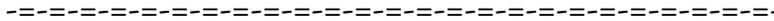




EarthdawnLegends
September 2000
Volume 2, Number 9
J. Anne Mauck - Editor

Welcome, friends and travelers. . .



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Updates and Announcements

-All questions for Q&A (and spotlights) should go to:
earthdawn@subdimension.com

-New expanded format for EarthdawnLegends, if you like it, send us email:
earthdawn@subdimension.com

-Submissions for ALL SECTIONS are being taken right now! If you would like more detailed submission guidelines, email earthdawn@subdimension.com with the subject "Submissions"

-The EarthdawnLegends archives have been updated through August.
<http://saria.tripod.com/saria-ed.html>

House Rule or Talent Knack of the Month

Players can gain a free skill rank with every legendary status level in each of general, knowledge, and artisan types.

Website of the Month

I decided that the first STAR of Auryle award should go to a member of my webring. So, the award goes to: <http://arilou.tripod.com/earthdawn>
Congratulations!

Hereafter, all webpages need to receive an outside nomination. And yes! You can nominate your own webpage! Visit <http://saria.tripod.com/earthdawn/staraward.html> for nomination instructions and more information.

The Spotlight is on:

The Touch of Song (from the August edition) in game terms

There are several explanations for such a story, the most obvious being that the woman wandered off, got lost, and went mad needs no translation for the game.

The second possibility is that the person she met was actually a Horror and its 'song' was a power which makes the subject hear whatever they most desire. Once enticed and enchanted, the Horror feeds off the subject and transforms them into a form mimicking their own. The construct is then sent out to spread their specific brand of chaos, transforming women and slaying, or possibly transforming men, all of which feeds the host Horror.

The third option is that the Siriene are spirits or undead who have a subliminal urge to lure others to a similar doom. They kill all who follow their song and raise some of the slain in their image.

One last angle is a corrupt or enemy adept using illusion spells or troubadour talents to create the effects described. The Nethermancer spell Alter Life or permanent spells would complete the effect.

And now for the bottom line. The Siriene's song is the Siriene's willpower + 6 or a flat step 12 versus the target's social defense. An average success grasps the subject's attention, grabbing their interest for a moment, but nothing more, unless they choose to investigate the song. A good success entices the subject to follow the sound, unless they succeed at a willpower test against the attack roll.

Age of Legends

This story is special to me. This was the first story Saria told at her first gig in T'jana Spar, spring 1520 TH.

It begins...

Once, a great while ago, an infant was found on the doorstep of an elderly, childless couple's home. It was obvious from that moment that this child was not ordinary. This girl grew up in the usual manner to become a beautiful young woman. She always looked new to the world, and every morning, she looked as perfect as the dew. Everyday, she worked in her family's fields, but her hands looked as though they had never seen a day of work in all existence.

Every day, a dark man on a darker horse rode by to watch her. As she planted the rows, she came even closer to the road. On the day she began the law row, this mysterious man stopped. As he gazed upon her, he said, "You are the most beautiful creature ever to bless these eyes." She blushed furiously. "I see you working every day." With a smile, he asked to see her hands. She did as he asked. Not a scratch, scar, or speck of dirt on her hands or anywhere on her. His eyes widened. He dismounted and knelt before her. "My fairest lady, how have you come to this place?"

As she told him of her youth, she wondered why he would ask her such an odd question. When she finished, she said, "Pardon me sir, but why would you ask?"

He stood and laughed. "There is a legend of one like you. One of perfect beauty and immense grace. One who toils for a lifetime, yet does not look it. The legend says this woman will lead us into prosperous times." He paused. "None such as you have been found. I believe you are the one!"

Now she laughed and her laughter was the sound of silver bells. "No sir, it is not me. I have none of what you seek. If you would, sir, please tell no one of me." She turned away and began to walk back to her work.

"You can refuse me, but not your destiny!" With that, he vanished as though the wind had whisked him away. Though she knew he was gone, she heard a voice say, "The world is searching for you..."

Nearly a year later, her parents died. She couldn't bear to stay at the farm without the, so she sold the farm. She used the money to set out in search of her future. Three days after she set out, the dark mysterious man found her. "Come, claim what is yours," he called to her. Seeing for the first time that it could hurt nothing, she went with him. After a day of hard riding, they came to a great city. "Here. Here is the center of the world." In awe, they rode on. "I will take you to the test," he said. The task she had to complete was to live in a hovel for three days and plant a vast field in less time than that. Given a beautiful gown to wear during this trial, she set to her task.

In two days, the field was planted and she looked as stunning as she had when she donned the dress. As she walked back to town, people cheered. "She is the one! She will lead us!"

Now forced to lead these people, she vowed to lead them into better times.

The dark mysterious man approached her. "I told you that you are the one." He bowed to her. "My lady, I wish you all the best." He smiled at her.

She frowned. "You're leaving?"

"My job is done now."

Her musical laughter rippled through the air. "You must stay," she said.

"Why my lady?"

Her beautiful smile invited him to stand and she said, "You can't expect me to do this alone! I need you. I... just do." Her eyes clouded over. "Please, stay with me. You showed me who I am, you believed in me. Please!"

A look of shock passed over his face. He stepped up to her and wrapped his arms around her. "How can I refuse you? All those days I watched you did not mean nothing." He tipped her head up and gently kissed her. "Truly, extraordinary things happen to ordinary people."

Adventure Hook

Characters find a legendary magical item that is in bad shape. Common general knowledge will tell them that this item belongs to a well-known adventurer (legendary status 3 at least). When they ask around, no one else has heard that anything has changed with this adventurer, including the fact that he has been parted from his trademark item.

Famous Words

Never, ever ask a Troubadour how her day was...

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