

Earthdawn Legends

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WELCOME, FRIENDS AND TRAVELERS. . .



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EDITOR'S NOTE

So, I did a cool thing last month and I'm going to use this space to tell you about it. July 13 was the Riverfest in Lafayette (and West Lafayette), the biggest event of which was the dragon boat races. I've put some pictures up on my website of the boats. Down on the Wabash river, which cuts between Lafayette and West Lafayette, Paul and I went to watch some of the teams race. There's some history behind this that I want to relate to you as well, but I've put it up on the website so that everyone who visits will get the full story.

Yeah, I know I'm late again, but I've been really busy with other projects that are ending this month. Look for September to be a little less busy.

So, this is our 4th anniversary! WOO!

Oh yeah, and I am a slacker. 'Nuff said.

As always... the game must go on!

Lady Saria
aka Jenny



UPDATES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

-I have my own domain! <http://www.ladysaria.com>

-A couple of errors to correct: Issue 4-6 was misnamed in the subject as 3-6. I noticed the mistake because I almost made it again with 4-7. Also, in the constant re-setting of Outlook Express, I mis-typed my name, so that's why the last messages appeared to be from strange people (Serui and Lday Saria). I've corrected it since then.

-The Idea of the Month segment has been removed in favor of information regarding the Earthdawn Mud Project. If you have an Earthdawn-related mud project, drop us a line and we can make the announcement for you.

-The Earthdawn section of LRGames.com has been updated by the new webmaster. It seems to focus a little better on the changes they have made.

-The Wastes Project used first edition rules. I will not be updating the Project to match the new rules since I do not have access to them.



EARTHDAWN MUDS

This is a new section this month. Please read this carefully.

Age of Legend will be a fantasy-based game with emphasis on role-playing. We are running on stock Smaug 1.4 currently, soon to be highly modified. Some notable features that will deviate from the norm is the Earthdawn Combat System, the use of thread items and blood magic. These are only to name a few of the enhancements that will be a part of this mudding experience.

If you are interested in helping in the development of Earthdawn, Age of Legend please review the positions below. Listed are descriptions, specific requirements, how to apply, and the things to include in your application.

Builder

-Building using a version of OLC. Many additions make building easy on the Earthdawn mud. Your areas must also be written with a sense of RP. Also, no experience is required as we will train those who require it. All we ask is that you be knowledgeable of the Earthdawn environment and willing to learn.

How to apply:

Email donalban@mindspring.com

EDML: <http://earthdawn.dragonpaw.org/mud/> Signup for the mailing list and make request
ICQ: 32233285

What to include: Mudding experience.

Building experience.

Why you want to help.

Why you should be chosen.

Three sample descriptions of a path through the Servos Jungle that are of your own creation.

Programmer

-Programming using the C++ program language. The stock code comes with a wide range of features. We wish to implement more Earthdawn-based coding as soon as possible. So with the combined efforts we can create one of the best MUD experiences around. We do ask that you have some experience and willing to devote time to your work. Ideally, all programmers will be given their own accounts on the system for as long as they contribute to the development team.

How to apply:

Email donalban@mindspring.com

EDML: <http://earthdawn.dragonpaw.org/mud/> Signup for the mailing list and make request

ICQ: 32233285

What to include: Mudding experience.
Coding experience.
Why you want to help.
Why you should be chosen.
Some sort of sample code that you have made.

Editors

-These positions are by far not as glorious as the above, yet they offer an invaluable service to the MUD. History must be written, help files need editing, and overall mud policies must be revised.

How to apply:

Email donalban@mindspring.com

EDML: <http://earthdawn.dragonpaw.org/mud/> Signup for the mailing list and make request

ICQ: 32233285

What to include: Mudding experience.
Proposed position
Why you want to help.
Why you should be chosen.
Description of the position and an example of how you would do it.



WEBSITE OF THE MONTH

This month's site is a site titled "The Ballad of Old Jade"

<http://www.johnzo.com/earthdawn/>



THE SPOTLIGHT **Religion, When It Goes Too Far**

This is part three of a focus on religion and gaming. This may be a delicate topic for some of you, so please know that this topic will be treated with care and will not last for many issues. First, let's set an even playing ground. Earthdawn, Shadowrun, and other RPGs are just that: *games*. A game is not real life and real life is not a game. The average gamer is able to draw a line between his own life and his game. Even a dedicated gamer should have defined boundaries. Always remember, it's just a game.

Because this is such a delicate subject, I felt compelled to devote a brief article on those cases where the line has been crossed. I have not heard of any Earthdawn-related insanity, but rather

many other games. This is about those who cannot separate real life from the game, though the connection between the game and related suicides or homicides seems tenuous and contrived at best. But that is for you to decide.

