winning Spirit to find that the heroes of Elmerton had answered the call to battle. The two forces repelled the Perfects with steel and spell and then pushed up the hill to lift the siege on House Tav'endros' manor.

House Tav'endros had already been breached, fires were raging in the eastern quarters and combat rang through the deepest halls. Brandal and his warriors encircled the manor and weathered the siege of Perfects while the heroes of Elmerton charged into the manor house to join the family in retaking their home. Although house Tav'endros' glory days had long passed, these descendants wielded their silver blades with unequalled expertise; they would not allow the home of their ancestors to fall. The noble family was secured and the manor was quickly turned into a stronghold for the heroes of Elmerton and the Sons of Alaric. The assault of Perfects was relentless, but the banded forces had reclaimed Tav'endros manor and now stood as one.

As the night settled in and the moon rose high, strange and wild creatures joined the ranks of the Perfects. The endless assault had trapped the Sons of Alaric and the heroes of Elmerton in the manor house. Fortune smiled upon the band of warriors further still, for when the siege looked to be its worst, there was yet a light. A burst of blinding light erupted from outside the manor house, and when the horde of Perfects and constructs turned toward the flash they saw the sun. The crimson sun of House Donato fluttered from silvery standards as Lord Haebius led his guard through the portal anchor and onto the field of battle.

The Perfects were now caught between two mighty forces and the Sons of Alaric were all too eager to deliver the death blow. Brandal led the charge and his furry on the field was just as unmatchable as the discipline of House Donato. The Perfects never yielded and fought like monsters; they claimed scores of men before they were finally vanquished.

As the last Perfect fell, Haebius Donato ascended a mound of butchered constructs to address the Sons of Alaric, the Heroes of Elmerton, and the warriors of House Tav'endros. He boldly stood atop the mound and commended everyone for their valor and heroism. He gave honor to fallen and explained that their deaths were not in vain, for the end of Project Deadman was nigh. He spoke of a second army that was already moving against Project Deadman, an army composed of Spirit Hunters from a dozen different orders that heard the calling and came to Elmerton to answer it. Haebius called upon all the warriors gathered around to join him in marching to the aid of the Spirit Hunters; marching to the down fall of Project Deadman; marching to victory!

A great cry filled the air and stoked the fires of courage in everyman. The war drums of House Donato called the warriors into a battle line and the Sons of Alaric joined them. As the Heroes of Elmerton took their places among the warriors, House Tav'endros kept the bulk of its force in reserve and secured the manor house and portal anchor. The warriors marched onward into the night 'neath the pale radiance of the moon and the bold sun of House Donato.

Of the Spirit Hunter orders that heeded the call to arms, none were as renowned as the Order of Light. And from that order hailed Marshall Daetanis, the zealous spiritual warrior who was chosen to command the army of Spirit Hunters. The Order of Light broke its long years of silence by dedicating the most number of Spirit Hunters to this cause and Daetanis was the best of them. His second in command was Spirit Hunter Champion Korva from the Sisters of the Stars. She wielded a magical great sword and led her sisters with unwavering fervor. Many Purifiers and lone Spirit Hunters joined the gathering to unite in a common purpose; the downfall of Project Deadman.

The Spirit Hunters pushed through waves of Perfects by combining their mastery of combat with a devotion to healing. The arrival of House Donato and the Sons of Alaric swelled their ranks and the united force pushed forward with devastating vehemence. Scouts reported that a group of Lycanthropic constructs were moving to outflank the army and retake the portal anchor from House Lavendros; but the creatures never arrived.

The army's costly advance had brought it to a clearing in the wilderness where a fire roared and hooded figures conducted a ritual. Mighty Brandal shouted out that the ritual must be stopped and he led the Sons of Alaric forward. But, Project Deadman was not without warriors of its own. A horrifying line of demonic Ultimates met Brandal's advance and tore into the Sons of Alaric with ease. The Heroes of Elmerton wielded enchanted blades and gradually fell the first Ultimate, but it was a costly task. The Ultimates had brought the advance to a dead stop and Perfects moved in to encircle the army. Things began to look grim, and then the worst happened.

