

# *Earthdawn Legends*

FEBRUARY 2002  
VOLUME 4, NUMBER 2  
J. ANNE MAUCK - EDITOR  
PAUL DE BONTE - ASSOCIATE DEVELOPER

WELCOME, FRIENDS AND TRAVELERS. . .



## *Contents*

DISCLAIMER  
EDITOR'S NOTE  
UPDATES/ANNOUNCEMENTS  
IDEA OF THE MONTH  
WEBSITE OF THE MONTH  
THE SPOTLIGHT  
THE BIGGER PICTURE  
AGE OF LEGENDS  
FLAVOR TEXT  
WHO'S WHO  
ADVENTURE HOOKS  
POLLS  
FAMOUS WORDS



## DISCLAIMER

This newsletter is the product of love and creativity. It is not intended to challenge the copyright held by FASA or the license held by Living Room Games. The contents of each issue of EarthdawnLegends belongs to J. Anne Mauck. Not for reproduction on individual websites except for the official site of Lady Saria. The ideas presented here are independent of any campaign, cannon or not. The editor receives no compensation for this production.



## EDITOR'S NOTE

Hear Ye, Hear Ye! I declare the month of February 2002 International Wastes Awareness Month! Please check out the new Wastes "net-book" that I have put up on the site. It playtested ok, so far anyway, and I think it's a nice change from the city/forest hack-n-slash of the rest of Barsaive. Our next "net-book" project will be called "The Book of Things that Should Not Be" which I hope will be like the Unglued M:TG expansion set. If you want to be included in this project, drop us a line!

In other news, I have also posted an Elf Chicks 2002 calendar that I made. It's in pdf format. There are two versions, one is wall-style (vertical) and the other is desktop style (horizontal). Check out the thumbnails at <http://elfchicks.stormpages.com>. I know it's a little late since it's already February, but geez, how many of you will be getting it for the calendar part?

As always... the game must go on!  
Lady Saria  
aka Jenny



## UPDATES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

-Lady Saria's Keep (<http://saria.tripod.com>) is now home to the completed Wastes Project.

-For those of you who like to keep up to date on the status of favorite webpages, fasa.com is no more.

-To keep you informed, the "short url" for the Shadowrun page, in case the long one of <http://www.shadowrunrpg.com> doesn't work, use: <http://www.srrpg.com> - and I had to email Adam Jury for that info! (Thanks Adam for being such a great guy!)

-Elf Chicks 2002 Calendars - <http://elfchicks.stormpages.com> - Get 'em while there still there.



## IDEA OF THE MONTH

O.S. Points continued

This is the table that we are currently using:

- 1 - A minute to think
- 2 - Rerolling one roll
- 5 - Adding karma to a roll after the fact
- 10 - Double karma for one roll, once per game session
- 25 - Ask unbiased advice of the GM on an action or plan
- 50 - Survive a hit that would have killed you by making you unconscious, but close to death. Death by bleeding out is still possible.
- 100 - Adding 1 permanent point to an attribute (can only be done twice per character, ever)
- 200 - One custom piece of equipment
- all - Divine intervention, GM's discretion



## WEBSITE OF THE MONTH

[http://www.onr.com/user/bturner/earthdawn/ed\\_index.html](http://www.onr.com/user/bturner/earthdawn/ed_index.html)

Again, I have chosen a group's game site with summaries of their games. Sites like this are cool not only because they show how much others love the game, they also can supply endless ideas for the games of others.



## THE SPOTLIGHT The Wastes

Well, the Waste project is finished. It's kind of like creating a new area on a mud. If you've never done that before, it's a great feeling. To have created something from only a footnote in the game universe, well, I'm pleased with the end result.

So, I thought I should talk about a few things that I changed. For example, the Thief discipline was changed. It is now called Hunter and some of the talents have been changed/rearranged. One of my playtesters has been playing this discipline and the changes suit the climate of our campaign and the Wastes.

The additional rules for magic are somewhat hard to remember to apply constantly. Not that they really matter, but I wanted a way to curb magic use and they add a little flavor to the game. As such, they are, of course, optional.

About the Horrors... The Horrors in that are included in the net-book should be considered campaign Horrors. There is a "limited supply" of the Monarch's minions.

Sometime during the summer, I hope to have out a supplement for the Wastes titled "Wasted." This will have more adventure ideas and perhaps some new information about the Monarch and Bluetorch.



## THE BIGGER PICTURE

The Bigger Picture, Part 2

At the end of the 4th World... An Explosion of Culture

Why is it that civilization began recording around 3100-3000 BC? What happened then that made life so suddenly interesting? The written word and the ability to capture thoughts in text.

From looking at Shadowrun and the references that are undeniable, it is clear that some things did survive from the fourth to the sixth world (aside from Immortal Elves). This suggests to me that the records made in the Fourth World were not made in the traditional way, but rather preserved with magic, and these records were destroyed because of the decline in magic. Otherwise, something terrible must have happened to the Library of Throal, making it something like the library of Alexandria.

