



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

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Updates and Announcements

- We are looking for questions to answer as part of the monthly spotlight.
- I am accepting ideas for Polls. Email: [saria\\_antares@hotmail.com](mailto:saria_antares@hotmail.com) with a subject "Poll Idea"
- August is coming up and that is EDL's month of change. If you have ideas that you would like to see in future editions of EDL, email us. If you want to join in an Earthdawn discussion, join us at EDLegends over at YahooGroups.

-I am looking for a PBEM that would not mind an observer. I am working on an article on Earthdawn online gaming. Please email me ASAP at [saria\\_antares@hotmail.com](mailto:saria_antares@hotmail.com)

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### House Rule of the Month

An item used by a talent is affected by a residue of magic for a number of minutes equal to the highest talent rank used. Example: A mundane arrow fired during the use of a rank 5 Missile Weapons and a rank 4 Flame Arrow would be affected for 5 minutes after which it dissipates. (see the spotlight for more on this subject)

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### Website of the Month

I love having music playing during the game. There's nothing like a good music track to enhance the mood. This month, I have chosen two sites for this purpose.

The first is "Sojourn, Music for Role Playing Games" which can be found at: <http://www.sojourncd.com/> - it is a site that specializes in game music and sells at least 2 cds.

The second is a specific composer. His name is Bjorn Lynne. His one site is <http://www.lynnemusic.com/> and his MP3.com site is: [http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/0/bjorn\\_lynne.html](http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/0/bjorn_lynne.html) - He also has a mailing list at YahooGroups called lynnemusic. He has written scores for several video games. His music is absolutely fantastic.

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The Spotlight is on: Magic Retention (not by students but rather by items)

This month, instead of writing the spotlight on my own, I engaged my game group in a discussion of magic.

Question: Does a mundane item used to put a talent into practice retain a magical residue or aura related to the Adept?

While some GMs would discount this outright, our group decided this was too narrow an interpretation. Magic is strong in Earthdawn and therefore in Adepts.

Because the Adept must use his inherent ability to enhance the things he uses, swords, arrows, disguises, and so on are affected. But the question remains: why?

At this point in the decline of magic, it still permeates the world. Objects are surrounded by it and are easily affected by it. Simply put, magic is everywhere, in everything. Spells affect things directly; there is no question of an effect. A talent accesses magic in a similar method, and therefore would have a similar result.

Why this is useful:

When something unexpected happens (a sniper, mugger, or hit and run attack) being able to identify the culprit can save a world of hurt later. When a spear comes flying out of nowhere and takes down the party's wizard, it is important to be able to prevent a future blindside attack by tracking down the assailant. While lacking evidence analysis limits your options, having another means of identifying the attacker can lead to a longer and healthier future. It should be noted, of course, that this technique is useful against all talent use, not just attacks. Thus, while a Thief might remain unheard from using Silent Walk, he could be found out by viewing his astral trail.

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Age of Legends

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

Vidoc performed for the military officials and began a slave revolt, ending his performance with a threat to the well being of Thera. And now, the conclusion...

A Friendly View of Thera (4 of 4)

Survival/Escape

By: J. Anne Mauck

By the time I reached the dock, the guards all over had been alerted. There had been magical lights in the streets, but in the buildings, torches and lanterns were still the standard for the night crew. I knew in my heart that Jesche, Hemei, and Anou were dead -- their spirits were finally free. Demas and Ibaulan, two friends of mine from training years ago that had apparently fallen, had joined me as the group of escaped slaves tore through the city. The steps to the ships were clogged by soldiers. My men and I cut them down with their own weapons and trampled over their bloody corpses. It was a strange feeling to know that these men had once considered me kin and to know that they had died to my hand.

I faltered in my steps, but Demas pushed me on. Clapping his hand on my shoulder, he said, "Come friend, we've work to finish!" He grinned that teenage grin he'd managed not to lose and ran up ahead of me. I could trust him, and he knew he could trust me.

At the top, I could see Rouk waving us on. Three men were tossing bodies of the remaining dead guards overboard. I signaled my men and we broke into a run. Just as I was about to enter the ship, I saw a spark rising. I stopped to watch as it grew into a star and kept rising. The light became so blinding I was forced to look away, but I could still see the shadows created by this false day. It cast a grim shadow over my people, suitable for the night's work.

I ran through the ship, anxious to get to the deck where Michiru would be waiting for me. When I saw her, I almost called out her name, but I saw her casting a spell. Everyone near enough to the rails had stopped and was staring out at the city.

