

# *Earthdawn Legends*

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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



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## EDITOR'S NOTE

Wow, as always, I am amazed when another month has zipped by. It's almost spring here and that means cleaning up and cleaning out everything, including my computer files. So, that also means update time for my webpage. My novel is coming along very nicely and you guys will be the first to know when it's finished and safely sold.

Be sure to read the updates and announcements, there's some interesting and heartbreaking news there. I've been sick again, which put a damper on the whole research thing for the Bigger Picture. Fortunately, this summer brings a promise of freedom and abundant gaming. I think this issue is our best yet, but that's nothing compared to our summer issues. Maybe we'll even have our first extra annual edition too!

One joy I have had this last month is receiving The Tea Party's new album (Interzone Mantras). I love this band and special thanks goes out to the guy who introduced them to me. This album is as good as their previous ones, with a deliciously full sound that I find emotional and inspiring. My favorite songs are still "Heaven Coming Down" from their album Triptych and "Psychopomp" from Transmission.

I had an idea for something to follow the Bigger Picture. That segment will be discontinued in December, I planned on 12 sections, with the second half of the year focusing on the mythology of the cultures previously discussed in the history sections. I will be adding a book and movie review section. If you have read a book that you think other Earthdawn gamers would like, contact us and we'll see what we can work out.

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. The HTML version is currently at two-thirds completion.

-As I was preparing the archive of past issues, I noticed I never posted the URLs for my MGS2 page. For those who missed it, last December, I posted a page with some screenshots of my name in the game. The Diablo 2 page has also been moved. They are both available from: <http://saria.tripod.com/othergames/index.html>

-Though you may already know about it, February 15, 2002 brought sad news that I only learned of at the end of March. Kevin Tod Smith, of Xena/Herc fame as Ares, died on the set of his last movie, Warriors of Virtue 2. He fell and injured his head, went into a coma, and never woke. I learned of this at Alexandra Tydings' website: <http://www.alextydings.com> and found more details at <http://www.geocities.com/Hollywood/Academy/4685/kevinpage.html>. Also check out the memorial at <http://www.zoomnet.net/~bsmarr/ksmemp.htm>

-It appears that tripod.com is quite serious about their bandwidth. I'm working on another server to host all my Earthdawn stuff (especially the EDL Archive), as well as my own domain, but that's another thing that will have to wait until this summer. If you know of a good place with domain parking that has about \$10/month fees, email me so I can check it out. If my site appears to be down, just come back a few hours later. It should be back up. Remember, our mirror site is: <http://saria.topcities.com>



## IDEA OF THE MONTH

For one month, set all campaigns aside. Randomly draw one group member's name at the beginning of a session and allow that person to have complete control over that game session. Gamemaster by the seat of your pants, watch a movie, play video games, relive old war stories, play (\*gasp\*) a card or board game or maybe even a dice game like Greed. Pit your players against each other or make them form teams. Fighting video games (Soul Calibur rules) and extreme sports games (like Tony Hawk Pro Skater 3) are excellent for this, that is, if you're into it.



## WEBSITE OF THE MONTH

An Earthdawn Step Roller for ED dice. It's very small and very cool. It can be found at (it's at the bottom):

<http://users.ticnet.com/wolvesden/earthdawncharactersheets.html>



## THE SPOTLIGHT

### Using Non-Standard Figures

I only vaguely remember when our game group played without any figures and only a map sketched on a scrap of paper. It wasn't that long ago, but having figures to represent our characters and so on has made the game more fun and easier to track.

Ideally, a dedicated gamer would have a figure for every possible use. I know that for my group, this isn't the case. So, we improvise.

My personal favorite figures to use are Mage Knight figures. After custom painting (though not all need it), they can make good figures for any generic fantasy and some science fiction games. I have painted some of mine for our Shadowrun games. And now that the MK Castle pieces are coming out, they have more appeal to fantasy players. Mage Knight Dungeons can be a nice diversion for a game group without having to leave the realm of role-playing. You still advance levels and collect treasure. I've heard and read that a lot of people complain about how badly these figures are made and so on, but in my experience (which actually includes hundreds of MK figures) I have been nothing but pleased.

I don't mean this to read like an ad for Mage Knight. So, I will mention generic fantasy figures. Reaper, especially, has made some very nice ones at very reasonable prices. I have many of those that I have painted as well. There are many other brands that have fantastic figures, but their prices are way out of my range for a little metal fig.

Maybe you use Lego men or Kubrick men, both of which are very cool. My personal favorite, though it may sound sick, is Barbie. I have never used them in a game, but let me tell ya, G.I. Joe has supplied my dolls from childhood with plenty of guns and camo gear. :)

Of course, there are millions of action figures that could be used, but for Earthdawn, nothing beats the Heartbreaker figures. I was lucky enough to get some of the t'skrang figs.

Before WebRPG went to a pay service, they had a map function that allowed the use of "virtual" miniatures.

This month's poll is about miniature use in games. If you have any suggestions, or strange stories about minis in your games, email us and share!