The hooded figures cast their dark spells, causing fallen warriors to rise to their feet and turn upon their comrades. Dead warriors rose throughout the army and caused the ordered ranks of House Donato to crumble. The Sons of Alaric spat curses as they were forced to turn their blades against their fallen comrades. The army was being overwhelmed and for every heroic warrior that was slain, a freshly animated warrior took his place. Haebius Donato gave word that the portal anchor was under siege and ordered his guard to withdraw. Brandal and his brothers were surrounded and had no hope of escape.

Marshall Daetanis ordered Korva to take her sisters and protect House Donato's withdrawal. The Heroes of Elmerton raced for the portal anchor; if the constructs and their dark masters were to take it then they could summon forth more minions. As House Donato and the Sisters of the Stars made a fighting withdrawal, they watched Marshall Daetanis and the Spirit Hunters hold off the risen legion of undead creatures while Brandal and the Sons of Alaric made their stand against the Perfects and Ultimates. They were hopelessly outnumbered, but neither group was willing to stain their honor by yielding.

The Heroes of Elmerton were the first to come to the aid of House Lav'Endros at the portal anchor. There, freakish troll constructs and a swarm of vile ghouls mercilessly tore into the noble defenders. House Donato and Korva's sisters were still a distance away and a runner reported that a group of Perfects were coming down the carriage road. But, once again,, those Perfects never arrived and a scout claimed that those Perfects were annihilated by a group of warriors who wore black tabards adorned with golden swords.

Haebius Donato and his battered army arrived at the portal anchor and fended off the monstrous trolls. Korva and her sisters arrived soon after and said that the Sons of Alaric and the Spirit Hunters had been overrun, soon until the undead horde would march on the portal anchor. Haebius had his warriors prepare for the next assault and dug in, but Korva refused to wait. She marshaled her sisters and any willing volunteers to go to the aid of the Sons of Alaric and the Spirit Hunters. Haebius admired her conviction, but said the army needed to wait till the Magestream refreshed it. The fighting had been long and costly; and sunrise was not far off, but the trapped Sons of Alaric and Spirit Hunters didn't have long.

The Sisters of the Stars rushed through the cold night and arrived at the clearing, where they last saw the Sons of Alaric and their fellow Spirit Hunters. As they moved through the misty air, the sisters stepped over the fallen bodies of Perfects, undead, and warriors alike. The battlefield was a ground of carnage, but now there was nothing. No noise, no figures moving, nothing but the chill in the air and the stench of death.



In the center of the battlefield there was a glow, and as the Sisters closed in on it they saw a sight that brought them to their knees. Their heads fell in a reverent bow as they each muttered a prayer for their fallen comrades. What they saw was a circle of fallen corpses, each belonging to a Spirit Hunter or Son of Alaric and Korva spotted the mutilated body of Marshall Daetanis. At the heart of the circle, past the fallen Spirit Hunters, there was a glowing standard and two figures sitting on the ground; one figure was holding the other. The glowing standard belonged to the Order of Light and the two survivors were a young Spirit Hunter whose face was washed with tears and the unconscious body of Brandal, champion of the Sons of Alaric.

