



**EarthdawnLegends**  
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Welcome, friends and travelers. . .

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Updates and Announcements

-NEW GAME -- LOOKING FOR PLAYERS!

A new game on WebRPG (<http://www.webrpg.com/>) will be run on Monday nights at 9pm est by user named "electric" (aka "Electric Avatar"). There is room for 5 1st circle characters. Get there early, before all the spots are taken! Begins March 05, 2001 (I believe).

-Submissions for all sections are being accepted right now. If you have an update you would like announced here, email us: [saria\\_antares@hotmail.com](mailto:saria_antares@hotmail.com) (Guidelines available on request)

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### Talent Knack of the Month

Sorry, there is no talent knack this month. The first person to submit a talent knack before April will see it here in the next edition (with all due credit).

A word to those creating talent knacks: the manual states that Troubadours can use Avoid Blow as a discipline talent, but they do not receive it as a talent at any circle.

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### Website of the Month

Luke Davis has reviewed Barsaive at War for the Earthdawn Publishing Trust (<http://www.i-sako.com/edpt/index.html>). Please check it out, perhaps leave some feedback.

Specifically, the review is at <http://www.i-sako.com/edpt/proj/rev/baw.html> but check out the rest of their website.

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### The Spotlight is on: In Character PC Death

Any time a character dies, I seem to regret it. However, there are times when it is necessary. Sometimes, the GM kills a character in combat with a creature. It can't always be avoided without pulling a punch. Sometimes, even this innocent death can serve as a catalyst for other characters.

Other times, a character is assassinated. This may serve a plot, a player may be leaving in a bad situation, or the character may be too powerful and can always be resurrected later.

There are many reasons, too many to go into here, but I wanted to speak for a moment of being the PC who caused the death of another PC. I had my first experience with this recently. While the events are something more for a

character's journal, I would like to say something about the types of events that lead up to one PC killing another.

Simply simply stopping the offensive behavior can prevent all of these things. Don't pick fights with the people you are supposed to be working with. Listen when the NPC speaks. Don't break your word (even if it means little to begin with). Don't assume everyone knows who you are or agrees with your road to fame. Don't start casting a spell at a supposed ally just because she wanted to discuss the situation rationally instead of letting you take charge. If you are going to pick a fight, make sure you aren't outnumbered.

Just because I regretted doing it once, doesn't mean I won't do it again...

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Age of Legends

Last time in "A Friendly View of Thera" --

Vidoc's studies of the Troubadour's Way yield fruit while he suffers the same fate as the other shipbound slaves.

And now...

A Friendly View of Thera (Part 3 of 4)

Performance

By: J. Anne Mauck

The airship docked in a city I had never been to before. During our travel, word of my talent had begun to spread. My songs inspired the rowers, even the guards had been seen smiling or tapping their toes. While I had some pride in my accomplishments, it was only a grim satisfaction.

I could feel it when we docked, the gentle rocking followed by absolute stillness -- or so it had always felt to me since my first time on an airship all those years ago. An hour had nearly passed when a steward came to retrieve me for the Captain. The mood in the shared cell had lightened significantly since the beginning of my imprisonment. I joked lightly, commenting on the sheer delight I felt to be called to Bakar's presence.

Outside the cell, the smile faded from my face. I turned to the steward, "What does he want with me now?"

"Keep walking Vidoc." He paused. "I like you Vidoc, we all did. Why did you have to make such a mess of everything?"

I rolled my eyes. It hadn't been my fault, and the thought that one man could be responsible for the escape of the new slaves had really begun to irritate me. Unless, of course, they actually believed me to be the cause. But I knew better than that and so did Bakar, unless he was lying now as well.

"Just do what he says, Vidoc," the steward began, "I'm sure things will be fine."

I threw him a forced smile just before he shoved me into the Captain's cabin. I bowed as I always had, refusing to kneel to someone I'd seen drunk as often as not. "Bakar, it's good to see you again."

"Since it's obvious to me that you wish to spend more time rowing," Bakar grinned even though he knew that I was aware of our docking, "I won't keep you long. Word has come to me that you are quite the performer. Somehow, this rumor has spread beyond this ship. We have been invited to Admiral Tularch's festival. He will be promoting several officers and, though I am not among them thanks to you, he wants you to perform. Do not embarrass me." He passed me and pounded on the door.