## THE BIGGER PICTURE

The Bigger Picture, Part 4  
Irish, Scottish, and Celtic history

(I've decided to note the Scottish history here as well, since I have so little of it prepared.)

The Neolithic period in Ireland began around 3000 BC, which is approximately our magic number. The people of this period were farmers, raising animals and crops. Trade consisted of objects like axe-heads. Of note is the passage cairn at Newgrange, which has been dated to 3200-3100 BC.

Many of these passage cairns, though their purpose is uncertain, are found in a line from County Meath to County Sligo. They may have been sacred temples. Portal tombs were mainly constructed between 3000-2000 BC. These are often called dolmens and are considered aboveground burial chambers. They were usually constructed with upright stones and capstones. Around 2000 BC, metal deposits were discovered (bronze, gold). The people of this time who migrated there seemed to have mingled with the residents.

As far as Celtic history, Celtic immigrants were probably among the Indo-Europeans that traveled to central Europe and began to colonize around 3000 BC. Celts of this era (2100 BC) are associated with cord pottery. Also about this time, the Celtic language split off from the "language community" it had previously been a part of. (Historical language will be dealt with in another issue.)

Also around 3000 BC, the (Neolithic) town of Skara Brae was established in Orkney. Early Cave Dwellers lived near Oban in Scotland. Between around 2500 BC and 2000 BC metalwork started to make its way into Scotland.

The last bit of interest I will mention here is the Fortingall Yew. The alleged date of this tree's origin is around 3000 BC. If this is in fact the correct date, it is possible that this tree is the oldest living thing on the planet. How cool is that?

(<http://www.undiscoveredscotland.co.uk/glenlyon/glenlyon/index.html> if you want to see more about it, it's near the bottom.)

Next time: India and Asia



## AGE OF LEGENDS

This month, the fiction selection is based in the Wastes.

The Rocks  
By: J. Anne Mauck

Kasanna sighed. The grit of the mist was aggravating her new tattoo. She had voluntarily had her ancestral tattoo expanded to include her new family after she was married. The back of her right hand and arm were still stinging from the spiderspike thorns and ink.

Her husband, who went by the name Jackal, had gone in search of some herbs to rub on her arm. They had used the last of their clean cloth during the storm three days ago, so she couldn't wrap it any more. Kasanna wanted to scratch at it.

Kasanna and Jackal had been looking for a strange rock formation. Word had been floating through the tribes that the Monarch was building several magnificent rock constructs that would secure her hold on the Wastes. Kasanna worried that she would eventually try to cut off the

Wastes from the rest of the world. If the stories were true, things could move go from bad to worse in a matter of days. Kasanna prayed a futile prayer to the Passions that it was just a story.

"I'm sorry, love," Jackal said, coming up behind her. "I couldn't find anything. We're just too far out in the Deep." The Deep Wastes were almost completely barren. A stalthen could run at full speed for three days and not find a single living thing.

She smiled and shrugged. She pulled out her long sleeve tunic and ripped the right arm from it and began to stitch it on to the bottom of her half-sleeved shirt. "This will keep it covered at least," she murmured.

Jackal started a fire with a spell and settled down to heat a little water. "We can wash it off tonight, after the mistwinds have settled."

He was a Mist Walker. In fact, Jackal was a direct descendant of the first Mist Walker, and, like all those before him, he wielded Elemental magics. He could sense the shift in the winds, the coming of the storms, the movements of those tiny mist biters that blotted out the sun. A pureblood of Adena.

They sat until nightfall, silent and listening. The Deep Wastes held terrors those of the margins couldn't fathom. Even the Horrors from Barsaive proper wouldn't dare to venture into the Deep. Nothing came and nothing went. Kasanna was nearly asleep when her husband spoke.

"The stories are true, love," he said as he lay next to her. "I'm sorry."

Kasanna tried to swear, but found that she had no heart for it. She had known deep inside all along that it was true. For a moment, she wished she knew the Ork tongue to better express herself. But alas, she and her husband bore only pure Human blood. "Well, we shall see tomorrow what can be done. I don't have to die if the problem can be solved some other way. A sacrifice is not always required to break that binding."

\* \* \*

The next morning, they awoke to find the fire already out and a fine coating of dead mistbiters covering everything. Kasanna's arm itched. It took all her willpower not to scratch it. She was relieved she had declined the Ritual Master mark. Jackal gently massaged it for her. Something in his touch took the pain and distraction out of her mind. She relaxed and prepared herself for the possibility of what may be required of her.

The Ritual Master had said the Monarch's chain of monuments must be destroyed, whether by fire or by blood. Kasanna had been instructed not to let anything, even her life, stand in the way of her goal. Jackal was the fire and she was the blood. A tear rolled down her cheek. If Jackal died here with her, his bloodline would end and Dalith's legacy would be destroyed. Not to mention that she didn't really want to die either. She wanted to carry on her family's blood as well as Jackal's. She had dreamed of the children she would raise and gift with adept's blood. With a sigh, she realized it was just as well that she had been careful not to become pregnant.