The young Spirit Hunter dispelled his circle of protection and allowed the sisters to tend to Brandal's wounds. When he was asked what had happened the Spirit Hunter had to fight back his tears. He said that Brandal fell in combat against an Ultimate and then Daetanis reclaimed his body. He said that the Order of Light planted their standard and told the young Spirit Hunter to keep Brandal's body and the standard safe, no matter the cost. The Spirit Hunters and Sons of Alaric held off the undead, the Perfects, and the Ultimates until their last breath, and even after. He spoke of how, as the spirit hunters were weakening, Daetanis had led them all in a combining spell. They all joined hands and faced the oncoming horde. Daetanis declared that, while this may be the final stand for the Order of Light, it would also be the beginning of the end of Project Deadman. He then invoked the name of Vorkarian to shout a mighty spell into the light of the coming dawn: that their deaths would strengthen all spirit hunters who fought Project Deadman. As the horde reached their circle, the men remained still, and when the creatures drove their swords through the chests of the spirit hunters, wisps of pale light were released, swirling together on their journey toward the sky. The bodies of the spirit hunters fell, but their spirits rose from them and fought on with relentless vengeance. They waded through the undead and perfects, cutting them down by the dozen; no creature could stand before the vengeful spirits. They dispatched the undead horde quickly, and shortly after, an ethereal figure in a gold robe visited their fading spirits as they departed the World of Magesta, leaving behind only their lifeless bodies.

It was at the closing of the young spirit hunter's tale that the chilling sound of clicking bones echoed throughout the night. The sisters peered through the mists and beheld an army of Skeletons and Perfects marching towards them. The wounded Brandal, who was mourning his fallen warriors and cursing Daetanis for denying him a warrior's death by their side, finally rose to his feet. He began to laugh, he found humor in Skeletons; he said that whatever agents Project Deadman had here, they must be desperate to finish him off.

Brandal and Korva's sisters stood their ground by the Order of Light's glowing standard. They met the Skeletons charge and held fast against their overwhelming foe. Korva and her sisters felt their spirits soar as they battled the Perfects, it was as if they were being guided by their fallen comrades spirits and heeding their words hardened the sisters spirits. They also came to notice that they were then able to resist the strikes of Perfects by the righteous power of their spirits, an ability that, while it had always worked against normal undead, had never worked against Perfects. Something had changed. As the battle waged on, a familiar sight dawned in the east, it was a blood red sunrise and the marching standard of House Donato. The warriors of House Donato were not only rejuvenated by the Magestream, but their spirits soared with the sight of their sacred sun. The army charged forth and hammered into the side of the Skeleton horde, soon annihilating the undead. The Spirit Hunters and House Donato gathered around the field of fallen heroes. Haebius Donato shared news that thanks to the Heroes of Elmerton, over thirty cultists of Project Deadman were killed just after the passing of the Magestream. They had been held up in a cave not far away and no one could get close till the Skeletons and Perfects were eliminated. Brandal let out a sigh and coldly stated that those were the last of the constructs in the area then; or at least for now.

The bodies of the Spirit Hunters and the Sons of Alaric were honored and put to rest on the field in which they fell. The sole surviving Spirit Hunter of the Order of Light declared that his Order's standard would remain on the field, and he would spend the rest of his life watching over the graves of his fallen brothers and the standard of his Order. Haebius Donato expressed his sorrow for the loss of so many brave warriors in the Sons of Alaric and Spirit Hunters, he called it a blow that Magesta would never recover from; but it was also a sacrifice that ushered in a new future and the coming downfall of Project Deadman.

Spirits, know this tale and rest. By these words may you know that your deeds are not forgotten and your sacrifices are honored by many.

## Obituary for Helik Windsaber: Savior of Magesta and Knight of Gwendolar

Helik Windsaber died in Elmerton on the afternoon of the 15<sup>th</sup> of Boneharvest, in the year 119 of the Age of Fortune, at the hands of Morkanthos and the Knights of Nocturne. The Incarnation of Death was kind enough to bring him back to say goodbye, which he did during the Ceremony of Remembrance held in Elmerton near midnight on the 26<sup>th</sup> of Bloodthaw.

The best memory I have of Helik is when he fought the great deceiver Villarious at the end of the Age of Arrival. Seeing his brother Galynn disarmed, pinned, and moments away from having his soul destroyed, Helik channeled all of his ability and power and sent it over to him. Villarious struck Galynn, and he disappeared with a small flash. As the battle continued around the area, Villarious turned to Helik and said, "He is gone." Helik replied, "Then I will mourn him when this is over – but not before you are defeated." Because of Helik, we did not lose hope, Galynn was saved, Villarious was finally vanquished, and Magesta was protected.

