

# The Ebony Tarn of Alberta

[\[The Day After Ragnarok\]](#)

Not every effect of the Serpentfall was supernatural: in Alberta's case, the mere shifting of tectonic plates was enough to bring its existing vast reserves of oil even closer to the surface. The countryside from wendigo-haunted Edmonton to new-walled Calgary has been transformed to a natural oil seepage, and the stubborn stay-behinds who refused to move after Alberta rang like a bell have discovered that the men in far-off, safe, **warm** Vancouver will pay good money for the suddenly accessible crude (and largely clean) oil while not asking too many questions. The province now has teams of wildcatters feverishly and roughly exploiting the new oil supplies, with whatever equipment they can find (or steal, or rob). In exchange, back East comes survival goods, luxuries, and new immigrants.

The pragmatic indifference on the part of Pacific Canada over who drills the oil has fueled a crude jockeying among Albertans for reliable access to the two railroads that send oil out Over The Mountains, and bring supplies in; and that means opportunities abound. While Alberta is a poor country for slaves (thanks in no small part to the Mounties), it's an excellent one for fighters of every sort. In short, Alberta is somewhere you can always find work. Even heroic work.

But, note: Alberta does *not* have organized bands of land and air pirates that prey on the caravans. It does *not* have feudal Oil Barons who are one reliable mercenary company away from defying Canada, the Mounties, the barbarians from the Great Plains, or each other. It does *not* have Serpent Cults and Soviet conspiracies in full, malignant flower. It does *not* have entire wildcatter oil camps being eaten by things unknown - no, wait, that's actually happening. But none of the *rest* is.

Yet.

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