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Volume 2

TENTACLES REANIMATED  
Burg Stahleek  
Baeharaeh

20-



# Ye Booke of TENTACLES



Here we go again, fellow tentacles. The success of last years convention „Tentacles over Baeharach“ animated us to try it again. This time it's „TENTACLES - Reanimated“, and as last year we want to support the convention with this book.

It's contents aren't intended for the use of unprepared non-roleplayers and could cause shoeks if taken to seriously. We're not responsible for psychic problems after reading this book. Regardless if the lecture was finished or not...

Apology: In last year's Booke of Tentacles we named Sandy Petersen as sole author of the Soreery Rules. However, the rules were the work of a team of authors. It was not our intention to ignore the other authors. Sorry!

### About this collection

Ye Booke of Tentacles is published as a fundraiser for TENTACLES - Reanimated, a Convention for RuneQuest and related games and their respective worlds. The Reanimation occurs in Bacharach, Germany, from May 21st to May 24th 1999. All funds received from this book will be used for the support of the Con, especially to finance the travels of the Con's Tentacles of Honor and distinction.

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# Tentacles Convention



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# Revised Shaman Rules

By Sandy Petersen

## FINDING SPIRITS

To find a spirit, the shaman discorporates and goes onto the spirit plane. The trip takes 1d6 hours under most circumstances. The shaman states what type of spirit he seeks, and attempts a Spirit Travel skill roll. His chances of success are reduced by the spirit's Rarity. The shaman can spend MPs when starting the search to increase his chances of success. Each MP spent for this purpose adds 1 percentile to his Spirit Travel.

To figure a spirit's Rarity, use the following guidelines (note that a gamemaster is at liberty to alter Rarity to suit his campaign):

- Each die (normally a d6) in the spirit's MPs acts as 3 Rarity.
- If the spirit has a bonus to its MP die roll, add the full bonus to the base Rarity. For instance, a spirit with 1d6+6 MPs has a basic Rarity of 3 + 6 = 9 (3 for the 1d6, and 6 for the +6). A POW 4d6 ghost has a basic Rarity of 12.
- Take the basic Rarity as figured in step 1 and multiply it by a factor based on the spirit's Frequency to get the final Rarity.

Frequency	Rarity multiplier
Common	1
Uncommon	2
Scarce	4
Very Scarce	8

*Example: Mugumma the shaman goes to the spirit plane and decides to seek a Hellion. Hellions have 3d6+6 MPs, for a basic Rarity of 15. Because Hellions are Scarce, this is quadrupled for a total of 60. Mugumma's Spirit Travel skill is only 69, so his basic chance offinding such a Hellion is a mere 9%. Therefore, he spends 18 MPs (from his fetch) to increase his chances to 27. He discorporates for 1d6 hours and attempts a Spirit Travel die roll which fails, since he rolls 34.*

Your chance of success can be modified by looking in an appropriate area. These areas may have strong effects on the Mundane Plane too. For instance, ghouls can be found in graveyards, ghosts are common in areas where large battles or ancient wrongs occurred, etc. Temples are also a great source of spirits, though more risky.

### Spirit Travel skill roll

success	result
critical	The GM should pick one of the following – (A) a rare or unusual spirit found, somehow related to the desired type. (B) a friendly spirit of the desired type is met who freely joins the shaman. (C) a spirit node is found.

special success	Spirit node found. desired spirit found.
failure	Spirit not found. Another attempt must be made.
fumble	The wrong spirit is found. And it's hostile!

## Spirit Frequency

Here is a standardized list of frequency for selected spirits. Please modify as needed for your own campaign or areas. Example: whirlvishes are very rare in most places, but uncommon in Prax generally, and common in the Copper Sands.

Spirit Type	Normal Rarity	Frequency
Elemental	3 per d6 POW	(common)
	Impossible in the wrong area (i.e., seeking undines inside a volcano)	
Ghost	12	(common)
Intellect	6	(common)
Magic	12	(common)
Power	9	(common)
Spell	3 per d6 POW	(common)
	For normal spells. These spirits typically have 1d6 POW per pt in the spell.	
Spell	6 per d6 POW	(uncommon)
	For ritual spells, Control spells, or unusual Detects	
Spell	12 per d6 POW	(scarce)
	For unusual ritual spells, spell variants (Toothsharp, Frostblade), or a cult specialty.	
Spell	24 per d6 POW	(very scarce)
	For significant variants (ranged Heal, variable Fireblade), or an uncommon cult's specialty	
Disease	24	(uncommon)
	For rare diseases (the Plague), increase to Rare.	
Healing	24	(uncommon)
Passion	24	(uncommon)
Wraith	24	(uncommon)
Chonchon	42	(scarce)
Ghoul	30	(scarce)
Hellion	42	(scarce)
Nymph	24 + modifier	(scarce)
	modifier = dryad +16, hag +20, limoniad +20, naiad +18, oread +16	
Rune Spell	36 + 12/pt	(scarce)
	spirit that casts a common divine spell.	
Rune Spell	72 + 24/pt	(very scarce)
	Spirit that casts a cult specialty divine spell (impossible if god has no presence in area)	
Bad Man	240	(very scarce)
Dreamwraiths	24 per d6 POW	(very scarce)
	impossible outside East Isles	



Hollri 144 (very scarce)  
impossible too far from glaciers  
(avg = 6d6 POW)  
Krarshtides 60 (very scarce)  
Spectres 24 per SIZ (very scarce)  
Sorcery spell 72 +1/pt (very scarce)  
Spirit that casts a sorcery spell. Impossible  
outside sorcery-using lands

*Other Rarity factors* – if a spirit is otherwise typical, but has some strange feature in its nature, its Frequency factor is decreased a level. For instance, a Rage passion spirit is Scarce, not Uncommon, as is a Wraith that attacks POW instead of STR, CON, or INT. A rock-outcropping nymph is Very Scarce, not just Scarce.

The vicinity affects Frequency. It may make contacting a spirit easier by a level, or more difficult by one or more levels, or even make contacting the spirit impossible. Example: Normally, a tree spirit is Uncommon. Within a major forest, they are Common. In the Wastes, they are Scarce. Atop Valind's glacier they are Very Rare. In the middle of the ocean, hundreds of miles from land, they are just simply non-existent. As another example, a troll spirit could not be found in the East Isles.

A weaker version of the spirit sought is one degree more frequent, regardless of the amount weaker that is sought. Example -- a ghost is typically POW 4d6 for a Rarity of 12. To find a POW 3d6 ghost, the shaman increases rarity to uncommon, for a total Rarity of 18. Some spirits cannot be found in weaker versions. All Krarshtides are at least 2d6+12 MPs. The Bad Man is always POW 10d6.

### Nodes

Nodes are sites that create, attract, or imprison spirits. A shaman can always revisit a previously-known Node. Shamans find the knowledge of particular Nodes to be valuable, and a shaman player should make a list of the Nodes he knows, so he can return to them to find the associated spirits they hold.

If a shaman is extremely far from a Node, it may take him longer than 1d6 hours to get to it. For instance, if a shaman encountered a Darkness Node in Prax, when he is on Teleos, it may take him some time to travel back in spirit to that same node.

### What Are Nodes Good For?

Each Node has at least one type of spirit which the Shaman can *always* meet if he goes there. In addition, appropriate spirits (ie., connected with that Node's Runes) are always Common there.

When a Node is created, the GM must figure out what kind of spirit this Node always has. This need not be a normal spirit and in fact, most Nodes probably house rather weird, sometimes useless, spirits.

*Example: the shaman Badthumb has encountered a node on the spirit plane. He rolls 1d8 to determine its affinities, rolling a 6: Power and Form. He then rolls 1d10 on the Power table, receiving a 9 -- hmmm. "Other Rune". The gamemaster thumbs idly through Gods of Glorantha, looking for something interesting, and decides to apply the Dragon Rune. He then rolls a 4 on the Form table; "Plant". Dragon + Plant? Interesting. The gamemaster thinks some more, deciding that this spot houses Snapdragon spirits, which can attack other plants (only) in spirit combat. If the Snapdragon spirit wins, it possesses the target who then gradually (over the next few weeks) turns into a snapdragon flower. Badthumb is not particularly impressed by this node, but the GM points out that the Snapdragon spirits might be useful to threaten elves with, for instance. Also, other Plant spirits are common here, as are spell spirits teaching Dragon-like spells.*

### Overall Affinities

#### 1d8 result

- |   |                                                                                                                                                                |
|---|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 | roll once on the Element table                                                                                                                                 |
| 2 | roll once on the Power table                                                                                                                                   |
| 3 | roll once on the Form table                                                                                                                                    |
| 4 | roll once on the Element, and once on the Power table                                                                                                          |
| 5 | roll once on the Element, and once on the Form table                                                                                                           |
| 6 | roll once on the Power, and once on the Form table                                                                                                             |
| 7 | roll once on each table.                                                                                                                                       |
| 8 | combination: roll twice and combine (this is the only way you can have two Powers or Elements in a single node). If another "8" is rolled, add and roll again. |

#### 1d8 Element

- |     |                  |
|-----|------------------|
| 1   | Dark             |
| 2   | Water            |
| 3   | Earth            |
| 4   | Sky              |
| 5   | Storm            |
| 6-7 | local dominant * |

- |   |                                                           |
|---|-----------------------------------------------------------|
| 8 | reroll on 1d6, picking a subrune of the chosen element ** |
|---|-----------------------------------------------------------|

#### 1d10 Power

- |   |          |
|---|----------|
| 1 | Change   |
| 2 | Stasis   |
| 3 | Harmony  |
| 4 | Disorder |
| 5 | Life     |
| 6 | Death    |

- |   |          |
|---|----------|
| 7 | Truth    |
| 8 | Illusion |

9-10 Other Rune (pick any, even a non-Power Rune)

#### 1d6 Form

- |   |                                    |
|---|------------------------------------|
| 1 | Beast                              |
| 2 | Chaos                              |
| 3 | Man                                |
| 4 | Plant                              |
| 5 | Spirit                             |
| 6 | Roll twice more, combining results |

\* choose the element which seems most manifest in the vicinity.

\*\* example: if Sky is rerolled, select Light or Heat.



## SHAMANIC SKILLS

### CEREMONY (magic: 05%)

Each melee round spent in Ceremony increases the shaman's chance to cast a spirit spell by 10% (note: simplification from original rules). A ritual magic requires an hour of Ceremony per 10 percentile increase.

### SPIRIT LORE (knowledge: 0%)

This is the shaman's chance to know something about a spirit encountered, such as its affinities, abilities, or what will appease or drive it away. Spirit Lore cannot be increased by experience, only via study or research. A non-shaman can learn this skill.

### SPIRIT DANCE (magic: 0%)

Successful use of this skill enables a shaman to avoid a hostile spirit. His chance of success is reduced by the enemy spirit's MPs. A successful roll means that the shaman returns to his body safely. A special or critical success means he avoids the enemy spirit, and can stay on the spirit plane for more exploration, if he desires. Non-shamans cannot learn this skill.

### SPIRIT TRAVEL (magic: POW%)

Governs a discorporate shaman's ability to navigate the spirit world and track down specific spirits. It can be increased by experience, but no non-shaman can learn this skill.

## STANDARD SHAMAN BENEFITS

### The Fetch

What is the fetch? The fetch may be a number of things, depending on the mystical tradition of the shaman. It might be one of the shaman's own ancestors, or a totemic spirit. It might even be a spirit double of the shaman, somehow evoked from his subconscious. Among non-humans, it might be a premortal monster, an unborne spirit, or a fragment of Aldrya's overmind. Whatever the source, it is certain that the maintenance and evocation of the fetch is dependent upon something within the shaman -- a special organ, a new bone, a secret name. Whatever the source, every shares many things in common, and yet every fetch is different.

The fetch provides POW and magic points to the shaman. Its magic points are always accessible, and its POW can be sacrificed at will. A Divine Intervention can be paid for partially or wholly with the fetch's POW (but the die roll is still based on your own POW). The fetch's POW does not rise on its own, but is increased only by sacrificing your POW to add to it's.

The fetch's MPs regenerate at the normal rate, in parallel to the shaman's. If the fetch's POW is 24, it

regains 1 MP per hour, regardless of the shaman's POW.

The fetch shares the shaman's INT, and can act and react as just as can the shaman. However, this fetch's "INT-equivalent" is not able to memorize spells, as it is just another side of the shaman. Players irretrievably tainted by the modern view of things may be helped in comprehending the fetch by the examples of the "Left Brain/Right Brain" or "Conscious Mind/Subconscious" dichotomies so famous today. While the fetch is not the Right Brain, nor the subconscious, it is a parallel type of being -- another side of the shaman.

When the shaman is discorporate, things the fetch sees and does are not known to the shaman until he returns to his body. However, the fetch is privy to all that the shaman experiences and does and can communicate this knowledge to others. When the shaman is not discorporate, the fetch is present on the spirit plane, and both parties are fully aware of everything the other is doing.

### Second Sight

A shaman automatically has permanent Second Sight, as per the spell. This means he can see other people's POW, and tell whether their POW is about the same as his, five or more points less, or five or more points more. When looking at another shaman he sees both the shaman's spirit and his fetch. He can see POW in the dark.

*Example: Temuchin the shaman has a POW of 17. He can tell whether a target has a POW of 12 or less, 13-21, or 22+, but cannot zero in closer than that unless he chooses the ability of Enhanced Second Sight.*

### Discorporation

A shaman, by doing a successful Summon and taking 1 hour, can free his spirit from his body and enter the Spirit Plane. His fetch stays behind to watch over his body. He can stay on the Spirit Plane as long as he wants, but there is, of course, danger from the inhabitants. Also, his body can starve to death.

While the shaman is gone, the fetch can cast any spells the shaman knows, automatically successful and with a DEX SR of 1. The fetch normally has a high POW, so its spells are to be feared. It can also use spirits trapped within it or contained on the shaman's person, including unleashing attack spirits. The fetch can communicate in the shaman's absence by the use of Mindspeech or similar spells. By casting Visibility, a shaman's spirit can manifest on the mundane plane, and engage others in spirit combat. His spirit has an apparent SIZ equal to his POW. A possessed victim collapses inertly, unless the shaman has the Possession ability.

While the shaman is discorporate, neither he nor the fetch regenerate MPs.



### Spirit Defense

The shaman can draw MPs from the fetch at will, to replace his own, even during spirit combat. If the shaman is not disincorporate, and an attacking spirit comes solely from the spirit plane, he can intercept it with the fetch, so the fetch fights instead of him. If the shaman is disincorporate, the fetch cannot intercept a spirit plane attacker.

If a disincorporate shaman loses a fight on the spirit plane, his soul retreats to his body, accompanied by the victorious spirit. Whenever he wants, he can re-attack a spirit possessing him and try to overcome and dispel it. When a spirit possessing the shaman is defeated in spirit combat, it is immediately expelled to the spirit plane. He cannot choose to keep such a spirit in bondage.

### THE TASKS OF A SHAMAN

Shamans are expected to perform a number of jobs in the community, for which they are, of course, fed, protected, and honored.

**Exorcism:** those possessed or covertly possessed with evil spirits are brought to shamans to be cleansed. A shaman can cast out an evil spirit in a number of ways. If the target is overtly possessed, the shaman can cast out the evil spirit by using his own overtly-possessing spirit, or by Disincorporating and engaging the enemy spirit in spirit combat. If the target is covertly possessed, the task is more difficult. Normally the shaman needs to send a special curative spirit into the target to heal him.

**Spell Teaching:** shamans have access to spell spirits, and are often asked to teach spells to others.

**Worship:** shamans tend to the spiritual welfare of their people. Many deities permit or encourage limited shamanism.

### SHAMANIC ABILITIES AND TABOOS

Most abilities and all taboos are always in effect. If a shaman wishes to gain a new ability or taboo, he must contact a Greater Entity. Greater Entities vary from place to place. In Prax (for example), they would be the Black Eater, the Wild Hunter, Oakfed, Waha, or possibly a few others.

#### Abilities

The first ability a shaman takes is free. Subsequent abilities may only be attained by bargaining with a Greater Entity. Said bargaining is left up to the gamemaster. In any case, there is a cost involved. To add a new ability or to increase an existing ability by 1 level, the shaman must sacrifice a point off any stat. The next level or ability costs him 2 points (for a total of 3 points so far). The next costs 3 points, and so forth. A point of INT counts for 3 times as much as another stat.

*Example: When Bottasin the shaman formed his fetch under the Horned God's tutelage, he got (for free) a level of Possession. Later, he sacrificed 1 POW to add another level. Much later, he contacted his tribe's Ancestor, and sacrificed 2 SIZ for a level of Mind Expansion, then 3 DEX for a third level of Possession. Finally, he sacrificed 1 POW and 1 INT (4 pts worth of stats) for a fourth level of Possession.*

#### Taboos

When a shaman takes a taboo, his ability cost is "reset". That is, the next ability level he takes only costs 1 stat point, then 2, and so forth. Taboos might range from geas-like prohibitions („Attack dwarfs on site“) to quest-like challenges („Loot, sack, and destroy the dwarf works at Rockpoint and donate the dwarf king's Great Shredder to my temple in the Paps.“)

*Example: Bottasin's last shamanic level cost him 4 stat pts. He now contacts Oakfed and takes the taboo "never extinguish a fire". He then takes a second level of Mind Expansion, which now costs him only 1 point (he selects POW). .*

#### List of Abilities:

- Conceal Fetch (scarce)
- Cure Disease
- Hide Soul
- Magic Attack
- Magic Defense
- Mind Expansion
- Possession
- Second Sight (Enhanced)
- Self-Resurrection
- Show Spirit
- Soul Expansion
- Spell Barrage
- Spirit Affinity
- Spirit Defense
- Spirit Mastery
- Spirit Trapping

**CONCEAL FETCH (rare)** – This ability is known only to a few secretive sects, such as Black Fang. Each level of Conceal Fetch conceals the fetch's presence from one selected form of magical vision or spell. Normally, Second Sight is chosen as the first level, with Mystic Vision and Soul Sight making up the second and third levels.

**CURE DISEASE** – The shaman can lay his hands on a diseased individual and spend up to 6 MPs per level of Cure Disease. He matches the total MPs spent vs. an infecting spirit's POW. If the shaman wins, the spirit is extracted, usually in the form of a stone, bit of fluff, or small bloody organ. The shaman can then either exile the spirit into the Grey Zone, or trap it within his fetch or a Binding. If the sick person does not have a disease spirit, then instead the shaman adds the MPs spent to the target's next roll for disease resistance.

**HIDE SOUL** – Allows the shaman to hide from an enemy spirit, if not already engaged in spirit combat. The shaman then expends up to 1 MP per level of Hide Soul. Each MP lets him mask his presence from 10 MPs of hostile spirits. Thus, 1 MP protects him vs. any number of enemy spirits with 10 or fewer MPs each. Sensory spells such as Second Sight, Detect Enemy, etc., cancel out an equal number of Hide Soul MPs. Example: a shaman with Hide Soul 3 spends 3 MPs to hide from an evil wraith. This guards him from up to 30 MPs, so the wraith, with 17 MPs, cannot see him. The wraith is suspicious, and casts Sense Life (Intensity 2), which drops the Hide Soul by 2, so now it hides only from up to 10 MPs, fewer than the wraith's MPs. It sees him clearly and attacks.

**MAGIC ATTACK** – Each level adds 1 to the shaman's effective MPs for the purpose of overcoming a foe's MPs when casting a spell.

**MAGIC DEFENSE** – Each level adds 1 to the shaman's effective MPs for the purpose of resisting an attack spell.

**MIND EXPANSION** – Each level gives the fetch 3d6 pseudo-INT for the purpose of memorizing spells only.

**POSSESSION** – While any shaman can disincorporate and engage others in spirit combat, this ability lets the shaman actually take over the body of a possessed victim, and control him as he sees fit. If the victim is killed while the shaman is in possession, the shaman's spirit immediately returns to his own body, and he takes 1d6 GHP damage. The first level lets you possess members of your own species. The second level lets you possess any creature with the same hit location as your species. Each subsequent level lets you select a new hit location table which you are able to use.

**POWER WITHIN** – Take 1 melee round and concentrate, gathering your inner strength. At the end of the round, you lose 1 hp (in the location of your choice) and 1d6 fatigue, and receive one of the following bonuses:

- MP equal to the rolled fatigue loss (i.e., 1d6).
- +10 percentiles to your chance of success in casting spells for the next 10 melee rounds.
- The ability to cast any 1-point non-cult-special spirit spell whether or not memorized. This must be the next spell you cast.

Additional levels of Power Within let you sacrifice correspondingly more hp and fp. Thus, a shaman with 3 levels could choose to lose up to 3 hps and 3d6 fatigue, and gain either 3d6 mp, +30 to his spellcasting chance, or knowledge of any 3-point spirit spell for a one-time casting attempt.

**SECOND SIGHT (Enhanced)** – This gives the shaman additional abilities for his innate Second Sight. Each level lets you choose one ability from the following table (they need not be chosen in order, in most cases):

- 1) distinguish POW within a range of 5 plus or minus the shaman's POW. (i.e., with POW 16, he can see 1-5, 6-10, 11-15, 16, 17- 21, 22-26, etc.)
- 2) Can identify target's exact POW [only if "1" is taken]
- 3) distinguish MPs within a range of 10 plus or minus the shaman's POW
- 4) distinguish MPs within a range of 5 plus or minus the shaman's POW [only if #3, above, is taken]
- 5) Can tell if an individual knows any spirit magic.
- 6) Can identify the exact spirit spells cast on an individual
- 7) Can tell if an individual knows any sorcery [only if "5" is chosen]
- 8) Can tell if an individual has any Sorcery skills beyond Intensity [only if #7, above, is chosen]
- 9) Can tell if an individual knows any Rune magic (only if "5" is chosen)
- 10) Can identify the deity providing any Rune spells cast on an individual [only if #9, above, is chosen]

**SELF-RESURRECTION** – The shaman can heal himself and return from the dead. To do this, the shaman must heal himself up to 1 positive hit point -- it costs POW rather than MPs to heal himself this way. The return takes time depending on the levels of Self-Resurrection the shaman has.

Level	Limit	Level	Limit
1	a season (8 weeks)	5	a minute
2	a week	6	a melee round
3	a day	7	your DEX SR
4	an hour	8	a single SR

**SHOW SPIRIT** –exposes disincorporate spirits, making them visible to others. The shaman spends up to 1 MP per level of Show Spirit. A single MP causes all spirits within his fetch's POW in meters to become visible as vague, half-unseen shadows. Each additional MP either increases the radius by the fetch's POW in meters or heightens the spirits' visibility, according to the following table:

MPs	Visibility
1	Onlooker can see a particular spirit in some detail with a Search roll
2	All spirits easily and clearly visible.
3	POW of all disincorporate spirits visible as per Second Sight.
4	Exact POW of all disincorporate spirits visible



**SOUL EXPANSION** – Each level of Soul Expansion adds +1 to the shaman's species maximum POW. This improves his chance to increase POW by experience.

**SPELL BARRAGE** – Each level of Spell Barrage allows the shaman to throw one additional spirit spell simultaneously. All spells cost the full MP amount. The SR is equal to the shaman's DEX SR, plus the MPs spent, and all the spells go off simultaneously. Only one die roll for success is made and either all spells succeed, or all fail. If multiple attack spells are aimed at a single target, the shaman makes a single MP vs. MP roll to see if he was affected by all the spells at once. Multiple targets must all be visible to the shaman.

If the shaman gets a critical success or a failure when casting, he only spends 1 MP, regardless of the number of spells.

If the shaman has an ability to manipulate spirit spells (as with Lunar Magic), he may do so.

**SPELL EXTENSION** – The shaman can maintain a spirit magic indefinitely. He can keep 1 spirit spell permanently in effect per level of Spell Extension. He can drop the extended spell at any time. The spell can be dispelled normally, of course.

**SPIRIT AFFINITY** – Reflects an affinity for spirits of a particular type, or tied to a particular Rune. The most direct benefit is that spirits tied to that Rune tend to be friendlier, though spirits tied to opposing Runes may be hostile. Spirit Affinity is normally required of shamans who belong to cults.

The affinity reduces the Frequency multiplier required to search for spirits of the appropriate type. I.e., Common spirits are found instantly, Uncommon spirits are Common, Scarce spirits are now Uncommon, etc.

In addition, Each level of Affinity gives the user a +10 percentile bonus when casting a control or command spell on an appropriate spirit. It also makes it 10 percentiles harder for an enemy to

wrest control away from the user.

A more restrictive affinity can be chosen. This provides the shaman with a +20 bonus per level. For instance, if instead of Death Affinity a Disease Master chose Disease Affinity, he would get +20 per level for Disease spirits (only).

**SPIRIT DEFENSE** – This gives the shaman some protection in spirit combat even when very weak. In essence, his attack and defense in spirit combat are either based on his MPs or on 3 times his levels in Spirit Defense, whichever is higher. A shaman with 3 levels of Spirit Defense attacks & defends as if he has 9 MPs if he has 9 or fewer MPs. A shaman with Spirit Defense 5 acts as if he had at least 15 MPs. If the shaman's *true* MPs are reduced to 0, he is still possessed normally.



**SPIRIT MASTERY** – Each level adds +1 to the MPs lost by a defending spirit when the shaman overcomes it in spirit combat.

**SPIRIT TRAPPING** – Allows the shaman to hold spirits within his fetch. Each level lets the shaman hold 1 spirit at a time. No single trapped spirit may have MPs exceeding the fetch's current MPs. The shaman can use the spirit's abilities as if it were in a binding enchantment.

### Some New Spirit Spells

#### BANISH SPIRIT

Variable, attack, ranged, instant  
Cast upon a single spirit creature. If the spirit's MPs are overcome, it must either depart at once, or lose 1d6 MPs for each point in the Banish. If the spell fails to overcome the spirit, it still loses 1 MP for each point in the Banish, unless defensive magic wholly blocked the Banish effect.

#### DRAW SPIRIT

2 points, attack, ranged, instant  
If you overcome the defending spirit's MPs, it must first attack you in spirit combat before engaging anyone else in the area.  
This spell has no effect on bound spirits, spirits embodied in creatures, spirits that are not hostile, or spirits incapable of initiating spirit combat. Nor does it affect a spirit already engaged in spirit combat, unless it has at least 10 MPs more than its strongest opponent.  
The spirit must continue to engage you until the spell expires or is dispelled. Of course, if it does not have at least 10 MPs more than you, even then it must continue combat.

#### EASE PAIN

variable, touch, duration 1 hour per point  
This spell relieves mild pain, such as that due to headache, menstrual cramps, toothache, charley horses, minor cuts, bruises, and so forth. Each point of Ease Pain counteracts the effects of a pain spirit by 1 percentile. This spell will not eliminate incapacitation or unconscious, or cure ailments.  
Available: most everywhere. Found at healing, earth, and sky cults.

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## CULTS AND SHAMANS

Most cults, however friendly to shamans, do not permit shamans to rise higher than initiate status. Those cults which do allow shamans to become priests generally have *all* their priests as shamans. Shaman cults generally require their shamans to take upon them a specific taboo(s). These taboos *do* count towards permitting the shaman to get ability levels. *Example: Tunk the shaman becomes an ancestor worshipper. At a great ceremony, his ancestors force upon him the two taboos (see below) of this religion. He can now take 2 levels in appropriate abilities without suffering any stat losses, if he wants.*

### Shaman Cults & Required Taboos

#### ANCESTOR WORSHIP (Daka Fal)

- hearken to the ancestors, and never dishonor an ancestor.
- Never bind or possess a relative without permission.

#### BAGOG

- must agree to mortal combat with candidates for shamanhood.

#### BASMOLI

- never surrender.
- Never let a tribe member or lion suffer needlessly.

#### BLACK FANG

- never reveal cult secrets or membership to outsiders.

#### KOLAT

- always challenge other shamans to duels of magic.
- Live only where the winds are free (i.e., not in towns).

#### KYGER LITOR

- deal only with darkness spirits.

#### PRAXIAN

- do not fight with weapons, only magic.
- Never eat cooked meat.

#### SCHOOL OF RED MASKS

- Never learn a spirit spell without learning the opposite (if any) as well.
- Do not take an affinity other than Moon or Chaos without taking the opposite affinity at the same time.

#### ULERIA

- Never take Death Affinity, and your very first ability must be Life Affinity.



# Spirit Cult Rules

By Nick Brooke

*Note: the rules below are intended to make spirit cult membership easier and more widespread, and also to clear up who pays POW for what, and why. They are not "official" in any way.*

## 1) First Catch Your Spirit...

A shaman needs to have the spell Summon <spirit> before he can organise Spirit Cult worship. Any friendly spirit who can be worshipped will teach this gladly to shamans it encounters: spirits can be met by chance while wandering the spirit plane, contacted deliberately by going to places they are known to frequent (their homes, territories, or favorite spots), or summoned by holding a ritual to attract their attention (in an appropriate location, appropriately garbed, with appropriate ritual objects, offerings and sacrifices).

### Random Spirit Encounters

Chance encounters are up to the GM, whether using the Spirit Plane Encounter Tables (any incarnation) or his own devious devices. Such encounters could be good or bad news for the shaman. In some places, spirits are known to cluster -- as around the "generic" holy places in Prax, ruins, and oases, where hungry and forlorn spirits cluster in search of food or worship. Random shamanic encounters have brought both beneficial and malevolent spirit cults into the world. If a Shaman meets and befriends a nice spirit, he can learn how to summon it (and go back to his tribe to arrange worship). If a Shaman meets and is taken over by an evil spirit, *it* may (while possessing the shaman) arrange a worship service to "summon" and propitiate itself! (Cue diabolic laughter).

### Finding Spirits "At Home"

Places that are "home" to specific spirits can easily be assigned depending on campaign needs. Many spirits (obviously including spirits "of" places) are sedentary, and this how "local" spirit cults survive - the spirit that happens to dwell in the Hare Woods, or the Travelling Stone, will *always* be found by the people who live round that way, for better or for worse. Locals probably know of (at most!) a single place within reasonable travelling distance where a given spirit can be summoned! Summoning spirits at their known holy places (aka "homes", "nests", "territories", etc.) is relatively straightforward, though a full summoning ceremony is usually employed (following the sensible Shamanic principle, "better safe than sorry"). If the Spirit turns up, the Shaman can learn

Summon <spirit> ritual spell. If it doesn't, you've lost nothing.

### Summoning Rituals

If you choose instead to call up a specific spirit, to a place with which it has little or no previous connection, it'd be best to think in "Ritual Magic" terms: go to a place appropriate to that spirit, bringing gifts (sacrifices, trappings, items) that you think will be attractive to the spirit, and try to summon it to you there. Thus a Praxian shaman summoning Sun Hawk would wear a hawk-feather cloak, a bright-eyed, beaked mask, and perform his ritual in the arid uplands ("hawk country") at high noon, offering up a live hare or similarly attractive prey to catch the spirit's attention. (And Sun Hawk still isn't guaranteed to turn up...)

The GM should modify the Summon chance depending on the suitability of the players' preparations, and their "fit" to his campaign needs. A base-chance Summon roll normally only applies under "ideal" circumstances: after enough research has been done to select a suitable location, an apposite date and time, carefully and expensively prepared "props" (costume, ritual objects, etc.), and a tasty gift, sacrifice, offering, or whatever.

The Summon roll is made, modified by Ceremony. A failure costs the Shaman one POW, and he does **\*not\*** learn the "Summon <spirit>" spell (he thought he did, and got it wrong, and blew his POW). A fumble is left to the devious and twisted imagination of the GM. On a success, the appropriate "Summon <spirit>" spell is learned, the Shaman spends 1 POW to cast it, and the spirit appears.

## 2) Then Worship It...

A summoned spirit expects to be worshipped, sooner or later, and it may become upset, surly or uncommunicative if nothing is offered after it's gone to the trouble of turning up (and/or had its home invaded by unwelcome outsiders). NB: a Shaman who has a good "track record" with a particular spirit might be able to call it up for other purposes... this is left to individual GMs to develop.

### Becoming a Cultist

Becoming a member of a Spirit Cult congregation costs 1 POW, which is sacrificed in the presence of the summoned Spirit, and creates a link to it (in a manner similar to cultic Initiation). This should be noted on the character sheet (perhaps on a list of Spirit Cults or other cult initiations), as it is normally permanent: a Praxian brave who once worshipped Sun Hawk in his wild and foolish youth

can still do so as an elder, if the spirit can be found. It is very hard to be "Excommunicated" from a Spirit Cult (as no-one can be bothered to go through the motions); much more likely you will be torn to pieces by your former co-religionists if they catch you.

### Worship Ceremonies

At a worship ceremony, worshippers sacrifice all but one of their MPs to the spirit. Roll 1D100: if the number rolled is less than or equal to the number of worshippers, the worship was successful. A canny GM may use the exact number rolled as an indication of *how* powerful the summoned manifestation of the Spirit is: success, POW equals 1D100 roll; special success, POW equals number of worshippers; critical success, POW equals 95; failure, what spirit were you talking about? -- it doesn't hang around; fumble - Aha! Cue evil GM laughter and cunning plots...

### Outsiders!

If you attend a successful worship service but are not a worshipper (you're present, but have not given POW to the spirit), the Shaman and Spirit may detect you and feel unkind towards you: a POWx3% roll is probably appropriate (they are detecting your "uninvolved" POW, so having a high POW works against you), whether you are "hanging out" in the congregation, hiding behind a nearby rock, or whatever. Commonly, simpler and/or more malicious spirits assume such persons are intended as sacrifices, and don't ask twice before tucking in!



### A note on the "Worship" spell

Spirit Cult worship does *not* require a "Worship" Rune spell. The Shaman's ability to summon the spirit is equivalent to this. Shamans who have sacrificed for the relevant Summon spell do *not* need to sacrifice 1 POW to participate in Spirit Cult worship: they already have a "link" of sorts to the spirit, understanding its nature well enough to direct Magic Points to it. They can participate in, and derive full benefits from, a Spirit Cult worship services in which they do not lead the congregation.

### 3) Then Get Its Magic...

All Spirit Cult worshippers who have participated in a successful worship ceremony can sacrifice for one or more points of the spirit's Rune spell(s). "Ordinary" worshippers regain the use of their Rune spells as per normal one-use magic. Shamans who know the relevant Summon ritual can gain their Spirit Cult Rune spells "reusably": they will regain the use of all their spirit cult rune spells (other than a just-cast "Summon <spirit>") every time they participate in a successful worship service for that spirit (whether leading worship or simply participating).

### 4) And Keep It Happy....

#### Requirements, Taboos, Restrictions

Some spirits require certain actions, attitudes or taboos from their followers. Most can't afford to be so picky, or their "cult requirements" are pathetically trivial (e.g. "always butcher frogs"). Some can be scary, though: be creative! A follower who breaks his taboos cannot successfully participate in the next worship service (i.e. his participation counts for nothing, he is not a % in the Shaman's roll, he cannot gain or regain Rune magics). A Shaman who breaks his taboos has the replenishment of his Summon spell delayed for another season, annoys the spirit, and may have to explain this to his congregation. (Spirit cults don't have spirits of reprisal, but the main spirit can usually manage well enough by themselves, whenever they are summoned for worship service, should malefactors be unwise enough to present themselves). Note that it is unusual for a spirit cult to have unduly onerous membership requirements, or how on earth would it survive? "Daft" requirements are far more fun!

#### Regular Worship

Successful spirit cult worship is commonly carried out seasonally: this is magically efficient, keeps the spirit happy, and tops up cultists' Rune spells on a regular basis. Spirits can afford to be forgiving, though -- their sense of time is different to ours -- and most won't bear lethal grudges if "neglected" for a while. Most are pathetically grateful for whatever worship they can attract, and see no point in driving away their semi-faithful worshippers. So



if a Shaman only worships Sun Hawk at midsummer – or only at midsummer if his tribe is near the Sun Dome Temple – he won't be shunned for that reason.

The bulk of the members of any spirit cult may only want to worship annually, to renew their "one-use" Rune spells. For this reason, any more frequent worship usually represents a highly domineering, exploitative or obsessive Shaman -- it's no surprise that these are common Shamanic personality traits!

### Can I join more than one Spirit Cult?

The Spirits worshipped by Spirit Cults are pipsqueaks compared to the Big Gods. Their Shamans and worshippers can usually worship any number of them (unless they strenuously object, such as when a Star Spirit learns you are also a worshipper of the Great Dung Beetle), and they're usually grateful for whatever worship they can obtain. In the boardgame "Nomad Gods", the Praxian tribal shamans 'worship' (i.e. use) any spirit they come across, regardless of existing alliances or traditional tribal friendships, except in special cases (like the Three Feathered Rivals, or raw Chaos). (NB: the mutual antagonism between the Three Feathered Rivals is famed throughout Prax: pity the Shaman who maintains good relations with more than one of these quarrelsome birds!)

In fact, as Shamans don't have the close emotional ties to their spirit cult associates that priests have towards their gods, it is entirely possible for a Shaman to summon a spirit with whom he has previously has a good relationship, only to entrap, enslave or betray it. If the tribe is very hungry, and the shaman knows how to summon Frog Woman, and his followers all know how to butcher frogs, by now... well, French cuisine comes to the Plains of Prax! Or, for example, a Shaman wanting to do Sun Hawk a favour might summon Raven (Sun Hawk's rival) to a place of Sun Hawk's choosing for an outburst of cartoon-style violence...

### What does my God think of my Spirit Cult?

Major religions consider most spirit cults beneath their notice. Most spirit cults are glad of any worship they can attract. It is unusual for a mainstream cult to bear a special animus towards a spirit cult. Clearly there are exceptions -- a Yelm priest is unlikely to sympathise with shamanic worship in any case, even less with shamanic worship of Darkness spirits!

Some divine or divine/shamanic cults encourage worship of certain spirit cults (e.g. Kyger Litor likes her shaman-priests to worship the Troll spirit cults), and may maintain ritual knowledge, apparatus or sites so as to make this easier and more readily available to their practitioners. In a sense, a sub-cult shrine can be seen as a permanent, institutionalised "Spirit Cult", with its own occasional devotees, offering a specialised Rune spell, and attracting a fragment of the worship given by Initiates of the main cult to their deity.

### So should I build a Shrine? A Temple?

In Spirit Cult worship, congregations are more important than fixed shrines. If you can get loads of your followers to chant the praises of the Great Newt, they will probably do this around a stream, pond, river or spawning-pool -- an appropriate location for summoning and worshipping such a being. So you can hold your seasonal worship there regularly, let it be known that that's where prospective worshippers of the Great Newt should join his existing dozens of followers... and it might be handy (at some point) to set up permanent facilities for your regular summoning ceremony (runestones, changing rooms, storage space for bulky ritual objects). And this is, of course, what Shrines are!

If, on the other hand, you're out in the desolate wastes of Prax, you can forget about keeping an immobile "shrine" to yourself. A Sun Hawk shrine-equivalent would be the medicine bundle and mask and shamanic costume and ritual paraphernalia owned by a tribal shaman who had previously contacted Sun Hawk. If any other tribe got hold of these (by fair means or foul: spot the scenario potential!), they'd be able to summon Sun Hawk more easily themselves. And if they did so at Sun Hawk's Perch (a traditional worship spot the Big Bird is known to frequent), successful worship becomes even easier: as ever in Prax, the shrines and holy spots are known and shared by many tribes, and used by whoever happens to be in possession at the time.

You want to build a Temple for your Spirit Cult? Sounds ambitious, but why not go for it! It'll be fun to see how the local adventurers react...

### Do you have to be a Shaman to start a Spirit Cult?

Frankly, I doubt it. Occasional individuals can be found who, while not "full Shamans" in the RQ rule sense, nevertheless might possess certain Shaman-like abilities -- one of which would be the ability to summon and worship a specific spirit. (Perhaps a chance encounter with the spirit first triggered this unusual ability.)

Some Spirit Cults are led by people who are in no way as magically powerful or generally competent as a fully trained shaman, priest or sorcerer, but who can nevertheless lead a worship service, summon their spirit, gain reusable Rune Magic, and so forth. This is, if you like, the flip-side to the way shamans can exploit encountered spirits: here, the spirit empowers the (damaged?) person it has contacted, but only to allow them to direct worship towards itself. He can lead worship to the Frog Woman, all right -- but he isn't a Shaman, or a Priest, or able to do very much else, come to that. In this way, rogue or predatory Spirit Cults are easier to establish: you don't need to take over a Shaman in order to get a presence in the community.

What priests, wizards and inquisitors make of this is of course a matter for your own scenarios...

# Watcher Spirits and Brownies

By Tal Meta

## Watcher Spirits

Shamans and others who deal extensively with spirits are aware of a peculiar, elusive type of spirit common to the frontier region of the spirit plane. Called a "Watcher", it is similar to the more common Magic Spirit, except that it seldom knows any appreciable magic, and that it seems to expend a good deal of time and energy observing the happenings on the Mundane Plane.

Watcher spirits never interact with the mundane plane except to observe it; attempts to attack them, control them, or otherwise communicate with them sends them scurrying off to wherever they've come from. They can be bargained with, however, if the appropriate spells/rituals are known.

For certain "considerations", they will observe a specified area for a specific event, search for a specific individual (known to the bargainer), or merely lurk about a location for the allotted amount of time, and then report on whatever happened during its tenure.

A Watcher generally requires 1 magic point per hour of service from its summoner, and even bound Watchers require this of their masters. Once its mission is complete, it returns to the Spirit Plane (or its Binding Enchantment) and rests for an equal number of hours.

Watchers are also limited by their INT; a spirit with an INT less than 8 cannot speak, and even those that can are quite literal in their interpretation of their orders. Watchers delight in the letter of a bargain. All communication is in Spiritspeech, the Watcher's native tongue.

As natives of the Spirit Plane, Watchers have only a cursory understanding of Mundane interactions; they cannot tell your friends from your foes (unless you cast Detect Enemy or something similar on them), the good guys from the bad guys, etc..

### Watcher Spirit

INT: 3d6-2  
POW: 3d6+3  
Move: Equal to POW  
Scan: 5d10%  
Search: 5d10%

## Brownies

Brownies (also called costume spirits) are thought by some to be remnants of a greater whole, perhaps fragments of a now dead god of fashion. Useless unless bound, they are capable of creating an illusion of any article of clothing that their master can dream up. Clothing created by a Brownie has no value as armor. A chain mail suit made by a brownie will look and feel real but will offer no protection from even the crudest of weapons. Brownies can also alter existing garb, in this case the worn item retains its armor value and general encumbrance. Thus if you took a plate mail suit and had a brownie transform it into a jesters motley, the motley would still have the same properties of the Plate mail for encumbrance and armor rating. When a costume spirit is destroyed, anything it created or altered by it reverts to its normal state. The brownie cannot create clothing for anyone but its master.

Brownies are further limited by their POW. A brownie with a POW of 11 can create a garment for a character with a SIZ of 11 or less, and garments created for larger creatures would appear both ill-fitting and shabby by comparison. In addition, each hour that the brownie maintains a garment costs 1 magic point, causing the clothing to grow increasingly disheveled, dirty, and stained.