Helik had a noble soul, and always acted for the good of others, even to his very end. When we were last together, he told me to protect the shrine to Gwenedolar for as long as possible, and then strode out of the circle to confront Morkanthos directly. The dark figure was maliciously commanding his knights, and Helik bellowed out a challenge to honor combat. An orange drakian accepted the challenge on behalf of his dark master, and then I lost sight of them. Sadly, Fortune saw that fight as the end of his tale.

Although his story is over, memories of Helik will remain for years. At his Ceremony of Remembrance, Helik asked us to remember him happily. He is an inspiration to me, and an example to us all – not only by showing us how to act on what we believe, but by proving that doing so can make the world a better place.

## Jin's Grand Tournament: The greatest competition on Magesta!

This moon is a team battle, so go out and find a partner.

Sign ups for the game will start on the 16<sup>th</sup> and the matches will start on the 17<sup>th</sup> at three bells past noon. This event will be two silver per team to enter. The team will fight 'til they drop with no level based spells allowed. Also, no immobilizing spells such as confuse, sleep, or paralyze will be allowed. Partially immobilizing spells such as entangle and fumble are permissible. Fighters are not allowed to help other teams or fight their own teammate that means no charming or mind controlling people! At all times you must listen to Jin in the arena, his word goes over all. Prizes will be awarded at the end of the event including a cash prize. Lets see if Jack can hold on to his championship.

If you need help finding your entry fee or a partner, Jin is willing to match people up .

### Top Ranking Fighters in Elmerton:

1. Jack Garren (House Champion)
2. Rennolar Silentread
3. Hoodwink, Kraven, William, Walden, and Rakesh



## On Community

Elmerton is a community. The best description of a community that I have heard says that a community is a group of people with something in common. For us, what is that?

Those people who can claim to be from Elmerton are a diverse group, encompassing all races, backgrounds, professions, and skills. A meeting about magic may attract a reserved scholar, an enthusiastic fae, a shadow-touched elf, a fiery drakian, and a human possessed by demons. Across the tavern, a dark elf spirit hunter may be discussing spiritual matters with a dire elf necromancer, while nearby, a dark faemin warlord laughs with an elven jeweler and a human blacksmith. Outside, a dwarven warrior may be sparring with a traveling orc duelist, while newly arrived adventurers look on alongside a grumpy veteran.

The events that occur in Elmerton are also varied. A group of farmers may come selling high quality pieces to assemble faelings, while vicious fae wait to ambush gypsies in the woods. Wood trolls and wildmen may try to destroy the town so the area may become a forest once more, while nobility and merchants may come to hold a grand auction. Dark forces of death and blood send in their minions to do their bidding, while beings from other times and places appear for nearly any reason one could think of.

Our reasons for coming to Elmerton are as assorted as fae candy. Some people are just passing through, and after staying for a night, depart quickly and are glad to be rid of the place. Some have heard of Elmerton, and come for personal gain. Others are drawn here to help combat great evils, while still others become caught up in events and have nowhere else to go. Several just want to be part of an adventure for a while, while a few want to record those adventures and spread the tale as far as they can.

So, what do we have in common? While I would like to think that we are all working to make Magesta a better place, I know that is not so. Perhaps most of us are, or perhaps most of us want to advance our personal agendas which sometimes align with opposing the forces of destruction. Regardless, we do not *all* share the same motivation.

I believe that what we have in common is that we choose to reside in Elmerton. Why? Because things happen here. Strange things. Extraordinary things. Things that can destroy or create entire worlds. Things of Legend. For whatever reason, Elmerton is special and we choose to be part of that.