Pat Pulling has been one of the strongest anti-RPG advocates since her son Bink killed himself. His mother, Pat, believed that he killed himself because a curse was placed on his character that caused him to want to kill other people. She believed he "heroically sacrificed" himself, rather than kill those he loved. She started a group that goes by the acronym BADD (Bothered About D&D) and has developed a crazy interrogation technique for police to use when they believe the occult was involved. More information about Pat, BADD, and her history can be found all over the web. Her book is titled "The Devil's Web."

James Dallas Egbert III was one of the "victims" who actually played (and disappeared) in the steam tunnels under Michigan State University. He was an extraordinary young man who excelled in his education. He considered suicide to get revenge on his parents. He used gaming to escape the pressures he felt placed upon him. William Dear wrote a book about this incident titled "The Dungeon Master."

When Steven Loyacono (age 16) killed himself with carbon monoxide poisoning, his mother Rosemary blamed Dungeons and Dragons, but not for its role-playing aspect. She claimed that the game was a gateway to the occult. She felt her son was compelled to kill others, just like Bink.

While there are many other instances, some less publicized, they all seem similar in their accusations. However, to end on a light note, this is also the subject of humor. "Dungeons and Dragons" by the Deadale Wives ala Dr. Demento is a beautiful example of this.

For more: <http://www.chick.com/articles/dnd.asp>



THE BIGGER PICTURE

This month is Egyptian myth.

Egyptian myth doesn't sync up well with Barsaivian mythology. While the Passions are certain things personified, similar to Greek and Roman mythology, Egyptian myth is different from most other religions because it doesn't quite work that way. The areas/subjects over which the Egyptian gods reign overlap each other almost as much as their interrelations do. In fact, the mythology is pretty much the only thing more involved and confusing than Egyptian history. :)

For more info: <http://members.aol.com/egyptart/mytho.html>



AGE OF LEGENDS

This fiction is not Earthdawn related, but is still fantasy. I wrote this a long time ago, to enter in a contest (which it did not even place in).

Past Threats

By: J. Anne Mauck

She awoke in a cold sweat, the sheets tangled with her legs. The sun had just begun its morning ascent, and a cool breeze teased the curtains. The brilliant glow of the sunrise and the soft sound of flowing water outside the window created a false sense of calm.

She was sure something was out of place, but her tentative glance around the room revealed nothing unusual. She rose from her bed and wrapped a silken robe around her thin, shivering frame.

The floor was cool to her feet. She stepped lightly over to the window. As she inhaled the fresh morning air, she knew something about her unease was familiar. Perhaps she had residual doubts about her upcoming wedding.

As she stared out the window, waves of memories brought tears to her eyes. Her dreams of late had forced her awake, screaming. All this because of him. She had found that the only way to get him out of her mind was to relive the memories as if she had never lived past that day. She closed her eyes and let the tears fall freely.

It had been spring the morning he left, as it was now. Peace had reigned in her father's house until that day. It was the day before they were to be wed. She had dressed in the sapphire-colored dress he had had made for her. With a sad smile, she recalled that he'd said it matched her eyes. She was about to descend the stairs in the grand hall when she heard the unmistakable sound of clashing swords. She rushed down the rest of the stairs only to find her father and two of his guards driving her fiancé out of the manor.

As he left, he shouted the words she could never forget, "I never loved Cerise, but you will not forget me!" Her sister, who had just appeared, had no time to understand what went on before he grabbed her and ran. Tears flowed heavily, both in the present and the past, for her sister and the fate that befell her.

It was difficult to believe that this had happened more than six years ago, but time does pass, however slowly. She wiped away her tears and focused herself on the problem at hand. Something was wrong, and she intended to find out what it was. She dressed quickly in a light shirt and pants, grabbed her sword and boots, and left her room. After a few steps on the cold floor, she paused to pull on her boots. She walked slowly down the hall, checking around every corner and behind every door. Finding nothing but frustration, she continued toward the guard post.

She checked thoroughly her father's trophy room and her mother's dressing room, pausing only for a moment to mourn their passing. Taking a slightly longer path to her destination, she went through the kitchen and pantry, still finding nothing. Finally, she entered the grand hall. As she stood in the doorway, her skin tingled as the hairs all over her body stood on end. It was almost as if she could feel his presence. "If it is you, Adrian, you will be sorry," she whispered to herself.

Without hesitating, she strode straight to the guard post only to find it deserted. Knowing she would not be so lax in her commands as to leave the manor unprotected, she headed straight for the holding cells underneath the guard post. As she descended the stairs, she heard a muffled cry for help. The sight she saw nearly confirmed her belief that he was here. The guards on duty were bound and gagged. "You were hired to protect this household and me, and now, I have to rescue you," she growled. She carelessly slashed their bonds and said, "Search the manor, I will go to the stables. Be sure that no one leaves." Without another sound, she stalked out of the room.