### Brownie

INT: 3d3  
POW: 3d6  
Move: Equal to POWx3

## Glorantha's Worst Books - Nr. 9

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# Extraordinary Magic

By Tal Meta

## Spirit Magic

*The following Spirit Magic spells were created by me on the RuneQuest-Rules list, while several of us were battling about ideas for "Fireblade" type spells for the other elements.*

### FlowNet (Water)

4 Points

Touch, Temporal, Passive

This spell effects only combat nets. Once cast, the net seems to drip with water, although it does not actually gain in weight. On a successful hit, the FlowNet entangles its target and begins "flowing" and spreading along their bodies, enveloping and entangling new hit locations each subsequent melee round. Each melee round, the FlowNet will flow down 2 and up one hit location. (i.e. if it struck a human in the chest (on location 14) it would spread to envelope locations 15 and 13 - 12 the next round.) The FlowNet stops when it has covered a number of hit locations equal to its SIZ. (Most combat nets have SIZ 15 - 20.) If, in its travels, it envelopes the head of its target, the net begins to force itself into the mouth of its victim, attempting to drown him as an undine would.

All normal net combat rules apply to a FlowNet, and the wielder must retain possession of the net at all times. Destroying the net's hit points in an area reduces the number of hit locations that it can cover.

### RedBlade (Lunar)

4 Points

Touch, Temporal, Passive

This spell effects only scimitars or similarly curved edged weapons such as jambiyas, kukris, etc.. It causes the weapon to take on a reddish glow that waxes and wanes between melee rounds. On those rounds when the weapon is at its highest ebb (full), the blade ignores all non-magical armor, has and strikes for double damage. On those rounds that it is between extremes (half, crescent) it ignores all non-magical armor and strikes for normal damage. On those rounds when the blade barely glimmers (new, empty), it acts in all ways as a normal weapon, but provides no damage bonuses for strength. The blade enters a new phase with each new melee round, beginning in whatever phase the moon is currently in and cycling from then on.

### RedShield (Lunar)

4 Points

Touch, Temporal, Passive

This spell effects only shields. It causes the shield to take on a reddish glow that waxes and wanes between melee rounds. On those rounds when the shield is at its highest ebb (full), the armor points of the shield are doubled, and all parries with that shield are counted as being one level of success higher [Example: a normal success is counted as a special, and a special as a critical]. On those rounds that it is between extremes (half, crescent) the armor points are doubled (only). On those rounds when the shield barely glimmers (new, empty), its armor points are halved. The shield enters a new phase with each new melee round, beginning in whatever phase the moon is actually in and cycling from then on.

### SandBlade (Earth)

4 Points

Touch, Temporal, Passive

When cast on a bladed weapon, this spell gives the weapon a dusty, dirty sheen that seems to shift across the flat of the blade as if sand were flowing downhill. Whenever a Sandbladed weapon strikes its target, it makes a hissing sound and raises a small cloud of dust.

Anything struck by a SandBlade is eroded for 1 point of damage if the rolled damage can overcome the location's armor points. In the case of a shield or parrying weapon, the same effect applies. Rolled damage in excess of defensive armor is applied to the target's hit points as normal.

Before any wound caused by a SandBlade can be healed, someone must succeed with a First Aid roll and spend five full melee rounds to remove the dirt and grit from the wound (no damage is healed in this circumstance; a second roll and time spent would be required). If this is not done, the healing time of the injury is doubled (i.e. takes twice as long or twice as many points of Healing).

## Divine Magic

### Discord

2 Points  
Ranged, Temporal, Nonstackable,  
Reuseable

For the duration of this spell, old greivences are remembered, and the affected subjects are stimulated to contemplate them.

In addition, subjects affected by this spell always choose the wrong words, further enflaming the situation.

This spell affects every individual within range who belongs to one of the same "communities" as the caster, a community being defined as any social group or class with common interests. A company of soldiers, the citizens of a small village, members of the same faith who worship at the same shrine, or any similar group of less than 1000 individuals qualifies under the terms of this spell.

### Keening

3 Points  
Touch, Temporal, Nonstackable,  
Reusable

This spell is commonly placed on the head of a mace, hammer, or other blunt weapon. When the weapon is used in combat, it wails much like a ghoul, demoralizing those in the immediate vicinity of the wielder (i.e. within 3 meters). The intensity of the demoralize is based on the current magic points of the wielder, vs. the INT of the target. If the wielder scores a special or better hit in combat, the target will additionally be affected by a Fear effect, as well. A fumble with the weapon will cause the spell to end prematurely.

### Soothing Word

1 Point  
Ranged, Instant, Nonstackable,  
Reuseable

This spell can be used to negate the effects of a fear spell, eliminate a warrior's berserker rage, or momentarily calm down a number of individuals equal to the caster's current POW (if they fail to resist the caster's current mp with their own on the resistance table).

## Sorcery

### Teleport Block

Ranged

This spell is primarily used with Range, though Intensity is also used. Each level of Range used with this spell increases the diameter of the Blocked region by 10m, (i.e. Range 0 gives a 10m diameter sphere, Range 1 gives 20m, Range 2 gives 30m, and so on). Each level of Intensity used subtracts 10% from the chances of anyone attempting to Teleport (via Sorcery or Divine Magic) within the area of effect.

### Contact [individual]

Ritual (Summon)

The Contact spell is a special purpose form of the Telepathy spell, in that in addition to placing the caster and target in mind-to-mind communication, it opens a pathway for the target to come to the caster (but not vice-versa). Contact spells are target-specific; and the target of a Contact spell might very well be unhappy to get unwanted summons.

### Create Homonculous

Ritual (Enchant)  
Exotic (Vadeli)

This spell allows the caster to grow a fetal-like image from his own flesh. This image, called a homonculous, is an incomplete creature possessing only STR, CON, SIZ, and DEX (commonly but a single point of each). This creature must be maintained in a glass bottle, and fed at least 1 hp worth of blood (from an member of the same species as the caster, but NEVER the caster's own) to remain alive.

The caster must provide the flesh for the homonculous; while the ritual requires that the flesh be "of the caster", it need not come from his own body. Many Vadeli will take the unborn fetus from their own (or their woman's) body and use that, or will elect to find some other way to procure 1 SIZ worth of their own flesh. During the enchantment ritual, the caster sacrifices 4 points of POW, one each for STR, CON, and DEX, and the final one to seal the enchantment.

Once enchanted, the caster may elect to move his spirit (INT and POW) into the homonculous at any time, no matter how far they are from one another (but not across planar boundaries). He can then observe and communicate with anyone who is present in the room where the homonculous is kept. The caster can cast magic (but his skills will change to reflect the reduced DEX of the homonculous, and be further cut by 25% by the restrictions of being confined within the bottle) but cannot perform physical actions, as it remains trapped within the bottle. The caster can return to his own body at will.

## Glorantha's Worst Books - Nr. 8

**The Stoorworm in the Storehouse –**  
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If an enemy gains possession of a live homonculous, he can cast mind-affecting spells against the homonculous' creator at no Range. Thus, any sorcerer with a homonculous guards it well, lest it fall into the hands of his enemies.

Last but not least.... a proposed system for Vadeli sorcerers...

## Blood Magic

The Vadeli Art of Blood Magic is generally only taught to Red Vadeli, and then only to those who have reached Adept status by their own efforts.

Blood Magic requires two components:

First, the sorcerer must enchant a dagger or other edged weapon using the Bloodblade enchantment ritual (see below). This blade is a permanent "material component" for all subsequent spells the sorcerer will cast using Blood Magic. The sorcerer's skill in Blood Magic can never exceed his skill with the weapon in question; an existing Dagger skill of 35% will serve as the cap on the sorcerer's skill in Blood Magic, as well.

Second, the caster requires a sentient, physically manifest "donor" who must be within easy reach of the caster. The sorcerer in question must inflict a wound on the donor, who is generally bound, Dominated, or otherwise restrained from fleeing the sorcerer's reach.

The damage inflicted by the wound is added to the Art levels of the spell being cast in whatever way the sorcerer chooses. [Example: Shazrak the sorcerer cuts his bound slave in the arm while casting a protective spell. The knife cuts the slave's arm for 4 points, which gives Shazrak 4 additional points of Art (Intensity, Force, Multispell, etc.) to add to the spell in question.]

The caster can choose to inflict less damage than he normally could, as per normal rules for pulled blows, etc. It is important to note that the caster can choose to inflict the wound on HIMSELF, and still gain the beneficial effects of the Blood Magic Art.

If the donor dies as the result of his being utilized as a donor for Blood Magic, his POW forms what is known as a Blood Spirit. [Example: Genrezel looks out from his tower and sees an angry giant approaching. Expecting trouble, he begins casting, takes his enchanted greatsword, and with a single sweeping blow cleaves the bound slave before him in two!

The blow cleaves the already injured slave's 6 point chest for 12 points, dropping his hit points below zero. Genrezel's Evoke Lightning 25 Accuracy 4 lashes out from the tower, striking the giant in the abdomen... the giant stalks away, clutching his privates and muttering curses....But there is still the Blood Spirit to be dealt with....]

## Blood Spirits

Blood Spirits are a kind of ghost formed when Blood Magic kills a donor. Unlike normal ghosts, Blood Spirits form with a POW equal to twice the original POW of the donor. So in the above example, Genrezel would be facing a Blood Spirit with a POW of 24. Like ghosts, they manifest as a scarlet haze, and attack the sorcerer who slew them in spirit combat. If victorious, they generally possess the sorcerer's body and kill themselves. There is no known ritual to bind Blood Spirits.

## BloodBlade

Ritual (Enchant)

Exotic (Vadeli)

By means of this spell, the caster creates a blade that can be used in conjunction with Blood Magic. Additional points of Intensity beyond the first, if applied, act as a Strengthening (Armor) enchantment.

Bloodbladed weapons cannot have weapon enhancing spells placed upon them.



# *Deities and Major Spirits of the Grazers*

By Martin Hawley and Duncan Rowlands

## **Yu-Kargzant**

This god is the imperial, often aloof, sun. Originally known as Kargzant when the nomad tribes split from Dara Happa, he is depicted as a middle-aged man clad in imperial robes from whom the brilliant, pure light of the sun radiates.

In ceremonies his priesthood wear elaborate, ornate robes and a white mask with a symbol of a barley stalk with two ears, representing the life giving properties of the sun. A horizontal band of enchanted gold across the top of the mask indicating the midday light.

## **La-Ungariant**

This goddess is the first wife of Yu-Kargzant and the mother of Josad, Henird, Jardan and Dastal. She is the goddess of women, mistress of ceremonies and tent keeper. She is portrayed as a matronly though lovely woman with head bowed in respect to her husband, with children gathered about.

The ceremonial garb of her priestesses consists of an green tunic with an ornate, patterned scarf on her hips and a leather belt decorated with woven, dyed horse hair. Their legs are painted with white flames and they wear yellow masks inlaid with enchanted gold covering the entire head and neck.

## **Josad The Elder**

The god is the eldest son of Yu-Kargzant and La-Ungariant. He is renowned for his wisdom and his followers are the older members of the tribe with a place on every tribal council. He is represented as an old man in noble clothing with a wise and thoughtful expression.

Members of Josad the Elder wear ceremonial white robes and blue horsehide masks with a fringe of horsehair, a horsehair collar and a leather belt adorned with enchanted gold and a fox pelt at the rear of the belt. They carry white rattles with sun dried twigs suspended which, when shaken, command silence.

## **Henird The Leader**

Henird is the second son of Yu-Kargzant and La-Ungariant. He is the god from whom the skills required by horse herders derive. He is the god of fathers, husbands, war chiefs, musicians and poets. His image is that of a pre-middle-aged man dressed in robes carrying a bow and playing a harp or a lyre.

Members of Henird wear a ceremonial blue mask with a horizontal band of enchanted gold at the bottom, representing the evening light, vertical black stripes, and decorated with eagle and owl feathers.

## **Jardan The Warrior**

This third son of Yu-Kargzant and La-Ungariant is the master of the skills of warfare and is the patron of archers, lancers and all who strive face to face against their foes. He is portrayed as a mounted warrior in golden armour bearing a bow, javelins and a lance.

Jardan's ceremonial representatives wear a black horsehide mask adorned with five streaks of enchanted gold, representing the deadly power of the sun's weapons. The eye and mouth holes are covered with white, sun bleached river shells. They also wear a horsehide collar, a crimson cloth around the hips and a leather belt with enchanted gold ornamentation.

## **Dastal The Hunter**

The youngest son of Yu-Kargzant and La-Ungariant is the god of hunting, herding, and youths who are still learning the skills required to attain manhood in the tribe. He is portrayed as a handsome youth in simple garb with curly blond hair. He has a band of bird feathers around his right bicep and carries a bow and quiver of arrows.

The representatives of Dastal wear a ceremonial yellow mask which covers the eyes and nose which is adorned with woven horsehair and painted wooden beads. They wear a bow case and carry an arrow in each hand.

## **Arandayla**

Arandayla is the goddess who is the mother of Hippoi, the goddess who became the first horse. She is the source of life to the tribe which is dependant upon horses for its existence.

Arandayla is portrayed as a horse headed woman with golden eyes and mane, illuminated by sunlight, surrounded by foals and horses.

Her priestesses wear a horsehead mask decorated with dyed yellow eagle feathers and a horsehair collar. Their horsehide leggings are also dyed yellow.

## **Hyalor Horsebreaker**

This mortal descendant of Yu-Kargzant saved Hippoi from destruction and tamed her to serve man. He is the founder of the nomadic horse tribes originating in Dara Happa in the Dawn time and established the tribes' social structure. Hyalor is always shown mounted upon a horse holding the bridle with which he bound Hippoi.

Hyalor's ceremonial representatives wear ceremonial yellow masks adorned with woven horsehair ropes and carry a decorated woven blanket over their right shoulder and a bridle in their right hand.



## Golden Bow

This mortal son of Jordan the Warrior became the greatest mounted archer the nomadic horse tribes have ever known. From him come the archery skills the tribes rely on for life and success in war. Golden Bow is depicted as a painted warrior with a bow of gold astride a winged horse.

Members of his brotherhood have a golden clasp around the grip of their composite bows as a sign of their membership. This clasp is often enchanted with matrices for archery spells.

The priesthood wear ceremonial golden masks covering their eyes and noses and wear yellow horsehide leggings. They paint their arms and torso with various symbols and carry a bow in their hands and a quiver of arrows at their side.

## Tamar

Tamar is the lord of all wild beasts, whether hunter or hunted. He is the consort of Orest, with whom all the beasts were created. Although not depicted in Grazer art nor directly worshipped by the tribe he is appeased before all hunting expeditions by a hunter cutting his arm and allowing some blood to soak into the earth. The Grazers believe that if Tamar is not given a such a sacrifice the hunting will be bad and the animals may turn on the hunters, causing injury or death to the hunter who does not give Tamar the proper respect.

## Tara

Tara is the Lady of the Wild, an untameable deity and daughter of Kero Fin. She holds the secrets and terrors of the mountains and other places where horses dare not go. Tara was once hunted by Ironhoof, the centaur king, and their child Harjeen became the chief of the centaurs of Beasts Valley after Ironhoof left to become a Hero. She is also known by the name of Enkreva, the night huntress who cannot be heard and who plays with her prey. She is portrayed as a black rapide.

Although she is not openly worshipped by the Grazers Tara is represented in ceremonies. Her place is taken by an unmarried female shaman's apprentice wearing a black and white mask, a rapide pelt and black leggings with her body smeared in black soot.

## Kanvak The Night

Kanvak is neither male nor female, but is both Lord and Lady of the night, ruler of shadows, demons and trolls. Many stories are told of Kanvak around the campfires to frighten small children. Kanvak is believed by outsiders to be a combination of Subere, Xentha and Kyger Litor. Kanvak is never depicted in art or ceremonies.

Kanvak and its minions are greatly feared by Grazers, who would gladly do almost anything to avoid them, although warriors will seek to drive them from the Grazelands and occasionally hunt them beyond the border. The presence of the metal

lead is believed to attract the minions of Kanvak and no Grazer will ever keep an item made of lead. If a Grazer finds any lead in the Grazelands he will take it to the nearest border as quickly as possible and throw it as far as he can whilst reciting a prayer beseeching Kanvak to come and take the metal and depart in peace. He will then seek out a shaman to perform a ritual to remove the taint of the metal from him. Outside the Grazelands any Grazer will do their best to avoid touching or even coming near lead and will avoid anyone carrying the metal as a servant of Kanvak.

## Unnek The Buzzard

Unnek is the eater of the dead and queen of buzzards. She steals the soul of the dead horse, removing its spirit from the cycle of renewal. Nothing is known of her worship as anyone found to be a follower of Unnek is to be scalped, killed and burnt in a purifying fire under ancient edit.

Grazers do not seek to appease Unnek but neither do they seek to disturb her. Any carcass which has been fed on by buzzards will be left untouched and avoided except for horses, which will have the Peaceful Cut performed over the carcass which will then be cremated in purifying fire. No part of the carcass will be used by Grazers for fear that it will be tainted by Unnek.

During ceremonies Unnek is depicted by a female dressed in black and covered in buzzard feathers with arms draped as wings and wearing a black mask.

## Wingkoalad The Cloud Lord

Wingkoalad is the Grazer depiction of the worst excesses of the Storm Gods' powers. He controls the rains from the mountains, scattering storms where he desires and robs the tribe of the warmth of the sun. His powers are reminiscent of those of Gagarth, but any follower of Orlanth or other gods of the Storm pantheon are likely to be accused of worshipping Wingkoalad by Grazers. Grazers seek to avoid disturbing Wingkoalad and do not make and sacrifices to him, although any beast killed by lightning is considered to be sacred to Wingkoalad and will not be disturbed.

He is depicted in ceremonies by a man wearing a blue mask with a fringe of white rabbit fur and a spruce collar. His body is painted with lightning and he has an orange loincloth, a leather belt decorated with tin and a ram's skin across his back. He bears two wicker water bottles, one blue and the other black.

# The Great Temple of Rufdayen, Raibanth

By Greg Stafford

*Here is the draft of a part of my unfinished Lunar Novel. Its protagonist is Greya, a survivor of Sheng Seleris' reign of terror who became famous in the Fifth Wane. One of her particular powers was her ability to listen to rocks, and to speak to them with magical songs which changed their shapes to whatever she desired.*

## The Great Temple of Rufdayen, Raibanth

I was used to buildings now. I'd seen them enough now. I now expected every building to be roofed; tall public buildings did not make me stare in wonder; and the tall towers that the stargazers used did not make me fear for the clouds any more. But I had never been to a Lunar Temple before. Holy places, shrines, revival tents, sacred sites, but never to one of the places made to house the place of Her Holiness.

We, who had been chosen to rebuild the cities, were going to visit it to see the best example of what we wished to build again. The group of us, the whole study, went with a guide among the twisting streets of Raibanth. We stopped at the gate, beyond which lay the Temple Court. The six arched door ways were each crowned with a face. Between each two doors was a small statue.

Janaren, our assigned guide, had a somewhat impish streak to him, and his delivery to us was occasionally teasing, or delivered with unconvincing zeal. For instance, he insisted on using the Dara Happan "Long Count" Calendar, telling us that She came to Raibanth in 112,235, only adding if we asked that it was 0/17 by Moon Count, when in fact it was really 0/15. When someone, usually that dullard Sharmara, corrected him he would smile and nod. Nonetheless, his information was generally accepted by everyone. It was a good place to begin, even if some of his facts turned out to be wrong.

We began our tour at Yelmgatha's Square. Yelmgatha was a great and loyal friend of Rufdayen, an avatar of the sun just as she was an incarnation of the moon. He was Lord of Truth and Light, and bore the Power of Yelm and became Emperor of Dara Happa. He remained heirless, "for no mortal woman or nymph could bear the fire of his seed in her womb," said Janaren. "The Empire was his bride. When he transcended, he gave the ancient empire to the rule of Takenegi, Our Blessed Father, who has ruled it like a god ever since."

The inscribed stone wall that stood around the plaza was already scrubbed clear of Kazkurtum grime, but it was still chipped from the iron hooves of the demon horses. New marble panels were in place to replace the ones that the demons had destroyed when they camped here, but they were blanks. The

square had an odd look of ancient and new. The new marbles were not yet shaped and each shined bright in the daytime sun. All about, even among the new slabs, were old, broken ones panels that showed the Sun God and his heroes in scenes of epic battle, divine splendor, or godly protection. Two circles of statues stood around the plaza. The gods had come anew to Raibanth after Our Father killed Sheng Seleris and drove away the demons. They gave orders for their best idols to be brought here, as of old. These had been brought in from afar and from many holy places to stand mute witness to the holy affairs of the Imperium. They were a mismatched set. The originals had been pulverized by Sheng Seleris, the demon emperor.

Only the ancient Pillar of Raibanth seemed unhurt by Kazkurtum, and that was only because it had been so crude to begin with - hardly more than a rock. I had seen others like that near our hiding places, but the demons often leapt atop them to look for us, so we avoided them. I studied this one up close. Forty two or forty six feet high, depending on where you measured; shaped like a cylinder but irregular, and ten yards diameter, or so. Janaren saw me walking around it. He said, "That is Raiba, the Old Father who sheltered Jenarong. This is the god that walked out those gates and surrendered to the Red Moon Goddess." Janaren did not call Her Rufdayen, as we all did. He instead used the words which said Red Moon Goddess. I thought he was mocking when he rolled his eyes upward towards her every time that he said that label.

"Well, maybe not walked, but maybe it turned over and rolled," he added. A couple of people chuckled. The hard grey stone was not like most stones of the city, which were all tan like the local earth above the flood plain. The city stone hummed peace to me. This one, though - when I touched it my fingers were seared with blue gathered from my throat.

"And where is this from?" I asked loudly.

"Lord Raiba was born here, on this very spot. I know three stories about his mother, and one about when the Sun God's seed spilled." He glanced about the crowd. "Perhaps you'd like to hear one, for a copper?" He was always asking that, and often got it.

We went east down the huge Imperial Way, towards the Square of the Sun. From anyplace on that wide road we could see the Selshena. The huge pyramid was mounted by a tower. Atop that, on holy days (I am told), the column of light called Antirius appeared once again to bath Our Father, and begin anew the cycles of appearing every seven years. But that site, resurrected by the gods themselves, was not our destination. We turned left, to the Red Quarters.



"When the Red Moon Goddess came into Raibanth in 235 she came as a companion to the Yelmgatha, the Man God Hero. Later he was the Great and Glorious Emperor. She and her entourage stayed in a vacant palace set aside for the most honored guests. It stood from approximately the edge of that cindered wall over there," and he pointed so we all swiveled our heads, "to the far side of the pit, over there. Nothing whatsoever remains of her sacred resting place in our world. The ruins will be preserved to show the horror of King Kazkurtum to future generations and encourage them to obey."

"Nonetheless, much of this surrounding region was spared the demon's wrath. After she flew up and became the Red Moon Goddess in the Sky, all these buildings and that this whole area of the city turned red in her honor, as you can see. Now the ground and the walls and the roofs are all red for Her."

I stopped to listen to the walls, hoping to hear their song of creation. I had seen even from a distance that these buildings were not like the brown Old City mud buildings, neither in shape nor feel. Now, grazing them as we walked, they made a noise inside my fingertips. First the music showed me Our Father, the Emperor, driving the Cart God to carry these buildings to this place. Then, in a bass sound with a hook, the brisk brick told me it had come from westward from where the first bricks were made, carried by wagons to make the first buildings built here by the Red Emperor. I rejoined the rest of the party, in the courtyard of the temple. We entered into the Court of the Moon. Six gates entered it. I looked upward, noting that we were passing under the white northern gate. A child's face, carved softly from the pure marble, smiled and watched over our backs. I wished we had gone under one of the red gates, to either side.

Before us, across the paved court, was the Great Temple. From here we saw Her temple first. It stood alone, lofty and magnificent. Lesser temples surrounded the circular court, ignored. The great temple was not brick, but red marble. Several reds, in fact, different for floor, ceiling, and pillars. And not all reds either, I realized as I gazed, for white and some black and even grey appeared in places. Nicely proportioned, not garish or startling. The perfect example of what we sought to restore. The fluted columns, Benhayac capitals, and stepped stylobates showed itself to me. It was beautiful enough to gaze at across the square. Just like I had been told: entablature exactly two and a half times the height of the columns, forty nine rows of terra cotta roof tiles, and the six living statues perched atop the acroterions. The pediment showed the Seven Mothers at the nativity of Our goddess.

"This great temple was raised in seven days," said Janaren. "I was here then, and I saw it happen. The Moon Emperor came, and with his imperial and lunar powers, raised this edifice from fragments and dust to be this precise structure which you see here." "You saw it?" asked one man. "Yes, Sir," he said, "through a hole in the fence. I peeked first,

and was entranced to watch it all at the end. It was fast, taking seven days. Grand."

I paced across the courtyard, ignoring the paving underfoot which was laid with hexagramic fired tiles. Only She overhead caught my glance once, and I felt Her looking upon me here, inside Her. I stopped, straightened my robe about my knees, and went on more slowly. Others from the group walked alongside, or followed. The stairs were twice their height in width, fourtynine in all, to the portico. I had to look up at the Guardian overhead, looming upon its acroterion to stare at us far below. It was the Huntress there, bow in hand, watching us. If we were false, her arrows would slay us. I feared nothing from that. Seven long steps here, and seven steps past each of the two rows of pillared columns. I saw many other people there, servants and lords, acolytes and armed guards, among the colonnades. Business held within whispered of Her presence. Not my business. I paused upon the threshold.

"He rebuilt it the same way that She had done," said Jareden. "Some say that it was easier for him because all the materials were already here, but in fact they weren't all here. And is it easier to fix something or make something anew? Our lives of suffering are a fix, our new creations are a joy without pain. The Red Emperor came here and fixed this, with his own suffering, for the joy of us who had never experienced this before."

"When She first came here, at the side of the Hero Lord Yelmgatha, this whole quarter was in ruins. It was burnt down in one or another of the disturbances which the Raibanth citizens inflicted upon their overlords. Those lords were the ruthless Karmangs, and they were maybe as evil as the demons which most lately levelled this neighborhood."

"As She did when She came, I saw the Red Emperor and his assistants erect a great tent over this entire site. The poles of it were each elaborate and decorated with carvings or paintings, each of them ringed with precious metals. They were fifteen feet high, eight of them around the perimeter, and with one great central pole which was three times that. It stuck way up above everything. It was brought there upon the shoulders of thirteen painted men, and I will assure you they did not come here through the city gates. They came out of an ornate crate, a gold-bound black box carried by two red men with black goat horns. The thirteen men, with little strings used like ropes, raised the central pole. They went back into their box. The two carriers, guarded by a hundred soldiers, departed the next day through the eastern gate.

"The Goddess herself, the first time, sat and slept on a small rug at the base of this pole. That little rug is, today, in the chapel of the Duke of Kitor. The Red Emperor, this time when I watched, had his own rug, and gave it away at the end of the rites. "The next entire day they spent with some little

men digging. I still say they were dwarfs, but I am told to tell you they were earth men, and they came from Jeski Varadoki. They had shovels instead of hands, and pick axes instead of feet. They scooped out a horizontal cave from the ruined basement of a palace which was long burnt to nothing. It was wide enough for five wagons side by side, and just as high. I could not see how deep it was, but it went out of my sight into darkness. At the end of the day they drew a curtain across it.

"The third day, when the Goddess did it, a low rumbling hum came from the ground. Oria's priestesses can do that too, and so we know it is the voice of Grandmother Earth. From this grew the perfect cubical block of the temple foundation. Only part sat above ground, and around that they laid the marble steps to reach its top, which is the temple floor.

"When the Red Emperor did this temple, he made the same sound, and it tickled my feet until I could not bear to stand still, and hopped around for a while, laughing. When I looked back I saw the floor forming, rising from the dirt and ashes in small patches, then growing together into a single slab. The steps grew then, too.

"On the fourth day, I saw nothing. I ate then. Someone had pity on me and brought me food. I had barely slept and eaten nothing since becoming transfixed at that peep hole. All day, though, nothing changed.

"The fifth day was the Pillar Day. Out of the cold stone base they rose from nothing.

"On the sixth day I saw seven people in black and white or red clothing come to the pit. They came from someplace inside the city, not from that magic pit in there. At noon each was joined by seven more, and they stood side by side where the walls of the temple are now. They stood there, hands joined, and when the sun rose the next day I saw the walls, and no people.

"On Her seventh day She sat upon Her throne, and took upon herself the shape of a statue, larger than life, and radiating Her holy power through the whole of this Temple.

"When the Emperor made this one, he summoned Firmaxus, the great servant of the God of Art. I know his name because it was in my mind as I watched. Firmaxus scooped up bits of ash and dust, and with it he made a crude shape. Then he sang over it, with his handsome voice, and from that shape came the Goddess once again, as of old."

I went to see Her. Atop a man-tall pillar sat She. The statue was simple beauty: Clean lines, naturally draped clothing, and a relaxed, natural pose as she sat upon her stool. This statue was from pure white marble by Uranafus, shaped by the artistic magic of Firmaxus or, as other insist, either chiseled and polished. Firmaxus was a living treasure, for he captured the true likeness of any person, and he reproduced it in whatever medium he chose. And here sat She, larger than life, cross-legged and modest. Her head was hairless. I saw that her gown, pure white like the marble, was of actual clothing. Perhaps the statue was dressed by attendants in

different clothing, for different seasons. A single rune decorated her: a bi-color round medallion, red on right and black on left, with a silver rune, the sacred Rufdayen Rune (ie- R-shape). Her left hand, held upright with palm visible, signalled the gesture for kindness; her right pointed upward with the two outer fingers, while the two inner were folded and crossed by her thumb. This ancient gesture signalled health. Her eyes were open, looking at me. Brown eyes, like humans have.

When I stepped to the side those eyes followed me. I saw She smiled then. I felt, there, what an artist can do when she brings the life out of a stone.





# Amad Folktales

By Darvall

## How Hedgepig outran Eurmali

After the bad dogs took Mastakos' heel tendons Eurmali thought he could have a better place than the one Orlanth gave him. He was already very fast, having had to run away from so many people. Thinking of this he thought to be Orlanth's messenger. The Storm God said he felt that Mastakos with his chariot was still fast enough but Eurmali said he was faster. Finally, to make Eurmali shut up, Orlanth said they should race to the end of the Rockwoods & back. What he didn't know was that Eurmali slipped the horses some wet oats before the race. So half way back Mastakos' horses started to bloat and Eurmali won handily.

Well Orlanth knew he couldn't trust Eurmali to deliver messages so he said that he must race Yinkin as well. Four times round the base of Kero-Fin, and this time the two were kept apart until the race. The trickster, though, had lived in Orlanth's house long enough to know Yinkin, most especially his fondness for fresh catnip. So he went out and gathered a bunch which he kept in a pigs bladder so no-one could smell it.

On the first lap Eurmali was slightly ahead. On the second lap he came into view a bit behind. Eurmali was just going round for the last time when Yinkin appeared, running as fast as he could. But he had spent too much time gathering the catnip Eurmali had dropped when he fell behind and couldn't catch up. So Eurmali won again.

At this Orlanth was distressed. He didn't want another messenger and couldn't trust Eurmali anyway. It turned out, though, that the wily trickster had already outrun everyone else in Orlanth's stead. Finally the least of Ernalda's folk said he had a way to beat Eurmali.

When hedgepig explained his idea the Storm King was mightily pleased. The race was set to be only to a furrow at the far end of the fallow paddock. When Eurmali complained hedgepig asked him if he thought his legs were too short. Eurmali was insulted and claimed that any distance was enough to beat a worm eater. When they started Eurmali took off at a great pace, but when he looked back there was no sign of a hedgepig. When he looked forward again he was amazed to see a hedgepig at the finish line. After Eurmali had stormed off (he learnt it from Urox) hedgepig trotted down to join his wife who had been hiding in the furrow at the finish line 'til Eurmali looked back. That night, when the stead gathered to eat, Eurmali was furious to see hedgepig and his wife, for then he saw what everyone knows, hedgepigs are as like as two grains of oats.

## Black Orme & the Barguest

### A Tale of the Black Dog of the Amad

When Black Orme fled the murder of his brother he was hotly pursued by the stead. So close were they upon him that he dared the High Spring Top Trail by night, thinking the dark would cover him. He either forgot or feared less the Barguest. He recalled it soon enough though. Scarce had he started upon the way than he heard the feet padding behind. He walked faster. So did the feet. Faster still. So did the feet. He ran. So did the feet. He was in sight of the Head Ridge ford when he saw, on the track, ahead; the two green eyes, big as potlids. The kinslayer turned and bolted for the Amad waystone with the feet close behind; and there, at the stone, were the eyes.

Barguest pushed him to and fro all night. Next morning the stead hunters found him sobbing and exhausted in the middle of the track.

## Fish Tickling

*This quest came with the Far Walkers and has been adapted to suit the various locales. Those who wish to learn this skill must follow the path of Vatar the Gut.*

Vatar was Eurmali, not particularly obnoxious or vicious but simple of mind lacking in respect. He was a likable man so protected by the clan. His jests likewise were simple lacking in respect but rarely painful except to those of over large self esteem. He was given to wandering in the quiet places where the lesser spirits lived so was often hungry for he was no hunter and wandering grew no crops. While wandering, mostly to avoid the shearing, Vatar found a path he did not know. This seemed strange to him as he had been traipsing those hills since he could walk. None the less he took the path, being slow of mind he did not consider danger. The track ended at a small fall in a low gorge there he saw a camp for one man. Sitting by the fire was an old, old man whose head was that of a trout.

Old Trout Head gave the greeting Vatar felt it polite to reply. Old Trout Head offered Vatar food and was in return gifted with Vatar pigs bladder. Old Trout Head was very impressed, the pig, being an Ernalda beast, was unknown to him. They sat for a while in silence then it seemed to Vatar that Old Trout Head was not as happy as he might be. "What ails the fish face?" he thought. P'raps it likes a jig thought he. So Vatar leapt to his feet comence to jig

with great vigour and no style. Old Trout Head sprang back in alarm. "Whats this?" he demanded of Vatar. "T'be a jig" said the fool.

"Andwhats it for?" asked the fishman. "Hearts ease and joy" he was told. "And a fine thing it be" said Old Trout Head "But not a thing to share with the legless." Vatar was puzzled, of course trout can't jig and so his dance was of little use beneath the water. Then it came to him, riddles. Not the sort used by Gbaji to snare the unwary, nor yet the lofty contest between wind and sun, but the simple riddles and puns of the shearing shed and stickpicking fires.

So Vatar started asking his riddles and with each jest Old Trout Head laughed harder and harder. At last Old Trout Head begged him to stop for his ribs hurt from laughing. He thought it a fine new thing to take back to his wet home and in return gifted Vatar with the talent to tickle two fish from the water each day. So they parted, Vatar with his fish gift and Old Trout Head with his new laughter.

### *How to use this story as a Heroquest*

This is obviously not a major Heroquest. But then the return be not enormous either. The questor/s must set out on the morning of Waterday/Harmony Week/Fire Season armed with a decorated pigs bladder on a stick and a sense of humility. All participants with pride above 9 must check against proud. A successful roll indicates that they will not undertake the quest. Successful questors get a humble check. They must find the nearest small stream containing trout and follow it upstream. At some point it will transfer onto the god plane. They then have to make Old Trout Head laugh.

Failure to reply correctly to the greeting, threats to Old Trout Head or rude and arrogant behaviour will result in a sudden exit from the quest and a long walk home. The nature of this quest means that it is rarely taken seriously by older folk although children often try it and it frequently be their first heroquest not dependant on the rituals imposed by their elders. As such it be a bit scary and possibly dangerous as it be still a heroquest. There may also be a retribution for shirking work during the shearing.

### **Red Ulvar's End**

Red Ulvar was troll-cruel and reaved through the Far Point, killing as he went. Up to his elbows in blood he was and ninety was the score of his taken lives. Not a soul would meet him knowing his whereabouts -- but he was a'most as clever as a troll at the lurking, but never caught or robbed a Gowking (*One of the wild Orlanthi from Gowksnest. The clan was there when Amad Waterbourne arrived fleeing the purges of the Kasdarni. Ulvar was probably further incensed by being accused of "Gowk Hunting" that is being played for a fool.*).

They's too clever for him, and that he couldn't abide. Kill as he went the ogre did: man, woman, or little child, but the thought that he can't catch a Gowking was a challenge and irked his pride (*There is no evidence that Red Ulvar was anything other than an excessively zealous Yelmalian. Certainly he was not an Ogre. Cannibalism was not among his traits.*).

He hated they a'most as much as he hated Amad Waterbourne, who cut off his right ear with its gold ring he had from the Sun Priest of the Princeros and led our folk clear of his raids when we fled the death of Kasdarni. But the Gowkings just pull back into the Gors and Red Ulvar lost his earring and swore he'd pay Amad, but he'd have to think how. For Amad had a Silky, who cleaned the hearth, devilled and punched lazy house thralls, and kept Ernalda's peace. They'd hear her skirts rustle and glimpse her yellowy hair and they didn't wait to see more. Silky had a tree out of the gates, and she went out there of a night and sat there all shining like a cold mist, and if any came near that was friends she'd let them pass and they'd come to the hall all of a cold sweat. But if any comes as are not friends, Silky she strangles them.

Red Ulvar be well aware of this and he keeps a key mile or more off, for his reavers won't follow into the high Gors. They're as afeared of the spirits of Far Place as Ulvar be of Amad's Silky. But Amad still fills Red Ulvar's mind, for he owns a fine grey as none can ride but himself. Many have tried, Gallanini among them, but the horse will abide none and full eighteen men has he killed, Gallanini some of them. All the ill of Far Place be in that horse.

So theres the two villains, Red Ulvar and the grey. And Red Ulvar be near mad with the need to ride the grey, but for fear of Silky. So harsh he becomes that the whole of the hill country goes in bands for fear of him. Even the ploughing be done by groups of men and still Red Ulvar raids the Anrathi and kills Red Skali, chops him down as he's ploughing. And Anrath cooks up a vengeance for his murdered brother. He calls Uldlath the Kolating, his eldest brother, in from his haunts in the galt and has him send his spirit out to Ulvar sitting alone by his fire. Red Ulvar holds off when he sees a man just appear before him, mayhap he knew it for a spirit. And Anrath said to Red Ulvar "You'll never be slain by a mortal soul, nor will any beast throw you. In token of the truth of this Conla Elmalvoice has stolen away Amad's grey and has him tied at The Toe but they dare not back him. He has killed the two fine Elmali lads as got the ropes on him. Now take him from them and ride him if you can." With that Anrath returns to his body and Red Ulvar leaps up and off and the Anrathi scatter from his coming and listen to him gallop into the night.



The grey was off. Away down the Boot and over Hares Knob; and the cut halter rope flapping about its neck. He gallops through the Vale of Wild Roses, never minding the flowers he tramples, and over the Keeper's House. The Old Lady takes on at this and at his trampling her granddaughters flowers underfoot. So the halter rope flicks up and wraps his wrists, tighter than any Tarshite manacle, and the grey thunders on. Straight back to Amad Hall.

And there he stops. Under Silkie's witch tree. And two long, cool hands come down. And two long, cool hands circle his thick neck. And two long, cool hands tighten. Slowly. Gently. And Red Ulvar kicks the grey till its flanks bleed, but it moves only a little half step. As Elmal drives back the dark the grey comes to the door of the hall, with a strangled man on its back.

### The Hob of High Spring

Our hob came with us when the stead fled the Princeros and has always been well treated. The hearth swept of an evening and clear water set out of a night with a dish of cream thrice a week. And right glad we were that he kept with us. First dark season after the stead moved to High Spring, before we had even half the warriors we do now, the Darkmen decided to raid us. It warn't to be a big raid, cut some throats, grab a kid or two and bolt. To this end they un's snuck up to the stead in the dark. They foul magics blinded and deafened our guard sp'rits so none in the stead knew they comes. The sentries were killed soft and the monsters moved on the hall. (yes there were only one hall then.) The door were too stout for smashing in and the walls too thick. So the greatest of the monsters starts slowly, softly gnawing on the door.

The sounds were too slight to wake the household, tired as they were from tending a half made stead in the snow. But someone were awake. The Uz gnawed and a coal flared. The Uz bit and a twig blazed. The Uz chewed and a log flamed. A great arm snaked through the hole at the base of the door and felt for the bar pins. And a hideous shriek let out starting the carls from their sleep, bringing bodies to their feet, sword in hand. Braggi severed the searching arm and the stead went forth with light spells and lightning, with sword and spear and sling and bow to drive back the dark. The darkmen warn't prepared for such ready resistance and fell back soon leaving few of their number on the field.

Orlkal, then thane, thought to reward the one who raised the alarm but none would own to it. It were then that the porridge pot got found, in a hundred pieces with all meal burnt to the inside. The hob had heated it red hot til the steam screamed as it burst from the cracks. So on the first windsday of dark season the hob gets beer and sticklepick as well as his cream.

### The New Plough

Kinros heard about the new plough they got down on the flats away past Far Point. Being a good farmer he geared up and went to take a look. It weren't an easy trip. As he got further from Amad people got less and less generous.

By the time he'd got to Far Point they didn't even know the greeting; was only that he was in good with Barntar that let him get fed at all. Out past Far Point there was those that didn't even recognise that. The flatlanders got themselves a farm god called Lordral and it was his plough Kinros come to see.

A great heavy thing it was, the share all of metal. Kinros watched the flatlanders using it. Watched how it turned the soil as it went. Watched it make the deep furrows you could trickle water down for the cabbages in fire season and thought it a fine thing. It came to Kinros that he must have one of these ploughs. To get one he swapped his strong hat, second best spear and three bear pelts he brought down to trade for metal. Then he found himself a dunk in the yard of a man who refused him hospitality, loaded up the plough in pieces, and started for home.

He got the plough home, put it together, and yoked up the oxen. They started off willing enough but you could see 'em slow up with each pass. Weren't hard to see why either. Where Barntars plough, with the short narrow share, cut through the clay leaving a slim furrow just right for the seed this new plough got clay stuck all over its big blade. As Kinros pushed it further more clay stuck on til he's almost dragging half the paddock. Course the oxen knock up before mid morn and Kinros be too good a farmer to push 'em where they can't go. But he puts it down to 'em not being used to the heavier plough and goes and stacks fences for a while.

Now Barn gnome watched all this and weren't real pleased. Bit of a stick in the mud your Barn gnome. Don't like change. So gnome weren't glad to see a new thing and even less glad to see the condition it left the bullocks in.

Next morn Kinros came out to find his new plough on the barn roof and not cleaned neither. With much swearing he got it down and readied it for the beasts. Course they knocked up even quicker the second day and gnome had a talk to his kin and the plough kept on turning up rocks and getting blunter and blunter. When Kinros stopped ploughing he hadn't a spell left in him.

Next day were even worse. Gnome had chucked the plough into the oak on the edge of the far pasture and Kinros had to get the dunk out to fetch it home. Then the oxen, maybe cause they remembered or maybe cause gnome told 'em, wouldn't stand for the yoke. All up Kinros didn't get started ploughing till midday. By mid afternoon him and the bullocks both had enough. Next day it took him til midday just to find his plough, gnome shoved it down the root cellar and he'd to take the door off to get it

back out. Then the off bullock stepped on his foot and broke it. While he was getting Missus to fix it gnome took the share and flung it in the creek. Enough was enough and Kinros give up on the new plough.

We didn't lose by it though. We still got the dunk he took in the flatlands and Conla made him a new strong hat and two spear heads from the share. The frame got broke up and used for bits and pieces, the handles are on my plough, and the yoke we still use for dressing beasts.

### The Willow Coppicing Ritual

The production of withies is a mainstay of the stickpickers. That part of the Tula they use is wild land and so they need the cooperation of the local spirits; coercion is like to incur Tara's wrath.

Venharl the Coppicer was a stickpicker before the Tearing Claw, that is he was the first coppicer in these lands. He became such because he befriended the greatest local willow bogle. No mean feat given how cranky the willow folk are.

