

# HinterWelt Newsletter Issue #2

## Welcome

Well, we made it to a second newsletter! Thanks for signing on with us, and as always, your feedback is important to us. Here's our news for June/July.

## New Stuff

We are trying something new with the newsletter by providing a PDF version online. The PDF version of the newsletter has art and text formatting not available in the emailed version. Feel free to check it out at our site <http://www.hinterwelt.com/>.

## Thanks

ran a preview of Another Mans Treasure, a supplement to Tales of Gaea, for a lucky group of players. Marcus from Titan Games agreed to carry our book at his table, and he sold all 30 copies. It sounds like everyone enjoyed themselves at Origins.

## Banded from KODT!

That's right, we had an advertisement banned from the Knights of the Dinner Table comic book. Chris Martinez had drawn us an awesome Nazi skeleton, complete with swastika, which we decided to run in our new ad. But the folks at KODT informed us that the swastika is not allowed to be shown in Germany, where they sell a fair amount of books. We had to replace the art with a less terrifying (but still impressive) piece where a French resistance fighter sinks her fangs into an enemy soldier. You can see the new ad in the August issue.

## Product Updates

We can't believe the interest generated by Shades of Earth, our alternate history core rule book. We've had phone calls, e-mails, and interested on-lookers contact us about release dates, the art, and the game play. This 250 page soft cover book will sell for \$30 and should be in stores in early August. It uses our own Iridium system, which combines fast paced combat with realistic action. The core rules ships with a 1938 setting, where you can fight against killer Nazi zombies, or take a walk on the dark side and join the Gestapo. Explore the ways of magic in a non-fantasy historical setting!



Ever feel like crushing Evil?

Evil Feels Like Crushing YOU!

[www.hinterwelt.com](http://www.hinterwelt.com)  
Shades of Earth  
Alternative History Role-Playing

HinterWelt Enterprises  
The Next Level In RPGs



We also sent out Another Mans Treasure to the printers last week. This 64 page soft cover adventure scenario sells for \$15 and is designed to run with Tales of Gaea and the Iridium system. It covers the city of Shadazar, were dirty dealings and strange magics abound. It offers several adventure seeds and one full adventure for GM's, and new skills, magic items, and a new class for players. Martina returned again to draw the eye-catching cover, with staff artist Mark Brooks supplying interior art. Look for this product in August.

Our Sci-Fi rules book called Nebuleon won't be out until October, but it will be worth the wait. Martina and Mark will be back again to provide illustrations for this galaxy spanning work. Play a human or an alien, Andromedaen marine or civilian, Free Trader or pirate, there's a universe of opportunity in Nebuleon. At \$30, this 250 page soft cover book is a bargain.

## A Short Story

That's all the news for this month. We'd like to close out the newsletter with the introduction story to Shades of Earth. Enjoy, and we'll talk again next month.

## A Night in Brazil

I woke up with that feeling that tells you that you were in a fight, a fight you hadn't won. Maybe it was the maracas rattling in my ear. Maybe the maracas were my loose teeth, but I knew I was in trouble. My first clue was my hands tied behind my back. My second clue was the smell of cheap cologne.

"Schmidt, that you?"

"Nein, mein freund, it is a beautiful fan dancer, and I have come to take you away." Schmidt always thought he was funny.

"So what is with the heavy stuff? I still hurt from the beating your goons gave me in that cantina." It would have been more true to say that my mother still hurt, but I didn't feel like getting into the details.

"I am sorry for that, Joe. You know I like you best, but my people here are so *enthusiastic* about their work." His people. Right. Most of us have friends or employees, Schmidt had people. "I do not want anything more to happen to you, Joe. But more to the point, I do not want anything to happen to me." That sounded like Schmidt. "The people I work for have had something stolen from them. They believe it was you who did this."

"I'm flattered. What did I steal? Was it expensive?" I didn't show that I was amused since I wasn't, and I don't think Schmidt ever had been.



"Oh, 'important' would be a better way to describe it. Important and rare, so that makes it expensive to the right people." Schmidt smiled. His smile was like a croc right before it eats you. Toothy and very sympathetic.