Around 3000 BC, it is suggested that the Mongolian people domesticated the horse. Also, it is noteworthy that their burial practices including embalming techniques similar to the Egyptian technology.

It is also around this time that Stonehenge begins to be built (3100 - 1500 BC), important to note that it is AFTER 3100 BC. So, in the Earthdawn universe, this could indicate retention of the belief in magic and an attempt to maintain it in the culture. There are hints in Shadowrun around Stonehenge and other ancient places. The mysticism is maintained over the millennia.

For reference, the long count of the Mayan calendar marks the days between August 13, 3113 BC and AD December 12, 2012. It is this date of August 3113 that is a milestone and it is remarkable that the Mayans nailed it down so precisely. The "first city" of Uruk is dated to 3113 in Mesopotamia. The first Egyptian dynasty, the Hindu kali Yuga (I won't go into this one at all; there is a lot to be found on the net for individual research), the division of a day into 24 hours, sixty minutes, and sixty seconds -- this all began circa 3113 BC.

I hate to suggest this since it seems an easy way out, but perhaps the great plot device of "lost technology" may not be as contrived as it seems. If we accept actual history to be the future of Barsaive et al, magic (or the loss thereof) has a definite affect on technology. If the basis of technology in the Earthdawn universe is magic, and that magic disappears, even if it only slowly fades away, the little practicalities of life must be reinvented.

Next month: Back to Ancient Egypt, and I'm not talking about Pharaohs



## AGE OF LEGENDS

Last time: Quyhn made a promise to Zedha to curb her appetite for pain and suffering.

Spawn and Children, Part 2b: The Hunter  
J. Anne Mauck

He stood out in the street crowd in his dusty red traveling cloak. His blonde hair looked uncombed and his dark eyes seemed to miss no detail and took special note of sorrow. Men and women moved out of his way, determined not to be noticed by the stranger. Though all saw him, none was likely to remember him save for a shadowy nightmare in the dark. He entered an inn on the north side of town and vanished into a room, only speaking enough to request no disturbances.

Quyhn and Zedha returned to their room at the inn down the street from the stranger's. Their swords and armor stunk of death and blood. In fact, their very skins smelled of it. Quyhn had been true to her vow against uncalled for torture and Zedha had been quite impressed by her effort.

Zedha relaxed in a bath of steaming water, thinking about Quyhn's promise. It had been hard for her, to repress this need for pain. In fact, Zedha had begun to worry for her friend's safety. There had been cuts and burns on Quyhn's body that had come from no battle. And yet, Quyhn had never complained about them.

The next morning, Quyhn volunteered to have their weapons taken to the local weaponsmith. For once, Zedha did not question her but mumbled an acknowledgement and turned over in bed.

As Quyhn walked through the town, the sun bright and cheery, she smiled to the folk she had met before. Every few minutes or so, however, she glanced over her shoulder, the feeling that someone was behind her was nearly overwhelming.

After dropping off the swords at the smithy, she went to the market. Zedha would appreciate the fresh fruits she purchased. Still, the feeling of being followed hunted her, though every time she looked back, she saw no one unusual. Once, however, she caught a glimpse of a blood red cloak turning a corner.

While they were in this town, Quyhn and Zedha composed messages for their parents and sent some of their money back home. Though they had to pay extra, they had arranged for the same messenger to return with replies. It meant staying put for almost two weeks, but the two girls were looking forward to hearing from their parents.

For three days, Quyhn wandered through the town looking for something she couldn't identify. Always looking, but never finding. Sometimes she saw that same red cloak behind her, or

ahead of her, or vanishing through a doorway. The paranoia eventually became so great that she headed into a bar to try to drown it out.

He was there and she got a look at him for the first time. He was handsome if a bit plain, but the appearance of men never really concerned Quyhn much. In fact, she never really cared for much but the other children who were born the night she was and even then physical attraction was questionable for her. She knew some of the others had found love and were even having children. Whatever drove them to search for that was missing from her spirit.

He saw her when he lifted his new glass for a drink. His eyes were cold and drove a sword through her gut. Part of her wanted desperately to get out of there, to grab Zedha and run until there was nowhere left to go. Instead, however, she ordered a drink and took it over to his table. He had chosen the darkest place in the whole bar.

She slid into the seat opposite him. Though she cared nothing for attraction or lust, she knew that most men considered her looks striking at the least. She deliberately pushed her thick dark hair behind her shoulder and leaned her elbow on the table. He merely blinked and continued drinking his ale.

"So, why are you following me?" She sipped at her wine.

"I'm not," he said quietly, not looking at her. Then he turned and captured her gaze. "I'm hunting you." He remained seated, calmly surveying the room.

She leaned back in her chair. "Not much sport when I come right to you."

He gave her a crooked grin. "Not doing this for sport, little one."