It came about because Venharl's youngest and best loved daughter had come down with Firehead Fever in the middle of storm season. Though the parents crooned over her and did all the little healing chants they knew she grew weaker and weaker. Finally Venharl took their small store of coin and 2 hams he was saving and set out for the healer late in the day. It being spring season all the creeks were up and the going was very slow so Venharl had only gone a short way by dusk. Just as the light was fading he saw an old man, gnarled but hale, with long matted hair, running down the bank of a swollen creek. As he ran he thrashed at the water with a stick and cried as if to someone in the flood. The old man was fast approaching so Venharl, not knowing him and fearing him to be mad, dropped his hams so as to have free hands. When the old fella drew level Venharl saw the source of the fuss, in the current was a boy desperately fighting a Necker. Now Venharl's ma was a Gwyda before they'd had to leave her and she'd taught him a bit of the earth magic. Small charms and the like for keeping children safe. So Venharl grabbed 1 of the hams and, chanting the Nix turning moz on it, threw it as hard as he could at the Neck. Now wether it was the salt, or the pig meat, or his ma's charm or just being hit in the head with a five pound ham the Necker howled and let loose of the boy. Then the old man thrashed it a couple of times with his stick and it backed up the stream. At the same time the boy was floating, face down, away from them. Venharl must have been crazed for he jumped into the water & grabbed him. The Neck howled again and Venharl realised just where he was and who was there with him. Just see it, dark, flooded creek, Venharl floundering toward the bank towing the boy and the old man keeping the Neck from them with nought but a stick. Venharl drags himself and the child up the muddy shore and the

Neck follows. But when the Neck put its hoof on land the Old man said "The land is my power, Fishbreath" and lashed it twice across the face with his switch. Venharl saw the welts rise and smelt the flesh scorch like at the branding. The Neck screamed and fell back into the water. Venharl turned his attention to the boy and started pumping the water from his lungs. When the lad was breathing again Venharl convinced the old man to carry him back to his stead.

His wife was wrath with him, bringing sick strangers instead of the healer, but she'd no more refuse to help than he would. They got both the strangers inside but when they lit the torch Venharl saw their hair was green. None the less his wife fed the boy on cabbage broth and sat him by the fire. The old man looked at Venharl's littly and crumbled some bark into the water kettle, putting on the fire to heat. When it had stewed he fed it to the sick child. After a bit the fever went down some. The old man then said "When the child mends you and she come down to the bend where the willows grow. There I'll show you the trick of the osiers." So at the start of fire season Venharl and his little girl went to the willow bend. He wasn't as startled as he might have been when the old man stepped out of the largest willow. Old Man Willow then taught him and his daughter the right way to talk to the trees and how to cut a willow so that it coppiced instead of dying and what made a tree unsound and so able to benefit rather than being harmed by the coppicing. And so on the first day of each Fire Season the stickpickers take a ham and leave it in their osier beds, at the foot of the greatest Willow present. By this gift Old Man Willow knows that each has heard the story and learned the lore of coppicing his children. Woe betide the stranger who cuts anothers osiers for when the night is darkest he'll hear the boughs of the willows tap tap tapping at his door. For we all know that in the night the willow can uproot and move.

#### *How to use this story in a campaign*

To learn the ritual the applicant must be at a creek near the osier bed he wishes to coppice with 2 hams just on dusk. He must have been in the central place at that morning's Tara ritual. If the Willow man appears he must be bargained with to receive the rite. A successful applicant not of Venharl's bloodline is geased never to cross water dry shod. The hams may be retained.

### Glorantha's Worst Books - Nr. 7

**Trollkin Sexmanual –**  
With 150 coloured illustrations!



# Paleo-Tentacles from Glorantha

## The Phylogeny of the Nautiloids of Glorantha

By Gwendolyn Mott and Andreas Pittelkow

The nautiloids were spawned as children of Gorakiki in the Darkness Age together with the other molluscs which are of the same phylum. In that age they were still quite simply formed straight. Remembrances of that time are found in Dagori Inkarth, especially at the slopes of the Ridge of Thieves. There are many locations at the southern slopes where excellent finds have been made.

They didn't change much in the Sea Age although they choose a pact with Magasta. But there have been no known locations where they can be found thus not much is known of that time.

In the Earth Age many of them lived at the bountiful breasts of Ernalda in the shelves trying to come closer to earth. But only the conservative forms that stayed in the deeper realms managed to secure the future existence of the nautiloids as a whole. At the upper reaches of the Upper Tanier River many examples of them can be found, washed out by the river.

Due to the warming up in the Fire Age a adaptive radiation set in and they thrived. As a benign sign Yelm placed the siphon central which up to now had been marginal (to look like the fire rune). Also in the later Fire Age first signs of rolling themselves up occurred.

They can be found on a huge scale in the provinces of Noran and Tarin. Different faunas named after the provinces can be distinguished. In Noran they can be found in the slopes of mountains and rivers, since they have been covered by glacial sediments. In Tarin they can be found just about anywhere, where there are uncovered sediments.

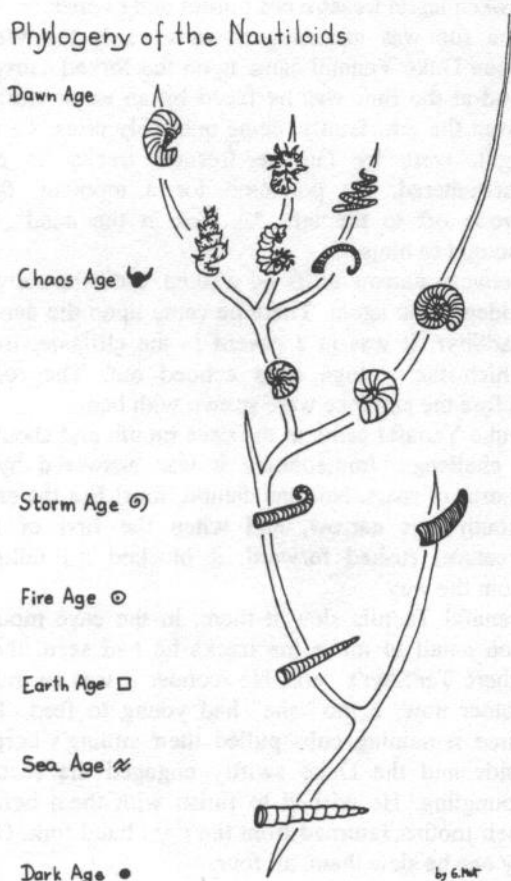
In the Storm Age they pacted with Orlanth and in cosequence are turned into an Air-Rune form and due to that pact their heyday is reached. But already their later decline is showing in the development of their Lobeline which became more chaotic towards the Chaos Age and develop from ceratitic in early Storm over goniatitic in middle Storm to ammonitic in late Storm and into Chaos Age. Also there is one branch of nautiloids that does keep the ceratitic Lobeline throughout the Storm Age. Another feature deriving from their pact with Orlanth is the splitting into female and male forms. The female forms are bigger than the male forms since they were created by the goddess and have been in existence much longer than the male forms.

The early forms can be found at the River of Cradles. The nautiloids of the Middle Storm Age lived mainly in cold water. They only contain a small number of species but have a large number of individuals and thus are easily found in North Pent. In Late Storm as it grew warmer they were more diversified again. There lots of points where they can be found for example the Gilboch-Fauna on Gilboch.

In the Chaos Age the nautiloids tried to adapt themselves to chaos with the heteromorphic forms and the development of the Lobeline mentioned above. Later on they realized their mistake and tried to simplify their features but they didn't succeed and were nearly wiped out. Only the branch that did not develop towards Chaos is today still in existence with Nautilus.

Locations where chaotic nautiloids can be found are near Galstar.

Phylogeny of the Nautiloids



# The Hunting of Tar'Shyr

By Andrew Joelson

Many years ago, during the Zero Wane, the lands of our beloved Goddess were in turmoil. The evil Bull Shah had been repulsed, but his armies were not yet broken; only lying up and licking their wounds. Dread creatures wandered the countryside at will. The fell sorcerers who had summoned them to fight against our Divine Mistress had either been slain in battle, or loosed these demons intentionally, to ruin all the lands.

Having marshaled all our forces, and seen to the safety of our borders, Yanafal Tar'nils turned his attention to this sorry state of affairs. He and his companions rode all about the realm, cleansing it of such woes. Many tales can be told, many great deeds recalled; tonight I will tell you of the Hunting of Tar'Shyr.

Now it came to pass that Duke Yanafal and his comrades went forth not all together, but separately. The dire creatures they pursued were many, and yet such doughty warriors were they, that they felt certain of victory even singly. It was well known that the foul wizards of the Bull Shah feared to summon too strong a demon, lest they be swallowed up from their crooked toes to their craven hearts.

And so the Duke went his separate way, and came at last to the hamlet of EnShos. He had been following a rumor of trouble there, a demon that haunted the wild lands thereby. And so it proved true. The humble folk of the town knew him at once, for one of their own lads had marched under the Duke's personal banner for three years time. Then smiled the Duke, and hailed MenThaLus by name.

But the demon haunting the wilds was not a creature of wizardry gone awry. The townsfolk told the Duke that Tar'Shyr had been known in their father's father's day. It roamed at will, but seldom near their homes. Sometimes it was not even seen for years, but only its great tracks, or the wrack of a wildcat it had devoured. Occasionally a hunter went missing, but not often, for Tar'Shyr dwelt to the South, and none dared hunt in that direction.

"Perhaps it is but a wild beast, of unusual size and vigor," suggested Duke Yanafal. "No, no!" cried PelAnDro, chief of the hunters; "the spirits have told us no mere hunter can slay this creature. Only a great warrior dare attempt it." And they looked upon the Duke with hope in their eyes, for in the last two years had Tar'Shyr become much bolder. Now it hunted South and East and West, even stealing oxen from the village pens, and three grown men had gone missing...

Yanafal Tar'nils smiled a little smile then, saying, "well then, new demon or old, I shall dispose of it for you." Whereat the people all were gladdened. That evening Duke Yanafal went apart with PelAnDro, MenThaLus, and the village elders, and long they spoke what they knew of Tar'Shyr.

The next morning all the people turned out, to witness the Arming of the Duke. MenThaLus helped gird the Duke for War, for he alone of all the folk knew what it meant to arm for battle. The people sang and prayed for his victory, PelAnDro blessed his hunting. And so Duke Yanafal rode forth; armed, armored, and light of heart.

All the morning he quested into the South, over hills and through patches of forest. He quartered to the left, and then to the right, seeking some spoor of his quarry. At noon he paused by a stream to sup, and there he first saw tracks of Tar'Shyr.

After resting his horse, he set forth again. The tracks faded in and out, but led steadily to the south. The land grew hilly, and glad was the Duke of his stout war-horse, which happily leapt deep ravines. But alas, the land grew steadily more rough. At length even the Duke's mastery of the saddle was not enough, he must turn his steed about and send it back towards EnShos. Too fine a mount to suffer a broken leg in treacherous gullies and ravines.

The sun was marching down towards the West, when Duke Yanafal came upon the forked canyon. And at the fork was he faced by an eager choice. From the left, faintly, came unearthly cries. To the right, were by far the freshest tracks he had encountered. He pondered for a moment, then strode off to the left. "A bird in the hand", he thought to himself.

Between narrow cliffs he walked, until the canyon widened out again. There he came upon the den of Tar'Shyr. It was in a cavern in the cliffside, from which the strange cries echoed out. The rocks before the entrance were strewn with bones.

Duke Yanafal came to the cave mouth and shouted a challenge. Immediately it was answered by a chorus of roars. Not one demon, four! But the cave mouth was narrow, and when the first of the creatures rushed forward, it blocked its fellows from the way.

Yanafal Tar'nils slew it there, in the cave mouth. Too small to make the tracks he had seen, these were Tar'Shyr's cubs. No wonder it was so much bolder now, it, no "she" had young to feed. The three remaining cubs pulled their sibling's corpse aside and the Duke swiftly engaged the second youngling. He wished to finish with them before their mother returned from the right hand fork. One by one he slew them, all four.



He took a drink of water from the stream nearby, and howled his loudest oath. Why hunt Tar'Shyr, when she would come to him?

A terrible roar echoed up the canyon, a fearfull mother racing to defend her brood. Tar'Shyr burst into the little valley, then ground to a halt. She snuffed the air and mewed a most pitifull sound. Tar'Shyr knew the scent of her children's blood. She glared at the Duke, her breast heaved like a bellows, and with a second terrible roar, she pounced!

Long the Duke wove and dodged. Wound after wound he struck Tar'Shyr, but she felt them not. She raked long furrows in his greaves, she left toothmarks everywhere. But in the end even her berserk fury could not sustain her any longer. She fell panting at the creekside, trying feebly to rise once more.

Yanafal Tar'nils looked down upon Tar'Shyr then, and shook his head sadly. "I am sorry to slay your cubs," said he, "but my children must come before yours."



# *The Great Sage and the Emperors*

By Alex Ferguson and Greg Stafford

## **TarnGatHa**

Before he came to the fragile mortal form that was to become the Great Sage, he-who-was-to-be-NiangMao was a happy subject of TarnGatHa, he who is called Guardian of Being, and Face of Creator, and Emperor of the World, and Namer of All, and Grand Ancestral Dragon. Even uncultured foreigners know of the First Emperor, though few discern his true nature. He-who-was-to-be-NiangMao was filled with rejoicing and wonder at the glory and wonder of being. He was of the few beings fortunate to be in the presence of the First Emperor, at the moment of the Great Dragon's Liberation. The future Sage expired at the joy of it. At that moment, the gods knew that NiangMao would be reborn only once more before becoming as great as they.

## **HeenMaRoun**

At the appointed hour, NiangMao was brought forth from the River of Desire. Even as a young boy the sage spoke great wisdom and prophesy. There was little woe in all the eastern lands in those days, for ignorance and folly had been banished beyond the great ShanShan mountains by the Emperor HeenMaRoun, who was called Peace of the World as his realm was utterly free from strife. Thus was NiangMao content, until one day he saw a mayfly fall prey to a wren. He wept to see this thing, as if it were the first suffering in the world, for so it was. The people of HeenMaRoun's land thought it a small enough matter, but NiangMao knew then that all life would be as this thereafter. "Thus the mayfly, thus life", he said. Greatly disturbed, he sought the greatest sage. NiangMao asked everyone he met what was the path out of suffering. Everyone replied that only HeenMaRoun knew of this, for only HeenMaRoun had known Liberation from the world. Desiring to learn of this great wisdom, NiangMao journeyed to the Great Mountain. The future sage wished the whole land to know HeenMaRoun's bliss. But he came to know that all could not be Liberated as HeenMaRoun had been, for all were not HeenMaRoun. But NiangMao sought to learn it in any case, and after many years of study was Awakened to a state of being that no mortal had before achieved. Thus it was that he passed beyond age, though he had still not found the means of his own true Liberation.

## **Metsyla**

After the Southern Ocean had invaded a portion of his realm, HeenMaRoun retired to his palace in the sky, appointing others to rule over the portions of his domain. To oversee the best part of his kingdom he blessed Metsyla, Light of Enlightenment, who is called Eagle Phoenix Emperor. Metsyla glorified the land with the name of Abzered, and had built the Palace of Eternal Light. His reign was filled with more wonders than can be told of. People walked on pavements of gold, and fed of a sublime radiance from the skies, and thought these no great matter. Metsyla told all the sages of the land that he would teach anyone who would learn of his Enlightenment. His method was the Seventeen Lessons to Perfection. NiangMao sought to learn the mysteries of this way, and became a humble servant and pupil of the Enlightened One. NiangMao was profoundly affected by the insight that Enlightenment gave him. Truly he could now perceive correctly the true nature of all things under TarnGatHa's heavenly gaze. During this time he became the most esteemed sage in all of Abzered, and all of the populace revered his wisdom. Surely every citizen has heard the tales of this time which speak of his passing beyond the realm of the Six Worlds, such as when even the great western torrent KuWai TanKang paused in its endless course at his approach. But even among the Enlightened there was not to be found true compassion, or humility, nor yet wisdom. Despairing of finding the path to true Liberation in the opulent cities of Abzered, NiangMao retired to a life of quiet austerity in western Abzered, in the foothills of the great mountains. As Abzered became more wealthy, so did NiangMao become more tattered in his rags. As its palaces became more opulent, so did NiangMao's hillside become more bare. As the happy folk of Abzered became fatter, so did the sage become more gaunt. And as NiangMao ascended in wisdom, so did the glittering land fall into the trappings of the mundane world. The Emperor was told of NiangMao's rising wisdom, and Metsyla desired to have the sage's counsel on the great matters of state. Courtiers were dispatched to do NiangMao great honour, and to bid him appear to advise the emperor at the Imperial Court. NiangMao refused, saying "The best advice is for you, Great Lord, to come here." Metsyla's nobles and servants told him that he, the Emperor, was the most Enlightened being in the kingdom, and hence he should not lower himself to come to NiangMao like a mere student, or supplicant. And so the Emperor remained in his glorious Palace of Eternal Light, and the Sage on his muddy hillside, and later,



remained there still, whilst the Emperor's folly led him and his land to be drowned.

## Shavaya

Shavaya was a humble sage who, amidst his contemplations of Creation, became greatly disturbed what had been wrought by the folly of kings. He went to NiangMao for guidance. He was told to go to the House of Lordship and be Emperor, which he did. At that, some of the nobles were amazed, that a mortal could rule in the stead of dragons and phoenixes, but the people rejoiced at their new ruler. Shavaya called his land Kerandaruth, and was known as the Emperor of Splendour.

Shavaya was not so proud, or rich, or so dazzling to behold as Metsyla, and yet much wiser. He taught both the high, and the low. When his daughter discovered rice, he taught the farmer the correct methods of cultivation. When the scribes could not understand each other, he taught them all his language. When the foreman could not measure his work, he showed him a tool he had made, and how to make copies. There was plenty and contentment for all, unto ten thousand generations.

Although misfortune occurred, whenever no-one else could tell the right path Shavaya would place his jade crown upon his golden throne, don the simple garb of a monk, and journey to ask NiangMao's counsel. First came the Beasts from the West, who said that if Enough was good, then surely Too Much was better. Then from the north came Ignorance, which said that to contemplate the truth was vexacious, and that in knowing less was Bliss. From the south came Indolence, promising that doing nothing would make all problems go away. Lastly came Illusion, from the east, saying that whatever troubles there were, the sure solution was to give to give oneself over to blind faith.

NiangMao advised everyone to rebuff each of the temptations, and though countless subjects ignored this wisdom, the Emperor did not succumb. But these great Antidragons were angered, and cursed the land. Then came evil Sekever. The false emperor made the sun lash down terrible storms, then bleed upon the face of the earth, and at the last, turn black. Though the land was a blasted ruin, the true Emperor himself remained untouched, and Splendid still. Greatly troubled, Shavaya again sought NiangMao's wisdom, and learned that he need choose between Power and Wisdom. Shavaya meditated upon a solution to this, and disappeared from his hilltop, and was never found or seen again.

## NiangMao's Liberation

NiangMao at last perceived that his long journey was at an end. He began his final meditation upon the Void, and taught all who would be Liberated to do likewise. When any one would ask him about right moral conduct, he would always advise them

to be peaceful and compassionate, and to avoid the indulgences of the material world.

NiangMao did not preach, nor did he instruct others in doing so. But he would share his wisdom with any who came seeking it, whether prince or beggar. Many who spoke with NiangMao or his pupils later preached in his name, whether they spoke truth or foolishness. His truest followers are known as the seventy-seven disciples, and the wisest of those are considered the Six Great Disciples. (sometimes called the 'NiangMao Saints'. There is some sectional dispute as to the identity and precise teachings of the Six). Some say that it was then he spoke his Great Commandment: "Be attached to no transient thing". (sometimes called the First Vow, when sworn by ascetic devotees}). His heart was saddened by false teachings in his name, and he declared that he would not have followers. They persisted, so he commanded them thus.

NiangMao fasted for a thousand years, after which time his entire being merged with the Void. But his teachings persist, even unto this day.

## Addendum: NiangMao's followers}

Following the coming of Daruda, NiangMao's way is less practiced than was once the case. However, a moderate-sized laity persists, who follow NiangMao's precepts as best they can in their ordinary lives. Formally, these are those who have taken the so-called Lesser Vows, and perhaps some others, known as observances. However, to gain Liberation without further rebirth, NiangMao's followers must renounce the material world entirely. Commonly these ascetics are called Naked Sages, as most sects strongly emphasise that clothing is a trapping of the mundane world, and an impediment to Liberation, as are violence, sexual intercourse, wealth, food, and comfort. Like the Hairy Monks of the East Isles, they keep no monasteries, but the Naked Sages go farther, and shun all company and shelter. NiangMao's followers meditate, as do all the great disciplines of the East, but in a manner of such rigorous austerity that even the most conservative Sitting Monks have warned against their excesses. Fasts are a common practice, and fasting unto death is considered both the correct means of Liberation, and even if unsuccessful in that, of gaining a rebirth that will progress the practitioner towards that end. While meditative traditions commonly pledge and practice nonviolence, the Naked Sages carry this to the utmost, and will eat no portion of any animal, and carry a flaxen whisk with which to sweep the ground before them of any small insects. Recollecting that first mayfly, they cover their mouths with a piece of muslin whenever they speak.

*Many thanks to Peter Metcalfe and Nils Weinander for their ideas, help and sage advice*

# The Wolf Pirates

By Jörg Baumgartner

## Authors notes

*This article describes the situation prior to Harrek's arrival.*

*The history of the Wolf Pirates was published in Tales of the Reaching Moon #10. In Free INT #7 I published a translation of that article into German, as well as some additional ideas on the Wolf Pirates. Missing Lands has a few words to say about the Wolf Pirates as well.*

*For the Wolf Pirates of the Threestep Isles, I use inspiration from a couple of unrelated sources. RuneQuest Vikings gives a basic idea about the lives of the Vikings, also those settling the Atlantic islands (Hebrides, Orkneys, Shetlands, Faroeys).*

*An interesting parallel to the situation described in Genertela: Crucible of the Hero Wars can be found in Hugh Cook's novel "The Walrus and the Warwolf", published by Corgi books as the fourth of several "The W\* and the W\*" novels. Raymond Feist describes a similar (though much more civilized) setting in the Sunset Isles, in "The King's Buccaneer".*

*For the life of the slaves to the Wolf Pirates I use the old documentary movie "Man of the Arans" which describes the harsh life of the fishermen-farmers on the islands in the bay of Galway, Ireland.*

*Real World pirate brotherhoods give some ideas for the relations of the Wolf Pirates, as well as Hollywood's fabrications on these historical facts. I draw on what little I know about the West Indian pirates from Blackbeard's era as well as on the "Likendeeler" ("Equal Shares") pirates (aka Vitalia-Brotherhood, from a notorious trade of blockade breaking in Stockholm; most famous of these pirates was Claus Störtebeker) which harrassed the Hanseatic League in the 15th century.*

## Origin of the Wolf Pirates

The history of the Wolf Pirates began when Dormal the Sailor lost a ship on one of Ygg's Isles, where he contacted the Ygglings, a people of fishermen and subsistence farmers eking out a life on the harsh islands off the Fronelan coast. After demonstrating his craft, the natives greeted Dormal enthusiastically, and helped him build a replacement ship for his further trip west, learning his tricks and ceremonies to bypass the Closing. Many volunteered to accompany him, so that Dormal could fill the gaps the hungry seas and unfriendly encounters had left in his crews.

The Ygglings were less enthusiastic about the Loskalmi fleet which followed in the keelwaters of Dormal to reclaim ancient privileges, and were outright enraged when the Loskalmi fleet forbade all Yggling shipping. For a while the Ygglings found allies in the Vadeli, and regained their mastery of the sea, but when the Vadeli betrayed them the Loskalmi returned in force, sent troops and provoked after a joint naval revolt of the Ygglings, merfolk kin of theirs and Winterwood aldryami, with the aldryami receiving the plans for their living warships from Errinoru the Sailor, a Second Age elf hero. The joint forces crushed the Loskalmi troops.

But the Loskalmi returned. They set up a fortified trading post on Vendreog, one of the Yggling holy islands. This provoked another revolt in turn, led by Orstando Black Wolf, one of the Ygglings who had participated in the first revolt. Using concepts both of the Dormal ships and the aldryami design, he devised a new type of ship, which surpassed both old designs, and the ships of the Loskalmi fleet. Orstando waged a guerilla war against the more numerous Loskalmi while building up a small fleet of his new ships, crewed with fierce warriors. After a while the Loskalmi had been annoyed so much that they sent an entire fleet after Orstando, who had little chance but evade his pursuers - even his human kinfolk asked him to leave their land to make an end to the hardship. Using up all the favours his merfolk kin still owed him, Orstando defeated the Loskalmi, but then he turned away from his homelands and searched for a new place to live.

After a couple of raids, he and his followers finally settled on the Three-Step Isles, off the richest shore in all of seagoing Genertela.



## History of the Three-Step Isles

The Three-Step Isles once had been part of the lowest slopes surrounding the Spike. They had been separated from the rest of the land of the Goddess when Raging Sea swept through the land.

During most of the First and Second Ages the Three-Step Isles were ignored by the seafaring peoples of Glorantha. The barren rocks and difficult coast deterred all but the most determined sailors, and since there were rich ports all along the coasts, few ever went astray this far into the Homeward Ocean. Those who did were sealers or gatherers of seabird eggs desperate enough to brave the wrath of the hostile Triolini of the Homeward Ocean. According to some legends, wind children used to hunt seabirds and gather their eggs here before the Closing, but they haven't been seen here ever since Zzabut's curse struck.

When the Closing struck, nobody worried about these barren rocks. They came to importance only when Dormal the Sailor used them as a landmark on his first journey. But apart from the shrine Dormal set up there, nothing of interest remained.

## Description of the Three-Step Isles

The Three-Step Isles are a group of mostly barren rocks some 500 km in the open sea between the Rozgali and Solkathi Seas, south of central Genertela. The mertribes of the surrounding seas (including the Homeward Ocean) regard the isles as sort of border mark between the three bodies of water.

Besides three major islands with numerous rocky bays and promontories, numerous skerries dot the water, forming twisting mazes of canals. The entire group is situated on a rise in the ocean floor about 200 km long and 120 km wide. The rock of the islands is of a dark grey colour and has the tendency to break into plates.

The main island lies to the southeast of the archipelago. It is almost 120 km long, and up to 40 km wide. Most of its coast consists of vertical cliffs between 20 and 120 metres high populated by myriads of seabirds. Debris fallen from the cliffs and occasional needles jutting from the tearing waves make almost the entire southern coast unnavigable and inhospitable. There are however two bays which boats and small ships can use for anchoring or even beaching. These bays can be reached by passways across the island's central rise. Both bays have a small settlement of farmers and fishermen mostly left to themselves, except when foraging captains come to take their (lion's) share of the meagre crops.

The inland of the island is broken, but there is a general tendency for the land to rise from north to south. The hills rise up to 400 metres above the sea. The gentle slope away from the Homeward Ocean is covered by hardy grass or even heather. There are two small bogs in the western part of the island whose excess rainwater feeds the only notable creek of all the islands. There are numerous small pools which get replenished by rain almost as fast as the steady winds which blow over the islands dry them up again.

The north coast is a lot less steep than the south coast, and is sheltered from the worst waves by the skerries and other islands in this direction. One major bay opposite to the two northern islands offers safe anchorage and several useful beaches, and a couple of lesser bays are manageable by smaller craft as well.

The two other main islands are about as unfriendly. The too slope slightly from a higher south coast to a lower north coast, but in their case the north coast is open to the inbridled waves coming in from the Solkathi Sea. There are numerous beaches - often occupied by seals - which a skilled captain can reach, but there are no harbours for larger craft, and the treacherous tides make beaching risky as well. Along their south coasts there are a few anchorages, a few with beaches reachable by boat and with trails up the cliffs.

Plant life on the Three-Step Isles is tough. What little soil covers the rocks is held together only by hardy grass, heather and lichen. The most sheltered places inland of the large islands sport some shrubs and stunted birches, but generally there are no trees to be found here.

Climate is harsh, though not cold. Not even in Dark or Storm Season frost or snow are seen, although an occasional hailstorm can beat the islands. The sea winds keep the air cool and moist in summer, even throughout the height of Fire Season.

Beast life of the islands is not very varied. Few mammals live here - stray cats and dogs brought by the pirates prey on seabirds, rabbits and rats, the latter two also brought here by the pirates. Sheep graze the coarse grass and the heather, stolen on raids on the mainland. Other husbandry doesn't thrive here, and usually is kept penned near the main settlement until slaughtered.

Along the shores, otters and seals populate the beaches, sharing them with flightless birds and the various seabirds. Gulls of all sizes and coloration, albatrosses, loons, puffins populate every protruding bit of the cliffs above the wave lines, while ducks, geese, cranes and other birds nest on the inland as well. Since the arrival of cats on the main island, ground-nesting birds have suffered

there, and have been forced out to the lesser islands as well as to the smaller skerries, some of which get drowned in storms in bad years.

Due to the steady winds, insect life is mainly restricted to ground-dwelling bugs.

The sea beyond the beaches is overgrown with kelp where there is shelter from the worst breakers. There are murthdryami (blue elves) in various places around the slopes of the islands, but they avoid contact with the surface. Ludoch come here to hunt, gather, and trade with the blue elves, but maintain no permanent population here.

## Human Settlements

There is just one major human settlement on the islands, Black Wolf Harbour. Located around a beach opening into the main bay of the main island there are many shelters and ramshackle houses, built from whatever material the pirates could provided. (Orstando's first settlement was a collection of canvas-clad huts made from spare masts.) In some cases, entire ships have been dragged ashore and reworked into housing, mostly the tubby Kethaelan merchant types.

The pirates have a peculiar notion of a comfortable life. There are many drinking halls which offer some sort of crude entertainment – beast fights, wrestling matches, mud wrestling, eating and drinking contests, and whoring. They dominate the "main promenade" of the settlement. In the back alleys, there are hovels providing the housing for the sailors. Used to sleeping in open wolfships or crammed crew quarters, the pirates enjoy their relative freedom and privacy in small apartments usually inhabited by two or more crewmates.

After a few devastating fires which cost several lives and many seasons worth of bounty, the council of captains ordered the instalment of wide streets in the settlements. As a result, four "highways" separate the settlement into five quarters. To the east, upon a small ridge reaching out into the bay, is the Captains' Quarter. This section is clearly the richest in town, and consists largely of custom-built houses or captains' cabins.

## Society

The Wolf Pirates have abducted many people from ships or on raids on the mainland. Depending on their fitness, these captives have been accepted in their ranks, or eke out a life of more or less misery serving their pirate masters. Some, it is said, even ended up as mockpork...

Only crewmembers or their immediate family are free on the Three-Step Isles. Everyone else had better have a master to protect them from other pirates' attention. A lot of the captives are owned collectively by a ship's crew, especially those operating the farms or herding the sheep.

The proprietors of the various businesses in Black Wolf Harbour – be they innkeepers, craftspeople or whoremasters – usually are former crewmembers still in good standing with their crew, or otherwise are owned by influential wolf pirates whose reputation – or crews – provide sufficient protection.

Unfree people unfit for profitable work often get deadly work assignments (diving for oysters, climbing cliffs for bird eggs), or are given to the sorcerers for use in their ceremonies (often that means tapping, or sacrifice). Given the mixed gender of the wolf pirates, good looks often earn their bearer a position as pleasure-toy. Ownership of such attractive toys often generates challenges or duels, and often the meanest pirates end up with the prettiest toys. Many toys don't last long...

Skillful captives often are employed in their speciality skills. If these are of direct use to the pirate business (like smithying, or any ship-building craft), they might even be accepted as crew members, i.e. freemen.

Wolf Pirates without a crew are in a difficult position. They have none to back them up or avenge them in any of the numerous conflicts between the pirates. Such personal conflicts between members of the same crews, or crews of equal strength or resolution, often end up as pit-fights in one of the public drinking halls.

### Glorantha's Worst Books - Nr. 6

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# *The first unity of Telmor and Yrr*

By Thomas Gottschall

This is an ancient tale of times long passed. This is a tale of the first unity when jealousy reigned and we Telmori were slaughtered to nearly the last cub. This is a tale of our High King Telmor, of how he saved us all through a sacrifice. This is a tale of our mother Yrr and this is a tale of woe and joy, so don't speak just listen and dare not to interrupt.

It was the time when our tribe was smallest. We fought against different foes in different forests and though we won many battles we also lost some for not even a wolf can always win. And after a while so many of us were gone that Telmor alone could not create enough Telmori to compensate the lost ones. Thus our tribe became smaller and smaller and for Telmor is and was a loving King he thought night and day how he could cure this. Then one day he encountered Yrr, she was lying in a grove and was asleep. He sneaked there and watched her sleeping until she woke. When her eyes opened she saw Telmor looking at her. At this moment magic passed from Telmor to Yrr and from Yrr to Telmor and both felt sympathy for the other. Telmor felt the strong scent of life of Yrr and Yrr felt that Telmor was somehow troubled so she asked him what was on his mind in this lovely moment. And Telmor told his story...

He told the whole story leaving out nothing and it took him two seasons to finish. And after Yrr has heard this she began to cry and she didn't finish before a lake of her own tears appeared in the grove. After that she promised to help Telmor to rescue his children for she knew a way how this could be done. It was called mating and she had learned this art from a wandering creature which that had the eyes of an eagle, the tail of a wolf, the face of a lynx, the body of a horse and wings of a griffin. And she would show Telmor and his children this art for in that way more Telmori could be made.

It was a long struggle, seven seasons had passed until Telmor knew enough to mate with Yrr for the first time. Seven seasons full of training and hope, hope for the rescue of his children, us the Telmori. But after this time all that was needed to know Telmor knew and all that was needed to be done Telmor had done and all the was to prepare was prepared. And Telmor and Yrr met in the grove again where her lake of bitter tears still was and where it was forbidden to bathe for else the sadness would drown you. There Telmor and Yrr met and it was like the first time when magic had bound both of them.

And here for the first time Telmor tested his new knowledge and though it was hard first to mate with Yrr for she was a very lively goddess and tried to hide and run from him and to play tricks on him and one time Telmor even might had fallen into her lake of bitter tears and drowned he caught her for she let him and his and her souls were united for the first time. And though it took Telmor seven seasons to learn this things he felt that it was worth the whole time and that he would never regret it. And after a whole season of mating, for Yrr and Telmor were that strong, they fell both asleep in the grove and when Telmor woke seven young wolf cups where lying between him and Yrr, six were male like Telmor and one was female like Yrr. And for another season Telmor helped Yrr to care for their children. After that Telmor and Yrr and the new Telmori went back to our High King's forest where Yrr and our King began to teach us all the art of mating.



# *Holiday Glorantha: The Men with the Golden Gun*

By Michael O'Brien

## **Men of Gold**

The elite fighting force of Sun County, the famous Sun Dome templars, have resisted nomads, trolls and other enemies for centuries. With the aid of their god Yelmadio and his priests, and the faith of their people, the templars have helped keep this small bastion of civilisation independent in the face of terrible adversity and testing times of trial.

As we learned in „Cults of Prax“, „Gods of Glorantha“ and „Sun County“, Yelmadio rewards the faith of his people by blessing his initiates with divine gifts. Yelmadio's gifts include mastery of cult weapons, magical powers, and a range of physical enhancements; such blessings make each templar a superior soldier and the regiment as a whole into a formidable military machine.

To test and strengthen their faith, those who take a gift also take a geas. Yelmadio bestows these so that his people will serve him better, and his priests may also admonish and correct the wayward with further geases. Unfortunately, some of Yelmadio's geases make it difficult for those who receive them to continue serving in the line of battle, which relies on a uniformity of action and singularity of purpose.

Templars whose collection of geases renders them incapable of joining the line of battle are instead sent to serve in a specialised unit at Harpoon, as are other Templar misfits: shirkers, inveterate left-handers and reprobates not considered bad enough to warrant a spell at Pent Ridge, the Sun County prison [1]. Here they guard the famous giant spear-throwing weapon that sits high on the bluffs.

## **The Unlucky Thirteen**

Although officially designated the XIIIth Square ("the Unlucky Thirteenth"), the misfits give themselves another nickname: "The Men with the Golden Gun", in honour of their weapon. But the rest of the templars fix on the left-handers in this group and derisively call them the "Cack-Handers". Led by the senior initiate (and sometimes Light Son) Auric Goldfinger, whose chronic insubordination, chequered career and tumultuous sequence of promotions and demotions has led him to earning a record 67 different simultaneous prohibitions, the Cack-Handers are formed into outsized half-files of 10 or more, depending on the geases they follow. The lowest of the low are the final file, the "Dirty Dozen" who all share that same unfortunate restriction, "Never bathe".

The XIIIth Square on parade are an interesting sight, lining up with a variety of armour missing, and carrying assorted weapons or shields in either

hand. The other templars snigger and say that the only thing more amusing than watching the Cack-Handers try to form a reasonable shield wall is watching them try to eat at dinner time (unless you count their seasonal excursions to the local Uleria brothel)!

## **The Great Harpoon**

This great machine sits high on the bluffs above the settlement, and serves as a prestigious symbol of the Sun Dome's military might. Built on a pivot and capable of firing enormous arrows over huge distances, the device is only used on rare occasions, such as upriver incursions by sea monsters. Its main use is actually as a deterrent against raids by pirates and the like, and its presence helps the Sun Domers regulate and impose a tariff on the passing river trade.

In addition to guarding the artefact year-round, the Men with the Golden Gun are responsible for loading and priming the harpoon when it goes into use. With a full square (64 men) manning the winches to prime the weapon and using a block and tackle to load the next missile into place, the harpoon can fire three shots in about 10 minutes. The Cack-handers perform the manual tasks, but the actual aiming of the device is done by the „toxophilites“, hereditary priests from the town of Harpoon whose gifts from Yelmadio give them prodigious aim. While the machine has a number of powerful spell matrixes and spirits to boost both damage and distance, in times of crisis the toxophilites are also supported by teams of priests from the Sun Dome.

The toxophilites have a number of missiles to choose from, of varying lengths. The great bolts fired at the giant cradle were some 25 meters long and tipped with razor-sharp obsidian points and imbued with incredible magical properties. There are three such arrows, which date from the harpoon's original setting at the Sun Dome. Old stories say they would be powerful enough to pierce the hide of a dragon and kill it, should one ever threaten the land. Most of the missiles for regular use are only 10-15 meters long. They are fashioned from redwood by specially trained artisans at the hamlet of High Water, several keymiles down river from Harpoon. The redwood tree trunks come from the great forest around Leaping Place Lake at the headwaters of the Zola Fel. It is a difficult and dangerous journey floating them downstream through the troll-infested Desolation Hills, Pavis County and the Big Rubble to the Lands of the Sun. Ensuring a supply of these logs is one of the main responsibilities of the Men



with the Golden Gun, and Auric Goldfinger has led three such expeditions in the past decade.

## The History of the Harpoon

The history of the Harpoon is all but forgotten by the people of Sun County. Only Hector the Wise, the temple librarian, knows the whole tale. As one might suspect, its original purpose had nothing to do with skewering sea monsters swimming up the Zola Fel. It actually dates from the period just after the Dragonkill War (1100 ST), when the people of the Sun Dome tore down their old temple, purged themselves of any vestiges of EWF-inspired solar draconism and returned to the unsullied, pure light of Yelmaliö. Fearing the vengeance of the Sun Dragon, to protect their land the Sun Domers built a series of watch towers throughout the county. And with the expertise of Tinlizzi Goldenbeard (said to be a dwarven refugee from EWF persecution at Pavis), the Great Ballista was built at the new Sun Dome Temple, to protect it from draconic retribution.

The Great Ballista originally sat atop the temple's lookout tower, always loaded, a great arrow pointing directly at the sky. There it stayed for several hundred years, ever ready to strike deep into the heart of a marauding dragon. But the dragons never came, and the fear gradually passed from people's minds [2]. The County, however, was beset by other enemies during this time, which is known in the histories as the Solitude of Testing.

One terrible year (1380), in addition to the depredations of marauding nomads and ravenous trolls, the folk living along the river were ravaged by a beast they called the „medusoid“. It was a great, many-tentacled sea monster which wreaked a path of destruction up and down the Zola Fel for months, sinking river craft, wrecking settlements and eating people and livestock. When attempts to destroy the menace proved fruitless, in desperation the new count, Monallyn the Calm, performed the River Ritual (see „Sun County“, p.40), seeking the aid of the river nymph Kinope. With her assistance he was able to lure the beast to a spot on the river under some bluffs. Here he had the great spear-throwing machine set up, and with the aid of special iron-tipped arrows, used it to kill the monster. For this he is honoured in the Light List as one of the county's great leaders, even if few people today actually remember the deed [3].

Sun County fell into desperate times after Manallyn's short reign, and the device, which became known as the "harpoon" was never returned to the Sun Dome Temple. Instead, a settlement sprung up around it; first just the toxophilites and their retinue, later, a fishing and market town. It wasn't long before it was known, with true Sun Domer bloody-minded literalness, simply as 'Harpoon'. The XIIIth Square came later. It was first banished to Harpoon in 1459 by Narokoris the Wise, a reformist count who picked over the ranks

of the templars, redeploying here those considered unfit or unworthy to stand in his shield wall [4].

## Notable Figures at Harpoon

### Auric Goldfinger

Captain of the XIIIth, „Auric Goldfinger“ [brave, intractable, arbitrary, headstrong] has been both showered with honours and blighted by misfortune, tragedy and near-disgrace throughout his long career. Although a hero at Moonbroth and other battles, Auric has always been a maverick; a thorn in the side of the Sun Dome authorities, though one whose loyalty and courage is unquestioned. Over the years, his unorthodox conduct has earned him many geases as punishment, and following his most recent disgrace, was stripped of all but his first Yelmaliö gift [permanent „Catseye“ ability].

He is indeed lucky to have never seen the insides of the mines of Pent Ridge, given his close association with the now disgraced priest Daystar, who lies brooding in a dark pit unseen by the sun. Daystar personally selected Auric and a number of his men (most of them left-handers) to serve as his personal bodyguard while carrying out his unauthorised excavations at the Old Sun Dome. Fortunately, Auric had strong alibis to show he played no part in the priest's abominable crimes that were exposed soon after, and he narrowly avoided sharing his patron's fate. Following a passionate intercession by Lord Belvani, the lieutenant of Sun County whose life he saved at Moonbroth, Count Solanthos was persuaded to merely strip Auric of his Light Son status. He was given a slew of new geases and sent in disgrace back to Harpoon.

Auric currently has every geas in the book (see „Sun County“ p.27) and a number of others besides. No one knows why he has recently taken to fighting in reverse (ie left-handed), which will no doubt earn him further censure from the cult.

### The Luxor Brothers

Three brothers, all inherited the rank of „toxophilite“, which has passed down the Luxor family line for generations. Considered acolytes of Yelmaliö, „Mow“, „Laris“ and „Cerlis“ [argumentative, eccentric, emotive, irritable] share the same gift from their god: mastery over the great weapon. While Mow is the natural leader of the three, Cerlis is the most industrious and Laris the best eagle eye. A fourth brother, „Shemeph“ was killed in a tragic misfire accident some years ago. While each could fire the harpoon alone, the Luxor brothers have jealously guarded prerogatives and usually work as a team.