I will grant you that this is perhaps not the best foundation for a community. One only needs to listen to hushed conversations to know that we are not all friends. When so many different people with different motivations are collected in the same place and subjected to regular danger with dire consequences, it is hardly surprising. We have, however, generally had the decency to confront those we dislike instead of letting it fester. Those confrontations, while occasionally heard from across the town, generally resolve things; whether someone changes their behavior or both people agree to disagree, the situation is eventually resolved and no longer distracts from the challenges that cannot be reasoned with. Without this, we are doomed.

If slights are left to fester, and if dislike is given time to turn to hate, then the Legends of Elmerton will no longer be about how we protected Magesta from a great evil. Those will be legends of missed opportunities and what could have been. With the best of us now dead, departed, or on the threshold, I write this as advice to those who will lead this community of heroes when all of us who fought Villarious are gone. I have seen the ability to lead in a few of you, and that is all that is needed. I will not mention names here, as that could snuff out the embers that exist, but you should know who you are.

Take this, then, as encouragement and confidence to take charge. Whether in battle or conversation, in preparation or recovery - if you feel that something should be done, say so! Do not expect to have everyone follow you, and do not be disheartened if you are not always right. If you can lead a group of your friends, you will gain the respect of others, and may even save their lives. And do not wait for me to leave - Lead Now.

Rakesh

*(Dictated by Jack Garren and Scribed by Mathias Nathaniel Eckhartt)*

*On Fortune Day the 28th of Bloodthaw I, Acting Captain Jack Garren, attempted to murder Ardent Siegfried of Gothrok, I dictate this letter in the hopes of explaining why.*

*On Wakingday the 27th of Bloodthaw, the town was beset by a murderous rampage of the undead. Many passed through Death's door, some twice. All the while, the Ardent was walking among the murdering fiends and, I am sad to report, aiding them. He escorted our murderers around town giving them information and even opening magically locked doors which directly lead to several deaths.*

*I was spoken to by many of the towns folk who brought to my attention many other accusations, including that Siegfried had personally raised Jynx and aided Project Deadman in its creation of these abominations over the course of several years.*

*Being the acting captain of the town watch and knowing the implausibility of detaining a hopper, I acted upon the town's urgings and paralyzed the ardent the following morning with the intention of running him through. He was able to escape with some sort of dimensional magic and, at the moment of this writing, I do not know what has become of him.*



*I acted in the best interest of the town, because although the Ardent has been of aid to the town in the past, there is no room here for anyone who would betray the town in such a way as he has done. I will name no co-conspirators and will ask no one specifically to come to my defense. I will take the full burden of whatever punishment that the Kingdom or the Allegiant deem necessary. I wish it had not come to this but I stand by my choice as it was the right thing to do and the will of the town.*

*Jack Garren*

## An Appeal for Restraint

In the fall I saw a friend die; in a frightening instant he was destroyed. His killer was dead within the minute; his killer was also a friend. Evidence on the scene suggests something strange about the incident including possible exonerating clues that the battlefield death sentence removed forever, we may never know why it happened. Justice is served on a tray of motive, but what if the reason can never be ascertained? Tragedy and vengeance cut with similar blades.

Battlefield choices leave little room for mercy; on the edge of life and death every mistake is your last chance to get it wrong. The fray often calls for decisive actions but sometimes cannot chaos be a mask for treachery?

Every action has consequences, some are permanent. The difference between cutting and killing is not subtle; a cut that leads on to death is unfortunate, purposeful killing is a different matter. Killing has its place if you are finishing a zombie or a skeleton but what if killing and endless hoard of evil makes us too quick to end a human life? When, in the spur of the moment, a person is subjected to the ultimate punishment we cross a line.

Justice can be deliberate; we should capture, hold, try and sentence criminals. We even have the potential to ransom our captives; in the past the King's coffers have been replenished by the gold ransom has earned from foreign monarchs.

Two friends died that day, one is gone forever. Maybe someday we may not be victims of our own haste and instead let justice take shape in the courts.