The ship began to move and several people lost their footing. We moved up and away from the docks. Michiru glanced back and Rouk nodded before taking off. The ship rose above the city and turned. No one had told me we would be leaving before getting the slaves from the other ships.

I ran over to Michiru. She had narrowed her eyes as she looked over the city. Her breathing was deep and even, her concentration greater than I had ever seen before. Beads of sweat broke out in her forehead and her fingers began to tremble. I turned to look out over the city where she was gazing.

The buildings began to fall in the center of the city. A cloud of dust followed the buildings and began to billow outward. The effect spread outward from that center point at an alarming rate, some buildings falling over of their own

accord, some falling after being hit by other buildings. The eerie bright light from the star that only Michiru could have conjured gave me the impression of a decaying skeleton breaking apart.

A peculiar smile spread across Michiru's face as she watched the buildings crumble. I could hear the screams of the people left below and could even see some of them flailing about. Michiru wavered and collapsed. I barely managed to catch her. I lowered her down to the deck but kept her in my arms.

"I had to do it, Vidoc. We both have a duty. Mine ends here. But you," she coughed violently, "my love, you must go on. I'm no Nethermancer, but I know I will love you even in death." She shuddered and blood began to trickle out of her nose. "Hold me up so that I can see the city. I have one last task before me."

I had no choice but to do as she asked. I put one arm under her legs and lifted her into my arms. I turned so we could both look out over the destruction she had wrought. It was evident that some of the still living mages in the city had tried to clear the dust from the air.

As I held her that smile returned; and her body tensed in my arms. Some of the airships had left the dock, most notably Admiral Tularch's. Michiru coughed again. I had never known her to be weak, but she seemed so frail in my arms. She moaned as we both saw the blood she coughed up. "Put me on my feet, Vidoc. I want to stand on my own for this."

Again, I did as she asked, knowing now that it was too late to help her. She leaned heavily on the railing, but raised one hand toward her artificial star. It flickered momentarily but I kept watching the city below.

The disturbance started at the center of the ruins. The dust had been mostly blown away by those on the ground. The rubble was covered by dirt and rock and seemed to explode as it filled up the open spaces and covered the destruction. In a matter of seconds, the displaced earth that had caused the catastrophe had been returned, a final covering of what had become a massive grave.

Michiru collapsed again and I was unable to move, to even look away. When I realized what she had done, I turned to see Rouk standing halfway across the deck. "Get us out of here," I shouted to him.

Bending down, I picked up her limp body and carried her into the captain's chambers. When I knew we were alone, I closed her eyes. She had breathed her last in favor of the slaves. I covered her as if she were merely ill and sat next to the bed. I could feel the tears fall down my face and I did nothing to stop them. I had lost her. The salvation of these people seemed to be a little thing next to what she had done. I could do nothing more than to remember her and bury her in the free land of Barsaive.

Epilogue... One year later

The words had formed in my heart first and had spread through the cities like fire. I told Michiru's story to everyone I met. I wrote it down for every city archivist and for the Great Library. She became the Hero of Innatis' Eternal Day.

Her star had shone over the city of Innatis for thirteen and a half days. The destruction lasts to this day. Admiral Tularch has named me, Demas, and the others as enemies of the state. He has attempted to take credit for the death of Lady Michiru, and failed. We succeeded in returning to Barsaive.

In remembrance of those we lost, my men and I have planted a small forest. One tree for each man and woman who fell that night. I buried Michiru's body myself at the center of that forest. Of all the great things that have been done to end slavery, I value her sacrifice the most. Others, however, consider mine the most notable. I am credited with planting a seed of doubt in the Theran people.

Now, after all these years of thinking I was Theran, this new identity is hard to accept. I will never forget what was done to me, to my love, to my soul. But at least I am what I always wanted to be. A citizen. Of Barsaive, but I truly belong here. And there it ends, for such is the truth of the thing.

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If you would like to read this story in its entirety, I have posted it at my site in the new fiction section. <http://saria.tripod.com/fiction>

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Adventure Hook

When the characters are heading toward a large city, they run into a group of children playing at being soldiers. The children ignore the characters and continue marching in order as they had been down the road. When the characters enter the town, there are no children to be found, the adults do not remember seeing children or ever having them. There are no guards. If one of the citizens sees a child, they react to them as if they are the guards of the city or as if the city is under military rule.

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Famous (Last) Words

"What a heavy oar the pen is, and what a strong current ideas are to row in!"  
--Gustave Flaubert

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