## Recent History

The giant harpoon has only been used a few times in anger in recent memory. Most notable was its role in the great Cradle epic, when (to everyone's surprise) a giant cradle floated down the Zola Fel in sea season, 1621, the first in nearly 800 years. As loyal allies of the Lunars, the Sun Domers fired three great missiles at the cradle and used hundreds of oxen to try to drag the prize ashore. Despite a full mobilisation of the county, the templar assault on the cradle was ultimately unsuccessful and resulted in heavy casualties [5].

Sometime shortly before this, the Zola Fel was afflicted by a gorp plague and a colossal gorp formed in the river just below the weapon. Ironically, the harpoon proved completely ineffective against the menace, and had to be destroyed by other means [6].

A Lunar official, Jaxarte Whyded, recounts how a narwhal was spotted swimming upriver while he was visiting Harpoon in 1617. Despite the best efforts of the Sun Domers to show off their prowess

in front of him, they failed to hit it [7]. So much for the Cack-handers.

## The Town of Harpoon

The town of Harpoon is distinguished only by its famous spear-thrower high on the bluffs. Other than that, it is much like any other Sun Dome settlement along the river, protected by a rammed earth stockade and with a small but fine temple of its own, modelled after the great Sun Dome. The XIIIth Square is quartered in a crowded barracks by the temple and parades in the market square. Lord Luxor [aged, patrician, benevolent, ineffectual], the town headman and priest, is notable only because he still practices polygamy, a custom which is now all but extinct in Sun County.

A number of river folk live down on the shores of the Zola Fel; many of their homes and building were damaged or destroyed when the colossal gorp blighted the area. A file of militia is based at the town (IV File, known as 'Jovian's Men' after its leader, the no-account elder brother of Lady Vega,

## Scenario Hooks

### „The Cradle Cometh! #1“

If you can get your hands on it, play the most epic RuneQuest adventure ever published, 'The Cradle', found in the RQ2 supplement „Pavis“ Episodes book. Wow!

### „The Cradle Cometh! #2“

The RQ3 tournament 'Mad Prax: Beyond Sun Dome' sends the characters on an urgent mission from the Sun Dome to Harpoon and culminates in the Yelmatio attack on the giant cradle. Looks at the „Pavis“ pack's 'Cradle' adventure from the other side! Available for free use on my web page:

[<http://gateway.bayswater.schnet.edu.au:81/~mob/>].

### „Blockade Runner“

The player characters are smuggling a load of contraband down river to Corflu, and must somehow get past the menacing weapon on the bluffs and Jovian Goldbreath's grasping boatmen below. Incoming!

### „The Kraken Wakes“

Another sea monster threatens life on and along the river. The PCs must perform the River Ritual, and convince the nymph Kinope to help lure the creature to Harpoon where it can be slain.

### „Deliverance“

It is a perilous journey bringing redwood tree trunks down from Leaping Place Lake to Sun County, but a necessary one, for it is from redwood that the Sun Domers make their famous pikes - and the great missiles fired by the harpoon. The PCs could be just the people for such an epic task, perhaps in company with some of the Men with the Golden Gun.

### „Crimson Tide“

The Lunars plan to bring the Bat to Prax and Pavis! The harpoon, said to be powerful enough to bring down a dragon, is the only weapon that could possibly stop it. The PCs might be agents of the Lunars, ordered to secretly destroy this threat to the Empire, or bold rebels, keen to use the device to kill the chaos horror once and for all!

### „Raiders of the Lost Art“

Without plans, it would probably be nigh impossible to build another harpoon without dwarven assistance. But, the original blueprints of the weapon are rumoured to still exist: immured in the bricked-up library at the Old Sun Dome. Such diagrams could command a great price „Broken Arrow“ Rogue elements (Auric Goldfinger? the PCs themselves?) take control of the giant weapon and threaten shipping, the town of Harpoon and the security of Sun County. Or perhaps the harpoon gets secretly relocated to the Old Sun Dome, or another machine is built there and a couple of the great golden missiles are stolen. „I don't know what's more disturbing. The fact that one of our harpoons is missing, or that the Count has a code word to describe such an occurrence.“



Guardian of Sun County [8]). Although they share the same barracks building, they try to have as little to do with Men with the Golden Gun as possible. Jovian's men spend their time dabbling in the hazy trade and corruptly regulating the local river trade, often using the harpoon on the cliffs above them as a hollow threat. For more information, see „Sun County“ p.42., for a map of Harpoon see „River of Cradles“ p.120

### Notes:

[1] For more about Pent Ridge, see „Ye Booke of Tentacles“, Volume 1.

[2] Though it is told that Count Zolan II (reigned 1273-1301), known as "Wyrmslayer", may have used the device to kill such a creature. It is known that during his reign there was a brief resurgence in interest in the old forms of worship, quickly crushed by the count who killed the heresy's leaders and married their widows (earning him his other sobriquet "Manywife Sinner").

[3] The Light List tells us Monallyn the Calm 'used iron darts and brought peace' (1380-1383). It is rumoured a forbidden codex in the Sun Dome Library claims the medusoid was actually the misbegotten spawn of an earlier count, Zeoluz

(nicknamed "the Shadowlord") and an unknown water spirit. Looking into the count's soul, the nymph Kinope refused to couple with him in the annual reenactment of the pact between land and river. Most people were unaware it was with an imposter that Zeoluz later completed the ritual. In fear, the next count Cruk (known as "the Dissenter") refused to take part in the River Ritual, adding drought to the misfortunes already blighting the land.

[4] Narokoris's Light List entry reads: 'Narokoris the Wise, who trained all his people once again to the drill of spear and shield, and made his land peaceful' (1458-1498).

[5] For further reading see 'The Cradle' scenario in the RQ2 supplement „Pavis“ Episodes book and the RQ3 tournament 'Mad Prax - Beyond Sun Dome' on my web page.

[6] See the 'Troubled Waters' scenario in „River of Cradles“.

[7] See 'Jaxarte on the Borderlands' in „Tales of the Reaching Moon“ #6 and on my web page.

[8] For more on the useless Jovian Rex ('J.R.') Goldbreath, see 'The Secret History of Sun County', in „Questlines II“. Yes, he is mysteriously shot...

## "The Origins of the Retirement Towers in Sun County"

(an excerpt from Hector's Yellow Book)

By Benedict Adamson

[1617 S.T. XXVIII-902]

"After the dragonewts betrayed the EWF, they set about provoking the people of Pavis. They even drove out Tinlizzi the dwarf, for a time. He fled south, and met Count Yamsur. The Count had no love for the Sun Dragon, because it had seduced people from the right worship of Yelmaliö. Count Yamsur was eager to lead his great army to Dragon Pass, but feared leaving his lands unprotected. In return for sanctuary, Tinlizzi (who become known as "Goldbeard" on account of the rewards he was given) built the Dragonward Towers and the Great Ballista, to defend Sun County against the dragons.

"Tinlizzi Goldenbeard brought with him the secrets of the arms of Pavis [1]. He erected cylindrical towers throughout Sun County, as watch towers and heliograph stations.

"As fear of the dragons waned, and the prosperity of Sun County declined, the expense of maintaining the Dragonwardens weighed heavily. The network of towers was slowly dismantled, and their garrisons reassigned. The mirrors were placed in the temple treasury, and the internal timbers reused elsewhere. Some towers were demolished. Most were left as shells. Retiring priests took to using them as hermitages, so now visitors call them retirement towers, and even the locals have come to use that name.

"Orogurri the Bison loved drink more than ceremony. He melted down all the great mirrors in the treasury to make gold cups for his warriors, and since then much of the art has been lost. The Great Ballista was moved to its present location centuries ago, where it is used as a giant harpoon against pirates and other menaces from the sea. Ignorant folk think it has always been there, and was once used to skewer and reel in the giant cradles that gave the river its name.

"The retirement towers of Sun County are in various states of repair, and broadly two styles. The oldest towers, judging by their weathering, were the best built, and some are still in better condition than younger towers. The older towers are usually taller and narrower, and always built from fine stone, but with little decoration. None of the brick towers are old. When retirement towers are grouped, no more than one is in the older style. The priests would not permit me to examine the interior of a tower. Lieutenant Belvani joked that I should become a Light Priest, then await decrepitude."

[1] Aerial-defence towers: for more information see the Arlatan section of "Strangers in Prax".

# How Elmal Married Orlanth's Daughter

As told by Berlanth, thane of the Aranwyth tribe

By Stephen Martin

Everyone knows the story of how Orlanth and Elmal met. Although the two gods fought at first, they quickly became friends, for each recognized the honor and greatness of the other. Soon, Elmal became Orlanth's most trusted thane, and sat at his right hand at feasts. Orlanth swore that he and Elmal would be brothers in all things, and so they were.

One day, Orlanth spied the goddess who would be his bride, the Summer Queen. However, when he sought to gain her mother's permission to marry her Elmal objected, stating that Orlanth had sworn they would be brothers in all things, yet Elmal had no goddess to be his wife. Orlanth agreed, for honor and friendship, and sought a good wife for his friend.

At that time, Orlanth's sister Inora was staying at the stead. She had come to Orlanth for protection from foes, for her father and his sons were far to the north, yet Orlanth lived close by, and near to their mother. Orlanth gladly pledged to give her his protection, as was his duty to his sister, and she had stayed throughout the winter, weaving her white cloth. But during this time she had also caused some problems. She had flirted and then argued with Yinkin. She had teased Voriof with her beauty and cool touch, then left him frustrated and alone with his sheep, laughing her cruel laugh. Orlanth wished that she would remember her obligations to him, because he didn't have time to make her behave properly.

As Orlanth was seeking a bride for his friend, he came across Inora putting out the fire in the hearth. A thought came to him, as swift as thunder: with her father not here he, her brother, had certain obligations to her, as she was always swift to point out. One of these was to see that she was protected and cared for, and what better way than to give her a strong, faithful, and wealthy husband, loyal Elmal? This would solve both his problems, for surely Elmal would be able to make his own wife behave.

When Inora heard her brother's plans she objected, stating that she did not want to be married to the hot god, forced to remain with him even after the Winter was over. She wanted to be free to dance upon the mountaintops, and threatened to scratch out Elmal's eyes if he came near her. Orlanth would not be intimidated by his sister, but when he went

to teach her a lesson she fled back to the north, to her father's Winter Palace.

So Orlanth set out to bring Inora back, followed by lowly Eurmál, who sought to impress his master with his usefulness. Along the way, Orlanth had to pass through the land of the Dara Happans, whose Emperor was Orlanth's enemy. As he moved quietly through the land he came upon the Son of the Emperor, who asked Orlanth his name and lineage. Orlanth would not deny who he was, and when he gave his name and the name of his father the Son of the Emperor raised his spear at him, and threatened to kill Orlanth for trespassing on his land. Orlanth knew that all of the Gods of Light must act upon Truth, and he appealed to the Emperor's Son to uphold Justice, and allow him to continue on his quest. The Emperor's Son asked how Orlanth would then fulfill his ritual obligation for conflict. Orlanth offered to trade riddles with him instead, and offered his Sword as wager. The Emperor's Son was forced to accept, and was shamed into waging his bright Spear in turn.

The two gods warily traded riddles for many hours, and Orlanth began to fear that he would lose Inora's track completely. However, just as he could think of no other questions he saw Eurmál returning from the underbrush, carrying a hare in his mouth like a fox. Orlanth laughed and asked one final riddle. The Son of the Emperor could not find the answer to this riddle, for it lay not in Truth, but in Falsehood. Orlanth took the Spear as his prize, and left before the Emperor's Son could summon others to imprison or kill him. Ever after the Son of the Emperor hated Orlanth for his trickery, which had shamed him before his father and brothers.

Finally, Orlanth arrived at the Winter Palace, which was a mighty castle made of ice and frost. Inora had arrived long before, and had warned her brothers to lock the doors against their cousin. When Orlanth hammered on the doors to be let in she sent Thryk the Winter Giant, her eldest brother, to fight Orlanth and force him to leave. Thryk sent bitter, cold wind from the north, but Orlanth was the Lord of Winds, and he turned the wind back on itself. Thryk then sent a piercing cold river against Orlanth, which would have frozen him except that he used his new Spear to shatter the glacier with lightning bolts. Finally, Thryk came out of the Palace and wrestled with Orlanth, seeking to crush his bones, but Orlanth was the stronger god, and



sent him howling away to the north in search of his father.

Since the doors were barred against him with unbreakable ice, Orlanth sought another way in, but nowhere could he find a break in the walls. At last, however, Eurmal discovered the way in. He had heard a strange noise, and had left Orlanth to seek out its source. He had asked everyone he met about the noise, but they all denied hearing it, yet always looked over their shoulders when asked about it, allowing Eurmal to get closer.

Finally, Eurmal discovered a small crack in the ice with the wind whistling through it, and returned to show Orlanth the secret way in. Orlanth snuck into the Castle, and lurked in the shadows until he found his errant sister. He grabbed her by her hair then, and dragged her out the gates before she could resist. When her brothers came to defend her he threatened to call his entire Tribe up to enter the Castle through the secret crack and kill them all. They were already unhappy with Inora, who always caused trouble, and who had gotten their brother Thryk killed with her selfishness. So, they let Orlanth take her away. At the very end she tried to fly up into the sky on a snow flurry, but he used the north wind he had captured from Thryk to knock her back down, and started to drag her back to his stead.

He had not gotten very far, however, when Zorak Zoran came upon them. He had followed Orlanth, hoping to finally capture Inora and make her his wife, and take the Winter Palace as his own. He might have been able to surprise Orlanth, but Eurmal happened to be standing there when Zorak Zoran came up, and he squeaked loudly when stepped on by the dark god, thus warning Orlanth.

Although Orlanth was angry with Inora and her brothers they were still his kin, and he was not about to let Zorak Zoran do violence to them. So, he took his scarf and used it to tie Inora up so she could not flee while he was fighting, and then he attacked the monster god. Again the bright Spear of the Emperor's Son served him well, and with it he drove off the dark god. He then untied Inora and returned home with her, where she was forced to marry Elmal.

Now, Elmal was a great horseman, and at his wedding he gave a great white steed to his wife, to carry her where she wished to go. However, the horse was loyal to Elmal, and would never allow Inora to stray far from her lord. When Orlanth married the same day, Elmal gave him the powerful stallions that still pull his chariot across the sky, which are named Crisis and Rage.

Before long, however, it became apparent that neither Elmal nor Inora was happy with the match.

Inora claimed that Elmal was a brute, that his great heat bruised her delicate complexion, and that his bright light blinded her whenever he came close to her. She also claimed that he had been unfaithful to him. Elmal admitted that this was true, but countered that his wife was frigid and resisted his rightful advances, so that he had sought his comfort in the bosom of the more friendly Esrola. Thus, both claimed the right to divorce from the other, and Orlanth was forced to allow it, for such was the law.

And so it was done. However, Orlanth had already married the wife of his desires, bountiful Ernalda, and honor demanded that he find another wife for his loyal thane. With no other options (for Esrola was as fickle as Inora, and would not take a single husband), he gave his horse-loving daughter, Redalda, to be the wife of his companion. The match was much better than the first, for Elmal's great horses were tended better by Redalda than they had ever been by Inora, who loved only the White Horse her husband had given her. Elmal had allowed Inora to keep it when she left. But even with this gift she ever after bore anger against Elmal, and every winter sends her father and brothers to fight against him again.



# The Culbrea

By Martin Laurie & Patrik Sandberg

Illustrated by Jimmy Almén

## Introduction

*This is a presentation of the Culbrea tribe as it appears in 1621. Once one of the most important tribes in Sartar during the last years it has suffered some severe losses. The legendary king of the tribe, Hofstaring Treeleaper, became a victim of the failed Starbrow uprising in 1613. The following years saw the loss of several clans and a dramatic drop in population. But...the core of the tribe licks its wounds and nurtures its true feelings towards the Lunar occupiers. On these pages you will be presented with a general overview of the tribe as well as in-depth looks on two of the clans.*

## Culbrea regional History

### 1323

The Torkani settled in Dragon Pass between the Storm and Quivin Mountains.

### 1325-1349

The Malani settled in Arfritha Valley in Dragon Pass as Tributaries to the Colymar tribe. In 1349 the Torkani was driven out by the Dundelos tribe. They retreated further into the hills and settled there.

### 1352

The Culbreans arrived in Dragon Pass. At first, the tribe was only a small triarchy of clans. Grandfather Culbri the Old was the leader when the triarchy entered Dragon Pass in the early 1350's. Grandfather Culbri battled

with the Balmyr and haggled with the Torkani. He took Lorthing Vale to be his home. There his hall should be built. With two good sons - Ogg and Kortyl - he drove the Aranwyth tribe out of the vale. Alas, young Kortyl got his bane, dealt by the evil Aranwyth warrior Rindebarg.

Grandfather Culbri the Old was wise and well-versed. He feasted men from the Varmandi clan and the Colymar tribe. He sent warriors and good carls to battle the crazy king Mad-Blood Malan. Grandfather Culbri only had one weakness: a fluttering heart for women. The woman-with-twelve-toes whispered something to him before she left, and nine days later he was dead. The year was 1356.

Ogg Culbrisson became the second king. During his reign Old Man Marthiord left Lorthing Vale. He wandered with followers and folk to the Owlflight Crest. Those highlands had always been good hunting and herding grounds. He spoke to Orlanth at the top of the Hill of Orlanth Victorious and Orlanth gave him Owlflight Crest and the lands eastward to the Weeping Oak as his gift. Again they were beset by the Aranwyth. Ogg Culbrisson killed their king in single combat. Ogg was killed by Svorjan Bluetounge of the Barlamani clan in 1357.

Svorjan became the third king. He began the "Within-blood-feud" when he killed Ogg Culbrisson. It is said that Svorjan Bluetounge was a madness-touched Uroxi; and much killing among the clans filled his reign. After tow years of blood-shed it came to peace at last. Svorjan was sent into exile in 1359.

## What are Orlanthi?

### G W G

We are the children of Orlanth and Ernalda and their brethren, free like the winds, and mighty.

Ours are the six virtues: Courage, Wisdom, Generosity, Justice, Honour, and Piety.

One thing you should know also: we always fix what we have made wrong. We care for ourselves and the world, and we take responsibility for our errors. We can break and we can fix. We are powerful, and we are responsible.

### 1359

The Cinsina settled in the fertile Stagland along the Creek in Dragon Pass.

Manstan the Wise was the fourth king. He was of the Culbri clan. He settled many feuds. The Barlamani and Marthiording clans agreed to the Red Cauldron Treaty. All chieftains swore the Black Blood Oath under his guidance. He could speak with the winds. His brother was Dronlan the Bald who started the Elk clan. Royal seven years he ruled. He died mysteriously in 1366.

Harkenorlanth was fifth king of the Culbrea. He was of the Culbri clan. He had been the tribal warlord during Manstans reign. He was a grizzled warrior who bested Byrkar Diesthrice of the Torkani in a challenge. He welcomed the Kortyring clan to the tribe. He disappeared in a Quivin Dark Season hunt in 1370.





### Tribal Lands in the 1300's

Ruldal Harkensson was sixth king of the Culbrea. He was of the Culbri clan. He killed five challenging chieftains early in his reign and the tribe were unmolested after that. He ruled thirteen long years. He welcomed both the Stonewater and Blueberry clans. He died of old age in 1387.

Brandig Asmolsson was seventh king of the Culbrea. He was of the Elk clan. He permitted the newly-formed Lonadani clan to take lands from the Marthiordings. He was the son of Asmol Meathead, who was brother to Dronlan the Bald, founder of the Elk clan. Brandig was king between 1387 and 1401. He and all his household was visited by Malia and died in 1401.

### 1410-23

War between the Malani and Colymar. The Malani was expelled from the Arfritha Valley and moved north pushing the Cinsina and Culbrea over the Willow river.

Arteg Longleg was eighth king Culbrea. He was of the Kortyrting clan and married to Rildhug Whitewoman of the Elk clan. Rildhugg healed the tribe after the visitation of Malia in 1401. She was as strong as her husband, who was a reading man. He died declaring a poem in 1416.

Killer-Orldag was ninth. He was of the Culbri clan. Only four glorious years he was king. He met with Derik Poljoni and went with him against the Praxians in No Mans March and died in battle in 1420.

### 1424-30

In 1429 he Dinacoli overrun the Donalf Flats and settled there. They drove some of the Cinsina over the Creek into the flats and destroyed them there.

Torgal Grunarsson was tenth king of the Culbrea. He was of the Marthiording clan. He once played kaaz with a dragonewt. He waged a war with the Cinsina and Maboder clans of the north between 1426 and 1428. The

strange Ystrad household of Dwarf Ridge lent arcane assistance and well-crafted swords. The knew deep secrets of Boneman the Smith. Hunched individuals could be seen coming to their stead. Smoke rose from the ridge in those days. Grateful King Torgal feasted the Ystrad's after the war was won. Headman Drusting Ironhammer lived at the King's Hall after that. King Torgal died peacefully 1430.

### 1435

The Cinsina drove the Maboder further east.

Rangor Molkesson was eleventh king of the Culbrea. He was of the Barlamani clan. He was king when there were violent disputes between the Elk clan and the Black Oak clan of the Kheldon tribe (that was in 1435 and 1438). Twice royal seven years did Rangor rule and he was already an old man when the Stirlgon clan joined the tribe. He was killed by the Kheldon king in 1444.

### *How do Orlanthe live?*

Hard work, bent over the plough and treading its furrows, and then reaping the bounty of the Mother is our life. Every man ploughs, or works for those that do. We hunt, fish, tend our sheep, and fight when we must.

Our food is barley, wheat and rye. We make porridge and breads, and ale to drink. The poorer among us eat root vegetables, and the better off eat pig, chicken, lamb, cow, and the wild game of red deer. On special occasions we sometimes eat horse, rarely bison or even bear.

For shelter we have long houses for us, and barns for the animals. When you have a wife and family we will build you your own wing on the longhouse, or maybe you will have a longhouse of your own, beginning a new household.

Ostyr Rangorsson was twelfth king of the Culbrea. He was of the Barlamani clan. He often went raiding in Tarsh and became very rich. During his reign the Lonadani clan disappeared during the Rat Summer and the Thunder Wars raged between the Marthiording and the Rindebarg clan (also known as the Toena clan) of the Aranwyth. Ostyr died, a rich man, in bed in 1455.

## 1460

Holta Barrelbelly was thirteenth king of the Culbrea. He was of the Kortyrting clan. During his reign the Telmori crossed the Stream and began harassing all neighbouring tribes. Holta was killed in the Lorthing Vale by raiding Telmori in 1461. During his reign the Goodhaven clan married into the Ystrad household and shortly after joined their clan to the tribe.

Onund on the Hill was fourteenth king of the Culbrea. He was of the Marthiording clan. Wolfmen plagued his realm. He often spoke with Orlanth at the Talking Woodmen. He retired in 1468.

Cotyr Onundsson (also called Wolfslayer) was fifteenth. He was of the Marthiording clan. His reign are the Troubled Wolf Years during which warring and raiding with the Telmori were constant. King Cotyr once went on a long hunting trip to "the land of the Firespears." He was killed in battle with Telmori in 1474.

## 1472

Hauberk-Jon formed the first military confederation of the Cinsina, Culbrea Maboder, Malani and Torkani tribes against the Telmori.

## 1475-78

Harken the Tracker was sixteenth king of the Culbrea. He was of the Culbri clan. He failed the Stonewater's and the Kortyrting's, who were all but exterminated, lost their tulas, and wandered among the other clans - all due to the Telmori. King Harken was cursed by a bushman and became a wandering vegetable in 1479.

Intaront Oathman was seventeenth King of the Culbrea. He was of the Blueberry clan. He had sworn a blood-brother oath with Gwador Greatblade in his youth. The Death Ring were influential during his reign. He and Gwador Greatblade oversaw the founding of the Gwador clan from the survivors of the Stonewater and Kortyrting clans. Intaront joined the tribe to the Jonstown City Confederation at the behest of Hauberk Jon of the Malani and the man Sartar. King Intaront erected a new Hall in Jonstown in 1485. The Goodhaven clan did not partake in the creation of the city and choose to build their own independent clancentre. This grieved good king Intaront so much he died after the final feasting in Jonstown in 1485.

## 1480

This was the year when Sartar appeared and requested that the tribes would make peace with the Telmori.

## 1481

Sartar made peace with the Telmori and guaranteed their hunting grounds.

## 1482

The Cinsina, Culbrea and Malani agreed to Sartar's suggestion that they found a city. The Maboder and Torkani refused to be associated. Sartar and Jon chose Jones home village as the site and Sartar named Jon Eorl of the City, which is to be called Jonstom Since then, Jon has been known as Jon Orlanthson

## 1483

Sartar raised the Walls of Jonstown and named Jon High Priest of Orlanth The town is to be ruled by a Council of Tribes, which is made up of 13 members like a normal tribal Council. Jon was chosen as King of the Malani.



Tribal Lands after the Telmori invasions



**1486**

Bornharl Treecracker was eighteenth king. He was of the Stirlgon clan. He was a mad Uroxi and died a berserks death in 1487, after only ruling two years. Bornharl was never around when the Culbrea tribe took part in building the Strong House of Jonstown.

**1488-1494**

Asborn Harkensson became the nineteenth king of the Culbrea. He was of the Culbri clan. His father was Harken the Tracker. Asborn was a well-read king. He often visited the newly-founded Lhankor Mhy temple of Boldhome. He led the tribe to join the confederation with the man named Sartar and was present at the founding of Boldhome. During his reign there were growing trouble between the Marthiording clan and the Rindebarg of the Aranwyth. Three times they tried to set fire to Toena, and three times they failed. Many craftsmen left their clans to live in Jonstown during these years. Asborn died in 1494.

**1497**

This year Hauberk-Jon died. Sartar built the King's Road cutting longways through the Quivin Mountains to join Jonstown to Wilmskirk

**1501**

Ferena Jonrikssdaughter was twentieth "King". She was of the Barlamani clan. She was the first Queen elected by the tribe. Three times she feasted King Sartar in her halls. She died in childbirth 1501.

**1502-1520**

During these years more and more craftsmen and traders settled below Jonstown thus forming the New Town. Humakt temple founded. Chalana Arroy temple founded. Elmal temple founded.

**1502-1528**

Ulanmar Madraksson was the twenty-first king of the Culbrea. He was of the Barlamani clan. He was present when Sartar went to the winds through sacred fire. Ulanmar was king when Dworoen Trollsplitter on the Death Ring in the Gwandor clan founded a temple to Humakt in Jonstown 1502. Ulanmar also gave his blessing weavers and other good folk of the Blueberry moved to Jonstown. King Ulanmar decorated the whole of King's Hall with splendid blue tapestries - they are still there. He died peacefully in 1528.

**1540-1548**

In the year 1543 he Dinacoli was defeated in battle on the Donalf flats. They was forced to pay tribute to the Royal House of Sartar at Jonstown.

Fisitvos Grimwalsson was twenty-second king. He was of the Marthiording clan. He had many disputes with the Cinsina tribe. The Jonstown moot quavered when sharp words were traded

***How do we dress?***

Everybody has at least a set of working clothes made from leather or linen, and a set of special clothes.

Work clothes consist of a sleeved or sleeveless shirt, tied across with thongs, breeches held up by a cord, and perhaps a hooded cloak fastened with a clasp. We often braid our hair and colour our skin with tattoos of magic woad. Women sometimes wear breeches, but more often a long tunic with a cord belt.

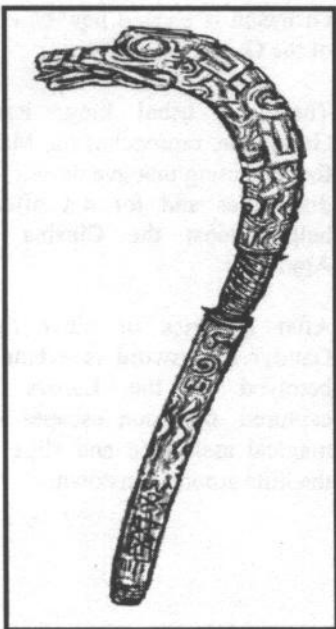
Dress clothes are made of fine linen decorated with furs and coloured things. Lined clothes, exotic furs, and fancy stitching or dyed colours cost lots of money.

For jewellery we wear necklaces, brooches, bracelets, and finger rings. Men wear arm bands, women wear ear rings. Thanes and chieftains may wear a torque.

between King Fistivos and King Sokial. Fisitvos welcomed the Varnding clan to the tribe. They brought the Wind Horn. Fistivos was a great warrior king. All the clans marched under his sacred windsocks against the Dinacoli when King Saronil made war against that tribe. Drondyr Quickblade was chieftain of the Gwandor those days. He was hero when he saved King Sokial of Cinsina during the bloody battle. Many other heroic deeds were done. After the battle there came to peace between the Culbrea and the Cinsina. This was to last for more than three generations. Fistivos was killed fighting Lunar troopers in 1548.

**1550**

King Saronil died and was succeeded by his son Jarolar.



**The Runestaff of Grandfather Culbri the Old**

**1550-55**

These years saw the construction of the Lhankor Mhy temple in Jonstown.

**1565**

King Jarolar died and was succeeded by his son Jarosar

Bark Fisticosson, also called Bark Bloodsword, was the twenty-third Culbrea king. He was of the Marthiording clan. He avenged his father and gained three Scarlet Scimitars as trophies. He was a great fighter and Wind Lord. He allied the Marthiordings and the Stirlgons against their common enemy the Rindebarg clan. With the Song of the Otter-Rattle and many Sylphs he chased the Rindebargs to the south-east of the Weeping Oak. Bark Bloodsword died a hero's death at the Battle of Dwarf Ford in 1565.

**1569**

King Jarosar died and was succeeded by his uncle Tarkalor, son of Saronil.

Rungar the Singer was the twenty-fourth king of the Culbrea. He was of the Goodhaven clan and of the Ystrad bloodline. He consolidated the tribe. He was a great Master Smith who made many wondrous items. He was a friend of Intorl Standstone at Boldhome. He died in sleep 1575.

**1579**

In 1579 a great fire raged in Jonstown and destroyed the whole New Town except for the Sages Quarter.

Theodorus Crystalheart was the twenty-fifth king of the Culbrea. He was of the Culbri clan. He once fought the Sazdorf trolls. He was killed by the Lunars at the disastrous Battle of Grizzly Peak in 1582.

**1582**

Hofstaring Treeleaper was the twenty-sixth king of the Culbrea Tribe. He was from the Culbri clan. He was the son of Partol Blacknose, who was the son of Asborn Harkensson, who was king. Hofstaring was the greatest king since Grandfather Culbri the Old. He was age-less and a great heroquester. He was famous for his Heroquest-gained leaping ability and for his incredible magic spear which fought of itself if commanded. He was almost killed when the Empire sacked Boldhome, but escaped with his leap. He died in 1613.

**1613**

Gaudyr Longsword became chieftain of the Gwandor clan. The Culbrea tribe, together with the Kheldon and Colymar tribes and the Urox cult lead the call for rebellion under the leadership of Kallyr Starbrow. Supported by the Pol-Joni, the Culbrea tribe forced the Lunars out of Jonstown, and Hofstaring was victorious at the following battle. The Lunars declared the Culbrea tribe outlaws and after the meeting before Larnste's table which ended the rebellion Fazzur magically banished Hofstaring Treeleaper to a Lunar Hell.

During the following years the Culbrea suffered mightily for their participation in the revolt. Lands and people were lost and dissappeared. The population declined from 11,000 in 1610 to 6,000 in 1620.

Already in 1613 the Gorde and Blueberry clans was taken in battle and subsequent Lunar controlled treaty by the Cinsina. The Kortal clan was lost to the Aranwyth in the same manner.

**Some notes on recent tribal history****1614**

The Rindebarg clan from the Aranwyth tribe attacks three steads of the Marthiording clan. There are not enough young men in the Marthiording clan to make a reprisal raid. The Marthiording's have lost land to the Aranwyth as well. All due to the failed Starbrow uprising.

Heavy Lunar Infantry sets camp at the King's Hall. As a result most of the nearby clans stays home when Orlanth's Holy Day comes along. Only the Marthiording clan makes the journey to the Hill of Orlanth Victorious. The Holy Day ritual produces a lot of fearful omens: the sky becomes black, Lunar minted coins are tarnished by stinging winds, two thanes stumble, fall and break their magic spears, Elmalı outer guards suffer from disturbing painful visions of golden-clad Dara Happan deity approaching the Hill.

Gaudyr Longsword maintains a relentless campaign of attacks on the Lunar supply lines and is declared outlaw. Kulbrast Offirsson is elected new chieftain of the Gwandor clan.

The new tribal king, Ranulf Grimblade, reproaches the Malani for remaining inactive during their difficulties and for not offering help against the Cinsina and Aranwyth.

After a series of bitter fights Gaudyr Longsword is eventually betrayed to the Lunars and captured, but soon escapes with magical assistance and slips into the hills around Jonstown.



## 1615

The Cinsina attack the Telmori and make further land gains. Cinsina wars with the Culbrea and the Greenhaft clan is taken by force into their tribe.

Many outlying steads of the Marthiording and Stirlgon clans suffers from raids carried out by Aski the Bandit and his Gagarthi gang.

Two years after the rebellion the Lunars fulfill their plan of neutralizing the Hill of Orlanth Victorious. The Culbrea are too weak, and too lonely, to respond when a Yelmario contingent declares the hill to be "Yelmario Victorious", establishing a well-guarded outpost in the middle of Culbrea territory. After that Storm Voices of the Culbri, Marthiording and Stirlgon clans have to seek desolate hills in the wilderness too keep the holy rites going. "Orlanth is everywhere" they say, "we will pray the Old Way out in the hills."

## 1618

The Culbrea are allowed by Lunar authorities to use their tribal house in Jonstown once more. The loss of the Greenhaft clan to the Cinsina has severely weakened their trading position in the city and all Culbrea clans are taxed two extra hundredths on each transaction over the tax given to other tribes in the Jonstown Confederation. The Goodhaven clan grows sullen under such an oppressive assault on their wealth and position. Some in the clan argue that being in the Cinsina would be better for them, but most feel only resentment and a growing anger.

## 1619

The Stealthy Ring of Yinkin (a loose fraction of the Cold Wind Movement) gets together a stormy, dark night at Talking Woodmen to perform a Divination. Thunder strikes and suddenly an electric cat (made of living lightning) lands among the company. It dances and at the same time the Woodmen's mouths can be seen talking: "Go forth to the fort of the White Walls. I am beset at my stead."

Discreet meetings and visits among various steads of the Culbrea tribe gets as a result that many Stealthy Ring of Yinkin members, as well as other tribesmen, in secret heads south for the Volsaxi wars. Among them is Orlgandi 20-beard (chief of Stirlgon clan) together with his trusty housecarls.

The Stirlgon clan have to choose a new chief for the Sacred Time rituals in 1619 as Orlgandi 20-beard is still gone. The Stirlgon Ring accepts as new chief, Kagmor the Young. His nickname is due to a magical blessing which keeps him from visibly aging. He is a great hunter and speaker, famed for his oratory.

## 1620

In 1620 Gaudyr Longsword, the rebel, is again captured and sent to the Empire under heavy guard. But, he slips his captors when interrogated by a young Lunar official. He is rumoured to be hiding somewhere in or around Jonstown.

Marthiording clansmen make growing complaints against their chieftain. They think Roharlont is too passive. He just sits on his stead. If he was wise that could be tolerated, but that is not the case. The only time he leaves Top Stead is when going to the market and get the first choice of all the wares. He is often seen as a guest of Josaran the Humble at the King's Hall as well. Rumours

abound that Roharlont's wife Ernaldesta is planning for a divorce case. She has been known to plan something together with Unlen, the wife of the Danbrim Blacksmith of the Marthiording clan.

The only person happy with the current situation is the Wind Lord Yorsar Swordsong who can be seen as the ruler in all but name of the Marthiording clan. He is influential at King Ranulf's council as well.

The Gwandor clan suffers from repeted Telmori raids this year.

## 1621

This year sees the conversion to the Seven Mothers among many households of north-western Elken Vale. They re-name their stead to Moonstead. With this arrangement they re-knit their marriage contacts with the households at White Crescent Stead of the Greenhaft Clan, a bond lost when Greehaft was taken over by Cinsina. Of course, these converts don't have to pay all the heavy extra taxes the Empire collects this Extra Full Moon Year (to celebrate the fall of Whitewall). Chief Borlkar Otkesson grinds his teeth in anger and frustration. But not much can be done. Those households are still Ernalda and Barntar worshippers after all. And the Lawspeaker of the clan, Ranna Ringwoman, warns of the danger and risk of splitting the clan, which could result in the founding of a new "Moon Clan".

Orlgandi 20-beard and a hand-full of men return to the tribe after being gone for two years. They are quiet about what they have done. Orlgandi 20-beard makes a demand for returned chieftain-ship. A conflict is brewing in the Stirlgon clan.



The tribal lands in 1621

Clan names in parenthesis indicate calns lost to the Cinsina and Aranwyth tribes in the wake of Starbrow's rebellion.

The approximate location of the hated Rindebarg clan has also been indicated.



# *The tribal council*

## *And the King's Hall at Fox Hollow*

### **The Tribal Council of the Culbrea tribe, as of the year 1621.**

#### ***Orlanth Rex:***

King Ranulf Grimblade of the Barlamani clan.

#### ***Orlanth the Chief:***

High Storm Voice Lightning-Lartemal of the Marthiording clan.

#### ***Thunder Brother Adventurer:***

Brandig Bull, Orlanth the Warrior weapon thane of the Elk clan.

#### ***Thunder Brother Lightning:***

Yorsar Swordsong, Orlanth the Warrior weapon thane of the Marthiording clan.

#### ***Thunder Brother Thief:***

Harkentar Wingleaf of the Varnding clan, a Yinkini Shadow-Brother.

#### ***(Issaries) Etyries:***

Josaran the Humble. Trader of no clan.

#### ***Lhankor Mhy:***

Jormgorm Hotbrain, a Sage of the Varnding clan.

#### ***Chalana Arroy:***

Nirna the Gentle, High Healer from the Elk clan.

#### ***Elmal:***

Arlatar Standfast of the Barlamani clan, an Elmali weapon thane.

#### ***Ernalda:***

Grysten Earthmother of the Elk clan.

#### ***Asrelia:***

Grandmother Sorgenvi of the Barlamani clan.

#### ***Voria:***

Salia the Innocent of the Culbri clan.

#### ***Humakt:***

Orgumleide the Sinew, Sword of Humakt from the Gwandor clan.

#### ***Eurmial the Trickster:***

Pellavinar of the Culbri clan.

### *Some notable personalities of the Council*

#### **King Ranulf Grimblade**

Ranulf is a distant relative of Hofstaring Treeleaper. Everyone knows that he sees his honour as sullied by the disgraceful Cinsina attack. He strives constantly to avenge the suffering of his people during the Starbrow rebellion, and his first priority is to win the lost clans back from the Cinsina.

But at the same time he is a man of broken courage. Some suggest he was elected King because the Lunars were pleased with his cowardice, though in truth he broke because of mighty Lunar fear magic's rather than innate weakness. He seeks to redeem himself while avoiding the mistakes of his predecessors. He wishes the tribe to survive till the time for rebellion is right. Too often his hopes have been dashed. He is just and fair, honourable and generous. Rumours circulate that he gives covert support to Gaudyr Longsword and his thanes.

On a more human note, Ranulf is known as a lover of Sartarite beers and reviles the wines of Esrolia and Peloria. He reserves his greatest aesthetical loathing, however, for Tarshite gin.

#### **Lightning-Lartemal**

An old, but still strong man. Wise and virile. His grey hair is intertwined with his beard. He has incredible high thoughts of himself, sometimes coming close to being a compulsive liar. But

he is also very empathic. Sees himself as the shepherd for the ignorant sheep's. He listens to King Ranulf, but is really only obedient to Orlanth, his god. Lightning-Lartemal is pompous, thundering and takes himself way too serious. He enjoys spreading incomprehensible allegories and kennings all about him - always being dangerously close to empty tautologies. Young girls are often strangely attracted by him, so he has had his fair share of year-wife marriages.

Lightning-Lartemal thinks Jormgorm is a boring person lacking proper devotion and respect for the gods. (Lightning-Lartemal has read the omens telling him this all by himself.) He would very much like to see someone more easily manipulated appearing as highest Earth Mother, and therefore resent Grysten. Maybe it's also because she once turned down his wooing of her.



**Lightning-Lartemal**

## Josaran the Humble

Josaran was born in the tribe but left it when coming of age. At that time he was an Issaries Trader. When he surprisingly reappeared a few years ago, he had converted to Etyries. King Ranulf was put under pressure from the Lunar Coders, Count Julian and Princess Anderida, to accept him at the council. Everyone now regards him as a Lunar informer. By his mere presence Josaran is choking Council activity. In fact Josaran is an honest man who has seen the Lunar light and only wishes to make life a little less complicated for his old tribe.

## Jormgorm the Hotbrain

A tall, dark-haired, hunched man of a rather frigid outlook. Always dressed in a long grey coat and mantle. He sees himself as the good conscience of the tribe, almost as a caretaker of the tribe rather than *in* the tribe. He has a very good memory and is extremely resentful.

He tries to remain neutral in his opinions of the other council members. But one cannot fail to notice that he looks down upon Harkentar, whom he consider uncouth. He has a bit of respect for Orgumleide, yes one might almost say that the respect is intermixed with a dose of fear for the unyielding consequence with which the Sword views the ultimate answer to the big question: the Death. Jormgorm likes fighting battles with words and poetry against Lightning-Lartemal.

## Grysten Earthmother

Grysten is a woman in her forties with long grey hair she likes to bind up into fanciful coiffures. She is still attractive but doesn't care. She is calm and sensible, well formulated and smart. She likes presenting suggestions as questions to the council, thereby giving the impression the other councilmembers have come to their own conclusions, when in

fact they have been manipulated by Grysten all the way.

Grysten has been high priestess of Eernalda for eight years and been in the council as long. Of the other councilmembers she is a little frightened of Orgumleide. He makes her hesitate. She would have preferred an even more peaceful king than Ranulf after Hofstaring. She respects Lightning-Lartemal even though she thinks his talk is cheap and pompous at times. She doesn't like Jormgorm at all. A real bookworm! No empathy and respect. Just scrolls and dry empty pre-fabricated answers. That her own husband, was sided by Jormgorm has nothing whatsoever to do with the matter.