"I only ask because I'd like to buy myself something nice."

"Joe, we know you have it. Please, let us get to the negotiations. We are willing to pay you well for the artifact. As you must know, time is of the essence. We must have it by the dawn."

"Dawn . . . right, and I suppose you need some flowers for your sweet heart." That earned me a smack . . . and then another. Schmidt was nothing if not thorough.

As I spat out some blood I asked Schmidt, "O.K. Let's pretend I know where it is and then assume I know what it is. What's in it for me?" I saw the gleam in Schmidt's eyes. I was getting somewhere.

"Mein freund, you look at this situation in the wrong light. You must not ask yourself 'what is in it for me,' but 'will I get out of this alive?' I promise you, after I begin I am most thorough. You know my methods. You will soon begin to worry about living, not dying. You will wonder if you will be able to walk, if you will be able to see, or if you will be able to make love to a woman again." Schmidt had me there. "Yes, we know of the woman, Veronica. Did you trade it to her for a paltry night's passion?"

"You know me Schmidt. Nothing about me is paltry." I looked him up and down. "Then again, maybe you don't know me that well." I tried to smile from a broken face, but it came off as all blood and teeth. "She walked a week ago, and I haven't seen her since." That was a lie, but Schmidt was lousy at this game.

"You are lying." And then again, maybe I was a bad liar. "We saw you with her yesterday buying tickets for the clipper." Schmidt lit me a cigarette. "You see, Joe, we are well informed, so it is best to dispense with these childish deceptions."

"Fine with me. How about untying my mitts?" Schmidt frowned and gave a feeble laugh.

"I think not. Your military record is well known also. Where is the girl?"

"Try Poughkeepsie." That was the wrong answer, and I paid the tax for it. He worked me pretty hard and for some time. It may have been the pain, but I swear one fist burned with fire and the other was cold as ice. Finally, I either passed out or Schmidt got tired.

"Where is she?! Joe, you will tell me now or I will kill you!" Somehow I didn't believe him. Something kept rattling around in my head, and for once it wasn't Schmidt working the controls. Suddenly I realized the light in my face was the sun, and Schmidt sounded pretty desperate. It was then I smelled her perfume and realized my hands were free. Schmidt hadn't been kidding when he talked about my time with the military. I had been middleweight boxing champion for my division.

"See ya around, Schmidt."

I'm not sure if Schmidt ever recovered enough to realize I was pounding on him, but when I left he was muttering for his mother. On my way to the port to catch the clipper, I saw two guys in trench coats go into the building I just left. Maybe I wouldn't see Schmidt again.

"Did you miss me?" Veronica came out of the shadows of a doorway. I hadn't seen her there, but she had a way of showing up when you least expected her. I realized now that somehow she had been in that room. She had been the one that had freed me. No one was that sloppy with knots, not even Schmidt. I had been down this alley before and I didn't like where it let out. I didn't have all the answers but I had plenty of questions. I heard the horn for the clipper and thought I would talk while we walked to the docks.

"Listen baby, I don't know what happened back there, and I don't want to. I need to know one thing. Did you take Schmidt's toy? I can't be looking over my shoulder all the time, and as nice

as yours is I can't be looking over it either." That got me the look it usually did: she didn't want to tell me, and even if she did I wouldn't believe her.

"Joe, you like my money, right?" I liked her money, but even a mug like me knew better.

"I like you a lot more, kiddo."

"Then don't ask. You wouldn't like the answers, and the people I know wouldn't like you knowing."

"Ahh, those people again. They get around don't they?" She looked at me and despite all the damage, she kissed me. Why, I don't know, but I knew better than to ask any more questions. Questions like how a woman like her is able to walk into a locked room and stand across a chair from a trained Nazi and not be seen. Yeah, but with a woman like Veronica in your arms you can forget a lot of things. It was enough that she had been there for me this time and I had a feeling I would have the opportunity to repay the favor.

"More than you know, Joe . . . more than you know."