"Let's go, love," Jackal said, pulling on her hand. "It's not that far away. You'll feel it before you can see it." And, as always, he was right.

The astral twist that had been placed on this area felt cruel. More cruel than the holes and ragged feeling of the normal astral space here. Kasanna was nearly overcome by nausea. She let Jackal pull her along. When he stopped, she fell to her knees and dry-heaved for a minute.

He knelt beside her. "I'm sorry, I'd forgotten how sensitive you were to her corrupted touch. The Monarch is near, I'm afraid."

Kasanna was one of the few Namegivers ever to behold the physical form of the Monarch and come back alive. She had not been marked, but her spirit could still feel the vile bitch's touch. Kasanna spit. "One day, this land will be free of her. I swear it."

Jackal nodded. "I have sworn so too, love." He helped her to her feet. "Come, it's not far now."

The stone structure began to rise in her vision. It stood like a warped castle, twisted and distorted stones leaning against each other. When they saw the entire structure, Kasanna gasped and grabbed at her heart. Tears streamed down her face. It formed the basic figure of the Monarch herself.

Jackal gripped her hand. "You can do this. You've been ready for this for years. This spell you've created will not fail." He pulled his wife close and kissed her hard. She kissed him back and he bit her lip. He drew back and licked her blood from his lower lip. She ran her tongue over the cut.

He pulled a wickedly curved blade from its sheath at his waist. He handed it to her blade first. Kasanna closed her hand over the blade slowly, then she quickly drew her closed hand away. A few drops of blood splattered on the ground. "If I fail," she started to say.

"You won't. Your blood is as strong as mine. We will survive."

Pain raced up her arm. She kept her hand closed to hold back the flow of blood. She walked up to the lower rocks before her. She held her hand out, letting blood flow over her fingers and onto the rocks that formed the Monarch's serpentine tail. She slowly wove the threads to remove the thing's pattern. Astral space began to spin about her. The Monarch's grip was tight.

Several hours later, the spell was complete. Kasanna had fallen to her knees, swerving back and forth with the effort to stay upright. She had sacrificed a lot of blood for this one purpose. As she finished, she fell over to the side, hitting the ground with her shoulder as she passed out.

\* \* \*

The next morning, she awoke in her husband's arms, snuggled in their tent. It was dark outside. Jackal squeezed her. "I told you. You are strong, love."

Kasanna yawned. "Is there a storm?"

Jackal nodded. "We'll be safe. I used some of the rocks from the monument to build a solid shelter. The tent is inside that. We'll be safe."

Rubbing her eyes, she saw the bloody cloth on her hand. "Did it work?"

Jackal grinned mischievously. "Of course it worked. And the Monarch has left the area." She knew he was right. Her spirit lay silent inside her, quietly relishing this minor victory. He kissed her

temple. "We'll set out in a few days, after you're better. We'll find the next one. And do it again."



## FLAVOR TEXT

Town: Mudinya

Mudinya is a crowded city on the southern leg of the Serpent River. Travelers are always welcomed there because the people of the city are always in need of something. They will attempt to trade for almost anything a visitor carries, even the clothing he or she is wearing. The only income this city has is from a gold mine near by that they maintain strict control over. They always have money, but no crops, textiles, or pretty much anything else. They maintain trade for the necessities of life with a city on the other side of the River called Nauthiz.



## WHO'S WHO

Name: Dalith Sylvath

Age/Gender/Race: 38/Male/Human

Adept: Elementalist 9

The First Mist Walker, Dalith was a founding member of the Adena tribe. He had dark hair and eyes so brown as to look black. Descendants of his bear a special mark at the core of their ancestral tattoos. When he saw the expanse of mist blocking out the sun, Dalith vowed that his line would see the end of the blackness and that the sun would rule the day as it did before the Scourge. He carried a spear made of snakewood which now sits in the Governing House in Adena City.



## ADVENTURE HOOK

The group is contacted when a messenger fails to return with an important missive from the king of Throal. His belongings were found two days away from the city, but no one can tell if his message was delivered to the king or not. The message (or reply) has vanished. Even though it was encoded, the message is vital to the fate of the kingdom. The characters are asked to accompany a new messenger and to find the old message.



## POLLS

POLL QUESTION: About -your- game group... We:

### CHOICES AND RESULTS

- have a name., 3 votes, 9.38%
- accept all who want to play., 3 votes, 9.38%
- have trial periods for new player., 3 votes, 9.38%
- just play whenever we get a chance., 2 votes, 6.25%
- play at a set time regularly., 9 votes, 28.12%
- always rotate gamemasters., 5 votes, 15.62%
- only play one campaign at a time., 4 votes, 12.50%
- play more than one character each., 3 votes, 9.38%
- other responses, email us, 0 votes, 0.00%



## FAMOUS LAST WORDS

Gamer Funnies

DeViations - Gamer Humor

[http://dirkdancer.keenspace.com/game\\_humor\\_00.html](http://dirkdancer.keenspace.com/game_humor_00.html)

Be careful though, the CG fairies are, uh, nekkid.



-FIN-