## The King's Hall

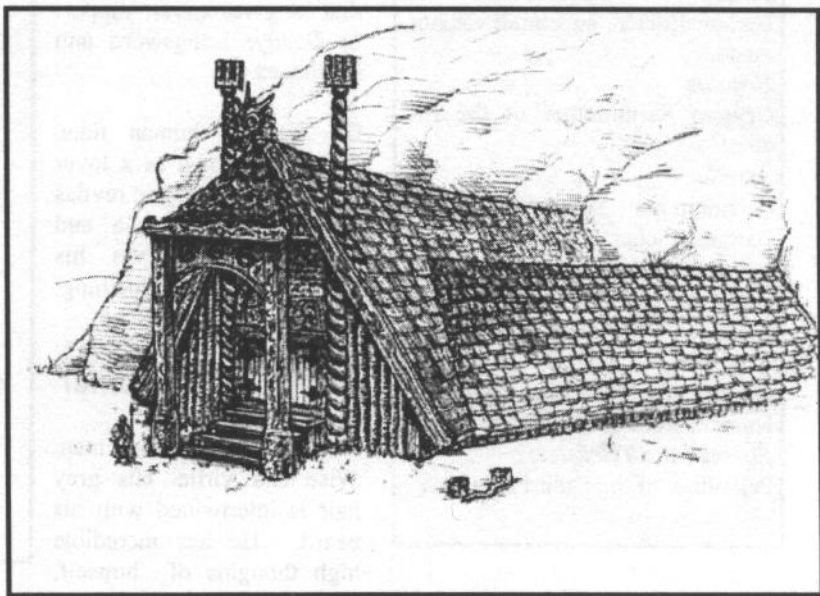
Ever since the days of Grandfather Culbri, the traditional home of the King in the Culbrea tribe has been located at Fox Hollow. The current Hall was raised by Hofstaring Treeleaper 30 years ago. It is no fort per se, although the great Hall and surrounding outhouses and byrnies are surrounded by a small earthen wall and a low fence. At the center stands Culbri's Rock,

from which the grand Hall protrudes. Every King has to stand on top of Culbri's Rock when he is proclaimed by the tribal council and Ring of clan chiefs. The Rock is the focal point for the *wyter* of the tribe - it is the *axis mundi* for the tribal territory and self awareness. It is said that if an unjust King, ruling in the tradition of Bad King Ugrain, ever resides in the Hall, cracks will form in Culbri's Rock, eventually splitting the stone as well as tribe. When the King wants to Call his tribe together with the help of Orlanth Rex, he has to make the calling from the top of the Rock.

## Rostarl's return to the Culbrea tribe's King's Hall.

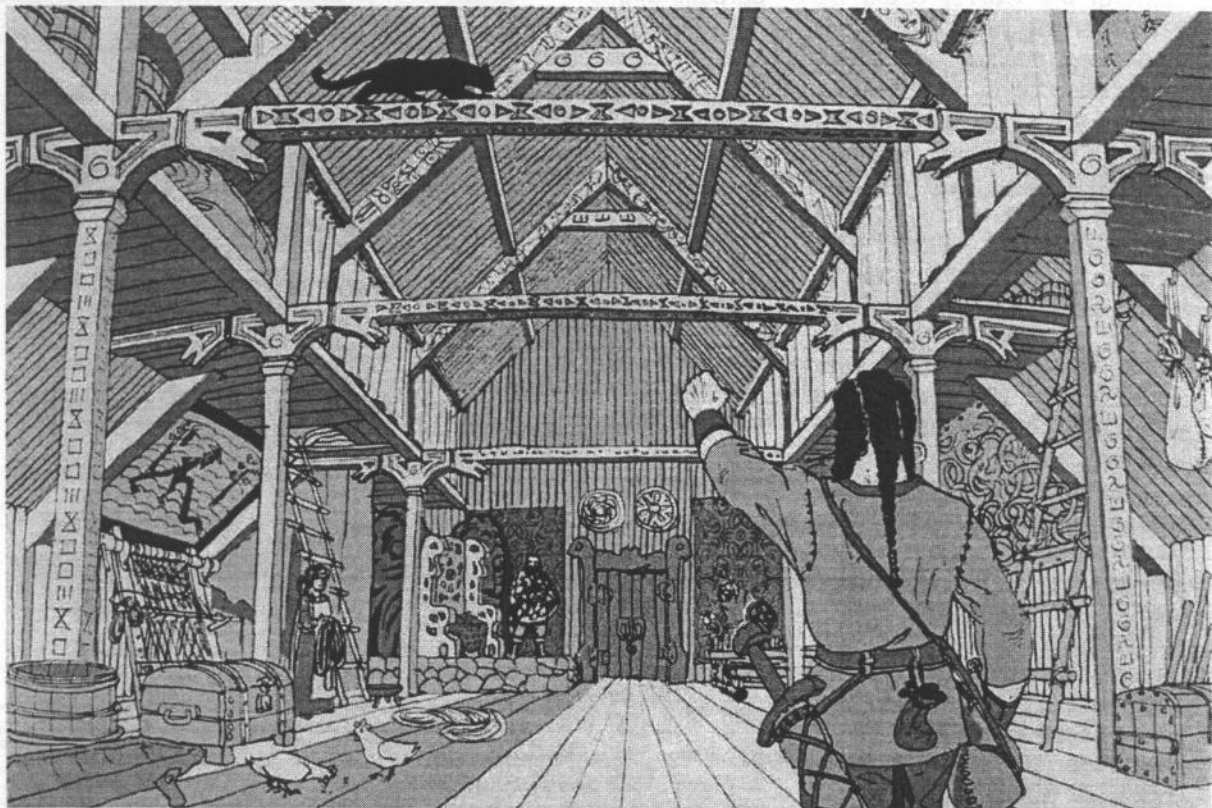
*(Rostarl was a Mastakos wanderer in the tribe who was gone for long periods of time. His account can be seen as something of in-between a tribesman and a stranger.)*

"Well, I stepped inside this hall. I had forgotten how soaring high it was. Although a large hearth-fire was smouldering in the centre of the hall there was no problem for the snake-like whispers of smoke to waft and coil upwards escaping through a hole in the roof. The four



The King's Hall and Culbri's Rock at Fox Hollow





**Corrulf, one of King Ranulf's Weaponthanes, salutes his king when he arrives at the King's Hall in Sea season 1620. The interior of the hall would not have been much different when Rostarl was guested a few seasons later.**

hearthstones were blessed and covered by Mahome's Runes. A mighty home-guard power. Even the wife of old King Manstan the Wise used that hearth to feast good men. At the back of the hall on a raised dais stood the carved wooden throne of the kings. It had a very high back behind which two log statues of Orlanth the King peeked out. This throne had been lost for many generations when King Hofstaring returned with it from the Other Side. It had been blessed by Vingkot. His mark was upon it. When a king died he was placed in the throne which was taken outside and carried up on Culbri's Rock. There it caught fire as dusk set in, burning the dead king's body. That way they always ended up in Orlanth's hall, sitting in that same throne. (People on the God's Plane had all seen this.) Miraculously the throne then reappeared in the tribal hall.

"This evening King Ranulf Grimblade sat in his throne, as usual surrounded by heavy tapestries of orange, yellow and white. He brooded over a game of Swords-and-shields. At his side a cup of strong ale and opposite him his cunning opponent Lightning-Lartemal. It was Dark Season, the wind and the snow howling and moaning. Lightning-Lartemal - highest of Storm Voices - is an often seen guest here during the dark *tame*. He sucked the marrow of a sheep's bone as his steady hand made a delicate move with a playing piece. The many people in the hall are used to see Lightning-Lartemal here, even though he is from the Marthiording clan. But here in the king's hall he has a divining chamber set aside. The western-most corner had a cubicle with walls of birch-bark where only a God-talker may enter. Among perfumed fumes Lightning-Lartemal there hums his

wordless hymns and throws the divining knuckle-bones. He can be heard but not seen by the people in the hall. They know that Orlanth speaks through Lightning-Lartemal.

"There was much activity going on in the King's Hall. The High Table to the right of the throne was being laid by Ranulf's wife and her household. On platters of silver and in goblets of bronze the King would feast his fyrd, his chary housecarls. And what were the housecarls doing during a dark night as this? -Either boasting and bragging, scaring and joking with all the children who run around with wooden swords and a doll or two (have you seen how scary a Yinkin doll really can look like?) ...Or sharpening rune-wrought swords and daggers, slouching on sturdy benches against the eastern log-wall.

"Jondruf the Carver could be seen working his craft. On a small keg he sat and chips were collecting at his feet. The shadow cats were frolicking among them. Oghona Gossipmonger and some younger women were working with the magic distaff. The threads they were making would then be used by other women working at the three looms standing against the northern wall. Wooden frames with white-painted runes and with weights of thunder-flint - on the looms beautiful, but also hidden and mysterious, patterns came forth under nimble fingers. The first loom was called "the Crone loom", the second "the Mother loom" and the third "the Virgin loom". This evening Yanmorla Blue was "breath-gifter", as they said. She came in from the cold night outside. Making her way among pigs and cats, barrels and spanners, working tools and stools, she breathed upon the woven fabrics and Dark Season's frosty air clung to the fabrics. Valind's ice merged with the pattern. No man in the hall understood the

purpose of this.

"Just as I unpacked my things to put them in a small guest-chest under a bench something strange happened. The sturdy beams holding the roof up were all carved into the likeness of many gods and goddesses. Without warning the Uralda beam cracked and split the goddess' face. A large black scar marred the beam. Silence, absolute silence in the hall. You could taste

and feel the worry of the men and women. This didn't bode well for Ranulf. He was of the Barlamani clan, a clan which had always held Uralda in high esteem. Some said that this was a bad sign.

"Ranulf rose. He said that more ale should be brought forth to everyone present, and



**Ranulf Grimblade, the tribal King**

disappeared in the company of Lightning-Lartemal through the door in the absolute back of the hall, beyond the throne and high table. If I remembered correctly, behind that door there were more rooms reaching into the Rock itself. Behind many locks and Issaries-inspired magic could be found treasure-chamber and sacred writings of the tribe. I heard one woman whisper: "the Cattle Cauldron must be brought forth, but I wonder if Ranulf is willing to pay the price?" What would take place between the King and the Storm Voice? And what would Grysten Earthmother, highest Earth Priestess, say about this?..."

### ***The Sad tale of Skamkel Headsplitter***

*"Chieftain Skamkel Headsplitter of the Varnding clan was the victim of ruin and misery recently. That is why he is so grim and blunt. Into his chieftain-hall he brought a company of entertainers. Four men they were, and play and sing in the name of Orlanth and Donandar didst they do. Two played the harp, one was the master of the flute, and the last was a drummer. They were all very fat men. At the table of the feast Kangbard the Old, Lawspeaker of the clan, did warn the chief to take heed, be careful with the musicians. Kangbard didn't like the tones they were playing. He saw black omen-smoke among the beams of the roof as the tones were hiding there. But to drunk to take heed was Chieftain Skamkel (at least that's what the gossip mongers are saying). When the melodies were going strange out of tune, people put hands over ears, but to late! Melodies became mocking torment and laughter. The musicians put everybody to sleep and robbed the chieftain-hall of the Varndings. Something very valuable disappeared, but do Skamkel tells anyone what? No! His shame is too great. One week later Kangbard the Old was burned on Rune-pyre. Nobody knows how he died, but someone has seen four Tricksters on the move carrying a little cage containing a heart. Rumours has it that the heart is Kangbard's, and that it was carved out of his body that fateful night. The clan Ring of Varnding still hasn't elected a new Lawspeaker. None seem to know much about what is truth and what is lie in this story. Skamkel Headsplitter is silent."*



# The Clans of the tribe

Each clan is presented with a box containing the most important information and fact at a glance; by an image of that particular clan's special tattoo; and a brief clan description to flesh out the facts given in the box. Note that the Marthiording and Gwandor clans are presented in greater detail elsewhere.

The boxes make use of terms from Issaries Inc's upcoming Hero Wars game. For the time being suffice to say that "slash-separated" figures are on a twenty-graded scale and the lower the number to the left of the slash is, the better. So 10/10 is average, while 16/4 is bad.

Lunar relations have an apparant value in parenthesis and an acual value after that. (The Culbrea tribe keeps it true feelings secret.) These are from 1 (open hostility) through 3 (neutral) to 5 - full support for the Lunar agenda.



**Brenna Rostirsdotter,**  
Vingan Warrior on the  
Culbri Clan Ring

## Barlamani

This clan dominates the northern Lorthing Vale. One of the oldest clans. Barlamani, Culbri and Martehiording exchanged wives, and the original triaty is surprisingly well-kept.

### Barlamani

**Claim to Fame:** tribe's greatest Ernalda temple - Earthcradle - situated on tula; also guardians of "Giant Plow of Barntar".

**Chieftain:** Ranulf Grimblade, who yearns for opportunity to regain lost honor. Ranulf is also the current tribal king.

**Earth Mother:** Arlioth Three-stripes, fat, humorous and quite wise, she has a fearsome guardian gnome.

**Economic Speciality:** grain

**Goal:** prosperity

**Value:** acceptance

**Lunar Relations:** (4) 3

**Clan Type:** peace

**Population:** 1200

**Wealth:** 10/10



Barlamani is sometimes called the Ernalda Clan because the Earth Godess' largest temple is here (Earthcradle). The clan is guardian of the Giant Plow of Barntar which can only be used in emergencies and bad years, and then only to the advantage of the whole tribe. Within the Barlamani tula are the best farmlands of the tribe, so there are proportionally more farmers than herders and hunters.

## Culbri

The most influential and mightiest clan ever since the arrival to the Quivin region. Most of the tribal kings have come from this clan. They enjoy a special aura and prestige because this is the clan which Grandfather Culbri the Old belonged to. The original triaty that formed the Culbrea tribe consisted of the Barlamani and Martehiording clans as well. The Culbri clan have their tula in the southern parts of Lorthing Vale,

### Culbri

**Claim to Fame:** most prestigious clan in tribe as they descend from Grandfather Culbri the Old; Hofstaring Treeleaper, as well as many other kings, came from Culbri.

**Chieftain:** Kangharl Askisson, frank and proper Orlanth Rex Godi.

**Earth Mother:** Enerin the Breathtaking of High Stead, the owner of many mighty Runes, both material and spiritual.

**Economic Speciality:** grain

**Goal:** justice

**Value:** honor

**Lunar Relations:** (4) 2

**Clan Type:** balanced

**Population:** 1100

**Wealth:** 14/6

and Fox Hollow, the traditional seat of the tribal King, is situated on their land as well.



## Elk

This clan, with lands in the Elken Vale and those hills surrounding it, was founded by Dronlan the Bald. He really loved his wife, but they couldn't get any children. In despair he wandered away and came to Elken Vale. There he witnessed a magic ritual in which many elks made a strange dance summoning a nymph. A nymph who came together with the Elk Spirit. Dronlan, inspired, went among the elks and was blessed by the nymph. Afterwards his wife bore triplets. And two years later they had ten children.



They decided to build steads in Elken Vale together with their other bloodline members who now regarded Dronlan as their chieftain. Only stickpickers and herders had lived in Elken Vale earlier. A Kolating made a pact with the Elk Spirit - in Elken Vale the elks would always be protected from hunters. The Great Elk gave his crown of horns to Dronlan the Bald and they are the Elk Clan since. The elk-crown is still in the hall of the chief.

It was the wife of Dronlan the Bald whom, stricken with a vision, converted to Chalana

## Elk

**Claim to Fame:** has a magical pact with the Elk spirit and controls Herbhome - a garden-like plot of magic herbs.

**Chieftain:** Borlkar Otkesson, dour, serious and stiffnecked Orlanth the Farmer and Lhankor Mhy Sage godi.

**Earth Mother:** Grysten Earthmother, calm and sensible woman who also sits on the tribal council ring.

**Economic Speciality:** magic - Chalana Arroy

**Goal:** learning

**Value:** generosity (or novelty?)

**Lunar Relations:** (4) 3

**Clan Type:** peace

**Population:** 470

**Wealth:** 15/5

Arroy as well as founded the sanctuary of Herbhome. At Herbhome a shrine to Chalana Arroy was built and since then the Healers of the Culbrea tribe has lived there.

## Goodhaven

The Goodhaven clan lives around the 1,000-strong settlement of Goodhaven. The clan is very bound in tradition and mostly lives from trade which passes through Goodhaven on the King's Road. It's most famous members are the Ystrad household of Dwarf Ridge.



## Goodhaven

**Claim to Fame:** Home of the mysterious Ystrad household who are fantastic smiths.

**Chieftain:** Thunder-Kol, shrewd Orlanth Thunderous godi and Issaries Negotiator.

**Earth Mother:** Beda the Beautiful, charming Ernaldan married 9 times and mother of 18 children!

**Economic Speciality:** crafting

**Goal:** prosperity

**Value:** tradition

**Lunar Relations:** (4) 3

**Clan Type:** balanced

**Population:** 1200

**Wealth:** 12/8

## Ystrad Household

Many rumours of Ystrad's contacts with the Mostali of Dragon Pass abound. It is certain that they never seem to lack fresh metals. They have their long-houses and smithies on the Dwarf Ridge, although many Ystrad people live in Jonstown as Smiths under their own Guildmaster. The Guildmaster shows proper respect to the Chieftain, though.

All male members of the Ystrad household have mighty "Y" Runes tattooed. For them it reflects their secret knowledge of metalcrafting. Ystrad fighting men never wear full beard. They prefer a moustache or trimmed beard. All this sets them apart so much that other people tend to view them almost as a separate clan.





## Gwandor

More information on this clan can be found in its own chapter.

### *Gwandor*

**Claim to Fame:** a ferocious war clan, in its latest incarnation founded by Gwandor Giantblade who fiercely fought Telmori.

**Chieftain:** Kulbrast Offirsson, incredibly fat and food-loving Orlanth the Warrior.

**Earth Mother:** Menja Borescar, who has seen a surprising increase of influence in the "old warclan".

**Economic Speciality:** tribute

**Goal:** anti-Lunar/rebellion

**Value:** courage

**Lunar Relations:** (3) 1

**Clan Type:** war

**Population:** 580

**Wealth:** 14/6

## Marthiording



### *Marthiording*

**Claim to Fame:** a hard clan, maintaining a long-going feud with Rindebarg clan of Aranwyth. Owls are sacred to Marthiording.

**Chieftain:** Roharlont Crookednose, defatistic and broken Thunderous Godi.

**Earth Mother:** Minara Leaflaugh, calculating and economic. A bit dry in her character, but cunning in things religious.

**Economic Speciality:** hunting

**Goal:** rebellion/learning

**Value:** courage

**Lunar Relations:** (3) 2

**Clan Type:** balanced

**Population:** 560

**Wealth:** 11/9

More information on this clan can be found in its own chapter.

## Stirlgon

Just like the Varnding, this clan lives in the hills to the south of Lorthing Vale. Up on the Vengecairn Walls Stirlgon Stinktooth met a lady of the wilds and entered a hillside on a magic windsday. When he came out again there were a clan where earlier only lonely herders had wandered - that was the founding of the Stirlgon Clan. A generation later they joined the Culbrea tribe. For many years they were just a

small hunting- and herding-clan at the Stirlgon Shallow and on the Vengecairn Walls. But after they assisted the Martehiording clan in the Otter-Rattle War they received good farmlands south-west of the Weeping Oak.

### *Stirlgon*

**Claim to Fame:** Founder, Stirlgon Stinktooth was seduced by a hillside wilderness nymph and disappeared to the Other Side.

**Chieftain:** Kagmor the Young (disputed), charming and beautiful Odaylan hunter; or Orlgandi Twenty-beard, dirty, humorous Orlanth the Warrior, recently returned from journey abroad.

**Earth Mother:** One-armed Perena, black-mooded, old and tired she doesn't do much to help the clan's terrible economic crisis.

**Economic Speciality:** hunting

**Goal:** glory

**Value:** caution

**Lunar Relations:** (3) 3

**Clan Type:** balanced

**Population:** 500

**Wealth:** 16/4



## Varnding

A long time ago the Varnding clan were on the Kheldon tribe, but when the Kheldon King Orendal Woodcrown in the 1530's handed Varnding warriors over to a Sable Khan from Prax, the Varnding clan shifted their loyalties to the Culbrea tribe and they have remained loyal since then. The Varnding took the Wind Horn with them and it has always been a great help to them in their position as traditional guardians of the Four-Winds Hill, Nine-Moss Hill and Saronil's Hill. Odayla the Hunter is of a great importance to this clan.



### Varnding

**Claim to Fame:** owns the Windhorn and are very adept at roaming the highlands.

**Chieftain:** Skamkel Headsplitter, quiet, bitter and aggressive Orlanth the Warrior and Odaylan hunter.

**Earth Mother:** Harda the Haughty, who doesn't accept any gifts offered to her clan, but she fasts every fourth night searching for the Goddess' signs.

**Economic Speciality:** Livestock

**Goal:** conquest

**Value:** tradition

**Lunar Relations:** (3) 2

**Clan Type:** balanced

**Population:** 500

**Wealth:** 16/4

## Lost Clans

Some brief notes on the clans lost after the Starbrow rebellion.

### Greenhaft

This clan acted as middlemen and traders between most of the other clans and Jonstown. Many of their members can also be found in Jonstown. The Issaries position on the tribal council traditionally was occupied by a member of the Greenhaft clan. The fact that this clan since 1615 belongs to the Cinsina tribe has added to the isolation of the Lorhing Vale clans. Greenhaft is ruled by the shrewd Jost Bronzeside who conceals many clever kennings.

### Blueberry

The Blueberry's were lost to Cinsina in 1614. They are reknowned for a magic field of berries which have made them rich. Their tula is close to Jonstown and they also make a living from shepherding and wool processing. Edrath the Wise does his best to cope with the new political situation. He is a sensible yet honourable chief. Famous for his generosity and good cheer, he is also conscientious and caring of his people.

### Gorde

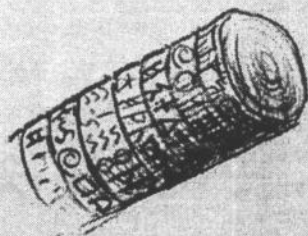
Once an Elmal-dominated clan they have recently seen many conversions to the ways of Yelmadio. They are gold-crafters and horsemen. The situation is tense between this clan and their old tribe. Their chief, Paedur Redgold, is a follower of the Bigger Wind and possibly Doburdun and Yelmadio. A traitor to Orlanth who has led his people to infamy and impiety.

### Kortal

A small wilderness clan from Enotheas Vale, now dominated by Rindebarg warriors and ruled by senile Skorp Arrownose.

## Oranda Venharlsdotter

*"Last year Oranda Venharlsdotter died. Cunning cat-woman and wise in magic she was. When she mewed the cats of a whole clan climbed her skirts. She was of the Stirlgon clan. She was burnt on Rune-carven clogs, but when the fire had died and the clogs had been taken by Oakfed the Runes were left. Out of Runes a voice spoke. It is said that the voice of Oranda was heard: 'Be it known that when five cats are seen mewling together at the Vengecairn Walls and the Moon is Black, then shalt the one who didst evil to me and who made me suffer pick mistletoe in the hollows. And those of my bloodline who behold this, they shan't pick mistletoes, they shall search under stones were woundvenge is found. And these shall be the bane of the one whom didst evil to me.' Many in the Stirlgon Clan are worried and wonder who did evil to Oranda Venharlsdotter. Orlanth has not given oracle-answer."*





# The Gwandor clan

## *Mythic Ancestry and History*

*As related by Randver Battlespeak, Goodvoice of the Gwandor, 1621.*

### • The Mythic past

Before history, when there was the Godtime, gods and people walked the world together and few could tell one from the other. Our people remembered this time for we formed during the great days of Orlanth when he called free hearts together to take advantage of the new freedoms of the air, won at great cost from the stagnation of the cosmos.

At first Orlanth was seen as a rebel, an upstart, an usurper, a barbarian. Only his few violent and dangerous brothers and kin fought by his side. Gradually other gods and men came to him. Our folk came when he took the new weapon, called Death, and slew the Bright, stolid Emperor and freed the universe from his stultifying hand.

With his power assured, Orlanth organised his followers into the mighty Storm Tribe. Each group became a clan better to serve the new king. Our folk joined no one clan, instead they became weaponthanes and served all clans as great warriors under the leadership of Humakt Weapon Wielder.

It was as warriors we served Orlanth best as we fought many ancient enemies. None were so great as the Fire tribe who we have always hated. They were the scattered remnants of the slain Emperors folk and we saw to it

that they were scattered, raided and slain some more! We won our most telling battles against them and still bear that hatred in our hearts and yearning for freedom from the vile hands of oppression. Orlanth saw that the cosmos was broken and only the return of Yelm, though without his Imperial powers, could save the universe. He went on the Lightbringers Quests and left Vingkot, his son, to command the Storm Tribe. Vingkot reorganised the tribe into stronger clans and took many of the remnant peoples of other lands and tribes into our own to strengthen it and aid us in the Darkness. We took many such folk and made them Thralls to serve us and aid our wealth. Our Clan has always been a mighty taker of Thralls.

### • The Beginning of Time

When the Darkness ended, we were led by King Heort and became his people. He made many laws and defined the way of the clan with great wisdom. Our clan learnt from him the powers of War and saw the strength of following this path. We were strong in our skills of battle and chose to live as War clan throughout much of our history.

The Dawn brought peace and plenty to many and we lived in our ancient lands near the borders of Prax, much as we do now, though much further south. In that time we made friends with the animal folk and sought to understand their ways. Their livestock enriched us as our fine weapons and armour aided them against their foes. Always we have dealt well and saw good things from these people and many of

our warriors have followed Urox into battle and seen the Block as a consequence of this friendship.

After the Dawn came a new time of troubles. One mad priest called Lokamayadon sought to corrupt the traditional ways of Orlanth by following the High Storm. Many clans followed him but we have never bowed to tyranny and though it cost us greatly, we fought him ceaselessly, no matter the cost, no matter the suffering. Such is our way and such will always be our burden and honour.

Yet, though our times were bleak, we saw a saviour come to us. A liberator always comes to the oppressed if they wait and show fortitude. Our liberator was Arkat and he fought our foes after being summoned by Harmast who set out from the Hill of Orlanth Victorious to the South in our tribal lands. Our clan sent all its warriors to fight for him and grappled mightily with our ancient foes, the Solars of Peloria, while he battled Gbaji.



**A carved trunk statue of Orlanth Goodvoice on Gwandor lands**

Always we will support those who fight unjust rule!

• **The age of Empire and Delusion**

Though we defeated one foe, another soon arose to end our free following of Orlanth ways. The EWF sought to convert our folk to their strange ways but we fought them and their allied clans. Again we lost much and hid in the wilderness to survive while they called us Old Day Traditionalists in scorn and anger. Yet they received their just reward when the Dragons came to eat them. We felt no sympathy, for their ways were corrupt and false, while we followed the true path of our god.

• **The New age and the Taming of Dragon Pass**

Our lands in Heortland were well settled and peaceful when the Pharaoh came to them. We fought against him without rancour for he was honourable and fair in battle. When the Only Old One died and his alliance shattered, we were granted pardon and allowed to keep our clan lands but our leaders saw that we were grown stale and dull like an unused blade in such content vales. We heard that the Dragon Pass was free once more for human settlement and saw adventure and danger to make us feel alive again. We marched north and took our chances.

When we arrived in the pass and attempted to settle yet our folk were beset once more by Dragonkind and after slaying many of them we moved on deeper into the Pass. Time and again we battled Dragonewts as they recognised our wyrd was against them and sought to eat us for the sake of vengeance. Yet we were mighty and defeated them and even now we are wise in defeating them

and seeking out their treasures. Some sought to be their friends but look where is got the defenders of Boldhome! Stabbed in the back by the forked tongue.

We fought many battles as a single clan but finally settled with the Culbrea for they were warlike and suited our temperament. Other clans joined our tribe who were less warlike but they admired our skills and ferocity and helped us to survive the years of poor crops while we protected them from foes with our blades. Thus we supported and aided each other and grew strong from the harmony that developed.

• **The Coming of Sartar**

Sartar brought unity and we most admired him for his respect of tradition and his ability to unify the tribal kings.

• **The War with the Wolves**

At and between Two-Pine Ridges and the road leading from Greenhaft village and Jarolar Keep the Stonewater and Kortyling clans of old had their tulas. During the 1460's the Telmori wolf people crossed the Creek defeated the Torkani tribe and began terrorising all the neighboring clans. Both Stonewater and Kortyling took great losses.

• **The Creation of the Gwandor**

Gwandor Greatblade was a Sword of Humakt and the leader of the Culbrea tribe's mysterious and frightening Death worshipers. He showed everyone that Humakt gave magic that was helpful in battle against the werewolf people and he fought against them for many years. He protected the herds. When Sartar came and made peace with the Telmori on Hauberk Jon's (whom Gwandor was personally

aquainted with) request, it was decided to found a new clan out of all people who had suffered against the Telmori, foremost among them the Stonewater and Kortyling, as well as many Humakti warriors of the Culbrea tribe. That was the first time we were named the Gwandor clan.

The influence of the Humakti has declined over the years, but they still have a member at the inner clan ring. The Culbrea shrine to Humakt (Death Hollow) is situated within the lands of our clan. Due to our past experiences we are the clan who most detests wolves and Telmori.

• **The Coming of the Lunars**

During the time of Sartar, the first Lunar missionaries came to our lands seeking converts for their strange ways. We killed them like the foreign scum that they were and let none pass our lands alive. Thus when the heirs of Sartar waged war against the Empire as it encroached from the north, we sent our best warriors to aid the Kings. We gave no quarter nor expected any and we suffered as a result. Yet this is always our way when faced with oppression. We fight till or blood runs thickly and our foes fear our name.

Defeat is bitter and when the kingdom broke before their chaos magic and mighty armies, we refused to swallow. We spat in their faces and waged war against them. Time and again we have followed any who would raise the flag of freedom and soar into the air of battle. Time and again we have been crushed. Our numbers dwindled and our rival clans picked at the flesh of our tribe, aided by their Lunar friends. We argued that the lack of a King of Sartar should not mean that we fall to



squabbling among ourselves with so great a threat among us. Even we, warriors and raiders, could see this simple truth but others were blinded by the potentials for gain and power. The Cinsina and Aranwyth being but a few yet even our own tribe has such shameful folk.

Our last attempt at freedom ended with the defeat of Kallyr and our mighty king Hofstaring Treeleaper. We sent most of our warriors to fight, leaving our tula weakened to raid and plunder from other clans. When the rebellion failed and a new king, a "philosopher king" sat on the throne, (a throne once occupied by warrior princes!), we saw that we must bide our time. Our weaponthanes who lead the rebellion are in exile, traveling distant lands, our tula was reduced even further and a garrison of Lunar troops sneers at us from Jarolar's Keep. Yet we wait and build our strength, waiting for our chance.

We know the liberator will come.

## The Clan Statistics

### Temples

Temple: Medium (Orlanth)

Temple: Small (Humakt)

### Shrines to:

Ernalda (in Orlanth Temple)

Odayla

Vinga (In Orlanth Temple)

Barntar (In Orlanth Temple)

Uralda

Gwador (In Humakt

Temple)

Issaries (In Orlanth Temple)

**Tula Size:** 120 hydes

### Land Use:

Grain: 40

Livestock: 40

Hunting: 40

### Economic Specialty:

Tribute

**Population:** 613

**Weaponthanes:** 9

**Fyrd:** 220

**Wealth Modifier:** +3

**Wealth Rating:** 6/12

**(Thralls):** 84

### Goals:

(1). Anti-Lunar/rebel

(2). Conquest

(3). Glory

### Values:

(1). Courage

(2). Tradition

(3). Honour

**Threat Modifier:** +3

**Morale Modifier:** +3

**Magic Modifier:** +0

**Ancient Allies:** Praxians

**Dragons:** Hate

**Ancient Enemies:** Solars

**Recent Enemies:**

Dragonnewts

**Neighbours:** Collaborating

## Jarolar's Keep

Designed and built by Jarolar Longstride in the 1550's, this is a stone fortress which functioned as a site for Huscarls of the Sartarite royal household. Its construction was heavily influenced by the Mostali, Heortland and western, as well as Lunar, styles. It's a strong fort and as such was built at the confluence of several tribal lands. The site was an area of conflict for the Telmori, Cinsina and Culbrea and so the king of Sartar built a fortress there both to stop Praxian raids and to separate the rival factions and project his power. Nowadays it is occupied by Provincial troops under the command of Kelkor Memes, a Vanchite soldier known to be above respect for the clans around him but not above a little bribery or extortion.

## Eonia Twofist

"Eonia Twofist is a woman to avoid. Old and grey and from the Gwador clan she is. Her sense and sanity has vanished with the air. If you're not with her you're against her. She is a beggar-woman with a dozen, or so, followers. Her followers carry her around the tribal territory in a rickety sedan-chair of wood and dirty cloth. She leads a good life but her followers don't see much food. She has never listened to Orlanth's advice on generosity. Also with her is a coffin of wood. The coffin, always carried by this strange "beggar's parade", contains the rotting corpse of her husband Tungorl the Seductioner, the worst adulterer in the history of the tribe. Although everyone was aware of what was happening, his wife through all these years, Eonia Twofist, never did anything to get a divorce or complain to the Elders. She suffered so much that no one has dared denying her the stuffed body of her dead husband."

# *The Clan structure: Political, social and religious*

## **The Gwador Inner Ring**

### **Chief**

Kulbrast Offirson

### **Ernalda**

Menja Borescar

### **Barntar**

Yorden Ironplow

### **Odayla**

Runolf Longnose

### **Issaries**

Hamdir Hardbargain

### **The Gwador**

Orgumleide the Sinew

### **Uralda**

Hilda Cow-wise

## ***Recent History***

The Gwador clan suffered severe losses in 1602. In the war against the Empire they were led by chief Svein the Broad. Svein and most of his Housecarls were killed amid the fighting around Caromen by hoplites of the Marble Phalanx. Their shieldwall broke before the final push and riders from the Red Dragoons cut down the routers. Svein fell with a lance through his chest and a curse on his lips as he tried to rally the survivors.

With the death of the majority of the Orlanth weaponthanes of the clan, with Svein, the Humakti of the clan gained dominance for the first time in decades. The leader of the Longsword Household, Gaudyr Longsword, was elected chief to lead the clan through to the end of the war. His acceptance of the peace was a mask for his plans to fight when the time seemed right, and he prepared for that struggle carefully. The Empire agreed to his chieftainship on the somewhat

optimistic grounds that a Humakti was likely to be neutral towards the Empire. They couldn't have been more wrong. He backed King Hofstaring Treeleaper in his support for Starbrow in 1613 with full support of the clan.

Though the Gwador fought hard and were ably led by Gaudyr in battle, the cause as a whole was soon proven ephemeral. Gaudyr argued for fighting on and his household backed him, as did many of the clans weaponthanes but the majority of the clan had had enough of the ceaseless and fruitless struggle. So many menfolk had died in the wars and subsequent rebellion, that the women of the clan were easily the majority at the weapontake. Ruthlessly sensible as ever, the Ernaldans of the clan saw that if Gaudyr stayed chief, the clan would be destroyed.

The decision to outlaw Gaudyr and his household plus half the remaining weaponthanes was taken after lunar forces arrived in Jarolars Keep in force and began calling on the clans to hand over rebels in the name of prince Temeratain. Most of the weaponthanes refused to acknowledge Temeratain as Prince of Sartar and left for the south where Orlanthi were still free.

Kulbrast Ofirson was elected chief by all the surviving households. The Imperial Tribal Overseer found him acceptable as clan chief because he had fought as a young man at the side of Jones Wulf against the Telmori in 1607. Kulbrast hated the wolf-folk ever since the death of his father and mother at their hands. Kulbrast is a friend of Duke Wulf, having had his life saved by the Lunar leader in a fierce battle at Wolf Stand. Duke Wulf vouched for him and

sent him gifts on his accession to chief.

Soon after this, in support of their allies the Cinsina tribe, the Lunars forced the Gorde and the Blueberry clans out of the Culbrea and into the Cinsina. This left the Gwador facing foes all around. A brief war in 1615 saw the defeat of the Culbrea by the Cinsina and their allies and the Greenhaft clan was lost to them in the following Temeratain governed treaty.

It has been 8 years since the rebellion and the clan has recovered a little. A new generation of younger men has reached maturity and seeks a test for their manhood. Kulbrast has become increasingly unpopular over the last few years. He himself seems wracked by indecision. His warrior instincts tell him to raid and bring old fashioned Gwador terror into the hearts of his foes but his love of the clan and his love of life have held his blade from the reckless course. Instead, he follows the counsel of Menja Borescar and seeks the road of compromise and peace.



**Orgumleide the Sinew**



As a result of this lack of action, the Gwador have begun to lose the fearsome reputation that they spent 150 years building. Raids have come from the Gorde, Blueberry, Drutorae, Greenhaft, Telmori, Osmann and Tertorae clans. Even Barlamani have taken Gwador cattle. The defeat of the Kingdom and the crushing of the rebellion have left a deep seated fear of Imperial power among the clan but the fear of not being Gwador is greater. The years of enforced peace weaken their reputation, more and more folk look for a chance to fight, raid and gain glory as they used to.

## *The positions*

**Political and mythic powers and responsibilities.**

### *Chief*

As well as the standard rights of the chief, as listed in KoS, the Gwador chief has some other powers and obligations.

### **(1). Summoning the Gwador.**

When the clans of old were threatened by the Telmori raids, the chiefs of the Stonewater and Koryling clans performed a version of the LBQ to bring a saviour to them. Gwador Greatblademane and aided them, in return they gave him command in all matters of war for the duration of the crisis.

This rite has become a sacred part of the Gwador clans heritage. When the chief wishes to march to war, he calls upon the Gwador to lead the clan as warlord. The ritual is binding to both participants. The Gwador must respond to this rite but has total

military power once it is enacted, though not strategic authority

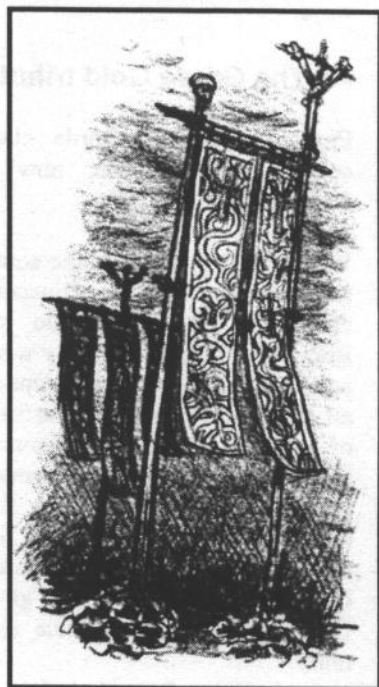
### **(2). The Seven Tributes**

Any chief of the Gwador clan must have gained the seven tributes during the year to allow him to call on Orlanth's powers of war and make the clan a war clan during sacred time. If the seven tributes have not been taken then Orlanth will not answer the call and the Gwador will be an ordinary clan. In addition, every year, these tributes must be exacted or the clan cannot claim war clan status in the following sacred time. It is a proud fact to the Gwadori that their clan had maintained this status for one hundred and thirty six years, until their defeat in 1613. Kulbrast has never taken the seven tributes and as a result the clan loses wealth, power and prestige. Once the most feared clan in the entire stagland area, the Gwador live on a diminishing reputation till they enact their ritual once more.

#### • **The Ten-Cart Tribute**

Exacted on the Barlamani. First collected by Gwador Greatblade himself for services done for their clan. For the most part, the Barlamani paid the tribute every year without the need for raid or force. In many ways it was a payment for the protection the Gwador gave to their northern borders. The prosperity they gained from having a secure tula well outweighed the cost of ten carts of grain and trade goods. However, since the loss of war clan status, they have refused to pay the tribute, citing law that they only pay when the Gwador was a warclan. As the Gwador can only be a war clan after having collected this tribute, it leaves the clan in a catch 22 position.

### **The Gwador Standard at Death Hollow**



#### • **The Blueberry Basket Tribute**

Exacted upon the Blueberry clan, once a Culbrea clan, now a Cinsina clan. The Blueberry clan gained its name from the fields of berries grown on their tula. Their founder, Thorm Blueberry had taken the strain from a heroquest to the Goen Age where everything grew bigger and fresher. Returning from the Other Side, his household became rich on their trade of these blueberries and eventually became a clan of some size and importance as a result. The Gwador saved them from the Telmori during the wars, though many Blueberry clansmen died even with their aid. As a sign of their gratitude, their Chief gave the Gwador a basket of Blueberries for every pelt taken in the Wolf Pelt tribute for that year.

Lately, the Wolf Pelt tribute has not been taken and so the Blueberry tribute has not been given. Many in the Blueberry clan are happy with this for they are now Cinsina and not Culbrea so see such old traditions as counterproductive to their new lunar ways. Many of the Blueberry have become

enthusiastic lunar supporters and some have even converted to their ways.

### • The Gorde Gold tribute

Enacted upon the Gorde clan, once a Culbrea clan, now a Cinsina clan.

When the Gorde clan came south from the lands of the Dinacoli, they fled the evil rule of Brangbane, their king. They were an Elmalí clan and were adept at all things to do with the crafting of gold and the raising of horses and their training. The Gwador clan aided them in defeating the Maboder tribe to make a tula for them and in return for the swords of the Gwador, the Gorde gave Gold Wheels of great value and rairty.

After the defeat of the Maboder, Gwador chief, Thegil the Bloody, felt aggrieved that he was not getting his shiny gold coins any more and so demanded of the Gorde the giving of gold yearly as his right. The Gorde responded with swords and spears but the Gwador gave more than they took and soon the Gorde lands were soaked in blood and filled with burning steeds. Nearly a third of their folk died in that war and the feud was only ended when the tribal king Ulanmar Madraksson of the Culbrea

attempted to restrain Thegil from wiping out the Gorde. His solution was to bring the Gorde within the Culbrea, thereby giving them protection. To compensate the Gwador he ruled that the Gorde must offer them one gold wheel every sacred time. Since the Gorde left the Culbrea, under imperial orders, they have not paid the tribute. Many Gwadori feel that they are owed 8 gold wheels now by the Gorde and want to collect. Unfortunately, many of the Gorde have converted from the ways of Elmal and have followed instead the path of power shown by Harvar Ironfist. Some have switched to worshipping Yelmalió. Relations between the two clans are fraught and the Gorde have gained much strength from their alliance with the Lunars and their incorporation into the Cinsina.

### • The Wolf Pelt tribute

A tribute taken from the Telmori. Every year for decades, the Gwador sent men into the Telmori lands to prove the power of their magics against the Wolf men. Every year, they brought back the Wolf Pelt tribute. This is why so many steeds have a pelt on their walls. Recently, the trouble with the Gorde clan and the presence of a Lunar force at Jarolars Keep has precluded the usual expedition. Jomes Wulf has requested warriors recently to help against the Telmori and Kulbrast Offirsson is considering making the trip, as he did in his youth.

### • The Bloody Sword tribute

Taken from any clan. Seven bloody swords must be taken as a minimum in one raid, not many. These swords must be taken from those who died in battle with the Gwador. Traditional foes for this tribute are the Tertorae of the Cinsina, the Rindebarg of the Aranwyth or Telmori of any clan. Acceptable clans would be any who stand against the ways of the Gwador, which is many of the clans in the area now.

### • The Red Cow tribute

Exacted on the Drutorae clan of Red Cow. This clan is famed for its red haired cows that produce much milk and provide a succulent meat. The cows are usually superior in every way to an ordinary cow but will not breed true outside of Drutorae lands. It is said that the Drutorae brought the cows from Uraldas own herd and they can only be bred by special ritual and magics. Whatever the reason, the red cows are valuable and a sought after and so the Drutorae are rich. The Gwador have never bought what they could take and for generations they have trekked across Gorde lands, joined up with raiders from other clans and taken a score or more red cows in raid. So ruinous were these raids that the Drutorae sought the aid of Sartar. The wise king showed them the value of Umaths words - "no one can make you do anything" but added "but they can buy you!" This was Sartars solution. He found that the various clans were in their right to raid and if the Drutorae could not stop them then they were at fault for being weak. He did sympathise with them on the sheer number of foes but parabled his days defending merchant caravans in his youth. "You beat some, you bought some, but you never fought them all at once." As a result, the Drutorae paid the Gwador clan one Red Cow per hundred folk in the Gwador clan. Since the rebellion and the triumph of the Cinsina, the tribute has not been paid and the Drutorae sneered at the Gwador clansmen who came to collect. Worse, the Drutorae have led several raids against the Gwador in vengeance for the decades of tribute to them. They target the cattle in particular.