In moments, she had arrived at the stable doors. The wrongness she felt seemed more immediate here. She noticed the left door was slightly open. Adrian was left-handed, she idly thought. She paused and listened for any abnormal sounds from inside. The horses were milling around restlessly, but there were no other unusual sounds. With her sword drawn, she slowly opened the left door. For a moment, she was blinded by the darkness. Slowly, her eyes adjusted, and she saw a dark, human form near Nox, her favorite horse.

"I never thought you could be so tender with anything, Adrian," she said quietly. Her lips curled into an evil smile when he jumped at her words.

"Cerise?" he said. "I can't see you when you stand in the light like that."

"Why are you here? Haven't you hurt me enough? I could, and am tempted to, kill you where you stand," she said in a low voice. "Are you going to kill my horse, too? Just like you killed my sister?"

"I could've killed you instead, Cerise. It would have been so easy. Your sister, you, it wouldn't have mattered to me. It was only because I couldn't kill your father. But, I suppose he never told you why he cast me out." He looked obscenely delighted to be able to torture her like this. "Your father, he never liked me. He thought I was too controlling. He said that he raised you to be 'an independent woman who did not need a tyrant for a husband.' Of course, at that point, I knew I would never have you for my own, I told him what I thought of his policies as lord. You know the rest."

"So, you never did love me. How can I repay that kindness?" She raised her sword in challenge. "Fight me, Adrian. I know you have no qualms about hurting a woman."

He removed his dark cloak revealing, at his throat, the silver pendant that her sister had been wearing that day. "Fighting was the one thing we did well, Cerise, and I gladly take any opportunity to destroy you." He unsheathed his sword in acceptance of her challenge. Not wasting even a second, he charged at her.

Cerise did not want the horses more distressed than they already were, so she backed toward the doors. Just as Adrian was about to strike her, she danced out of his way and nearly out the door. He struggled to regain his footing as she cleared the doors. Cerise knew that Adrian was not an honorable man, so with a short prayer for forgiveness, she let her anger and hate take control.

After a few minutes of wearing combat, Adrian commented, "You have a much better sword arm than I expected."

Cerise acknowledged his comment with a grim smile and a swing that cut deeply into his left arm. As he reached for the wound with his right hand, she dropped down and kicked his legs out from underneath him. As he fell to his knees, she brought the tip of her sword to his throat.

"The day you left, I swore you'd pay. The day I was told about my sister, I swore again. I've been waiting for this day for the past six years."

"If you kill me, Cerise, you'll be no better than me," Adrian said hoping to persuade her not to kill him.

"That's quite an argument, coming from you, but you'll have to do better than that." Cerise had a wild look in her eyes that Adrian had never seen before. "I'm afraid, though, that you won't get the chance." Slowly, she removed her sword from his throat, knelt down before him, and gently ran her fingers through his hair. Without warning, she grabbed his hair and dragged him to his feet. She dropped her sword and took the dagger from his belt. "With your blood on my hands, I wash myself of the guilt I felt at my sister's death." She poised the dagger near his heart. "One other thing, dearest Adrian," she began as she started applying pressure to the knife. She brought her lips to his ear. "I never loved you, either," she whispered as she forced the knife between his ribs.

His eyes opened wide as he heard and felt those words. He opened his mouth, but only gurgling sounds came out. Blood gushed as she let the body fall to the ground. She removed the pendant from his limp body and placed it around her own neck, finally free of her past.



FLAVOR TEXT

Town: Ritte

This town is very small, more of a stop along the way that grew into a tiny hamlet with a deep well. This well is rumored to be very special. The water has been pure and plentiful for years, even in years of extreme drought. The citizens who live in Ritte never seem to fall ill, and those who rest there always feel refreshed and vibrant after drinking or bathing in water from that well.



WHO'S WHO

Name: Usmya

Age/Gender/Race: ?/?/Human

Adept: Has followed many disciplines at different times

This being claims to have discovered the secret to immortality. No one has seen this being's face or body since before the Scourge. This being always wears a dark cloak and hides in shadow. It is said that s/he is human, but no one can be sure.



ADVENTURE HOOK

The temperature in an isolated area has been rising steadily for the last two weeks. The circular area is slowly spreading outward. Things are starting to die near the center. Some kind of magic is out of control and the heat at the center is overwhelming, but if it is not stopped, it will eventually consume all of Barsaive.



POLLS

There was no poll for the July issue.



FAMOUS LAST WORDS

Said by ME at VBS on August 10
J. Anne Mauck

"I put a 'J' with wheels on mine 'cause I am ready to roll on out of here!"



SPECIAL THANKS

To Master Donalban, for keeping the Earthdawn Mud dream alive and keeping in touch with me about it.



~FIN~