



EarthdawnLegends
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Welcome, friends and travelers. . .

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Editor's Note

Well, I've been cleaning up my Earthdawn files for the big move to a new computer. My laptop, while very useful for gaming, has been worthless lately. And of course, my warranty doesn't cover on-site as it advertised when I bought the stupid thing. No worries, the next issue of EDL will be a product of the new computer, and it should also contain some real updates to the website.

The new computer, however, has been built by my own two hands, so any problems with it will be my own fault.

As for the changes you might notice in this edition of EDL, they are purely cosmetic. I don't plan to add any new sections until January, which may or may not happen anyway.

For this month's fiction, I started, as I often do, with an idea to make one short scary story for Halloween and whatnot. And, as I often do, I got carried away, so this story will be continued next month, and perhaps in other issues as time goes by. I am lacking in quotes for the end of the newsletter, especially this month since no one sent me anything. Consider this an open invitation to submit unforgettable game quotes. As for the website, please excuse the lack of updates, since I've been working through a lot of books for work, and that takes time, especially when we have to get 150 books through three stages in under three weeks and then find there's even more when we finish with those.

As always... the game must go on and that is the most important thing!
Lady Saria
aka Jenny

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Updates and Announcements

-I apologize for the delay in getting this out to you. Next month's issue will be sent out November 3-5.

-I have added a few tidbits from my Wastes campaign.
<http://saria.tripod.com/wastes> if you would like to check it out.

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House Rule of the Month

Under special circumstances (at the GM's discretion of course), a character may use one recovery test PER GAME SESSION to reroll a failed combat roll. Be warned GMs, this would be easily abused, so if you choose to use this, remember that you can use this same rule on NPCs and critters. . .

Website of the Month

Grims Guide to Earthdawn

<http://freespace.virgin.net/jason.downey/earthdawn/frames.htm>

Though the frames are a little awkward, at least on a small screen, this site is very well done. Each character has a profile and image, and there is a nice Legend section.

The Spotlight is on: The Town of Neapsa, in game terms

From last month's fiction

By: J. Mauck and Paul De Bonte

This town has a strange pattern in that it is incredibly unstable, in spite of being a Named place. During the Scourge, though no Horrors ever plagued the city/kaer, it was affected by the flux and tear of astral space. Naming rituals reinforce and strengthen the pattern, while having an unNamed individual in their midst tends to tear at the basic threads of their existence. This is one of the reasons they always welcome new people, especially expectant mothers, into the town. To ensure the strength does not diminish over the years, they demand that those Named in Neapsa return in ten years. If a person denies that they were born there and/or refuses to return, the pattern of the city degrades just a little.

Horrors are never seen in or around Neapsa simply because astral space there is far too weak to support their existence. The residents of Neapsa are ignorant of this aspect. In fact, they do not understand why the Naming rituals enhance the city or the presence of an unNamed causes sorrow and destruction. They only know how to prevent it.

Age of Legends

Spawn and Children, Part 1

By: J. Anne Mauck

They are screaming. The noise makes everyone uncomfortable, their displeasure delicious. It's drawing the others. Ha! But I will be the first. I will be the one who found the way, who feasted long before they. So many of them, all screaming. How could I not be here? Not even the strongest brick walls could keep me away from this delectable presentation.

Her, yes, the one dripping with sweat. She screams the loudest. That one will be mine. Just a moment more. . . Her face is contorted in such agony, perhaps she will die in this pain as well. . . Ahhhh. . .

"One more push, Mona. That's a good girl." The midwife had been sorely unprepared for a day such as this. In less than twenty hours, sixteen women had gone into labor. And the midwife had only one assistant and two apprentices. "Ah, Mona," she said soothingly, gesturing to the girl's husband to dry his wife's forehead again. "There, girl, you can rest. You have a beautiful daughter."

Just as she finished cleaning the newborn girl, her assistant rushed to her. "Ma'am, Farra is about to--"

"I'm on my way. Take care of Mona." The midwife hurried away to see to the next woman. Her assistant saw her stumble and wished she could do more to help. The midwife hadn't slept in over a day. Soon, she would be no good to anyone.

Just as it appeared the woman's pain had stopped, she shrieked again. Blood, the new female began to scream, so much blood. How could I have known that those words would be so tasty? In spite of myself, I could no longer hold back. I needed to be there. There, basking in her pain and fear. Perhaps even making it worse!

"Oh my," said Joss, the elected leader of his kaer, "what a blessed day this will be! So many new babies! We shall have to have a special celebration when the women have recovered."

A young man standing slight to his right said, "And your wife, how is she?"

Joss cleared his throat. "She is fine, she will most likely be among the last to give birth."

"Do you suppose she will have a son?" The young man looked uncomfortable in Joss' presence.

"She's given me nothing but daughters and I am becoming an old man. She's the one who should care if she has a son. Stop asking me inane questions, Irren."

"Yes, sir. May I be excused?"

Joss waved a hand dismissively as he turned and walked away. Irren watched him until he turned a corner then began to walk toward Joss and Aphrey's house. When he neared the door, he could hear Aphrey screaming and it tore at his heart. A maid ran into him as he opened the door. "She ne..nee...needs help," she stammered. "I..I...I can't do it anymore." The maid ran away.

