

Earthdawn Legends

OCTOBER 2002
VOLUME 4, NUMBER 10
J. ANNE MAUCK - EDITOR
PAUL DE BONTE - ASSOCIATE DEVELOPER

WELCOME, FRIENDS AND TRAVELERS. . .



Contents

DISCLAIMER
EDITOR'S NOTE
UPDATES/ANNOUNCEMENTS
EARTHDAWN MUDS
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

Time is always too short to get what we need to get done finished. This issue is really late. I realize how late it is. I just haven't been able to get it done, because well, I just haven't felt like it. I'm getting seriously burnt out on this stuff. We are taking submissions as always and if I don't receive some, I'm going to have to cut down on the size of this newsletter. I can't keep writing these. Help a poor GM out!

Pardon me for my brevity. I'm very tired.

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



UPDATES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

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

-Um, go to www.fark.com and read some news...

-Accepting Submissions for all areas



EARTHDAWN MUDS

If you have any information about an Earthdawn-related mud, or even just an area in a mud that you play, email us and we can spread the updates. Be sure to type exactly what you want others to see, since I will just copy/paste it.



WEBSITE OF THE MONTH

Got this in an email:

<http://pub84.ezboard.com/bparliamentofrooks>

"I hope to see you all at the *Parliament of Rooks* message board."

Well, ok, I edited it, but this is all you need to know.



THE SPOTLIGHT Using News

The news can be an endless source of gaming ideas. However, you really need to decide if you're going to be inspired by the news before something happens. And, of course, a GM using this technique must keep in mind that the media spares no details so the players will have the same base knowledge.

Here are some suggestions for altering the real news to create game plots. An actual adventure hook using this technique (the obvious example) can be found below.

- 1 - Alter the major details of a case: the gender/race of the "suspect."
- 2 - Use your imagination: have the end turn out the way YOU wanted it to (be careful when broadcasting your opinions to your friends).
- 3 - Choose old news stories or obscure ones.
- 4 - Put yourself in the middle of the story and change it to what you would have done.

If the group you GM for are close friends, you need to be especially careful of being too obvious, if they know you very well.

So turn on a news channel and start taking notes! (Or, the History channel if you prefer)...



THE BIGGER PICTURE

Irish, Celtic, and Scottish Mythology...

Read here for more information: <http://www.celts.org/bookstore/folklore.htm>



AGE OF LEGENDS

Old and Busted
By: J. Anne Mauck

Bracken sat at the bar, nursing his ale. He wasn't an old man, but he felt old enough. He'd been alive long enough, he supposed. For a moment, he looked at his hand. The back of it was very tan and his palm and fingers were callused and worn. There were cracks near his fingernails that would have caused pain in younger years. These hands he trusted. They were true and solid and could swing a sword as well as a cat-o-nine-tails. They were the hands of a warrior. A tired warrior.

A younger man sidled up to him and smiled. "Hey old man, let me buy you a round." Bracken gave him a half-smile and nodded. The gentleman, for that's how he seemed, tossed some coins to the barkeep and nodded at Bracken's mug. The barkeep gave them a gap-toothed smile.

"So, what's your name, youngster?" Bracken sighed after asking such an obvious question. Well, he never was a socialite or troubadour.

He laughed in reply before saying, "You can call me Rex." Bracken nodded knowingly. The young man swallowed nervously.

"So, Rex, entertain an old man. Tell me something interesting."

The barkeep brought over two more mugs of ale and Bracken pushed his old one away. With a gulp, he glanced expectantly at Rex.

"That sounds like an interesting challenge, friend."

"That sounds like a well-rehearsed avoidance."

"Spot on, sir." Rex sipped his ale and made a disgusted sound.

"Not your style, is it? This ale is an old man's drink, one to make you forget. Perhaps you should try something else?" Bracken looked to see if Rex would rise to the bait.

Rex coughed and shook his head. "I can handle it. Something interesting..."

Bracken shrugged and looked down at his hands again in contemplation. Rex shifted on his stool. A brief, but wicked look came over his face. "A town quite a distance from here was completely destroyed no less than a week ago. The people, few people I might mention, claim that fire fell down on them like rain on nights when there were no crimes reported."

Bracken grunted.

"Not impressed?"

"Surely there's more to the story than that." Bracken waved the barkeep over for another round.

"Of course," Rex said with a sneer. "I should have realized that a man of your worldliness would not be entertained by less than the whole story."

The bartender glanced between the two men and refilled Bracken's mug. Surreptitiously, he gave Rex another drink in a fresh mug.

Bracken paid the bartender and watched him walk away. Just as Rex was about to continue his story, Bracken turned and grabbed his upper arm. Rex was startled, but did not pull away. He looked panicked.

"Listen, son," Bracken said, almost spitting out the words. "Just because I sit here and tolerate your presence, don't think I don't know who or what you are. Every man in this room knows who you are and what you've done. Any supernatural powers you may have do not negate the fact that you are mortal." Bracken smirked. "I'm just too tired and old to do anything about you. Or give a damn."

Bracken pulled Rex from the barstool and shoved him. "Drink your ale then get the hell out of here, scum."

Shaken, Rex grabbed his mug and nodded. Bracken was far more powerful than he'd imagined. In fact, it was sheer luck Bracken hadn't snapped his neck where he stood. He gulped down the ale and slowly backed through the door.

After the door swung shut, Bracken looked at the barkeep with a raised eyebrow. The bartender nodded, but kept wiping out the mug in his hand. Bracken smiled and began looking at his hands, hands that held more power than he'd remembered.

To be continued...



FLAVOR TEXT

Town: Wytu

This was the town burned by the Horror that Bracken threatened. It was a peaceful town, with minor incidents of crime (vandalism, shoplifting). When a new constable was hired, all crime stopped and the troubles began. Unfortunately, no one who survived is willing to speak of the incident.



WHO'S WHO

Name: Zunir
Age/Gender/Race: 54/M/Elf
Adept: Warrior 5

Zunir is a thin elf with a deep tan. He travels in the west past the borders of Barsaive. His hair is so blonde as to look white and reaches the middle of his back. He tends to be secretive, but when he is around people he likes, tends to be a prankster.



ADVENTURE HOOK

This section will be replaced soon by suggested news articles to use as per the spotlight.



POLLS

There was no poll for the September issue.



FAMOUS LAST WORDS

<http://www.mutedfaith.com/quiz/vq.htm>

What kind of Villain are you?



SPECIAL THANKS

Uhm, anyone wanna thank someone special here? Email us!

~FIN~