The Philosopher

### Terror in Tradegate

On Weepingday, the 1st of Newgreen, Jonah Roberts was hosting his annual New Year's ball at his home on the northern side of the city. Having over three hundred guests ranging from noblemen to very successful merchants to high ranking military officials, the party is always a high class and heavily anticipated event. Being able to enter Roberts' house only by special invitation on this night, guards are numerous and prepared. Rumors that a member of the royal family would be in attendance motivated local guards and nearby soldiers of the Irvanshirian army to be at their utmost state of readiness should something happen. The night was planned to culminate in a fantastic display of magic, acrobatics, and fireworks put on by the Flying Serpent Acrobats hailing from the Empire of Qi Zong, scheduled for 12 bells after sundown.

Never before had there been a serious problem with intruders during the ball, but the 120th year of the Age of Fortune was very different than previous gatherings. At the time the acrobats were supposed to begin their performance, all sources of light, magical and mundane, suddenly were extinguished. In the midst of the panic, a voice spoke from the darkness "When darkness falls, we are the light". There, in the middle of the crowd, stood four figures in black cloaks illuminated with darkness spells. One of them stepped towards Mr. Roberts and removed his business ledger from his long coat's inner pocket. The four figures disappeared before guards could make their way through the panic stricken crowd.



### DEADMAN ATTACKING

I write this urgently to the Magestic Messenger, I will try to remove it from publication should it prove untrue. Project Deadman seems to be alive and well. We learned of prophesy that the leaders of Deadman would become enemies as they make an effort to wipe out Elmerton. They are to enter Elmerton by portal and kill indiscriminately until they can raise the victims as undead creatures and take them back through a portal, a portal only the dead may use. This may happen tonight, the last Wakingday of Bloodthaw, we have a plan to try to prevent this but we fear it may not work. We wish you luck and fear you'll all need it.





-By order of Baron Quinton 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 Quinton Falstoke  
at the Falstoke Manor in Port Hensworth**



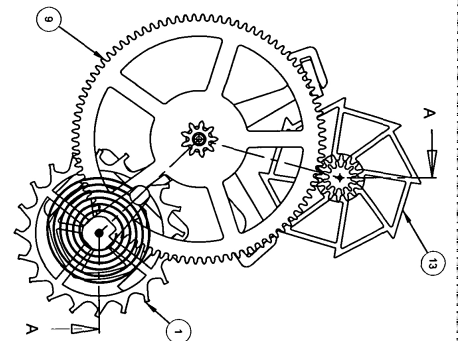
Rakesh the Smith humbly submits these riddles for your consideration. Anyone desiring the answers should seek him out.

Who always goes to bed with his shoes on?

I was carried into a dark room, and set on fire. I wept and wept until I expired. What am I?

The next session of court in Elmerton will take place on the 17<sup>th</sup> of Newgreen at 3 bells after midday in the amphitheater. Official reports and business will be conducted first, followed by an open town meeting discussion. Afterwards, the census tax of five copper will be collected from each person.

IT WAS GREAT TO SEE ALL OF MY OLD FRIENDS AGAIN AND, AS YOU CAN PROBABLY TELL, MY NEW JOB IS GOING GREAT!!!! BE SEEING YOU ALL SOON. HUGS AND KISSES,  
JYNX





*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.*

- Search for Devoter Fica in the forest surrounding Elmerton
- Find the Light Creatures that were kidnapped from a group of Waywatchers by men with blue lines on the sides of their heads.
- Research how to grant Byron clarity of mind and a final rest, possibly using a toad wood circle.
- Find a way back into the Evernight Forest, possibly with Byron's help, to transplant the Dark Tree.
- Investigate why Morkanthos has returned and what he intends to do.
- Discover how to repair the damage done to Haku and Izen.
- Determine how Tshurkurka is using the gypsy Blood Beads to sever the family protection of gypsies that receive them, as well as members of House Windlock, and uncover how to destroy or contain him, possibly using his dark circle of summoning to the far north of town.
- Discover the agenda of "Mama" – the being taking over the woods beyond the waterfall bridge.
- Investigate why children are being kidnapped by necromancers on the outskirts of Elmerton.
- Contact the tribe of goblins that is looking to move to Elmerton en-masse and help them overcome whatever danger is forcing them out of their current home.