Irren ran into the master bedroom. "Aphrey, love, are you. . ." His voice trailed away when he saw the swirling silver and black cloud above her head. When what should have been a hand reached through, he ran to Aphrey's side and picked her up. He carried her outside and started to shout for guards. Irren only stopped running when they reached his tiny home. "Don't worry, sweetheart, I won't leave you again."

The man who had been holding the screaming woman drew his sword when he saw the first hint of my presence. As I made my grand entrance, the damned child began screaming. Its screams were not at all pleasurable. Quite the opposite. They reaffirmed the brat's life. But they pulled me nonetheless. And I was helpless. There was blood pooling on the floor, a sight that strengthened me, but the child, the pink, squalling, girl-child drew me in.

Though my physical form was weak, I could have easily drained them all. The fear of the man was being replaced by some other emotion that I did not know. And the two women were panicked, but not by my presence. And the child. . .

She looked at me through her squinty eyes. Her chubby face grew redder by the moment. She grabbed me; she felt no fear, no repulsion, no disgust. The next noise I heard was an awful screeching which I realized came from me. I felt the fear and pain.

Her touch was like ice, reaching to my very core. She had me, then and forever: a prisoner within life. She pulled me towards her and I felt my physical form fading away. I screamed more, but she refused to hear.

I was inside her. I was in her mind, her heart sustained my existence. She laughed whenever I screamed at my imprisonment. Her joy caused me to wither and yet I could not escape. Our patterns became interlocked and I knew I would only be free upon her death. And worse yet... at that death, I would cease to be as well.

"Put down that damn sword and hold your wife, you fool," the midwife's assistant yelled. "Or do you want Mona to die?"

Rogan dropped his sword and fell to his knees. Holding his wife around the shoulders, he gently kissed her temple. He reached into his belt pouch and pulled out a small stone. "Mona, this is a birth stone. Swallow it and let Garlen's magic heal you."

She smiled weakly and opened her mouth. After she swallowed the stone, she leaned her head against Rogan's. "Thank you," she whispered. For once, his paranoia had not gone to waste.

The assistant was crying and desperately trying to sop up the blood. Rogan was amazed the woman had not completely lost her wits. Suddenly, she gasped. "The bleeding has stopped. Thank Garlen!"

Mona whispered, "Thank Garlen indeed. . ."

"I wish I could take you away from this," Irren whispered to Aphrey.

Through her contractions, which were extremely close now, she laughed. "There is nothing we could have done, and you know it."

Irren knew he would have to deliver their child. The strange sight he had seen before bothered him to the point of distraction. As a Wizard, he was relatively sure of the kaer's security, but the sight made him want to heave.

Aphrey moaned. "Irren, it's time. I have to push!" Irren prayed it would be a girl.

Only half his attention was focused on the love of his life, the other on the growing swirl off to his left. It started small, like a rip in a piece of parchment or a growing stain of ink on delicate cloth. It was like it had been in Aphrey's old room.

Just as she finally pushed the child out, and it was another girl, Aphrey lost consciousness. Irren was the only one present to witness what happened next.

He had cleaned out the newborn's mouth and was listening for her first wail. As she inhaled, something came through the swirling portal. It came toward them and, just as she let loose with her first cry, it vanished. Irren blinked, thinking his eyes had played tricks on him. It seemed to vanish into his daughter.

Thirteen years later. . .

Quyhn and Zedha had both been raised to be Nethermancers. This year, they would begin their training. Quyhn's father, Rogan, had been very proud of his first-born daughter and hoped his two younger sons would make him just as proud. Zedha's mother had been cast out by Joss just days after her birth. Irren married her as soon as their marriage had been ended, and he and Aphrey had three more children, all boys.

Quyhn and Zedha had been close as children, understanding each other as only those children born that day did. But that is a story for another telling.

Flavor Text

Town: Vall

This town lies on the coast of the Aras Sea, northeast of Urupa. Very few Namegivers visit there. Stories in neighboring towns and cities carry warnings of spirits that carry off children, only to return them having changed them. They also tell tales of the dead rising to walk again after less than a week in the grave. Some even say they have heard the bones of the dead dancing under the full moon.

However, whether or not these stories are true, Vall is generally happy and prosperous town. At last count, the population totaled 589, but as in any city, births and deaths constantly alter that number.

Only one place of note exists in Vall. There is a mosque that holds all the remains of the Materob Family. Sixteen Adepts lie in this crypt, along with their legendary weapons and armors. The land (and astral space) that this mosque lies occupies is purified every year.

Adventure Hook

A messenger finds the group or one specific adventurer to pass on a letter from his family (whether real or not is the GM discretion). This note states that the entire family is ill or dying, or that a great portion of the family has died. The circumstances of the illness or deaths seem suspect and evidence points to Throal or a series of other deaths that lead to Throal.

Polls

POLL QUESTION: Where do you get your RPG news? Check all that apply.

CHOICES AND RESULTS

- www.rpg.net, 2 votes, 25.00%
- www.pen-paper.net, 1 votes, 12.50%
- www.lrgames.com, 0 votes, 0.00%
- www.fark.com, 2 votes, 25.00%

- www.shadowrunrpg.com, 1 votes, 12.50%
- www.mageknight.com, 1 votes, 12.50%
- other websites, 1 votes, 12.50% (no sites were submitted)

Famous (Last) Words

I think these quotes are especially appropriate for gamers..

"Cherish all your happy moments;
they make a fine cushion for old age."
--Booth Tarkington

"'Tis no what a man does which exalts him;
but what a man would do!"
--Robert Browning

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