### • The Fired Thatch tribute

The people of the Greenhaft clan, long neighbours and tribal brothers paid a fine tribute of crafted goods, usually 10 cows



Among the standing stones  
on Orlanth Victorious



worth every year after the terrible Fired Thatch feud of 1584. Several warriors from the Greenhaft decided to take a wife from the Gwandor but the drink they; quoffed had the better of them and a boisterous raid turned deadly as the womans family tried to protect her. Only four old men were present, the younger menfolk were hunting with the chief. They fell to the blades of the Greenhaft weaponthanes. So angered was the clan that they summoned the entire fyrd within three days and descended upon the Greenhaft with the fires of vengeance in their eyes. Fully half the Greenhaft main town and many of their outlying steads were burnt and most of their weaponthanes were slain. Their chief was forced to give weregeld a sword point. By the time the King arrived the matter was over. He ruled in the Gwandors favour, knowing that the strength of their argument and the might of their swords were potent convincers. The tribute has continued, in diluted form till 1615 when the Greenhaft clan left the Culbrea under orders from the Empire. Sizeable factions within the Greenhaft clan saw the tribute as being shameful and resolved never to pay it again.

### (3). The Jonstown House

The Gwandor clan maintains a large clan house in Jonstown for use in trade, diplomacy and guesting. The Chief of the clan has the right to tithe all clan members who would stay there and demands a double tithing for foreigners. The tithe is usually the equivalent of five clacks per day or a Lunar to an outsider.

The clan house is a two story affair built some forty years ago at considerable cost. It can hold a score of folk in cramped quarters or half a dozen in good quarters. There is a storage place attached and a clansman always occupies the house for security purposes. Usually the occupant is on of the

Hamdir household but not always. In better days, the clan would regularly have the house full but with the collapse in tribute and trade, the Gwandor wealth is fading and their position in Jonstown is certainly declined in importance.

Kulbrast Offirsson is said to have let the house at a low rate of tithe to the Hamdir Household in return for Hamdir Hardbargains support on the Ring. Certainly Hamdir seems to grow ever richer while the clan as a whole grows poorer.

## *Ernalda*

In the Gwandor clan the Ernalda position on the ring confers standard powers as well as several other benefits and duties.

### (1). The Thirty

The position of Ernalda on the Ring automatically grants her 30 cows from clan resources. These cows are grazed on good pastures north of the moot.

### (2). The Sheep right

One sheep in twenty born to the clan is given to Ernalda by right, for sacrifice or for wool. This is in addition to the chiefs claim.

### (3). The Maran Gor Mask

When the clan is a war clan, as the Gwandor have been for most of their existence, then Ernalda wears the Mask of her sister - Maran Gor. The Mask is a sacred item which is of enormous benefit to the clan and has been coveted by many evil foreigners. The Mask allows the Ernalda to act as Maran Gor without affecting her fertility magic - all malign earth spirits instead go to the mask. Unfortunately, though the wearers fertility magic for the clan is unaffected, her personal fertility is and while wearing the mask she is utterly barren.

**Game effect:** Allows the use of the full Maran Gor magic package at worst Ernalda magic package ability level without penalty except for the loss of personal fertility. Only useable when the clan is a war clan

Originally, the Mask was an item gained by the Kortyling clan on a great quest on the other side which showed the duality of the Earth - Fertile and Malign. The heroic Ernaldan who achieved this perilous quest was Kelta Two-sight and she is still revered today as the Queen of the Mask.

### (4). The Death Marriage

When Gwandor Greatblade created the clan, he was fighting a terrible foe. The need for his Death magis was great indeed and the only way for the clan to survive was to give up most of their fertility in exchange for the powers of Death. Gwandor married the Ernalda of the clan and sacrificed a score of the young women of the clan and a score more thralls and captives taken from their foes. They were ritually slaughtered in Death Hollow. So potent were the magics released from this sacrifice that Gwandor was able to defeat the Telmori, slaying many of them, some at great distance.

Now, in desperate times, the Ernalda can marry the Gwandor as they did in the past and give a great blood sacrifice to Humakt. For the course of the year, after such a radical Sacred Time event, the clan will be entirely without fertility magic and many of the herds will die and most of the crops will fail. Yet for that year, death will walk with the clan and haunt its enemies like a spectre.

**Game effect:** For the course of the year, no fertility magic packages can be used by anyone in the clan who are not masters. Masters operate at one level of mastery lower than they are regardless. Clan wealth will drop



A Kolating

by four ratings unless tribute is taken. No births will succeed during the year, whether animal or human, all will be stillborn. All close combat and combat magic packages are considered to be one level of mastery higher than they are (a bump applied to the whole clan)

The Death Marriage has not been attempted since Gwandors day. Few Ernaldans would even consider it an option but the power to do it is there should it be called on. Note: Even the Mask of Maran Gor cannot prevent the loss of the clans fertility from the Death marriage ritual. Even heroic items have their limits when confronted with the power of Humakt.

## Barntar

He is the honest carl, the son of Orlanth who feeds the clan and his Bloodline through hard work and good farming.

The position has a few benefits. and some duties

### (1). The Enduring Plow

Anyone in the position of Barntar gains some of his endless endurance for hard toil. If they

haven't already got an ability for Labour or Hard Work, then they receive one at 6/14. If they already have such an ability then they receive a bump on all rolls requiring its use in farming while in the position.

### (2). The Iron Plow

Any plowing done by the Barntar will be highly effective, even on broken ground - count all rolls as a +4 for plowing. Should the clan ever be a peace clan, then the Barntar can extend this benefit to all plowwork done in the clan for the year. Unfortunately, this is very unlikely for the Gwandor clan.

### (3). The Vadrudi death

When the Vadrudi killed Barntar in the darkness, Orlanth saw the great value of his carl saying:

*Hard worker, loyal farmer, you are the tribe*

*The father serves the sun, the air serves the earth*

*The thane serves the carl, who serves his good parents*

*Feed your children first, carl, before the thanes*

Thus Barntar was celebrated for his honesty and value above the thane who serves the carl. The Barntar of the clan must always speak up for the rights of the carl and the duty of the thane to aid and protect them. The Barntar must discourage war and reckless action that might harm the carls who feed the thanes. Finally, should the thanes not see their duty, the Barntar will die the death of the Vadrudi at the hands of violent men sometime during his tenure. By this loss will the thanes of the clan realise their error and seek a finer path.

## Odayla

The position of Odayla is an important one in the Gwandor when so much of their food is

raised by hunting. It confers several advantages:

### (1). The Hunt Right

Any hunt organised after a powerful creature or predator is the preserve of the Odayla. He is entitled to first shares of the kill, if any.

### (2). The Wolf Spear

The Gwandor has fought the Telmori many times and any time they go to war against the wolf men, the Odayla must accompany the party to give them aid against the tracking and hunting power of their foe.

Historically, Gwandor summoned the hunters of the clan to aid him with taunts and harsh words. This forced the frightened hunters into the expedition and there, they overcame their fear. The ritual for summoning the Odayla follows the same pattern.

The current Odalya has managed to avoid any service against the Telmori whom he fears greatly. By constantly voting against the taking of the Wolf Pelt Tribute he has saved himself the trouble of this responsibility.

Should someone want to summon the Odayla to fight the Telmori, they hand him the Wolf Spear in a moot and he must acknowledge it. The spear is part of the clan regalia and is said to hold the captured spirits of a score of wolfs, making its bite on the wolfmen potent.

## Issaries

A new post on the clan ring that has no traditional benefits. However, Hamdir Hardbargain has campaigned successfully for the use of the clan house in Jonstown and intends to make this a traditional mark of the position. The Gwandor have never been a trading clan and didn't see the position of Issaries as vital to the



running of the clan. However, with the peaceful face of the clan to the fore, the skills of a good Issaries trader have been invaluable in giving a good impression to the Imperial Governor in Jonstown.

For that reason, Issaries was included on the ring and for that reason, Hamdir supports peace and trade, rather than raid and war. Chief Kulbrast made sure that he had one obligation:

## The Path Watch

When the clan goes to war, the Issaries must go if the fyrd is mustered or the Telmori come to mark the path ahead as clear and watch for ambushes. Only the chief can demand this action but once demanded and agreed by the ring, it must be carried out.

## The Gwador

The position of The Gwador is prestigious and powerful. It fulfils several functions within the clan and even the tribe.

### History

Born in 1432, Gwador was son of athane of the Stonewater clan. His childhood was undramatic but many were impressed by his great height and strength of arm which was amazing in one so young. Many thought his initiation into the rites of Orlanth would bring great promise to his bloodline, possibly chieftainship. His family were therefore dissatisfied when he chose the way of Humakt.

He told everyone that his initiation was chosen for him by the God of Death and War who spoke to him from the depths of Death Hollow. The divine vision showed Gwadors people battling an unseen but deadly foe and losing for want of the right magics and skills. Humakt could give those skills to one who quested for them and so Gwador chose this path and set out into the world to

gain the skills, support and magics he would need.

For fifteen years no one in his clan heard from him. Where he wandered is a secret to his cult and household but some of it is known to the general clan folk. He gained his Greatsword amid the ruin of war and strife in the lands beyond the mountains of the west. When peace came and his employment was ended, he returned to Quiviniland though not to his own people. Instead he joined the household of King Ingtarn of the Colymar and took part in the sack of Bagnot in 1447. There he was granted great praise and wealth by Ingtarn for his holding of the gate against the Bagnot militia and the Earl of the city's household.

Growing tired of the Colymar who now rested on their laurels, Gwador sought fame amid the fires of the Tarsh civil war. He fought at the side of Blond Arim in 1455 in the war against the Earth Factions and was named a Lord of Pennith, a Tarshite town, and Warlord of the Death Blades regiment. When Blond Arim was defeated, it was because he had spurned Gwador and no longer had his sharp eyes and Humakti senses to save him from treachery.

Finally, driven by some great religious compulsion and sought by the ancestors of his Clan, Gwador return to the lands of his birth in 1458. He found his folk beset by the Telmori. He knew of them, having fought them before when a warrior of Tarsh, and so he was aware of their strengths and weaknesses. He knew that the magic of Humakt could defeat them but many warriors of stout heart would be needed. By leading many Swordbrothers and weaponthanes into battle, he became well respected as a warleader among both the Kortyling and the Stonewater clans. Yet his battle skills were only useful when they could meet the enemy in honest combat. The Telmori are masters of the raid and the quick attack, usually

against a poorly defended spot, from an unexpected direction.

It was the creation of a powerful confederation of tribes led by Hauberk Jon that gave Gwador the chance to take the war to the Telmori homelands. With the backing of many strong tribal fyrd and the support of almost every Humakti warrior in the region, he met and broke the fighting strength of three Telmori clans at their Great Wold temple. The battle was known as the Wolf Stand, and the place has been named that ever since. There the Telmori refused to run and hide in the hills. There they stood and there they died. Gwador activated powerful Death magics in preparation for the attack. He sacrificed the Clans fertility to empower his warriors and himself. So laden with death were his men that they cut down the Werewolves even though their magical pelts normally repulsed mundane weapons. The slaughter was terrible and the casualties were high but the victory of Wolfs Stand shook Telmori confidence and paved the way for the successful intervention of the southerner – Sartar. His clever ways and bold diplomacy stopped the war and allowed both sides to recover in peace.

Gwador returned to a shattered pair of clans on Two-Pine ridge. The remnants elected him their chief and many of the Humakti of the region came to serve in the Temple he consecrated on the site of the great death ritual. The site was known as Death Hollow and it had been a Humakt holy place for centuries. The Culbrea as a whole venerated Gwador and he was Tribal champion till he left the mortal world. He was last seen walking into Death Hollow after a vision from his god. All that was found of him was his Greatsword, rammed into the ground, but no footprints left the muddy earth of the Hollow.

Since his departure, Gwador has been the herocult of the Culbrean Humakti and any who wished

magics for fighting the Telmori. He has been popular as a result and even found favour with the Imperial Provincial government after the cult aided Jomes Wulf in his repression of the Telmori in 1607.

### Role

The Gwador (as the high priest of the Death Hollow Temple is known) is the Champion of the Gwador clan, frequently tribal Champion of the Culbrea and high priest of all Humakti in the tribe as well as the herocult of Gwador. This makes him an incredibly powerful man, with many allies and enemies, mythical and corporeal.

As well as the standard rights as Clan and Tribal Champion, the Gwador has the following powers and responsibilities:

#### (1). The Call of the Clan

As described in the Chiefs' powers, the Gwador has to answer the summons to war against the Telmori as did the founder of the cult. However, the correct ritual must be enacted otherwise the Gwador is not bound to answer the call. If he does so it is at his personal discretion. Should he not answer the call if the ritual is properly enacted then he will immediately lose all Gwador magics until he makes appropriate sacrifice and restitution for his failure to emulate the hero.

#### (2). The Death Marriage.

This a dark ritual where the Gwador literally severs the entire clan from the fertility of life to aid them in their prosecution of Death. Humakt gives great powers for such a sacrifice but the cost is terrible indeed. Only the Gwador and the Ernalda of the clan can enact the ritual. It is taught to every Gwador by his

predecessor but it is hoped that no-one has to use it.

#### (3). The Wolf Spear ritual.

This allows the Gwador to summon the hunters not only of the Gwador clan but of the tribe. He can enact this ritual in every clan in the Culbrea where he is recognised as a hero, which currently is all of them except the Barlamani and the Elk. The ritual is the same for all the clans, their master hunter receives the Wolf Spear in a ritual and they must accompany the party as long as it is Telmori that have troubled the tribe. An unjust summoning will be punished by Gwador himself. The hero will remove the Wolf Spear from the Temple regalia until the time that the proper atonement is made.

#### (4). The Death Echo

Death Hollow is a natural bowl in the earth formed when Humakt threw down his mighty shield so that he could wield his sword two handed and strike his enemies with dour strength. The depression left by the weight of his huge shield forms the Hollow and is a site of holiness to the Humakti of the region. Since that day the Hollow has echoed the speech of all those who speak within it. So loud is the echo, that very few speak to sully the Hollows' death-like silence apart from during rituals.

However, the Gwador can use the power of echo to his advantage. Should he perform the Echo feat in the Hollow correctly, he can call upon all devotees of the Death Hollow temple to come to his summons. This call will be heard only by those devotees and will reach them wherever they are in the world. It has even been known to reach beyond death itself to bring ghosts of long distant warriors to do battle with the foes of the temple.

The Echo feat is only performed in extremes, when the temple is threatened with destruction or desecration, or the High Priest decrees a crusade against a worthy foe.

#### (5). The Fifty Swords

As tribal champion it is the duty of the Gwador to train fifty warriors specified by the King of the tribe at the end of sacred time. These men are usually his housecarls but not always. This training is for free and occurs on windsday of each week. The skills taught are the sword and shield and the tactics of the shield wall.

King Hofstaring Treeleaper started this requirement in return for his heroic efforts in finding the Gwador Greatsword after an Eurmali stole it for unknown purposes in 1587.

#### (6). The Right of Honour

Always in any tribal battle the Gwador has the right to command the right wing of the tribal army. This is the side of honour. No clan, hero or priest can claim this side as long as the Gwador marches to battle with his King.

#### (7). The Sword Share.

Given the powerful status of the Gwador, any time the champion of the tribe is called to lead the fyrd and Kings household into battle, he is given the Sword Share. This amounts to one in twenty of the plunder taken in raid or battle that is related to death or war. Swords, armour, horses, magical weapons, shields etc all fall under this category. This share is given to the Gwador before any other share is taken by anyone, including the King.



## *Notable persons*

### **Kulbrast Offirson**

**Chief of the Gwador.** A bulky warrior of grim mien, Kulbrast is trapped in a political nightmare. He struggles to aid his clan yet knows that he cannot act as his instincts tell him or they will be destroyed. Although he bides by the dishonourable peace and pays a shameful tribute, Kulbrast looks for ways of keeping his clans famous name, their lives and their wealth untouched.

### **Menja Boarscar**

**Ernalda of the Gwador.** A strong and powerful woman named for the ferocious scars she earned from a wilderness encounter. She is bound and determined to keep the clan alive and council's peace even at the expense of honour if it will keep doom away from Gwandori steads for another season.

### **Orgumleide the Sinew**

This powerful warrior is the head of the Gwador household, clan champion, member of the ring, tribal champion and head of the Death Hollow temple to Humakt and Gwador. Mostly he attends kings business but he is loyal to his clan and household. Orgumleide is grey and gnarled with age though his iron gaze and strong step remains undiminished. His sombre mood makes every child start to cry when near him. Even the cows and sheeps gets nervous and jumpy when Orgumleide is around.

### **Yorden Ironplow**

**Barntar of the Gwador.** This stalwart of Orlanthi society is parochial, stubborn and pedantic but is the best farmer in the clan. He will fight any foe that threatens their livelihoods and

councils caution instead of the headstrong ways of the warrior.

### **Randver Battlespeak**

**Goodvoice of the clan.** A tough man, of terse demeanour that knows the laws of Orlanth, Vingkot and Heort better than any in the clan.

### **Runolf Longnose**

**Odayla of the Ring.** An extremely long and thin man, who moves and speaks with surprising outbursts of activity, thereafter falling back in contemplative stillness. He is known to have spoken with the spirits of Two-Pine. In one of the Great Hunts he rode a Brontosaurus home - a remarkable feat - only to let it go afterwards. He has never explained this strange manuevre.

### **Hamdir Hardbargain**

This Issaries Trader has seen a surprising increased influence as noted above. Maybe he harbours peaceful plans for the old war-clan. Some even whispers that he is not above a little collaboration with the empire.

### **Hilda Cow-wise**

**Uralda of the Ring.** Often she can be heard singing the most beautiful of songs up on the Two-Pine Ridges, luring the cattle to her side. No cow is ever angst-ridden at slaughter when she is present. Already as a child she moved harmoniously among the huge bulls of the clan.



**Kulbrast Offirson, Chief of the Gwador**

# The Marthiording clan

## Mythic Ancestry and History

*As related by Lightning-Lartemal, High Storm Voice of the clan. The speech is directed to the newly-initiated in the clan and is typical of the pompous, lyrical style of Lightning-Lartemal.*

### • The Mythic past

"Look! you Orlanthson and you Ernaldadottir. The world was young. No time was. No Death was. No difference between walking man and walking God was. The Emperor of the North sat still in stale palace. When on wind, whispers of great Orlanth - King of wind gods - seven times reached the ears of our seven Mountainfathers.

Of greatness and glorious deeds was the band of Breathgiver. And our ancestors joined with that glory.

Six times six gifts were given by our good fathers when, like Orlanth, they wooed the Earthwomen. No gift is greater than the bond between man and woman.

Now the Gods gather up on the kingly stead. Fathergod and his brothergods. Our "Ur-fathers" see how Orlanth gathers the world around Him. Wise is the word of Earthmother then - Ernalda bid Orlanth divide the World and the tribe. "The clan is the heart of our people", she said.

Counting the clans; fifteen was the sacred number here. Among dimly fumes of forgotten days I remember them: The Bad Wind Clan I know, the Bear Tracking clan, the Travelling clan, and even more I know. Five times five score people we were when we sniffed the wind with Orlanth's shadowy brother Yinkin of the Cat Clan.

And Storm Age came, winter wind and Snow *tame*. The world was a little bit worse off. We needed halls and houses, steads would be raised. War came and death came. Sullen and sordid plantmen denied us ground-right. Arrows of Aldryami among the men. Four times four battles were fought among birch and oak in the west. But worse was yet to come.

Chaos came creeping. The light was gone. Ernalda sank. The earth laid barren. Sky Gorp could be seen climbing the Dome. Orlanth on westfaring. Only Vingkot could protect the people. Three times three were the number of men and women from our clan in his hall. And only two times two remained when Heort led remnants in Darkness - ever searching for Starheart. Heort saved us. His Law became the backbone of the clan. The Lawspeakers said: "There is a time for war and their is a time for peace - let the pointing bone balance between the two." To honour Heort Heortlings we are called.

### • The Beginning of Time

In Great Darkness at last One brave man from the clan faced the world alone and won. He greeted great Orlanth when everyone was dead or dying. Came Dawning around. Orlanth righted the wrong. Gods Compromise make man different. No longer the Gods walk among us. Time bound mortal men together.

Hear me now! high Heortlings - Heartsons, Heortdottirs! Who was the two crafty carls who buried the two treasures of Dawn Time? And did our clan collect them for Lokamayadon's High Storm or for the last of the Orgovaltes? The treasurous priest came lispng and lying. Venom on tongue of Lokamayadon. No prayer nor proper sacrifice did Gods receive after Gbaji's thane broke Heort's bone. The two treasures our clan took and fought fiercely. No one cared to count the dead when we fought Lokamayadon.

Hope is lost, grim Vrok rules. Always from the North nefarious Chaos comes. Behind many masks true face hidden. Chaos cursed the Compromise. Gbaji ruled with Ginijji-power. Three men times three women were the sacred number from our clan holding the Feathers on Orlanth Victorious when Harmast went west. The realm of the gods he dared tread. And when with Arkat Harmast returned, Wind-socks were raised, battle-horns were blared, our clan did march to war at the behest of Harmast. After Arkat - Heorts laws restored.

### • The age of Empire and Dangerous Secrets

Four times four generations were burnt on pyres, hastened to the Hall of Orlanth, in our lands of Kerofinela. After the time of war their is always the time for peace. And when Wyrms came waltzing with ancient secrets peace was proposed. Four were the weaponthanes speaking against them and four were the priests to see Drogards power. Joining hands for a while with draconic delivery Orlanth's Ring shone brighter in sky above crest and ridge.

Five were the number of secrets nurtured by clan and council in *yofish* days:

First was the secret of trembling tounge...

Second was the secret of left-sided lore...

Third was the secret of soul's shadow...

Fourth was the secret of draconic dance in the hall...

Fifth was the secret of forgetting it all...

So when Dragonkill Doom - the feast of fire - descended on Pass, five times five score men and women were already living in Heort's land. Lucky we were to survive the encounter with draconic power.





## The New age and the Taming of Dragon Pass

Now the holy men gathers up on hills in Heortland. Wind whispers of the stranger from the sea. Pharoah sets brother fighting brother, and sisters' sons. Hard it was on earth: Axe-time, sword-time, wind-time, troll-time. And ere on northern horizon the red wound. Blood in the body of Orlanth.

Immortal troll, Only Old One falls. No food can be found, no peace can be found. But rumours of richness send our clan into Dragons Desolate Pass. Homeward bound once more.

Six were the number of wives exchanged when the *triaty* was formed. And *six* were the number of carls walking full circle when Grandfather Culbri blessed both Marthiording and Barlmani. On Owlflight Crest Old Man Marthiord were given *tula*-right and land. But alas, were peace is, war is also. New time, new feuds. Evil Rindebargs came from the east to steal good cattle. *Seven* times their warcries sounded, *seven* times we bested the beasts.

Three clans were the three rings in Culbrea's tribal shirt of mail. Fertile Lorthing Vale the steadfast home.

## • The Coming of Sartar

Clan against clan for a hundred and thirty years. Who would be the Vingkot, the Land-father? Who would be the miracle-maker at whose moot tribes can meet? From the south with strange ways comes Sartar. Can you name the

*six* miracles and magics that man spelled?

Sartar – king among craggy cliffs. To Boldhome bold men came settling feuds, seeking seeds for divinity. From Sartar-land the line of Vingkot now could come.

## • The Coming of the Lunars

Hearing I ask from Heortling sons, both high and low!

Will thou that I relate the sad downfall of Sartar-house? Those tales I well remember...

I remember yet when for *five* seasons *five* friendly women went among barn and byrnie. What would they say? Secret soothe's of Shepelkirt. From north there came creeping the Red Skirt over land and creek. Then sought good men of Marthiording their assembly-seats: Heort had said: "hospitality should never be denied." Thus did the *five* foreigners dwell in our hall. But the true face of Shepelkirt would soon shine through. Their words were but venom. I remember well the Ginijji-mask of Red Goddess.

The war I remember, the first against Evil Empire. When *four* times honourably we fought. On the host of conquerors did Bark Bloodsword hurl his bold thunder. But the Dwarf Ford was flooded with blood of Orlanth. We fought with honour, I remember well, we fought for loyal Sartar-house, but never we fought with Urox frenzy. Only *four times* *four* good thanes saw the crowning of Tarkalor. Would you know yet more?

## • The Occupation

I remember yet the losing war – the leery eyes of Lunar soldiers after Boldhome's fall. Holy Hall closed, taxes taken, cattle corrupted and no House of Sartar. Good men sold to slavery, every widow weep and mourn. Would you know yet more?

I know of *three times three* secrets hidden. Yes – third is the secret of the hidden spark. All alone, abide the time. Listen to whispering winds in heart. Who was the spark to light the ember? I remember well the *two times two* wicked Telmori, drooling wolfs, eaters of corpses, stealers of land.

## • The Starbrow Rebellion

Who was the spark to light the ember? I know of Heort's Star Heart, hidden in the holy rooms. Eight years ago tribal kings sought their assembly-seats: Holy Ring, Council held. Vingan Warrior in swollen rage rose up. The spark was on her Brow. She was to drive leery Lunars from our land. A half score thanes from Marthiord was sent to her side. I remember yet the "Time for War". But alas, Star on Brow was not Heort's Heart. She was but *One*, and Hofstaring as well. She in exile, and he in hell. Would you know yet more...?"

# The Clan structure: Political, social and religious

## Expanded Clan History

Old Man Marthiord was a great priest of Orlanth but also followed the ways of his father, who had been a powerful Hantrafali when the Culbri were formed. Marthiord sought new myths and magics wherever he could find them, but for all his curiosity, he was a man who brooked no insult. His sword was swift, his strength of shoulder and arm prodigious, and his will to rule was like Heorts'; iron but just.

He moved with a strong following of folk to Owlflight. The highlands were good hunting and herding grounds and free from the claims of other chiefs, for the Quivini hills were thinly populated in those days.

Wishing to gain divine favour for his founding ritual, Marthiord communed with Orlanth atop of the Hill of Orlanth Victorious, as had Harmast and many other Orlanthi heroes before him. He saw Owlflight Crest and the lands

eastward to the Weeping Oak as the tula of his new clan. The clan grew quickly in numbers. Their lofty pastures, and fierce wilds around them, forged the Marthiording into a tough and hardened people.

Marthiord had seen in his founding vision from Orlanth that he was to build a mighty stead atop the Owlflight Crest on the site of an ancient copse of oak. The copse had stood upon the crest since the Dawn and was dark with spirits of jealous earth and tree. Children and cattle had disappeared from steads around the copse and all clanfolk agreed that it was an ill-thing to have such a haunted wood within the tula.

Fearing no dark tree spirits Marthiord went within the copse to challenge its power. In this he was supported by his priests and people. All watched as their chief strode into the copse without a backward glance. The dark boughs closed around Marthiord and many wailed for they feared him lost to the evil wood spirits. But amid the tall stand of trees Marthiord fought the dark spirits that surrounded him. Marthiord performed the feat of Giant Strength, learnt years past of his father, and placed his hands against the oaks that sought to crush him, and pushed. One by one they toppled. After that day, he was called the Oakbreaker.

Top Stead was built on the site of the oak copse felled by Marthiord with the wood it provided, as Orlanth had shown him. It was a mighty stead, large, warm and defensible against all but the strongest of foes. It has been the

### The Marthiording Inner Ring

#### Chief

Roharlont  
Crookednose

#### Ernalda

Minara Leafaugh

#### Barntar

Tortor Butterbur

#### Odayla

Rostalos Orldagsson

#### Voriof

Darrik of Fall Stead

#### Lawspeaker

Lightning-Lartemal

#### Esra

Sirta Soothsayer

stead of the Marthiording chiefs since its construction.

Though the lands the Marthiording occupied were blessed with good hunting and grazing, there came a time when the clan folk stretched the poor crop resources of their tula too far. Hunger visited the clan and the leaders sought solutions. Bortar Molehead, a mighty Kolating, saw signs one winter that the spirits of the Mole Fields invited the Marthiording to take possession of their lands. With springtime began a feud with the Barlamani clan, the traditional keepers of Mole Fields. Fighting erupted and blood was spilled.

Then on the night of the Moving Stones, the Marthiording called upon a great magic, long prepared. They moved their tula stones to surround the Molefields and all the steads of the Barlamani



**Roharlant Crookednose**  
boods on the fate of his clan



within those magical borders were burnt to the ground and their folk driven away or killed. The Barlamani made one last bid to retain their lands but Thiorð Blackshield broke their fyrd in the battle of the Blood Boundary.

The Culbrean King, Manstan the Wise, eventually made peace between the warring clans in what was called the Red Cauldron Treaty. Three Chieftains swore the Black Blood Oath and the south-western Lorthing Vale was shared between the Barlamani, Culbrea and Marthiording clans in a way which has survived to the present. The clan gave the King the Red Cauldron and in return received the Feather Spear, the sign of the Chief of the Marthiording ever since.

For a long time the borders of the clan were solid and they grew in prosperity. But during that time many tribes and clans from the south and north moved and fought against each other, each trying to find a tula amid a greater and greater population of Quivini. Eventually such a clan troubled the Marthiording. The Lonadani clan was newcomers who stole the lands south of Weeping Oak. They simply came one day and without word or explanation overturned, then moved, the tula stones and called upon terrible magics to ward off the Marthiording response. Half the clan fell sick and all the warriors were struck by strange fears, no matter how often they prayed to Orlanth and Vingkot for courage. For many years the Lonandi kept the lands, even against raid, feud and magic. But when the Lonadani held a ritual during the Ratsummer at the Vengecairn Walls they received the reward for their evil-doing. A great fog surrounded them and when the fog lifted the whole clan was gone, as if they had never been. Some of the priests avowed that the Lonandi hadn't existed in the first place and had only been sent by Orlanth to test the clan. Whatever the reason, the

Marthiording tried to move back into their old lands and resettle.

But alas, now the evil Rindebarg clan, of the Aranwyth tribe, claimed the lands and moved their own people in to stop the Marthiording resettling. The chief of the Marthiording at the time, Steinorl Red-eye, swore on Humakt that he would drive the Rindebarg from his lands and he came armed with the Thunder of Orlanth and the rightness of his cause. Yet the Rindebarg came so armed as well and the sky broke with the sound of clashing clouds. Both clans backed their powerful storm chiefs as they took to the air to fight. This was the Thunder Wars, where Steinorl fell to the enemy. Either ale or lightning took his life. The Marthiording were defeated and had to withdraw to the Owlflight Crest.

This was the situation until the reign of Prince Jarolar. During that time the King of the Culbrea tribe came from the Marthiording. His name was Bark Bloodsword and he was a great hero of Orlanth. With the breath of Thunder at his command and the Song of the Otter-Rattle he asked for and received the help of the Stirlgon clan. In a series of raids and small battles his flying thanes and their allies chased the Rindebarg east of Weeping Oak. As a reward for their help the Stirlgon received parts of the land.

For 50 years there has been a quiet feud with the hardy Varnding clan. The origins of this enmity are shrouded in the veils of time. Up into the present time it has never escalated to a right-out bloodfeud though. It has always been possible to negotiate the disagreements within the frames of the quarterly tribal moot. There have been casualties in the past though, and the dangers of blood-spilling are never far from tribal concerns but this inter-tribal hate in no way reach the level of hate that Marthiording reserves for the Rindebarg.

The greatest change that troubled the Marthiording was the coming of the Empire. When the minions of Shepelkirt first came to the clan lands, they were given hospitality, as was promised in the laws of Heort. Their words and message soon caused trouble amongst the clan and after two clansmen lost their lives over their twisted witterings, the Imperials were outlawed from the tula.

When foul missionaries failed to subvert, the empire resorted to the overt. Armies of crimson, with ranks of gold came against brave Sartar and the Prince rallied all who would stand for the Kingdoms freedom. He did not find the Marthiording wanting in courage. Four times the fyrd mustered to battle. Bark Bloodsword, the summoned hero and ancestor, hurled his thunder at his foes and strode the air upon his lightning steed but in the end, Orlanths champions were felled by foul magics and great forces of iron and gilt. So the wars continued and the Marthiording did their duty, though never with the killer-frenzy of some clans, like the warlike Gwador or the infamous Varmandi of the Colymar.

When the end came for Sartar and Boldhome fell, the Empire had slain the best thanes and paupered the richest carls. With more canniness than some, the Marthiording accepted the peace and saved the imposition of a shameful tribute. No more was to be gained by fighting, for there was little left to fight with.

Eventually the clans of the Culbrea regained much strength, for the occupation was not crushing at that time, as it later became. Hofstaring Treeleaper brought the clans of the Culbrea into alliance with the powerful Vingan heroquester, Kallyr Starbrow and drove the Empire out of Sartar for a brief time. Victories were won but the Marthiording did not send all of their strength, fearing a repeat of the previous defeats and losses.

**Windblown Herder**

*"Grandfather Culbi the Old had a brother now called Windblown Herder. His real name is forgotten. He wandered the hills in loneliness and he herded his sheep's on the highest of heights. Something must have happened with him because he remained in this world when he should have left it. He is a bad spirit of misfortune - in contrast with his hailed and hallowed brother. Therefore, it is always evil-boding to encounter the spirit of Wind-Blown Herder when one wanders the hills. Last year Harladan Ingsson med him. Shortly afterwards Harladan was smitten down by a cave bear. Windblown Herder looks like a naked madman with a tattooed left arm always carrying a shepherd's crook seemingly made of iron. And he wears large shoes made of sheep-wool."*



The caution of the ring was justified when the rebels met defeat at the hands of Lunar magics and disbanded the rebellion.

**The Clan Statistics**

**Temples**

Temple: Medium (Orlanth)

Temple: Small (Odayla)

**Shrines to:**

Ernalda (in Orlanth Temple)

Barntar (In Orlanth Temple)

Uralda

**Tula Size:** 120 hydes

**Land Use:**

Grain: 40

Livestock: 40

Hunting: 40

**Economic Specialty:**

Hunting

**Population:** 560

**Weaponthanes:** 6

**Fyrd:** 112

**Wealth Rating:** 11/9

**(Thralls):** 0

**Goals:**

- (1). Rebellion/learning
- (2). Anti-Lunar/conquest
- (3). Peace/prosperity

**Values:**

- (1). Courage
- (2). Piety
- (3). Caution/novelty

**Threat Rating:** 7/13

**Morale Rating:** 9/11

**Magic Rating:** 12/8

**Ancient Allies:** Mostali

**Dragons:** Positive

**Ancient Enemies:**

Aldryami

**Recent Enemies:**

Rindebarg clan

**Neighbours:**

Rindebarg, old feud

**Notable persons**

**Roharlont Crookednose**

**Chieftain of the clan.** This sturdy man in his early fourties has been utterly defaistic and broken since the Starbrow rebellion. From being a good warrior and an embodiment of Orlanth he is now most interested in listening to sad ballads dealing with heavy life-conditions. Sometimes he goes hunting in the wilderness where he doesn't have to be confronted with the signs of Lunar occupation. He is still chocked by the fate of Hofstaring Treeleaper.

When all the tribes were forced to hand over their weapons he lost a magic lunar sword which had been in the bloodline's possession since King Tarkalor's reign. Roharlont never wears a sword after that incident.

**Ernaldesta Varlandsdotter**

**Chiefs wife.** Quite the contrary to her husband, Ernaldesta is aggressive and action-oriented to a degree that would never have been tolerated in the Ernalda cult had she been in a higher position. (Since she is married she can't join the Vinga mysteries.) She is quick, swift, sarcastic and often of a bad temper. Often she tries to egg on young men against the Lunars, but that she has to do in secret.

**Lightning-Lartemal**

**Lawspeaker of the clan.** This pompous Storm Voice is described in the tribal council section.



## Tortor Butterbur

**Barntar of the clan.** Proprietor of the little beer-hall at Deer Hall. (To call it an inn would be too great a credit.) Tortor is a cosy but little distracted character often mumbling to himself. Slow and thoughtful he can be irritated though. Behind this seemingly plain facade hides a very important man. As a Barntar representative he is most influential at the clan's inner ring. In his youth he was a member of Geo and still sends generous donations to Geo's at Jonstown. In his secret and sheltered herb garden, guarded by aggressive shadow cats, Tortor grows quite unique spices for his various beers and meads. Tortor is an initiate of Orlanth-Barntar, Esra and Geo.

### Minara Leaflaugh

**Earth Mother.** Calculating and economic. A bit dry in her character, but cunning in things religious. Has raised seven

children together with Ormgerin Asmandsson. Minara has pilgrimaged to Wintertop. She was scared by the sights of Maran Gor there.

### Darrik of Fall Stead

**Voiof of the Ring.** Caused a minor sensation four years ago, when - after a strange life as a single - he married Molene Karesdotter, a beautiful young woman of the Barlamani clan. The couple leads a quite herder-life in contemplation and relative isolation since. His only contact with the clan is as a council member. Darrik is also a devotee of Heler.

### Rostalor Orladagsson

**Odayla of the Ring.** 40 years old, he was the Culbrea Great Hunter between 1612 and 1615. He has successfully hunted prey in Heortland, Grazelands and the Vale of Flowers. His greatest trophy is a Triceratops-head adorning the high seat of his

stead. Being cousin to Tortor Butterbur of Deer Hall he is an often-seen guest at the inn together with his wife. Rostalor has met the Master Hunter of the Sazdorf trolls - Jonakel - whom he holds in a confused respect.

### Yorsar Swordsong

A grim and stern guy who doesn't talk much. Cold in his character in an unpleasant way. This includes his relations with the opposite sex, consequently he has only had two year-wife marriages, both utterly failed. But, he is the best warrior of the clan and leads rites to Orlanth the Warrior when needed. Also influential at the council of King Galvharst. The leader of the Marthiording fyrd in case of tribal warfare.

### Ormgerin Asmandsson

**Secondary Storm Voice of the clan.** More confident and stable than Lightning-Lartemal he doesn't like the promiscuous living of the latter. Ormgerin himself has an unshakeable marriage with the Ernalda priestess Minara which have resulted in seven children. Ormgerin has a middle position between the high-flown and pompous Lightning-Lartemal and an aggressive, almost mad, Orlanth Godi named Bjornai the Dark, who almost yearns for a suicidal uprising against the Lunars.

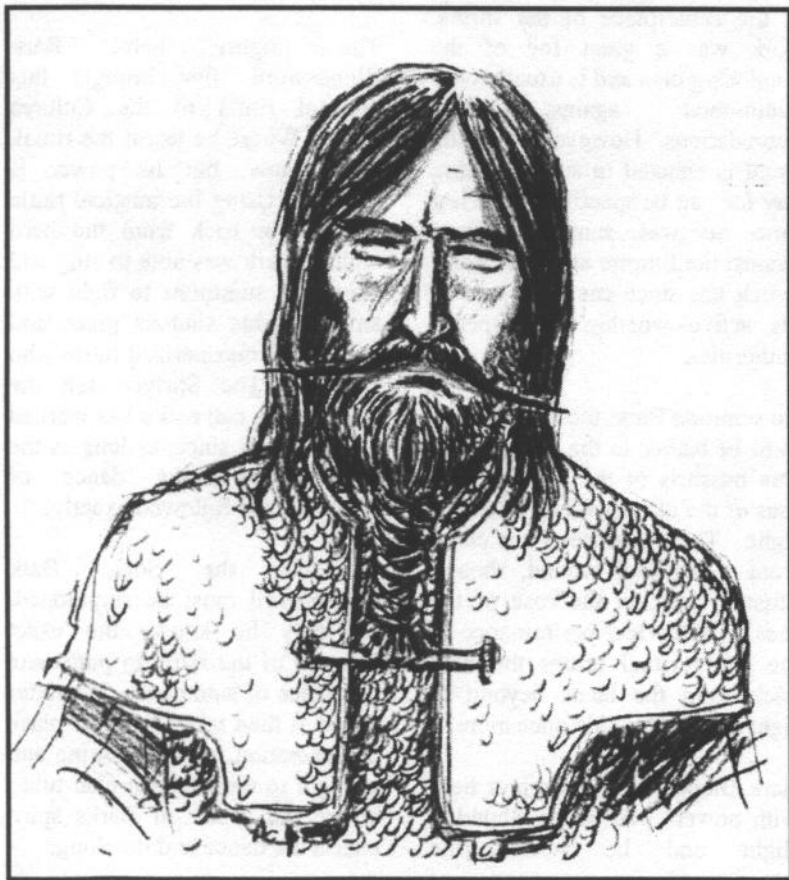
## The positions

**Political and mythic powers and responsibilities.**

### Chief

#### (1). The Feather Spear

This weapon of power was gifted to the clan for their peaceful acquiescence to the Red Cauldron Treaty, forged by Manstan the Wise. Manstan warned the clan that the weapon was fey and



Yorsar Swordsong

unpredictable of spirit but would serve them well in wars to come. Indeed it has proven so. He who wields the weapon is gifted with the feats it is empowered with by ancient magics. The feats are:

The Shield Shatter feat – when thrown, the spear will destroy an opponent's shield when cast at them, as long as the summons of its power is performed correctly

The Fear spear feat – the spear strikes terror into the hearts of those it is pointed at and defeated in a magical struggle of power against power.

The Impaling Earth feat – when the Feather spear is driven into the ground, its buried head appears anywhere within sight range of the wielder, from the ground. This can be targeted to hit foes in the feet, the legs or to disable them in some other way. The distance that the spear head appears from the place of the spear thrust is only determined by line of sight, there is no other restriction.

## (2). The hand of Marthiord

Marthiord made the clan strong through feats of strength and skill but most of all, through generosity. The hand of Marthiord obligates he who leads the Marthiording. He must give away half of his possessions upon becoming Chief, to the benefit of the clan, and he must ever after be generous in all things. Unstinting generosity in his gifting of clan folk is the mark of a Marthiording chief.

## (3). The Oak staves

When Marthiord destroyed the Oak copse that stood where Top Stead stands now, he took each of the dark wood spirits he defeated and bound each of them to a separate stave made from the hearts-wood of their tree. Once there were twelve staves, now there are seven, some withered to dust when their spirits were destroyed in battle. The staves

can only be commanded by the rightful chief of the Marthiording and usually stand in his hall at Top Stead, awaiting summons. When called upon, the staves release temporarily the spirits of the dark trees to do battle for the Marthiording. These oak-wights fight with the very elements of nature and defeat foes with sharp thorn, strangling vine and poisonous spore.

To ensure the obedience of the staves, the chief must enact the Marthiord quest every year at sacred time to reaffirm the bonds of control upon the spirits. If he has not performed the ritual, the staves will not act upon his orders.

## (4). The Bloodsword summons

Bark Bloodsword was one of the greatest Marthiording chiefs and Kings of the Culbrea, some say he rivals Marthiord himself in power and prestige. Bark has a shrine devoted to him at Top Stead. His weapon of fame, the Bloodsword is the centerpiece of the shrine. Bark was a great foe of the Rindebarg clan and is usually only summoned against their depredations. However, when the ritual is enacted to summon him, any foe can be specified. The last time he was summoned was against the Empire at Dwarf Ford, which has since caused a ban on his active worship by Imperial authorities.

To summon Bark, the Bloodsword must be bathed in the blood of ten true huscarls of the clan and ten foes of the clan that they intend to fight. The blood need not come from a terminal wound, though often it does, in the case of the foes. The correct performance of the grisly ritual brings the hero back from the lands beyond to fight at his clans side once more.