Dear Elmertonians,

Thanks to all of you for your great courage and skill. I am just sorry that mine and Lord Donato's group was late in assisting you. Your courage and your steel will be needed again very soon. P thinks he has figured out where Walden is, I will see you all next moon.

B

### **Have you ever found yourself in need of a strong sword arm?**

Thanks to a rare technique while re-tempering the edge of a blade, now you can have that strength without any training.

In a matter of minutes, Rakesh the Smith can enchant your weapon to shatter a shield or sword, or even deliver such a punishing strike that only the greatest of combatants could turn it aside. These abilities are available for a gold crown or two, and more common fighting skills cost about a silver per grade.

Never find yourself on the wrong end of a fight again!



## NEW PLAYER PROMOTION!

New Players can now give Magestry a try at half the normal registration cost! That is right; just \$30 for a weekend of adventure (plus dinner!). Also, the veteran player who brings a new player to the game will be given 50 Brownie Points as a token of the staff's appreciation.

For a new player to register, he or she should send \$30 either through PayPal (to pdabs@hotmail.com) or by check\* to:

Magestry

P.O. Box 1037

Middlebury, CT 06762

\*Make checks payable to "Magestry."

He or she should also email Paul@Magestry.com to tell us where he or she would like to sleep and to get a character and account set up in the Magestry Database. New players can also pay \$30 at the door, but if they chose that method they may not get cabin spaces and may have to camp out. And even if a new player plans to pay at the door, he or she should still email us before the game to tell us he or she is coming and to get a character all set.

So, get out there and recruit! Include your friends in this activity that is special to you. The staff will love you for it.

### **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.*

**YOUR AD COULD BE  
HERE!!!**  
REMEMBER TO SEND  
YOUR SUBMISSIONS TO  
[Newsletter@Magestry.com](mailto:Newsletter@Magestry.com)  
DEADLINE IS ONE  
WEEK AFTER THE END  
OF EVERY EVENT!

**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.*

**Thank you to everyone who donated items last game. It really helps to keep our costs down for the game.**

**If you are planning on donating anything, please email me, Angela Jacobs, at the above email address before bringing it to game.** In the email, please describe what you are donating including how much it cost you and/or how long it took you to make. Donations at the door will no longer be accepted without having emailed me first.

A list of other ideas and suggestions of what we need and jobs you can do for Brownie Points is also available on the website under the link "Donations Page."

Thanks in advance!

**MAGESTRY'S  
Best of Bloodthaw '10**

Here are our picks for the best of the March 26th–28th, 2010 event:

This month, our **Best PC** award goes to **Anthony LaRosa** for his inspired performance as **Majento Laieshii**. Toner, as he is affectionately known (to us anyway), really shone this event and his outstanding role-playing was noted by both PCs and NPCs. We left many of our IG interactions with him impressed as can be, and look forward to seeing more of what he has to offer. Additionally, we are very grateful for his ever-present help setting up and cleaning up before and after the event. Thanks, Toner, and congrats!

And speaking of grateful, this event would not have been nearly as much fun without this month's **Best NPC: Tom Sadler!** Tom gave us a game of behind-the-scenes help, and we are so very happy he did. Whether he was crunching (which he did quite happily and often!), playing a face character, or eating handfuls of grass as a... ::sighs:... cow, he always showed a lot of energy and enthusiasm coupled with a veteran LARPer's extensive experience, which made him an invaluable asset to the event. Thanks, Tommy! Come back to our side soon!

*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  
April 16-18, 2009

At Chesterfield Scout Reservation in Chesterfield, MA

The fee for the next event is \$60 for PCs (\$55 if *received* by April 9th) 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**

**April 16-18, 2010 (Chesterfield)**

**May 21-23, 2010 (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