The steward opened it enough to peek inside. "Vidoc will be preparing for his performance. Put him in solitary for the rest of the day." Bakar laughed. I smiled dourly as I passed him. Patience is learned and I had learned at least some of it.

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I slept soundly in solitary confinement, pleased with the opportunity I had been given. When I woke, I was more refreshed than ever before. Michiru had crept into my dreams again, but I had become sure that she could care for herself and that we would be together again.

My clothes had become dirty and torn since this ordeal started. I knew the point was to humiliate me further by presenting me to Tularch and his associates, so I did not expect to receive new clothes. I wasn't disappointed.

Creatively wiping my face clean and smudging it with fresh dirt actually achieved the desired effect. I was ready to perform.

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The room was properly darkened for a Troubadour's performance and the guests were bade to sit quietly for the slave performance. I was not the first to perform and I hoped I would not be the last. My friends needed time, more time than they had been given already. Dorrul ripped off my blindfold when my turn had come and he gave me a shove into the stage area. He was clearly angry that he had again been ordered to guard me. I grabbed his cloak as he pushed and held on. I needed it for my performance. He hadn't expected it and it ripped fairly cleanly from him.

There were a few gasps from the audience, either from recognition or my act, but I was glad to see the people already stunned. I placed the torn cloak around my shoulders and stood with my head down. When the great hall was silent again, I looked up, as if viewing the open sky. "I am a Soldier of Thera."

I took a step forward and began to imitate a sword fight. "Glory for Thera," I shouted. This went on for several minutes, long enough for everyone to realize that I was no ordinary slave, and perhaps for them to believe that I was of Thera.

"I obey you, my Captain. Bakar, you are a true leader." I swept the cloak around me as I bowed low to where he sat, far down the table from the Admiral. "And you, Admiral. I swore myself to your service eight years ago. I served you faithfully, without question."

I ripped the cloak from my shoulders and fell, as if I had been pushed, to my knees. I spit on the cloak and wiped my face clean. Not the most polite way to accomplish the task, but the only effective means I had. I motioned to the other slave performers who broke free of their guards and came to join me. We sat together in two columns and pretended to row. I began to sing a familiar song and the others joined in. Just as the audience began to feel the sway of the music and join in as well, I held up my hand and we stopped.

I stood and grabbed the cloak again. The other slaves stood with me. I stepped toward the Admiral's seat as far as I was able and, feeling the slaves behind me, I tore the cloak in two. I heard the nearby guards prepare themselves to draw weapons should I step over the line.

I had recognized three of the other slaves as former soldiers as well: Jesche, Hemei, and Anou. "As we were torn from the ranks of Thera's militia, so lies this Commander's cloak before you. For all you have given to your people, you have done less for them than we have for you this night." I dropped the halves on the floor. "And as this cloak falls in two pieces, so shall this Empire. It has nothing to stand on but the backs of its slaves!" I turned to Bakar. "And I will hold you up no more, Bakar."

Jesche grabbed a sword from a guard near him and shouted, "Landal to arms!" I recognized his family's battle call and the invocation of his great-grandfather's name. Landal had been a great Theran Grand Admiral in his day. To invoke it now, as Jesche had done, was as close to suicide as I cared to come. Hemei and Anou also grabbed swords and stood with Jesche.

My only recourse was to take the distraction as my opportunity to leave. I hoped Marac and Rouk had taken care of everything they had planned outside. And that Michiru was there, waiting for me.

Vidoc's "Friendly View of Thera" concludes in May, with "Survival/Escape"

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#### Adventure Hook

Begin with a typical murder investigation, but things begin to go wrong when the clues lead to a friend or loved one of one of the group. This can serve to test the characters devotion to their leader or their families, or to divide the group as well as force them together.

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#### Famous (Last) Words

Arrogance is a kingdom without a crown.

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EarthdawnLegends is a free e-publication available in  
PDF, html, and direct-to-you e-mail from YahooGroups!  
EDL is owned by J. Anne Mauck.

The official website of EDL is <http://scroll.to/Legends>.  
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