Bark Bloodsword is a minor hero with powers over storm, thunder, flight and he wields the Bloodsword, a weapon of ferocious hunger.

Note, only by enacting the Bloodsword summons wills the Song of the Otter-Rattle be available to the chief and therefore, unless this ritual is enacted, the Stirlgon summons will not be possible.

## (5). The Lonandi summons

The evil Lonandi clan disappeared under mysterious circumstances, but the Marthiording reoccupied their lands. Since that time, whenever the Marthiording enacted a summons of evil ritual they **always** summoned Lonandi clansmen instead of their intended foe. Several quests to find out why this should be, over the years, have produced little in the way of hard facts. Speculation indicates that the Lonandi have embodied evil in that place and in that area representation of the hero-plane and as a result, they affect the rituals to this day.

## (6). Song of the Otter Rattle

The mighty hero, Bark Bloodsword, first brought this unusual ritual to the Culbrea lands. Where he learnt the ritual, none know, but its power is evident. Using the magical rattle he brought back from the hero realms, Bark was able to sing and dance his summons to fight with an irresistible sinuous grace and power that mesmerized those who saw it. The Stirlgon felt the power of its call and it has worked on them ever since, as long as the actions of Barks dance of summons are followed exactly.

To use the Song, Bark Bloodsword must be summoned, for only he knows the exact motions of the rattle to punctuate the dance of summons. The Otter Rattle is then taken from its place of veneration in Barks shrine and brought to the Stirlgon clan tula , where the avatar of Barks spirit enacts the dance and the Song.



The Stirlgon clan often do not wish to answer the summons and so will have their own lawspeaker watch every step of the complicated dance to see its closeness to Barks original movement. If the match is not exact, they can ignore the summons to battle.

### **(7). The Stirlgon summons.**

Can only be performed with a successful enactment of both the Bloodsword ritual and the Song of the Otter Rattle. These two rituals give the clan the tools they require to force the Stirlgon to give them aid. The Stirlgon aided the Marthiording against the evil Rindebarg during the Thunder Wars. The might of Bark Bloodsword and the strength of his Song of the Otter Rattle summoned them to battle. However, the key part of the ritual is the offer of compensation for their efforts. Only by offering this will the Stirlgon be bound into the summons ritual and send their fyrd to fight at the Marthiording side.

The offer must be of land that the Stirlgon can use. The land can be currently owned by someone other than the Marthiording...

## **Barntar**

Responsibilities (as well as those listed for the Gwador Barntar, which are standard to most Barntar representatives, the Marthiording have one peculiar to their clan)

### **The Mole Fields tribute**

Every year the clan gives tribute to the spirits of the Mole-Fields. The mole spirits who live there are sentient, long in memory and loyal to the clan that they sponsored to farm their ancestral lands. In return for their support, the clan sends thanks their way in the sacred time rituals and uses their friendship with the Owls of

the Crest to ask them to hunt elsewhere that year. In this way, the moles of the Fields, once prime targets for Owl hunger, are kept safe and their spirits are content.

## **Lawspeaker**

### **The Steinorl Oath**

When Steinorl Red-Eye, chief of the Marthiording swore that he would rid his lands of the Rindebarg, he chose to swear on Humakt. Such an other was harder than iron and Steinorl knew this. What he didn't know was that he'd bound his bloodline and all chiefs who followed him to this oath by the drunken foolishness of its utterance:

"By Humakts sword and the truth of his soul, the Rindebarg will be driven off the lands of our right, by the Chief of the Marthiording!"

The Lawspeaker has repeatedly reminded the clan that this is an oath that is binding to all chiefs of the Marthiording, for Steinorl did not specify a specific chief. The Lawspeakers task is to remind the clan of that responsibility and the dangers of not attempting to fulfil the oath to the best of the clans ability.

## **Voriof**

As well as the normal duties of the Voriof in initiating and instructing the young men of the clan in their duties, the Voriof of the Marthiording has the lifetime task of furthering the Varnding feud.

When the clans grew to fill their tulas, the shepherds of the Varnding grazed their sheep in the high hills of Marthiording land. The Voriof of the Marthiording at the time saw this and retaliated under his own initiative. He grazed his herds upon their lands, in their hills and fought off young shepherds who sought to change

his mind. Since that day, the sheep-herders of both clans have continued a low level feud under the noses of their disinterested chiefs, who think the matter too petty even for a casual moot. The level of violence has been low as befits a guerilla war fought by men and boys armed with sticks, fighting over inhospitable hills for grazing.

Eventually someone will get hurt seriously or a death will call for vengeance and the dispute could become very important to both clans. Total blood-feuds have been started over less.

## **Odayla**

### **The Owl Pact**

When the Marthiording first came to the Owl-flight crest their hunters scouted out the lands and saw the great Owls who inhabited its many copses and high places and marveled at their majesty. The Owls were friendly to the newcomers as they showed respect for their nests. Marthiord was spoken to by the greater Owls of the crest on several occasions. In return for knowledge from the owls, Marthiord told his master hunter to seek out the predators that stalked the Owl nests and slay them. From that day on the Owls have been friends with the Marthiording. They give information to the clan of the night movements of their foes and in return the clan Odaylans help protect their nests.

The clan Odayla therefore spends much of his time with the owls and knows them well, their nests, their ways and their enemies. In return, when he hunts at night there are eyes working for him on every tree.

# *Antirius at the Hill of Gold*

A story told in Darjiin

By Stephen Martin

When the Glacier advanced upon Dara Happa, Emperor Manarlavus protected the entire Empire of Dara Happa by constructing the great Dome to cover it. However, in doing so he separated Antirius from the Orb of the Eye, which until then had always hovered over the head of the Bright God. Without the Orb, Antirius' authority could not be complete, and so the world continued to rebel against him, rightful heir of Yelm, even though he was not present.

For many ages Antirius and Dara Happa remained within the Dome, but when at last it was opened Emperor Vanyoramet peered out into the broken, blasted world. With far seeing eyes he pierced the darkness, and faraway saw the golden gleam of the Orb, far to the south. Together he and Antirius determined that they must seek the Orb of the Eye, for only with its aid would they be able to defend Dara Happa.

Before they left they prepared themselves, though all they had left to eat was carrots and warm water. Vanyoramet and Antirius then left the Dome in the south, through a secret way so that the monsters and demons would not be able to follow back into the Dome. They traveled along the Dead Gullet, where bountiful Oslira had once lain. They lost sight of the Orb while in the dead riverbed, unable to climb up the steep cliffs, but when they came to the Silverbark tree its light led them up out of the canyons.

The two gods wandered for many turnings of the Timekeeper, but found no sight of the Orb until they came to the Hut of the Opossum, who showed them the secret spark he had found. This spark had come from the Orb, and the two gods followed the crafty creature to the Hill of Gold, so-called because the presence of the Orb brought golden light there even in the world of the Black Sky. Before Antirius and Vanyoramet could seek out the Orb, they were attacked by the Selfish God, who sought to possess all of the world. Although they should have been victorious, the Justice of the old days was useless, and Truth was without value to the Selfish God. Strengthened by greed, Vanyoramet's Other took the Spear of Dominion from Antirius and used it to strike down the Emperor, slaying him with his own weapon. Antirius too was wounded, but was able to escape with the body of Vanyoramet before both were torn apart by the wild storm demons there.

Antirius had been weakened at the Hill of Gold, but it was more important than ever that he retrieve the stolen regalia. With the hero Vergustus, he returned to the Hill of Gold. The two came better prepared for battle: Vergustus bore the Shield of Purity, which would enable him to resist the Spear of Dominion, and Antirius was again covered with the Cloak of Sovereignty. No ritual meal could be made for them this time, and they chose to eat nothing rather than garbage. This time Antirius needed no guide, which was well since none remained in the world, not even faithful Derdo.

As soon as Antirius and Vergustus reached the Hill of Gold they were attacked by the Cruel God, who led them into his trap by showing them the Orb of the Eye from afar. All might have been well, but vain glorious Vergustus rushed in to do battle for personal glory, without waiting for the Mantle of God to protect him. The Cruel God revealed himself to be the Black Shadow, the Other of Yelm, and no lesser being could stand against him. With the Flail of Destruction he shattered the Shield of Purity, and with a second blow killed brave Vergustus. He then turned on Antirius, and wounded the Bright God as well with the third and final blow. Antirius escaped only because of the prayers of the loyal people of Dara Happa, which brought him home before he could be eaten, as Vergustus was.

When Antirius returned to Dara Happa, he saw that the Dome had been brought down in more places. The monsters and demons were bolder, and had eaten a whole family of Alkoth. He saw that the river had rebelled again, and had drowned the city of Raibanth. He saw that the last of the stars had fallen from the sky, and burned down parts of Yuthuppa. He saw that Dara Happa could no longer be protected, and so he returned to the Hill of Gold a third time, with Emperor Manimat and all of the people who were left alive. But Antirius had been too gravely wounded, and by the time they reached the Hill of Gold he was near to death, and had to be carried upon a black ox. The Cutter came upon him, wielding the Blade of Destiny. Antirius knew that he must now join his master Bijiif, the ashen Yelm, in the Underworld, and he feared that his death would also mean the death of his people. But he was still the Bearer of Justice, and before the Cutter could take the Cloak of Sovereignty for her own he turned so that she sliced some strips off of it with her icy blade. Without the Cloak, the last light went



out in the world; Antirius died, and his corpse froze and turned blue.

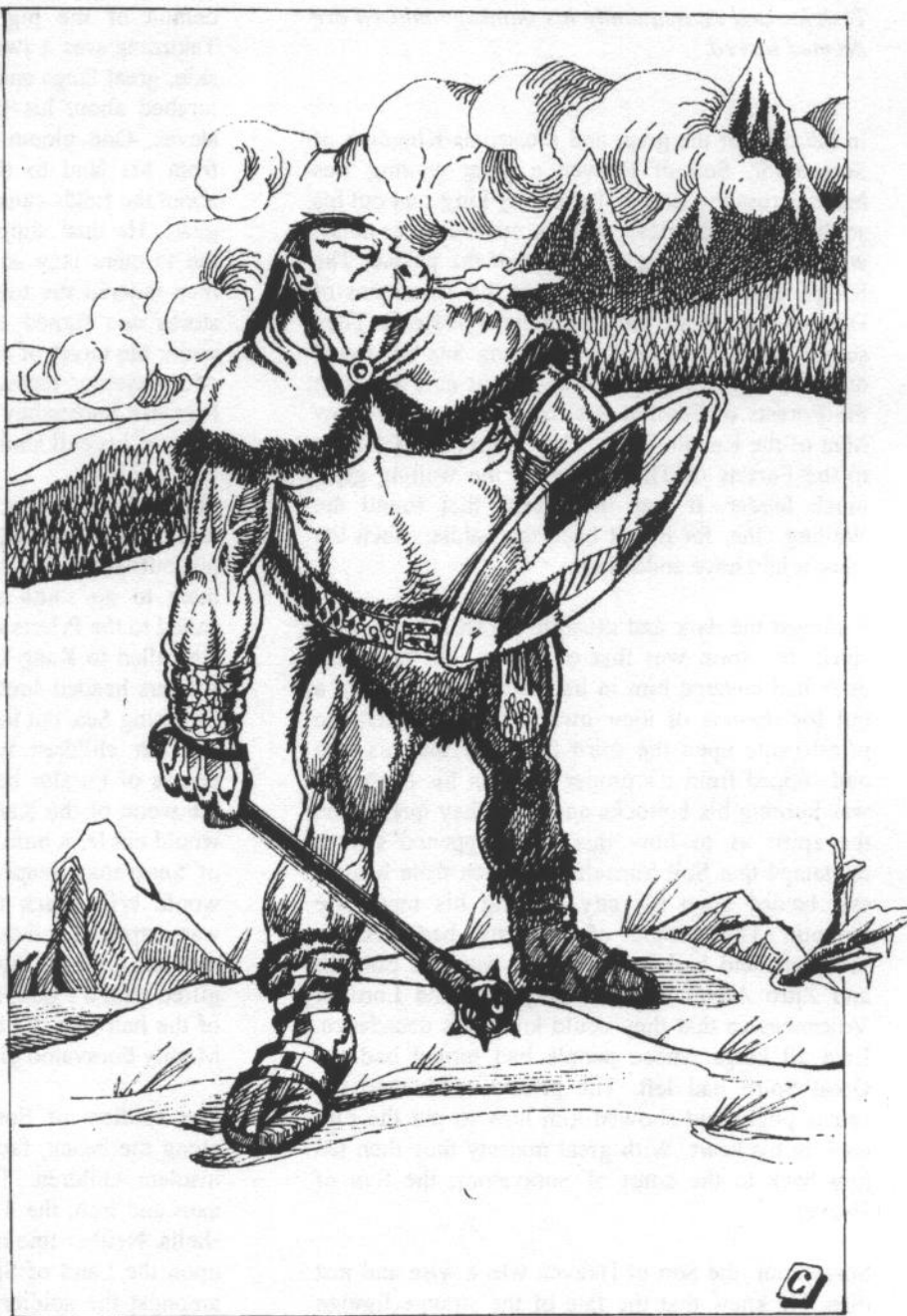
However, his few remaining followers, led by Manimat the Most Worthy, took up the strips which he had caused to be cut off the Cloak. These provided them with light and heat in the cold and dark world. They fled the Hill of Gold, and eventually founded the mountain-top city called Darokon many miles to the west, in Darjiin.

## The Hill of Gold?

### What is the Hill of Gold?

It is one of the most prominent myths of central Genertela, or at least so we must presume from the wide array of deities who claim to have fought there. Yet surprisingly little has been published about it, and so few details are known. The cult of Yelmlio mentions that Yelmlio fought there, and that he was defeated there by Orlanth and Zorak Zoran. The Glorious ReAscent of Yelm tells that Antirius faced the Selfish God and the Cruel God, and also died. Ancient sources indicate that Inora was present as well, and also defeated Yelmlio. The basic form of the myth is relatively simple. Four gods go to the Hill of Gold (believed by most people to be in Vanch), and fight a series of battles. The first "day," Yelmlio fights Orlanth and Inora faces Zorak Zoran. The second, Yelmlio fights Zorak Zoran and Orlanth faces Inora. The last set of battles is between Yelmlio and Inora, and Orlanth and Zorak Zoran. But who really fought at the Hill of Gold - was it Yelmlio, Antirius, or some other primeval Sun God? Was the dark competitor Zorak Zoran, a troll god, or Kazkurtum, the Other of Yelm? There is also doubt about the location of the mythical Hill of Gold, and indeed I find it doubtful that all of the myths name it such. The Hill of Gold is a real place, but it can also be seen as a metaphor for the Center of the World, which is known

variously as the Spike, the Cosmic Mountain, the Primal Tree, and the Throne of Yelm. I believe that local myths will give it different names, such as Challenge Peak or the Hill of Victory. I also think it likely that tellers of a myth will substitute a local, prominent feature for the historically-known Hill of Gold: Mount Kero Fin in Dragon Pass, Top of the World Mountain in Ralios, the Winter Ruins in Prax, etc. As with all myth, the truth is in the eyes and faith of the believers. There are many variations on the myth of the Hill of Gold, all told from different viewpoints. Each deals with the myth in a different way: In some the Hill of Gold is the source of Sovereignty, in others it is about marriage, in yet another it is a silly story about the trickster. Some may seem more valid to you than others, and I encourage you to change the others to fit your own needs.



# Soravatoor

## The Son of Heaven and the Monkey King

By Simon Bray

### Introduction

*This is a tale from ancient Teshnos. Soorvatoor was a king before the Dawn who is believed to have established Teshnos culture, the Land of Splendour that has now slipped beneath the infamous lethargy. The story is highly popular on the mainland as the rebel Harstar is sometimes associated with the demon Takuzang in propaganda, in many villages the story has once again become used by the shadow puppet masters. Kang Luway is often seen as a comically heroic everyman/trickster figure in Teshnos and consequently his monkey children are deemed sacred.*

In the time of the great and illustrious Kingdom of Soravatoor, Son of Heaven a great wailing was heard across the lands. The mighty king sent out his soldiers and his priests to seek out the great noise, which was disturbing the peace of the palace. The King's men sought first amongst the Mountains of Diamond but found only the Statues of Brass. They sought south as far as the Churning Sea but found only the Eggs of Sofal. They sought east as far as the Forests of Fethlon but found only the Yellow Men of the Kanula Trees. Finally they sought West to the Forests of Thoskal where the wailing grew much louder. It was the priests that found the Wailing One, for had it been the soldiers then the story might have ended here.

Amongst the dark and dreadful forest sat a mighty spirit. His form was that of a man, but the great gods had covered him in hair and bestowed him a tail for reasons of their own knowing. When the priest came upon the spirit they saw that his Fire had slipped from its proper place in his heart and was burning his buttocks and tail. They questioned the spirit as to how this had happened and it explained that Solf himself had fallen from heaven and landed upon his city, scaring his inner fire without. The people of his city had become indulgent and had forgotten the ways of Somash and Zitro Argan and had prayed to the Lord of Volcanoes so that they could know his decadence. Like all kings whose people had turned bad the Great Spirit had left. The priests understood the spirits plight and showed him how to put the Fire back in his heart. With great majesty they then led him back to the court of Soravatoor, the Son of Heaven.

Soravatoor, the Son of Heaven was a wise and just man. He knew that the fate of the strange foreign

king spirit could happen to any lord whose people were foolish. Soravatoor named the spirit Kang Luway or King with his Fire Without. He then called for his barbers to shave off Kang Luway's animal hair and his tailors to dress him. Kang Luway then sat at the feet of Soravatoor and listened to the words of Zitro Argan.

To the south of the Splendid Lands of Soravatoor, Son of Heaven, there lay an evil kingdom inhabited by wicked gods. The king of the island was a demon of the night called Takuzang. The evil Takuzang was a twisted and ugly fiend, with blue skin, great fangs and wicked claws. He strutted and lurched about his land keeping all his people as slaves. One gloom filled night Takuzang stalked from his land to the Splendid Lands; he lurked about the fields causing crops to wither and trees to gnarl. He then slipped into the villages and made the farmers lazy and the women grow warts. He then entered the towns and befouled all the grain stores and turned all the gold into lead. Finally under the cover of night he crawled into the Palace of Soravatoor through a mouse hole and stole the Princess Subanahey from her bed and carried her away to his evil land.

Soravatoor, the Son of Heaven mourned greatly the loss of his daughter, fearing that her Fire had been put out. He called to his soldiers and commanded them to go south and bring back her body. He called to the Priests of Furalor to make a great pyre. He called to Kang Luway to grieve with him. The soldiers headed south and came to the edge of the Churning Sea, but they had stolen the Eggs of Sofal and her children would not let them pass. The priests of Furalor built a great pyre, but they used the wood of the Kanula trees and the Yellow Men would not let it burn. Kang Luway seeing the plight of Soravatoor leaped to his feet and said that he would bring back the Princess. King Soravatoor was surprised and asked what his servant wanted to aid him. Kang Luway humbly requested to be gifted with a cloud, a fire hardened stick and a lock of the hair that the barbers had cut from his body. Mighty Soravatoor gladly gave Kang Luway all.

The soldiers of Soravatoor stood in a great line along the beach, facing the Turtle Mother and her insolent children. The soldiers were armed with axes and iron, the Turtle's Children with clubs and shells. Neither line moved for fear of casting blood upon the Land of Splendour. Kang Luway arrived amongst the soldiers carrying his cloud, his stick



and his fur. "How will those save the Princess?" asked the mighty thewed captain of the army, "Ook, you shall see" replied Kang Luway and leapt atop the cloud. With a mighty whistle the cloud flew south to the evil land with Kang Luway aboard.

The evil Demon King Takuzang had fallen in love with the beauty of the Princess Subanahey. He had locked her in a tower of bones and each day would visit her with gifts of magic and mystery. Each day the Princess Subanahey closed her eyes to the ugly visage of her captor and prayed that Furalor might take her. Each day the Demon howled his annoyance and the land shook.

Kang Luway flew across the Churning Sea upon the cloud and landed upon the evil shores. The Monster Army had heard the whistle of his magic and had gathered upon the cliffs to slay him. Kang Luway was not a mortal however and his magic was great, with a mighty leap he jumped over the army. As he leaped he let go of the lock of fur that wise Soravatoor had given to him. When the hair hit the ground it transformed into an army of monkeys that ravaged the Monster Army with teeth and claws. Kang Luway then leaped again and came to land at the base of the Bone Tower. The Demon King appeared at the gate, his blue skin shining, his horns rattling and his teeth gnashing. Kang Luway was not afraid, and knew that Takuzang was just a nightmare. He hefted his stick as a spear and his cloud as a shield and charged his foe. The nightmare could not withstand the truth of a servant of Soravatoor, Son of Heaven and was split asunder. Kang Luway then used the

bones, the teeth and the horns of the Demon King to forge a ladder and climbed to the prison of Princess Subanahey. With a twitch of his mighty muscles Kang Luway smashed down the doors and swept the Princess atop his cloud and her back to her father.

King Soravatoor was pleased. So pleased that he returned the Eggs of Sofal to Turtle Mother and the Wood of the Kanula Tree to the Yellow Men. He praised Kang Luway and made him a temple in which to live. His great Wot was then built upon the spot that he had been discovered. He then returned the Monkey King his fur and decreed "Though Kang Luway may not be a man and his skin is covered with fur, his heart burns with as great a Fire as any man in the realm of Soravatoor, Son of Heaven".



# Mother Power <sup>[1]</sup>

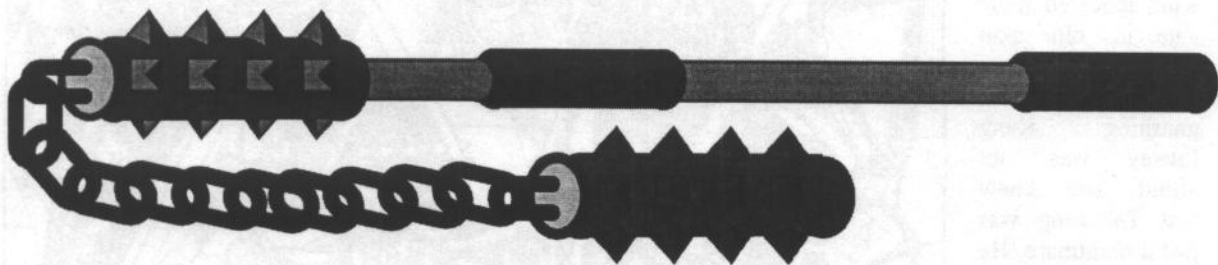
By Hans van Halteren

The Lunar Empire strives towards happiness for all its people, preferably through enlightenment. Now the road to this goal can be different for each individual person. However, some roads are better paved and more easily accessible than others. Each of the Seven Mothers provides one such road for their followers, as shown by the Mother's main motto:

Of these only Jakaleel's motto has a meaning which is not immediately obvious.<sup>[2]</sup> Most people assume that it refers to the insane family members who can be left safely in the care of the Asylums. More likely are references to the connection between madness and Darkness and secrecy. Only Jakaleel's followers will ever know the truth, and whether there is indeed a third part to the motto: OUT OF TIME.

Teelo Norri	Baby Mother	Selflessness, Love IT IS BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE
Yanafal Tarnils	Sporty Mother	Control, Mastery PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT
Deezola	Posh Mother	Cooperation, Politics UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED WE FALL
She Who Waits	Red Mother	Patience, Inaction EVERYTHING COMES TO THOSE WHO WAIT
Irripi Ontor	Sad Mother	Knowledge, Wisdom KNOW THYSELF
Danfiv Xaron	Bad Mother	Pain, Discipline NO PAIN, NO GAIN
Jakaleel	Mad Mother	Madness OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND

- (1) With acknowledgement of and apologies to the Spice Girls.
- (2) There is also mention of an alternative motto, THERE IS NOTHING TO FEAR BUT FEAR ITSELF, connected to the title "Scary Mother", but the use of this title has been declared double-plus-ungood by the Ministry of Truth.



Glorantha's Worst Books - Nr. 5

How I did it –  
Arkat's Travels to the Other Side



## Lore Auction 1998

Sandy Petersen, Nick Brooke, David Hall and MOB sell out secrets

Transcribed by Johan Lindholm

*This Lore Auction was an event on 1998's TENTACLES-Convention, Bacharach. Sandy stands for Sandy Petersen, Nick means Nick Brooke, MOB is Michael O'Brien, David is David Hall, AM stands for Audience Member.*

**AM:** This stems from a recent discussion on the Glorantha Digest - it is the Malkioni afterlife theme. I was under the impression that when you get into Solace you are out of circulation forever. Those who are there can not be contacted in any way and there is no way to know that they are there or, well, to get any kind of input from those who are already there. Is this the case?

**Sandy:** Solace is not a place accessible to normal shamanic or theistic rituals.

**Nick:** Only the Malkioni can contact those who are in Solace.

**Sandy:** And maybe they are faking.

**AM:** The question is, can the Malkioni contact their forefathers. Is it possible to do necromancy on someone?

**Sandy:** Yes. Some say they can. Some say that when you do necromancy you just call up some stupid spirit.

**Nick:** That is the kind of Brithini angle on things because they do not believe in an afterlife. So they would say that necromancy is like calling up phantoms, visions and mirages, and spiritual fragments and residue of people.

**Sandy:** They certainly can not go on a spirit walk and just talk to them like shamans can. On the other hand, we know that there was ancestor worship in the First Age among the Malkioni, but it might have been very different from what it is like now in say Prax. It might not have been the same kind of thing, they might have had spirits come possessing and things like that.

**Nick:** In the old Cults of Prax write-up what it says is, that in the First Age the Malkioni were ancestor worshippers, and their ancestors grew really big and powerful through this. It may be that was a way of saying that Malkion was a man, an ancestor, and is now worshipped as this great Invisible God-Prophet thing. Just because it was such a successful ancestor worship.

**Sandy:** But it also is possible that they could [contact ancestors] then. But I do not think that any Malkioni now can directly contact ancestors with much success.

**Nick:** I do not think so. But we do know that there are saints who died, went to Solace, and still are

accessible. Because it is miraculous, it is in the nature of a saint - they can break the laws.

**Sandy:** Some Malkioni say that saints are false gods too. The real saints - though they respect them - in afterlife you can not get to them. Other Malkioni say, no you can talk to them, the saints are so powerful - they are like Bodhisattvas. Basically there is so much discussion about this in Malkioni countries, that it is pretty obvious they do not have any reliable information.

**Nick:** I think the answer is that the physical facts on the ground are that yet it is definitely true that nobody who is not a Malkioni can communicate with, contact or understand those in Solace. That is given. And that the Malkioni themselves do not understand the precise rules by which saints can talk to us although they are in Solace. If they are in Solace. That is where all the arguments come from because people say, "Well, hang on. He is dead, he is a saint and he is in Solace, and you can not communicate with those in Solace." And then some Malkioni say "Well we can communicate with those in Solace. Those of our church can."

**Sandy:** Another argument is that although you go into Solace and are out of contact, you can leave something of yours behind that can do things for those who are left.

**Nick:** Which would kind of explain how the Malkioni saints, although some of them lived inside time, are nevertheless bound by the compromise. Because the saintly interaction with the world they set up is like a strictly ...

**Sandy:** It is like an artificial thing almost they made, which is another reason not to worship them or to worship them, depending on what you think of it. But it is obvious that something is going on, that some Malkioni are getting power in some way, but it is so vague and nebulous that it makes it very easy for everyone else in the world to assume that if you are a Malkioni and you die, you just vanish from the world, you are gone.

**AM:** For my second Mark I would like to throw in a little addition to my question. I have thought it rather reasonable that given that it is generally thought that you can not reach someone in Solace, at least some have saints not yet gone into Solace, they are eligible for Solace but they have chosen to stay outside in order to help others.

**Sandy:** I do not think that the Malkioni think that you stay behind without going into Solace. I think they say that a saint that you can contact has gone into Solace but he is still able to reach back.

**Nick:** It is in the miraculous nature of a saint.

**Sandy:** You have to remember that the reason a Bodhisattva has to stay out of going into afterlife is, that after he goes to afterlife he loses his personality. Most Malkioni do not think that in Solace you meld into the great one, so that the saints are there with their full personality. They just think that they are able to reach back through.

**Nick:** Given that it is known that some of the greatest Malkioni saints were seen going into Solace - Malkion, Hrestol, Rokar - it can not be a general truth that Malkioni saints are not in Solace. But it could certainly be so for some sects. This guy is from that loser sect which does not have a real saint. The guy they had died and did not go into Solace, so now they have come up with this elaborate concocted excuse: No saints do not go to Solace when they die, they go to hell and suffer.

**AM:** What I was arguing was that it is reasonable for some to think it is like that, or that some saints do.

**Sandy:** Well there are so many Malkioni sects so there probably is some sect which believes that.

**Nick:** It is not the sects that believe it, it is the theologians in the sects who believe it.

**MOB:** If it is very difficult for people to contact the other side, there are probably people like Doris Stokes, those people who claim to be able to talk to people on the other side, spirituals and mediums. I am sure there are a lot of them wandering around in Malkioni lands. And who knows whether they do it or not.

**Nick:** We know there are Malkioni necromancers. The Malkioni ritual they perform over the bodies of the dead is the ritual of blessing and banishment that is used to make sure that the ghost does not just hang around, goes either to Solace or nothingness.

**Sandy:** We know there are ghosts and wraiths around like everywhere else. Malkioni by and large do not believe in a hell. They think that if you were bad you just go into oblivion.

**Nick:** One of the distinctive traits we added to the Rokari religion when we were writing it up for How the West Was One was that the Rokari do believe in a hell. We wanted to make them into hell-and-brimstone preachers. That is a distinctive feature of the Rokari sect that we wrote in for our game.

**Sandy:** But even the Rokari do not think that hell is permanent. I think after a while you just vanish in the end.

**Nick:** You just suffer a lot first.

**Sandy:** The niggling little doubt in the back of all Malkioni minds is that they say, well OK if you are bad you die, suffer and go into oblivion. If you are good and you die, we still can not reach you.

**MOB:** Which is why all these spiritualists probably do a roaring trade. You want to talk to uncle Max and find out that he is very happy over there.

**Sandy:** Of course most of the major sects try to suppress these things. It is at least a misdemeanour if not a felony. There are other groups who can not

be contacted after death. You can not contact the dead who died before Time because they are all gone. You can not contact dead illuminates. I guess because they go "pfht".

**Nick:** Theological speculation. The Carmanian ancestor worship. The Carmanians can not worship their recent ancestors, they can only worship the people who lived before the death of the last Shah of Carmania. After that they do not do it. So there is like a five hundred year period of great Carmanian ancestors, and in the modern period they do not bother worshipping them, they can not. They do not get to them, the Shah is not there - it does not work right.

**Sandy:** Maybe because they are illuminated.

**AM:** Why do the Alda-churi tribes and especially Harvar Ironfist fight against the South Sartarites?

**Nick:** Why people in North Sartar fight people in South Sartar? Because they are next to each other.

**Sandy:** Because the people of North Sartar allied with Tarsh during some of the recent Lunar wars, and also because the people of North Sartar are much stronger into the worship of what was formerly Elmal. In other words they were not quite as straightforward into Orlanth, Orlanth was not as strong there. So they had a cultural difference, and when they kind of joined up with the Tarsh guys then Yelmario was a much more fashionable cult than Elmal. And with Yelmario you did not even have to acknowledge Orlanth as your boss. So that was a big push there. The bottom line is that the South guys think that the North guys are traitors.

**Nick:** Sartar north of the Creek used to be part of the Kingdom of Tarsh until after the battle of Grizzly Peak when the Tarsh exiles were smashed and driven off the battlefield in complete wreckage. That was when the heiress of the Far Point who was a Tarshite noblewoman married the King of Sartar, and brought the Far Point, the north region around Alda-chur, into the Kingdom of Sartar. Before that they had been an enemy kingdom.

**MOB:** There also is the issue that Harvar thinks that he has a legitimate claim to being King of Sartar.

**Sandy:** Notice though that North Sartar has been part of Sartar long enough that there no longer seems to be any movement to try to go back to Tarsh. They might want to break off from South Sartar or conquer it, but they do not want to go back to Tarsh anymore.

**Nick:** I think the movement is actually going the other way. They want South Sartar to be part of North Sartar.

**Sandy:** Yes, but the fact is that they used to be part of Tarsh. All these things add together to make it a difficult situation.

**AM:** Do you think that Lunar religion would benefit them more?

**Nick:** Obviously yes.

**Sandy:** It has so far. One thing is that as Orlanth is not so strong there - when I say that Yelmario is



really strong up there I do not mean 90 per cent, more like 25 or 30 - means that they are allowed to be friendlier towards Lunar gods. They worship a sun god, an ostensible sun god - you would think that they are friendlier to Lunar troops who mainly are sun god people. And because they do not have very many ducks up there they are not politically suspect. They have some Storm Bull.

**Nick:** They live right next to Snake Pipe Hollow. They have lots of Storm Bull but they do not last long.

**Sandy:** And they are pretty close to the Telmori who they really hate which makes them kind of hostile. They have all these things going for them which make it easier for them to like the Lunars. This does not mean that they are a whole pack of Lunar worshipping fanatics right now, there only are all these mitigating things. And the Lunars of course are quite quick at noticing the possible divisions and exploiting them.

**Nick:** There is a big temple of Yanafal of the Seven Mothers being built in Alda-chur I believe.

**David:** And there's also a big tower of Yelm.

**Sandy:** And one of the functions of Yanafal is that because he is a big warrior-kind, strong manly guy, it is hoped that he will supplant Orlanth even more. That people start worshipping him, and with any luck start getting him mixed-up with Orlanth. Then who knows what will happen.

**AM:** According to King of Sartar we know that the Orlanthi had a sun god in their mythology. Do they have a moon goddess?

**Nick:** In Tarsh they do.

**AM:** I do not mean those imported from the north. Do they have indigenous moon gods?

**Sandy:** Inside the moon?

**Nick:** The Orlanthi are not famous for worshipping the Blue Moon. There are things in the world the Orlanthi think are not worth worshipping.

**Sandy:** No but they know that she exists. There is the White Moon back in the darkness. And if you go into the files in some big Lhankor Mhy temple, they might have some accounts of how there used to be this other planet. They hardly would even call it a moon, and they certainly would have expunged references to it nowadays.

**David:** I think some clans might not have expunged it and used that as a reason to join the Lunars.

**Nick:** What happened in the Kingdom of Tarsh in the year 1496 was that Hon-Eel entered the innermost secret rites of the Tarshite earth cult, the Ernalda cult of Tarsh, and demonstrated conclusively that the myth of Ernalda - who died, went to hell and brought all the gods back to life - is the same as the myth of the Goddess, the Moon Goddess. So yes in a sense the Orlanthi do have an extremely big moon goddess, they just have not quite realised it yet. Orlanth is married to her.

**AM:** In King of Sartar it is written that when a Temple of the Reaching Moon is built, within the

Glowline the Moon always is in its fullest phase. Yes?

**Sandy:** Kind of. If you are inside the Glowline you actually see the Moon go through phases, but it is brighter than outside, there is like a glow around it.

**Nick:** The other thing we have cooked up, but I do not know if it is the truth, is that if you are outside the Glowline and you look at where the Moon is and it is the black moon, you see nothing. It is like looking at a new moon by daytime here. If you are inside the Glowline and it is daytime and you look at the black moon, you see a black body hanging in the sky. And if it is night and you look where the black moon would be, you see like a corona of red light around this black emptiness inside.

**Sandy:** In fact it is probably at its most beautiful during the black moon inside the Lunar empire, which is a source of comfort to them.

**Nick:** Because it is the certainty that she is there. Yes she is dead, yes she is coming back. You can see her. And this is one of the reasons why Lunar armies and conscripts get so nervous when they march outside the Glowline. Two things happen: the first is they can not see the Moon nearly so often just because whenever it is in its dying, black phases, you can not see it at all. And you can not see it at all in the day. Also, there is weather outside the Glowline to which they are not used to inside. The skies are overcast and there are big mountains.

**Sandy:** Also the natives are naturally black and have a soothing reddish, pinkish glow. And the shadow is the wrong colour outside, or something like that.

**Nick:** So Lunar armies get very scared outside the Glowline. They have special rituals they do when they are crossing the line for the first time, when the troops are outside for the first time.

**MOB:** You probably only have one shadow outside the Glowline. Probably have two inside.

**Nick:** The RQ2 position was actually bizarre. If you read the sources literally what they were saying was that you can not see the Moon at all until you cross the Glowline. Then it starts rising and you can see it. But if you were inside the Glowline you saw the Moon as full, always. Phases, what phases? That was bizarre and has been done away with.

**AM:** But I thought that the full moon within the Glowline could be explained that the phases were just something like spiritual healing.

**Sandy:** You see it is very important that the Lunars see the phases. They have to know that their Goddess is going through the cycle.

**David:** But within the Glowline magic still works as if it was the full moon.

**Nick:** And of course the larger the Glowline gets, the more efficient magic gets across Glorantha generally. The more people join the Lunar way, you get this rune magic that is twice as good - point for point - as any of the magic from any other cult. So the Lunars are really doing the world a big favour by extending the Glowline.

**David:** And I think they should keep extending it. Then we will have much better magic for everyone. When the whole world is Lunar ...

**Sandy:** Something to know is that there are citizens inside the Glowline who have no idea that Lunar magic cycles.

**Nick:** They know it as a story of the Goddess dying and coming back.

**Sandy:** There it is - you can see it in the heaven - but her magic is always powerful. They know of nothing else, how would they?

**Nick:** So there are Lunar magical specialists called the chronomancers whose speciality is working out when to do magic based on the phase of the Moon. And they accompany military units that go outside the Glowline and they say, well we know that you can not see her at the moment, but the Red Moon is now entering into the crescent-coming phase and this is a really good time to cast your whatever sort of spells. And the general thinks, well that is good advice. Otherwise you get magical disasters and glitches when people try to use Lunar magic at inappropriate moments. So it is very important. For moonboats too.

**Sandy:** Even inside the Glowline it is important to do magic in the right phase.

**Nick:** But when you are outside it is critical.

**MOB:** Moonboats do not work on the black moon outside the Glowline. They have to come down and land. That is really scary.

**Nick:** Moonboats also are very vulnerable to weather. Strong winds, lightning, thunderbolts.

**Sandy:** If they are going to use them in combat, for sure it is not going to be somewhere outside the Glowline, and against worshippers of a storm god.

**MOB:** Besides you have to remember that they actually fly on moon beams, and you can not cross the beams.

**Nick:** But the one part of the world where you do get moonboats flying around doing all kinds of weird tacking manoeuvres to make the most of the available scanty moonlight is out in Arrolia in Fronela, because the Lunars who live there love moonboats, they have got loads of them.

**Sandy:** It is their only way of keeping contact with the Lunar Empire, and in fact the moonboats can avoid the Ban.

**Nick:** In Arrolia you do get these absolutely bizarre manoeuvres done by moonboats. Probably the best moonboat captains you are ever going to find are the ones out there, because they never have the advantage of this completely stable weather, full moon all the time, full power all the time.

**MOB:** It is like the difference between driving a power boat and a sail boat.

**AM:** This is specifically to Sandy but the others are of course also welcome. It is about when you spoke about the different colours of the moons and so on. It is said that the dark phase is caused by this dark body projecting darkness towards the moon. Do you think that this is the same as the black moon?

**Sandy:** I think it is pretty obvious. It must be the black moon.

**AM:** I thought so as well. I just wanted to hear someone else say the same.

**Sandy:** The reason the Moon has phases is because there is a black invisible body - invisible because we can not see it, not because it is transparent - orbiting the Red Moon Goddess, projecting this black cone of darkness on it. This is not widely known even in the Lunar Empire.

**Nick:** It has great spiritual significance of course. In the cycle of the Goddess' death and rebirth, we see that death is but a passing shadow, but the Goddess herself is eternally there.

**AM:** So it is actually casting unlight.

**Sandy:** Yes it is projecting darkness onto the Moon. It is not widely known in the Lunar Empire. I am not sure they knew about it at all for the first few wanes, and now that some of them know about it there is concern about talking about it, because - I am sure they have really many fine theories to explain it - the bottom line is that there is this thing up there orbiting the Red Moon and projecting darkness on it. Well it must be a good thing, it has got to be, right?

**AM:** Is that what is happening around the edge of the Glowline? Is that why it is completely black from the outside?

**Sandy:** Can not see it. I assume that there have been attempts to land on it by Lunar explorers, but they never come back. Which means that they must have gone to the heart of the Goddess, that must be a glorious place, but let us not go ourselves.

**Nick:** In King of Sartar when Sheng Seleris - lovely guy - takes over the Lunar Empire, they say that the name of the Empire was changed. It was now called the Shadow Moon Empire. My theory is that Sheng's lot, they were still keeping Lunar worship but they gave their biggest worship and sacrifice to the black phases of the moon, not to the Red Moon. And this kind of makes sense when you think that the great enemy of the horse nomads is Yara Aranis, who is the goddess of the reaching full moon, and so they empowered the black shadow that is cast upon the Moon. Like the evil flipside of Lunarism. It is not that they do not worship the Moon, they deliberately worship the really bad, evil, destructive bits of the Moon.

**AM:** In King of Sartar there is at some point a giant that gets in the way of the Moon's light. So could it actually have been that Argrath works out the way of worshipping the black moon.

**Sandy:** Well there are people in the East Isles who know how to worship the black moon, but they do not know that that is where it is. One of the other features going on up there is that the Red Moon is fixed, you always see the same face pointing towards you. It is not rotating, it is just the blackness going across it, which means that there is a backside to the Red Moon that no one ever sees - or really the top side. There are all kinds of things there.



**Nick:** But we do not talk about them. Except for money.

**AM:** Is that marked on the map?

**Nick:** Yes. The map marks on this ring called the crown or something, above which no one on the ground can see what is on the Moon.

**Sandy:** Yes but if you simply walk up there, if you get to the Moon somehow, you can go up there and see.

**Nick:** I have a question for Sandy. I would like Sandy to tell me something about goblins and nightmares and the black moon and the dead emperors of the East Isles and things like that. Feel free to associate Sandy.

**Sandy:** OK. The whole world - this is the East Isles belief - is divided into two, it is a duality. Like on earth there is a day and a night. In the afterlife there is a day and a night. The day is ruled by the sun who is killed by chaos and storm and bad things. The spouse is the white moon. Every morning the moon gives birth to a new sun father by the sun who rises in the east, passes over the sky and goes down and then lives forever. So there is a big court of young suns equal in number to the number of days there has been since the Dawn. Think how glorious it must be in the afterlife. Then there is the dark one which is - depending on who you talk with - either the shadow of it or the inverse of it or the different or same place but looked through a different view, in which there is the black moon. And her spouse, the hell emperor, and all the bad things. The bad things are the nightmares, they are goblins and dreamwraiths and all these icky things. Now these icky things sometimes project through into and effect our world, in the same ways as the good things sometimes do. Like the new sun - you can see it as proof of it.

**Nick:** The scary thing living under my bed is a really bad thing that has come through from the other side.

**Sandy:** Correct. So the evil, bad, chaosoid things in the East Isles are the things that when you look in the mirror, you get a glimpse of it behind you just before the mirror changes and you can not see it. It is that thing that was beating against your window, but when you open the window it was gone or came by as a moth or bird or what it was. These things that go bump in the night, creepy crawly things. The other thing is though that more advanced East Isles philosophers simply say that the duality is not between the good afterlife and the bad afterlife, the duality is between life and death. What happens is when something from the afterlife - which is of course nice and hunky-dory, and we love it all - comes through into our world where it is unnatural and not meant to be, it is lightless, it is always bad. Anything from that life is bad here. It is like if we go there unnaturally then that is bad.