Quyhn finished her wine and waved to the bartender. After he refilled her glass, the stranger paid for it, not taking his eyes from her face. When the bartender was gone, he said, "My name is Adais." He slowly reached out and touched her cheek with the tip of his finger. "I will have you. And your sister. And all those like you." He downed the last of his ale and left the bar.

She cursed as he walked out the door. How was she going to deal with this? She wanted to follow him to his room and capture him. To hold him down and cut him, watch him bleed. To slowly drain his essence and watch him die.

To let him live would essentially allow him to kill her family. Zedha, Idra, Sajho, Zhem, and Blaes. The stem of her wine glass snapped in her fingers. Adais the hunter. But not for long.

\* \* \*

The messenger returned with happy greetings from their parents. The town outside the old kaer was coming along nicely and even attracting new settlers. Zedha had found a few old books and was kept busy by them for days. She never even noticed when Quyhn went out early in the morning only to return very late at night.

Quyhn led Adais around the town and into the forests every day. He had a sense about her, always ahead of her as if he knew her thoughts before she did anything. She too knew when he was gone. And while he was gone, she worked.

It would have broken her heart to think of what Zedha would say, what she would think, if she knew Quyhn was going to such lengths to break her vow. But the drive was too great and the ends were invaluable. And Zedha would never have to know.

\* \* \*

It was a beautiful day. Zedha had said she would be ready to leave in a few days. This would be the last chance Quyhn would have. Or need. She went out in the woods again, dressed lightly as always, but equipped for war.

Adais was there, she caught the red of his cloak in the corner of her eye. She sat down and waited.

Just after noon he approached her. "So, no hunt, no glory? It won't work."

She smiled but kept her eyes closed. "I dislike being pursued. By anyone."

He sat down across from her. "Quyhn."

"Adais."

They sat there for hours, the shadows shifting across them. Neither shifted. Finally, he sighed. "This bores me."

Finally, she looked at him. "I know." She lunged at him, pinning him to the ground within seconds. He struggled briefly, to no end. She had him. Using the rope she had made herself, painfully coarse rope, she tied him to the tree she had chosen.

Drawing a short knife, she said, "There are many things that bore me, Adais. And this will not be one of them. I don't care why you are hunting me or my family." She ran her hand through his hair, over his face. "I'm going to enjoy this. All night."

"Zedha will know. She'll notice that you're gone."

Quyhn sat back on her heels. "No, actually, she won't." She flipped the knife in the air. "So, shall we get started?"

She passed the night with Adais and her three favorite blades. It was long and tortuous night for him. His screams eventually faded into whimpers. When he was silent, she stopped.

Her clothes were covered with blood. Everything was covered with blood. She stripped under the moonlight and tossed her clothes into the fire. She washed herself with the cold water and rags and then dressed in fresh clothing. Adais was still alive, but would not survive to see dawn. She was content with that. His body would remain there, for his comrades to find, if he had any.

She sat there, before the fire for a while. She reveled in the experience. She had never destroyed a Name-giver before. It was forbidden, but perhaps that was why she still trembled with the excitement of what she had done to him. Part of her was devastated that she willingly fed the beast inside of her, but the sheer delight was too much to turn away from.

He had been right of course, Zedha would be extremely angry. She must be extremely careful never to breathe a word of it. And she must never allow this to happen again. But she had

made promises like that before and even to the most important person in her life and failed. Only the Passions knew what tomorrow would hold for her now.



## FLAVOR TEXT

Town: Kodie

This town is located near the western edge of the Blood Wood. The population is primarily Human. Long ago, before the Scourge, this was a beautiful elven city. The Name-givers who live there have maintained the architecture and have done their best to ignore Alachia's choices for her people and pretend that the Blood Wood is still the old Wyrn Wood and that there are no Blood Elves in the world.



## WHO'S WHO

Name: Delylith

Age/Gender/Race: 25/F/Elf

Adept: Wizard/3

This woman is motivated by a twisted sense of duty to Dis. She wears a black robe and always has her dark hair twisted into a tight bun. She travels around and volunteers her services to the governments of small towns so that they operate more efficiently. Once they have come to rely on her sense of organization, she claims to be called to another city and leaves them needing someone who can replace her. Questors of Dis tend to follow in her wake.



## ADVENTURE HOOK

A rotting corpse is found, alone in the middle of the forest, near an old camp. All the belongings are there, including a magical weapon (GM's choice). A journal is found in the belongings which could lead to the family of the deceased.



## POLLS

POLL QUESTION: How did you celebrate the New Year?

### CHOICES AND RESULTS

- Watching movies, 1 votes, 14.29%
- Private celebration, 4 votes, 57.14%
- Gaming with my friends, 1 votes, 14.29%
- Clubbing, 0 votes, 0.00%
- Other, 1 votes, 14.29%



## FAMOUS LAST WORDS

Heard at **my** game table

Two potatoes were sitting in the oven. One says, "Damn, it's hot in here." The other says, "Oh my God, a talking potato."

Lame jokes abound...



~FIN~