**Nick:** We are bad to them and they are bad to us because we are different.

**Sandy:** Yes. Because we are looking at the wrong side.

**Nick:** So if you are a living person and you go to the court with the hundreds of thousands sun gods, you look horrible to them and they look horrible to you.

**Sandy:** Exactly. Just like every person has a shadow, but the shadow is not separate from you it is still you, the white moon has the black moon and the goblin moon - all this kind of stuff. Nightwraiths: If you have to use magic you are tapping on the powers of the world, for good or bad. And if you use too much magic - all the time - what happens is that you start being sucked in, dissolved into this other world, until you become a dreamwraith - a creature that is not in the one world or the other. You are hostile to both worlds.

**Nick:** Is this kind of comparable to people who use too much chaos magic turning spontaneously into broos?

**Sandy:** Yes, kind of like that. The point is that you do it because originally you become too entangled with the world. It is kind of like the dragonewts not making it into their full dragon, mystics trying not to use their magic but be more powerful, and this sort of thing. So the dreamwraiths are always bad. They are like the villains in fairy stories. They are like Salvador Dali paintings in appearance - really bizarre and hideous.

**AM:** So dreamwraiths necessarily are not someone from our world becoming closer to the other world, it could also go the opposite way.

**Sandy:** Yes, it could be a thing from the other world that is doing things to get back into ours.

**AM:** Maybe in the other world, getting to influence it, is to draw on the power of this world. So they are doing exactly the same things as we are doing.

**Sandy:** There are those in the East Isles that say that both worlds look identical, and then the other world is what we are. But I think most people do not think that. There also is the fact that they also have their dream world. They believe in a lot of different worlds, and these are not nice and separate in a God Learner way. They kind of all overlap and begin to be mixed up. So there is the dream world you can go into where there are dreams. You can like take dreams and bring them back to our world and do things with them, have dreams when you are awake. They can for example have a dream about a bottle of wine, and have it in their hand when they wake up, if they are good dreamers. Or they can have a dream of a fight with a monster, and wake up and have a wound. You do not want to have one of the falling dreams necessarily. But if you can get someone else to have one of those falling dreams, then that is like how you do your magic. When they have a strong dream they can project because they are like dream masters - they can make the magic take effect in someone else like. Maybe I wanted Nick to have a falling dream because he is my loathsome foe. What I have to do is to set the stage so that it is more and more like the dream, the

falling dream that he is having. It is quite hard to do, to get him outdoors first and then get things going till it looks more like the dream: hey, this tower looks like the one where I had the falling dream. And then suddenly the stairs kind of seem to crumble away and ... And it is all a dream world and he is in the dream suddenly - the world dissolves around him. This is the kind of thing they try to do. Of course the dreamwraiths do this in a bad way. Shamans - what they call shamans in the East Isles - go to this dream world and bring back dreams to do their magic. But they are kind of like spirits.

**AM:** Would they see the dream world in some ways as being the only true way to be able to contact those in the other world? Do you say like that going in the afterlife is a bad thing, and so you are causing harm to your sacred ancestor?

**Sandy:** Well the shamans view the dream land as a neutral ground between where they are and where the dead are. So if they go there and meet an ancestor, they say that the ancestor came through to meet them too. But how they will describe the dream world is very much the way that shamans in Genertela describe the spirit world. And a shaman from Genertela who decides to contact their dream world says that they are just spirits. The response would be that they are not spirits, they are dreams, they are different than spirits. And of course there are differences, for example spell spirits work differently in the East Isles, they have like dreams of spells. So they do not work quite the same way but they can both access the same place. An East Isles shaman who goes west can go to the spirit world and see different kind of things, that are different from what he is used to, but still it is just like a different kind of place to them. Their magic weakens rapidly as they leave their homelands. It is hard to do the dream stuff outside it. For one thing because in the East Isles you know what things are like, how things feel, taste, smell and look, so it is easier to recreate dream effects on people. Also, most of your dreams take place where your home is. So when you try to project one of your dreams on someone else - if I want to make him visualise being in his home when the giant scissors came to the door, I visualise my home but to him it is his home. But I can visualise my home better when I am at home so it gets easier to get the giant scissors into the picture.

**Nick:** I do not know if this is printed in the Tentacles book that is available at this con for a very reasonable price, containing loads of good stuff, but Sandy has written some sorcery rules which include rules for East Isles sorcery. The basic rule is very similar to the way Lunar magic works. When you are on your home island you are much, much better at sorcery than anyone else would reasonably be. But when you go away from your home island, you become pathetic. Comparable ones are the Waertagi sorcerers which everyone else thinks is kind of unfair. You get these immense

magical benefits when you are at sea. And since you never meet Waertagi who are not at sea ...

**AM:** I have a small addition to what Sandy said. It is not a question, it is a statement. The East Islanders think that first came the white moon and then came the sun. The sun shines brighter than the white moon so that was how the black moon was created. It was when the white moon started to have a shadow.

**Sandy:** There was no black moon before the sun came along. But I think even the Lunars think there was a white moon before there was a sun. It is widely well known.

**Nick:** They pretend they do not think that, the Dara Happans.

**Sandy:** Well they might. Greg gave a big speech in LA about the true nature of the white, red and the blue moon, which will cost someone a mark. I can not remember all the names he gave the goddesses, but back when Yelm was over the world ruling and everyone was happy and nice and polite, there were all these entities out there. One of them was the white moon, up there in the sky, Verithurusa. Then what happened was that the storm was born. The creature that the Orlanthi call Umath. He started moving around. Nothing had ever moved before in the sky.

**Nick:** All the planets hung in a perfect beautiful pattern around Yelm.

**Sandy:** What happens is that Verithurusa started turning to watch it, this thing moving around. Then it started to follow, orbit. This thing was going around trying to get in to the inner storm stuff. Anyway Shargash was fighting it off and pushing it back. The moon goes back to Yelm and says, look at this what do you think. He says, out of my sight, I never want to see you again, I hate you. So she goes orbiting out, lowers, gets down into the middle air, and turns red. She has been tainted you see by materialistic things and by looking at the storm, she is no longer pure and white, she has learned stuff. Finally she goes further down and turns blue, and eventually she goes so far down that she dips below the horizon. Sorry no she just goes below the horizon and comes back again, and then she is blue.

**Nick:** And this is the first time anything from the world above has looked into the underworld and come back.

**Sandy:** She come back as blue because she is dead, or she looks like she is a dead thing. At this time she becomes the goddess of sorrows. She starts having things taken away from her until she has nothing left. But the blue streak, that is not this blue moon, it is a different one.

**Nick:** In a sense that is a fragment of this moon goddess that has been broke up and dismembered.

**AM:** What about another one? Greg has said that there are two altogether different blue moons: the blue streak and the blue moon.

**Sandy:** She is a different thing. Also the main blue moon eventually fell to earth and became the Blue Moon Plateau.



**Nick:** Squashing the heretical city of Mernita underneath.

**Sandy:** Yes. But the other blue moon, Annilla, is also buried underneath those ruins. So maybe they are different things because they did different things with their lives, but they ended up in the same place, they are both half dead - half alive. And the original Verethusa goddess did the first blue streak. There are a lot of parallels going on here. So it would be no surprise to me if they got mixed up.

**AM:** According to a source which I do not now how trustworthy it really is, Greg has changed the moons, or the phases of the moons, so that the names and colours are different. Now actually Zaytenara is white and Verithurusa red.

**Nick:** Greg has been going through a red-white-black colour-changing frenzy, and I have no idea of what he is on at the moment. We do not care. As far as I am concerned my goddess is called the Red Goddess, not Rufelza.

**Sandy:** The point is that it was the same moon that first was white, then red and then blue, came back and died. There also is the other blue moon goddess. Of course when the sun appears you get the black moon. As far as I know the only possible time for a green moon was in the Green Age when there was no light. The moon would have had to be green, but it would have been the same moon still. I say that it was a green moon in the Green Age, and that was what it was.

**Nick:** Because although the Yelmies will not admit it, the moon was there before the sun. I have got theories about that but I would not charge money for them.

**Sandy:** Well you see the moon is not a sky entity in the same way the stars and the sun are. It is not a child of Aether or whatever it was.

**Nick:** My theory about this - and this is heretical and does not form any part of orthodox Glorantha - is that the world evolved the way we know it evolved. Darkness was first and from darkness came forth waters, and from waters rose up the earth. And everyone accepts that. These ancient elemental deities are no schmucks, they know that there is going to be something else. That is going to be light and that will be the end of creation. Now to me it is not a coincidence that we know the moon is associated with darkness, the waters and with plants and growing things in the earth. So maybe the moon was their attempt to say, there will be a glowing thing hanging around in the middle of the sky but we have got that up there. It is beating the sun god to the punch and saying, well we will get something up there that is like our prototype, our version of this light.

**Sandy:** I think that the Kralori say that the moon in the God Time was the place where the sun was going to be. So there would be a spot open there.

**Nick:** Then the sun comes and takes over the place that the moon has prepared. This is why the worship of the moon is older than the worship of the sun, and why the moon has got these

associations with darkness, water and growing things, that the sun never had. Till later.

**AM:** This goes perfectly with what the East Islanders think, that the white moon predates the sun.

**Nick:** It makes a load of sense. If you are trying to use real world mythology in Glorantha you will find that there are a lot of times when female priestesses worshipping the moon goddess get taken over by male sun kings - look in ancient Mesopotamian places. And I like to support myths because myths usually have more resonance than something Greg thought up on the bus, generally. So I am deliberately distorting what I know about Glorantha in order to allow me to have this kind of thing in Glorantha too, because I like it.

**AM:** We have all these moon goddesses. Is there any culture anywhere in Glorantha which means that there is a male moon god?

**Sandy:** The East Islanders say there is but he is the sun. The Veldangs say there is - he is the son of the blue moon. Artmal is a moon god and he is male.

**Nick:** Moonson is a moon god and he is dead butch.

**Sandy:** I do not think there is anyone sensible in Glorantha who thinks that the actual moons that are visible in the sky are male. But there is everything in Glorantha, so ... There also is the principle that the moons are not in the sky but in the middle air. Or at least they spend time there - the blue moon goes through it.

**Nick:** The moon hangs at a point where the middle air turns into the sky, does she not?

**Sandy:** Moons are not admitted into the sky though. The planets are not admitted into the sky either but they are up there, walk around there. The moons are lower down, closer to us than the sky dome. Just like on earth.

**Nick:** For now. She is moving upwards, and as she moves upwards she gets bigger so she appears to be staying in the same place. That is Lunar philosophy.

**AM:** What is special about the spot where the Temple of the Reaching Moon is built upon?

**Nick:** There is a huge great dragon underneath it that is going to eat them all. That is what is special about it.

**Sandy:** It is a spot that is sacred to Orlanth, to the Empire of the Wyrms Friends, and sacred to First Age peoples. It is like a holy spot and nothing has ever been built on it because it is sacred. You can not just build a Temple of the Reaching Moon anywhere, you have to build it at the right place. And it has to be a place that has been prepared for us since before the Dawn, preferably since before the sun, if you believe that stuff of the moon goddess being first. But at least before the Darkness. So you look for this place, and that is the only possible place.

**Nick:** The scary thing is that in Dragon Pass all the most magically powerful places are dragon associated or such, but you take that for granted. It

is like saying in China that any interesting place has got a dragon underneath it. It is not a construction hazard.

**Sandy:** Or in the Wastes all the gullies and rivers are said to be serpents, and sometimes even that there is a serpent underneath one.

**Nick:** It is kind of absolutely irrational for a Lunar architect to say, well I am worried that a dragon might wake up and eat my temple if I build it on top of a sacred place in Dragon Pass. That would be totally mad.

**Sandy:** Other places would have been inferior, and I do not think that the Lunars know what would happen if they built a Temple of the Reaching Moon on less than the best place.

**Nick:** Tatiush the Bright is a very superior guy so he is not going to settle for second best.

**Sandy:** It might be that if you put it on an inferior place that the Moon kind of cycled inside the area or it would not work. So why risk it. We know that it works on the perfect place, this is it. And that dragon - if it is there for sure - will then become the moon dragon.

**Nick:** As a spin-off from that it would be interesting to find out what the Temple of the Reaching Moon in Tarsh is built on.

**Sandy:** Here is the thing. Since every place that has a Temple of the Reaching Moon on it has something special that was once there - there is often something cool under the Temples of the Reaching Moon. There could be some kind of hall of golden life or other weird stuff. A big rock, magic crystal the size of a house, it could be anything. Something like the travelling stone - a magic thing like that.

**Nick:** You have to go there to find out. And it is kind of dangerous - the Lunars do not want you going there.

**Sandy:** It will be something that is really, really useful to your players, but causes them to have some kind of conflict.

**AM:** A question about the Temples of the Reaching Moon. So a new temple is built. How is it connected with the other ones? Is it the area around it that then will be within the Glowline?

**Sandy:** You have to build it at the next place out that you can. In other words, if you build a railroad you have to put the next length of track so that it connects with the one before it. So in between the temple in Furthest, the Temple of the Reaching Moon of Tarsh, and the one they are building on the top of the dragon, there was no other place. That was the very next place they could make it at. And the next place beyond that might only be within a few hundred miles.

**AM:** How big is the area? Is it only Sartar or will it be the whole Dragon Pass?

**Sandy:** I think it will cover all Dragon Pass. It closes the whole area, maybe as defined by the earth goddess there or something. If they went down to the Holy Country it would probably take five temples to cover each of the areas.

**Nick:** One in the City of Wonders. That would be brilliant.

**Sandy:** That might do it for all the areas in Holy Country. But it is either that or one in each place.

**Nick:** The amount it covers is not merely dependent on the fact that you have built an absolutely shit-hot Temple of the Reaching Moon with thousands of worshippers in a country you have occupied, pacified and converted to the Lunar way. There are so many different factors. It is not a question of that the Glowline stretches in an x miles radius around the temple. You can not knock it down to that much. One thing we do know from the board game Dragon Pass, though, is that the moon power is channelled through Temples of the Reaching Moon. And if in one temple along the way something goes slightly wrong then the Glowline does not work. So every now and again there are these explicable power cuts in the Lunar Empire.

**Sandy:** It is the white moonies. Terrorists.

**MOB:** Does it not say in the World of Glorantha that one of the uncommon events is that the Glowline fails.

**Nick:** It does not say it, but it should.

**Sandy:** Of course the biggest temple is right there in Glamour.

**Nick:** It is really bad news to be in a moonboat on a dark moon day when the power cuts.

**AM:** A related question. If the Temple of the Reaching Moon is built in Sartar and it works - it has not yet, but it could be in the future. Then the temple in Furthest is destroyed. Will there be two kinds of different Glowlines, one in Dragon Pass one in Tarsh?

**Sandy:** No, that will cut off the line to Sartar, and both will go out.

**Nick:** But possibly the answer to your question is this: it is entirely conceivable that in Arrolia - which is a heck of a long way from the Lunar Empire but is a Lunar place, and where they do not have Temples of the Reaching Moon yet - you might be able to build a local one and get a kind of local glow spot. But that is a matter of time and tradition, and the fact that you know that you are not part of the Lunar Empire and you have done your independent magic ...

**Sandy:** They do not even worship Yara Aranis anyway.

**Nick:** The Lunar way is not set up to have these isolated outposts with glow bubbles around them.

**Sandy:** It tries to be an empire with a central source. So if knock out the temple in Furthest, the one in Sartar will go out. There will be no Glowline there - maybe inside the temple. But then if you build the one in Furthest, the one in Sartar would turn on again.

**AM:** So everything we have to do to kill the Lunar Empire is to destroy the Temple of the Reaching Moon in Glamour. Then we would cut off all other temples.



**Sandy:** Here is the thing. Destroying the temple in Glamour will not destroy the Lunar Empire, it will make the whole Empire subject to the fluctuations. But it all seems simple if you look at it that way. You just go in there and knock out the temple.

**Nick:** Well we played in a game in which the crater makers were knocking out selective targets inside Glamour. Very carefully and with acceptable collateral damage.

**Sandy:** Not if you hit your own temple or the Temple of the Reaching Moon though.

*(Editor's note: The tape ended, so here is a break and a change of subject)*

**Nick:** One of the models people suggested for Westerners believing in the gods is that to a good Malkioni the gods are like the things of Cthulhu mythos in a normal Cthulhu game. They are these unspeakable malignant monstrous things out there, and they have weird cultists who are trying to get their influence into the world. The Westerners do not deny that there are powerful entities in the universe that are worshipped and that give power to their worshippers. They just think it is all a bit icky. So the Cthulhu model is quite good.

**Sandy:** Let us not forget that there is a moon beast on the Red Moon.

**Nick:** What is the other Cthulhu connection. Sandy, you wrote the cult of Magasta. Most Orlanthi think Magasta is that blue-skinned guy with a seaweed beard and a ho-ho-ho holding a trident. There is one record of a historical manifestation of Magasta in which this huge tentacular thingy from beyond starts destroying things. And I thought, oh no Sandy wrote this.

**Sandy:** Guess what - I did not. The giant (?) was not written by me.

**Nick:** It looked so much like you. It was like a deliberate parody. But you did write the white moon prophecy?

**Sandy:** Yes.

**Nick:** One of those nasty small-shiver-down-the-back-of-the-spine stories. When the white moon comes everyone who is alive will be very happy. All those who can see her will marvel at her. The survivors will enjoy it very much - both of them.

**AM:** I have a silly question which I am not really sure I should ask. When you look into the crater do you go mad because you get to see the reeking moon megagorp?

**Sandy/Nick/MOB:** Yes - No.

**MOB:** We said that we were lying with this answer.

**Nick:** It is well known that the inside of the crater is the outside of the Moon and vice versa. This is why you have to be very well prepared before you look into the crater. In fact, Lunar pilgrims come from all over the Empire and beyond just to come on pilgrimage to the crater and to peek in and see if their brains are made of the right stuff. Luckily the

cult of Jakaleel the Witch takes them in hand afterwards - to her temples known as the asylums - and cares for them for they have seen the true Lunar reality.

**Sandy:** In fact the Lunar Empire is so benign that it has a whole sultanate set aside for these pilgrims. Tork.

**Nick:** Mad people have seen something that is part of the true Lunar reality that we normally can not understand. So you listen to mad people, to what they have to say. You write down their ravings, drooling and insights, and sometimes it seems to you that it all makes perfect sense. That is your initiation.

**AM:** If people who are illuminated look inside the crater will they also go mad?

**Sandy:** No, and they also do not go mad if they are attacked by a lune.

**Nick:** They go 'special'. The Lunar Empire prefers that only people who are good Lunars - noble, upright, prepared - look into the crater. But pilgrims turn up because going to Glamour is like going to Mecca. It is brilliant. Everyone comes from all over. From Glamour you can also get really tasteful souvenirs - little models of the monuments, genuine souvenir moonrock candy - and you can take these home to show to people: I went to Glamour and all Moonson got me was this lousy T-shirt. You take these back to your village and they are religious artefacts. In fact there are many religious artefact sellers in the streets of Glamour.



# The Tuchulcha Mythos: A Summary

By Andrew D. Gable

*The following article was originally written to serve as a backdrop to all of my adventures in my abortive Call Of Cthulhu campaign, which utilized the splendid Delta Green sourcebook by Pagan Publishing. Thus, the "Tuchulcha Mythos" is ideally suited for a Delta Green (or at least 1990s) campaign, but should easily be adaptable to any era of play.*

The Lam-beings, hailing originally from the planet Xaath-tlii, were residents of the earth for over 100 million years during the Jurassic and Cretaceous Periods, and co-existed with the heyday of the civilization of the Mi-go. The Lam-beings' initial civilization, in present-day Antarctica, was destroyed in a war with the Elder Things. The Second City, as it is called, arose in what would become Russia, and it was about this time that they entered into alliance with the Mi-go, with whom they shared a common enemy in the Elder Things.

The leaders of the Lam-being civilization met in their capital city, Chkra'asii, to discuss their eventual plans of conquest. They planned to eliminate all competition for this fertile planet, first and foremost the Cthulhu-spawn of R'lyeh. Although some Lam-being leaders were of the opinion that the Cthulhu-spawn, although they lay dormant, must be destroyed, the majority favored a joint effort with the Mi-go. And so it was that The Prophecy was set into motion. The aliens and the Mi-go joined forces to war with other races, and these wars fared well for nearly 80 million years.

The Lam-beings were a highly magical race which experimented with the creation of gates to other worlds. The collision of the Indian subcontinent and Asia destroyed the Second City. A magical cataclysm erupted, and the majority of the Lam-beings were catapulted through gates of their own creation into an inescapable abyss which they called Da'ath. This imprisonment in Da'ath left the Lam-beings helpless to implement The Prophecy. Once more, the leaders met, and it was decided that the course of The Prophecy must be altered somewhat.

By this time, a new race had emerged as triumphant on the planet – the human race. The Lam-beings saw humans as a threat to their control of the planet and thus as a race which would one day need to be eliminated, but a useful threat nonetheless. The Lam-beings were to continue their alliance with the Mi-go. Thankfully, wizards among the Lam-beings remembered ways to contact their old allies. The

Mi-go were contacted, eventually, and began to aid the Lam-beings in their plans, laboring under the lie that the Lam-beings and the Fungi would divvy up the planet among themselves after the destruction of mankind. In fact, the Mi-go are working as little more than proxies for the Lam, and they plan to annihilate the Fungi once they regain control of the planet.

Of course, human beings eventually became aware of Lam. One of the first groups to gain awareness were the Pazyrskoye nomads of Krasnoyarsk (Russia). Nikolai Tarkonov, a Russian explorer and folklorist, launched an expedition to the Podkammenaya Tunguska River region of central Siberia. More specifically, Tarkonov was interested in a nomadic tribe called the Pazyrskoye, a subdivision of the Evenks. On June 29, 1832, Tarkonov's expedition left Moscow, and returned in February of 1834.

Soon after his return, Tarkonov filed no report on the expedition, but went to his home in Kiev, where he began to work feverishly on a never-published book about his experiences. The Pazyrskoye evidently had not only avoided contact with modern man, but had a religious system totally alien to Tarkonov. They worshipped "a god from the stars" who they refused to name except to call him "The Tormentor." The nomads taught the explorer their ways and rituals. Tarkonov learned of another nameless element of Pazyrskoye religion, a race of spirit-beings who aided the god. Unaccustomed to nameless deities, Tarkonov invented a name for both the god and the race: the deity he called "Tuchulcha," after the Medieval torturer-demon, and the goggle-eyed, dwarfish race he called "Kostchtchie," after a bogey-man of his childhood.

In 1847, a young German named Josef Graubenstein fled to Kiev in an effort to escape arrest in his homeland. Here he encountered Tarkonov, and read his unfinished manuscript. Soon, the German and the Russian were both followers of the Pazyrskoye's religion, and the worship of Tuchulcha was born. Since this time, Tarkonov has dropped from view. Going back to Germany in 1855, Graubenstein was caught up in the post-revolutionary chaos sweeping that land. In 1857, he conspired with several others to assassinate the burgermeister of Magdeburg. The attempt failed, but Graubenstein and two other men were arrested and sentenced to death.



While awaiting execution, Graubenstein penned the beginnings of what was to become one of the main texts of the modern cult, *Die Sternengötter*. In September of 1857, a prisoner came to Graubenstein proposing an escape plan. The other prisoner was caught and executed, but Graubenstein escaped and fled to England, changing his name to John Grennar to avoid detection by German authorities. In England, Graubenstein worked diligently on the spreading of cult beliefs, and became adept at insinuating cult rituals into occult groups, while allowing them to keep a semblance of individuality. Thus, Victorian-era England was literally overrun with groups which were more-or-less Tuchulcha Cult subsidiaries.

The most famous subsidiary group was the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn. The group was nominally controlled by a cryptic individual known as Sapiens Dominabitur Astris. This individual was actually Anna Sprengel, a young German woman initiated into the cult in 1856. The cult writings that S.D.A. provided were actually Tuchulcha Cult tenets, with encouraged embellishments which made the group seem independent of the cult. The business of the cult during the late 1800s and early 1900s was fairly mundane, but was about to get interesting. In 1918, the (in)famous British occultist Aleister Crowley was living in New York. An acquaintance of Graubenstein's since his Golden Dawn days, Crowley continued this relationship and was engaged in penning pro-German propaganda. He was still involved with his magical pursuits, though, and in that year contacted an alien-like being he called Lam.

Crowley quickly got word to Graubenstein, who by this time had returned to Germany, dropped the Anglicized moniker, and proclaimed himself to be the great-great-grandson of the original Graubenstein. He quickly became a shining star on the German occult scene, and was very much involved in the pre-Nazi research into the Aryan "master race." He also knew that Crowley's "Lam" was a representative of the race still called Kostchtchie, and that this meant Tuchulcha's day was coming. The second wave of cult activity was initiated.

In 1924, Graubenstein became a member of the Thule Society (Thulegesellschaft), a German occultist group that had similar beliefs to those endorsed by occultist Guido von List in the nineteenth century. The Thule Society were nothing more than pre-Nazis, who were involved in research into the master race. Graubenstein formed his own branch of the group, the Star Society (Sterngesellschaft). The Star Society proclaimed that there was an Aryan master race, but that they only became a master race because of the intervention of an outside party, a race of

"supermen." The Star Society became surprisingly popular among certain of the occult elite.

When Adolph Hitler became Chancellor of Germany in the early 1930s, Graubenstein's extensive occult knowledge was quickly recognized and he quickly rose to a high rank in the Nazi Party. He later went into the SS (Schutzstaffel) *Karotechia* when that organization was formed, as did nearly all of the Star Society members. In 1941, a special detachment of the SD (Sicherheitsdienst), under Stefan Reichardt, retrieved some wreckage, presumably of an aircraft in the Black Forest. The wreckage was quickly determined to be non-German, however. A headquarters for research was constructed and Hitler informed. The SS was quickly dispatched to the area, and after the wreckage was further determined to be non-terrestrial, the SS *Karotechia* called in. The *Karotechia* classified the project *Kugelblitz*. The director of *Kugelblitz* was Dietrich Grohl, a veteran of several battles in Poland and Czechoslovakia and an officer in the *Luftwaffe*. Graubenstein quickly identified the sigils on the sides of the craft as being associated with Tuchulcha, and wasted no time in recruiting Reichardt to the cause. The research *Kugelblitz* conducted led to the creation of the "foo fighters," balls of flying light which later be called UFOs that were seen by many WWII pilots.

In 1945 Reichardt, brought to the U.S. in Delta Green's Operation SUMMER BREEZE, contacted Lam once more. Lam needed to be gated through before Tuchulcha, and Aleister Crowley contacted Graubenstein, also living in America, and recommended that John Parsons be sent in on the job. Parsons was one of Crowley's recruits. Over several days in 1946, Parsons conducted the Babalon Working, which was essentially a disguised summoning of Lam. Lam told Parsons that one further condition had to be met before he was summoned--and this was a sacrifice to be conducted in a specified manner exactly one year from the date on which he spoke. That date was Jan. 15, 1946 and on the one-year anniversary, the sacrifice--the Black Dahlia murder (Los Angeles, California)--occurred.

After the murder, the entity--who proved not to be a single creature but several--was summoned. The Lam-entities were to be given their day on the planet--50 years--before Tuchulcha could be summoned. Even then, they said, he could only be summoned by The Son of the Blade, the messiah of the cult. In June of 1947, the UFO age officially began. Soon, the Roswell Incident occurred, and Majestic-12 was formed. John Parsons was privy to early SSG2 research thanks to his Jet Propulsion Laboratories (JPL) employee status. Graubenstein and Reichardt, as well as several other SUMMER BREEZE and PAPERCLIP scientists, were brought in to work on research.

The two Tuchulcha cultists identified the wreckage as almost identical to that found under Kugelblitz, and, in an interview conducted at Wright-Patterson, Graubenstein, Reichardt, and Parsons spilled their guts to the U.S. government. Following this, John Parsons had an epiphany of sorts--he became acutely terrified of the Greys and anything associated with them, and escaped Wright-Patterson, fleeing eventually back to his home in California. Paradoxically, Parsons continued his "normal" JPL research. Eventually, Majestic-12 tried strong-arm tactics, attempting to blackmail Parsons by saying they would make it seem as though he were guilty of the murder of Dr. Malbayam in 1949. When Parsons replied he would expose Majestic-12's involvement with an occult power, they decided they had had enough. In 1952, they arranged for Parsons to be killed in an "accidental" rocket explosion.

In the past 46 years, the Greys have increased their activities on earth, presumably in preparation for the summoning of Tuchulcha prophesized to take place at Mt. Palomar, California. Graubenstein and Reichardt have both dropped off the occult scene, passing the reins of the cult to younger hands.

#### Glorantha's Worst Books - Nr. 4

##### **Six Years in dragon's Exe -**

This book is based on the famous and exclusive interview that was given by the Inhuman King to his guest and friend.

Hollat Hurricane:

Inhuman King: You get three questions that I will answer!

Hollat Hurricane: Really?

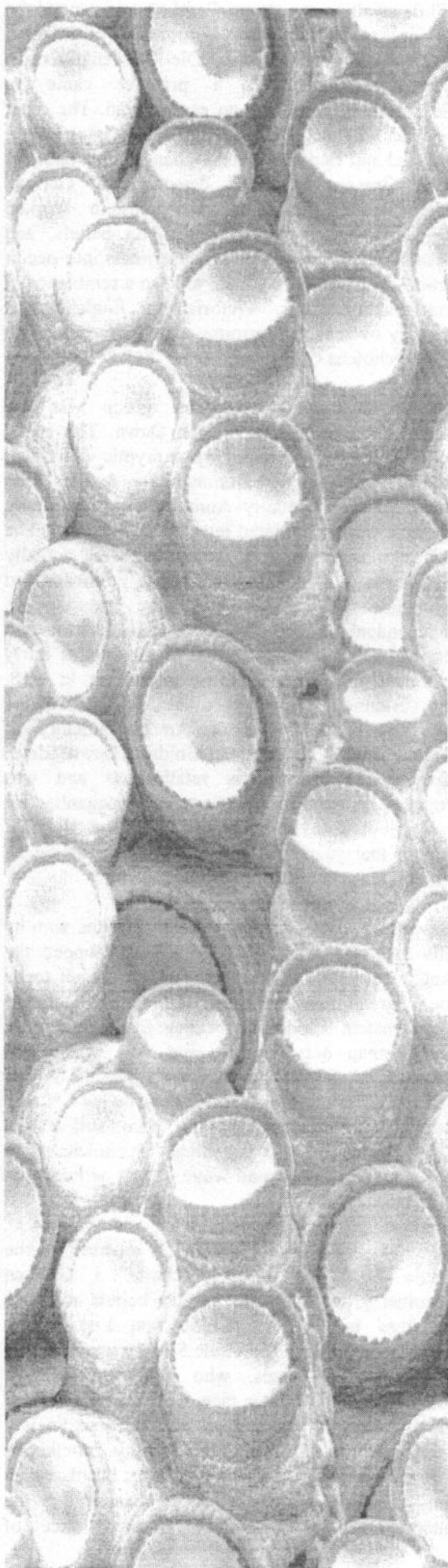
Inhuman King: Yes!

Hollat Hurricane: Really??

Inhuman King: Yes!

Hollat Hurricane: Really???

Inhuman King: Yes!





# Evil Things the Keeper can do to Players using Magic

By Andrew Clements

This article is NOT about new magic rules, or about new spells. It is a collection of reasonable and common sense suggestions which can make life a misery for players.

The article takes into account that most occultists would have to be highly secretive. In Call of Cthulhu, most of the great Mythos tomes were written a long time ago, when religious persecution would be rife. Therefore, it makes sense that anyone writing a mythos tome would take their own safety into account. Here follows a list of precautions and traps which will affect players...

## 1) Disguise the book as something else.

In "The Case of Charles Dexter Ward" the main villain did this, disguising the Necronomicon as a religious book. In this way, people searching for evidence against the owner will be unlikely to search every single book in hopes of finding something damning. In addition, it means that rivals will find it more difficult to steal said tomes. In modern day scenarios, with modern sorcerers, they may merely make a swap of book covers, causing investigators to steal a mundane book. Imagine the horror of the investigators who risked so much to capture the Necronomicon, only to find out the spells include instructions on making cookies...

## 2) Write the book in code.

This is similar to the above tactics. This is not merely the ambiguous phrases that Lovecraft uses, but is more effective when complete lies are used. For example, on a ritual requiring that a certain whistle be blown at midnight, disguised as a child's story: "And Rumpelstilksin blew the magic whistle three times during the magic hour, making the princess's dreams come true." Just don't mention that Rumpelstilksin has three eyes and big claws...

## 3) Only include one spell in each book.

And make the book you include it in otherwise mundane. For example, in modern times, writing a spell on a scrap of paper, and shoving it in a copy of Fishing Monthly...

## 4) Change all the spell titles so that they sound religious.

This provides the spell keeper with a small desperate defense: "But it's only a family prayer...." This can be humorous in campaigns with priest characters...

## 5) Swap all the spell titles around.

This is used if the sorcerer expects the book to be stolen. Since most sorcerers would only know a few select spells [ignoring the likes of Masks of

Nyarlothotep], they could easily memorize the true natures of spells. Popular ones might be swapping "Call/Dissmiss Azathoth" with "Bless Blade." I know I'd find it hilarious on the other side of the after-life...

## 6) Include spells as normal, but neglect to include Binding spells.

This again counts if the sorcerer expects the tome to be stolen by another. This works well since you are not obligated to tell players if a binding spell is included... ("No! Baaad Byakhee!!!"); for comic effect, combine this with number 5.

## 7) Write the book in an ancient language.

Many sorcerers seem to pick up a few ancient dialects, so writing in something that other people cannot identify will be a good idea...

## 8) Write the book in as many languages as you know.

This works much as the above, except about ten expert linguists will be needed to make a translation. And since the party often does not have that many linguists, will they trust outsiders?

## 9) Mix all the spells into a larger one, randomly editing the mess.

This is designed for sorcerers who WANT to lose their books. In the style of Cthulhu magic, the caster will almost certainly go insane, or be eaten by something with more tentacles than brain cells.

## 10) Write on loose scraps of paper, and leave them in random places.

Keep a much better organised tome in a secret cache. While the players search for all the parts for the spell they need, the sorcerer can either escape or organize an ambush.

## 11) Include as many sanity-destroying pictures as possible.

This will safely remove any currently sane opponent who is unwise enough to steal the book...

## 12) Include some fake snippets of a diary.

Belonging to someone who "read the book, and then became dangerously depressive, and made a final entry claiming that they would commit suicide." Include said snippets on the last few pages...

As you can see, spells don't just drain a few sanity points; they should also make the average player paranoid after some time. Now practice the Keeper evil laughter... It helps.

# Dark Destiny

A scenario for Call of Cthulhu

By Andrew Hunt

## Introduction

This scenario is written for three to five players and should be run after the successful completion of a previous adventure. The adventure assumes that the players are on R&R, recovering from whatever horrendous events befell them during the previous adventure. Preferably one of the adventurers should be a criminal psychologist who is in charge of their treatment. If a character was killed during the previous scenario then let the player have Jeffry Searle as their new character.

*Please do not read any further if you plan on playing in this scenario.*

## Background

It is six months since the last incident that drove you all to the brink of madness and resulted in the death of your friend. During these six months you have been under going psychoanalysis with Dr Jeffry Searle who has helped you to understand the true nature of the trauma of your encounters and helped you cope with your friends' death. For the final part of your treatment Dr. Jeffry Searle has suggested that it would be nice to spend a weeks on holiday on the Isle of Wight in order to play a little golf.

## The Dreams

In order to help foreshadow what will happen during the scenario and to reflect the effects of the PC's previous encounters it might be useful to have them experience a dream prior or during the scenario. These dreams are a manifestation of the PC insanity and should be changed to fit in with the trauma's your PC's encountered before this scenario.

## Some examples:

*Richard Pointer* - Film producer, is certain that he has noticed a link between several films. Each night he has dreams relating to this theory and awakes feeling that he has almost uncovered a hidden agenda.

*Anthony Griffiths* - An artist, has become disturbed by the images he conjures up in his own paintings. He is constantly painting bleak desolate landscapes that are heavily wooded. There is a strong suggestion that something is hiding out of sight and no matter how hard he tries he can not bring the hidden object to the surface of his painting.

*Nicholas Cage* - a musician who's creative output has nearly stopped. He is finding that it is becoming increasingly difficult to write even the simplest of jingles. Each night he dreams of sounds so terrifying he wakes screaming.

## What is actually happening

Catherine Wheeler (Aka Emma Atherston) is nearly 400 years old. She has been worshipping Shub Niggurath and extends her life for ten years by sacrificing a willing sexual partner to the Dark Young that manifest themselves on the Raths Island during the summer solstice. The manifestation takes the form of trans-formation of her body by possession. The new form then impregnates the victim through every orifice. The body is drained of vitality and all body fluids and dies. Emma then returns to her newly regenerated body.

After the change her breasts releases the milk of Shub Niggurath for ten days and she uses this milk to reinforce her longevity.

She should perform the ritual every year but fears discovery and has fallen into a routine of only finding a sacrifice every ten years. Over the last forty years she has habitually buried the bodies on Raths Island as it is deserted and seldom has visitors.

20 years ago after performing her sacrifice she lost Paul Etheridges body when it fell into the River Minster. She was not too concerned as she expected it to wash out to sea. Unfortunately the police found the body, examined it and launched a murder enquiry. However they did not link Etheridges death to the Island and Catherine was able to carry on as before. The Etheridge case is left open with the chief suspect being a blond woman in her mid twenties.

Everything was going fine for Catherine until she learnt of a proposed archaeological dig on Raths Island. She knew that any archaeological team would soon find the bodies that she had buried their over the years and that this years sacrifice would be very difficult if the dig was allowed to go on.

Her first protests were through the local papers and she managed to manipulate the formation of an action group against the dig. Despite her best actions and to her surprise the dig was authorised by the Order of Druids who own the island.

Frustrated she has decided to wait for the dig to start and use her influence with the Dark Young who live on the island to scare off the archaeologists.



Catherine is scared that failure to make the sacrifice this year may prematurely age her or give the old ones reason to send a servitor to express their displeasure. She is anxious to both drive off the archaeologists and obtain a victim for this year's sacrifice.

#### **Raths Island - and the archeological dig**

Raths Island is a small heavily wooded artificial island located midstream of the fast flowing river Minster. The dig consists of the following archaeologists and students:

*Mr. Douglas Glenn* - Director of the dig and chief spokes person. 51, Red hair & wild beard. Dresses in a tie and blazer at all times.

*Professor Joseph Higgins* - 46, 5ft 11, - chief in charge of the dig has three students working with him plus his full time assistant (and wife) Monica.

*Monica Higgins* - 44, 5ft 9", Strong personality, but very pleasant.

*Andrew Gascoigne* - Student, 19, Single, 5ft 10, 13st, Quiet and thoughtful,

*Jane Cole* - Student, 21, living with Peter Inglewood. 5ft 7". Attractive.

*Julia Preston* - Student archaeologist, 20. Single, 5ft 4", overweight. Wears thick rimmed spectacles. Outgoing bubbly personality.

#### **Events at the dig**

The dig started on March 1st with routine mapping and examination of the island topography. This initial study was meant to continue until April 24th. On March 4th, Douglas Glenn was approached by a woman calling herself Emma (Yes she was blond, very pretty if I remember correctly.). He remembers her warning him that it is not a good idea to stay overnight on the island. She went on to say that there are ancient powers asleep on the island that should not be disturbed. Glenn dismissed her as a crank and thought nothing more of it until quizzed by the PC's about any strange people hanging around the dig.

On March 5th 1998 the archaeologists wake up to find that several tools have been broken during the night. No one hears anything and local police do not find any evidence of vandals.

During the night of March 6th the members of the dig start to have recurring dreams. Themes include Water, Woods, an Island and Night. The team finds it increasingly difficult to have a restful nights sleep on the island.

Between March 7th and 14 th, nightmares haunt the team and paranoia grows. More than one team member imagines they see people moving amongst the trees. Items are often missing or moved. Despite all this the dig continues.

On the 15th of March a vote is taken and it is decided to base operations on the mainland, only returning to the island during the day.

April 25th marks the start of the initial digs that are scheduled to run until June 25th.

On June 11th the first bones are uncovered.

On June 15th the Lab confirms the suspicion that the bones are recent. Glenn calls the Police in and further investigation of the island finds that there are three sets of bones. Dating indicates that they are around 10, 20 and 40 years old.

Jeffry Searle (A specialist criminal profiler) is called in to help the police investigation on 19th June. He invites the PCs to tag along. That same day a news crew asking for comments on the case interviews Searle.

20th June sees the death of Julia Preston having caught her boa in the outboard motor of the digs launch.

#### **Adventure Timeline**

While the PC's are trying to work out what is happening on Raths Island a group of prisoners escape while in transit between prisons. This is important, as one of the prisoners is the psychopath known only as John Doe who has a deep hatred of Jeffry Searle. Doe sees Searle interviewed on television and decides to make Searle suffer as Searle has made him suffer.

June 19th - Murderers escape while in transit between prisons.

June 20th - John Doe heads to the PC's location.

June 21st- Emma Atherston, a blond woman, introduces herself to the PC's. This is Catherine using an alias. She needs a willing victim for the summer solstice sacrifice. If the PC who she makes a play for acts suspiciously she will drop him like a hot potato. She needs someone who is pliable and does not suspect anything. John Doe phones Searle on his mobile. Says, "I can see you. I hope you remember me. Taste the fear." and hangs up.

June 22nd - Emma Atherston using another alias officially requests, through the order of Druids, permission to hold a ceremony on the summer solstice. The druids will not reveal this if questioned. However the PC's will be able to find it out if they break into the lodge at night or manage to gain a peek at the orders diary.

June 24th - Last night for the sexual sacrifice.

#### **Who owns the bones?**

Any research into missing peoples over the last 40 years will reveal that the following people were reported missing.

24. June 1958. 40 years ago. Roy Davidson, 30, married, mechanic, left a note to his wife saying he had met someone else and was leaving her.

27. June 1968. 30 years ago. Peter Roads, 33, Married, Car found abandoned 5 miles away on a deserted stretch of road, a notorious lover's lane. Missing since 23 June.

20. June 1988. 10 years ago. Anthony Bridge, 19, missing when on holiday with his friends in Portsmouth, Last seen in a club with an attractive blond.

There is no body dated 20 years old. This is because Paul Etheridge fell into the River Minster before Emma Atherston could bury the body. If the PC's think of looking for murders etc. that occurred 20 years ago let them have access to the newspaper reports, diary and coroners report of the period.(See Player Handouts)

#### A short history of Raths Island

The island has a history of weird events surrounding it: It is rumoured to be an artificial island created by the Isle of Wights original inhabitants and there are several theories as to its purpose, the favourite being that it was originally a fort of some kind.

Ancient legend tells that a demon was fought and defeated by a powerful wizard. The wizard then buried the demon beneath an island of granite surrounded by fast flowing water.

The Government owns the Island in trust from the Order of Druids who have exclusive use for one day each quarter. The Order of Druids holds an annual festival here.

#### How to run the scenario

This scenario assumes that the PC's are undergoing some form of psychiatric counselling as a result of a previous scenario. The counsellor is a friend, Jeffrey Searle. When he is asked by police to help them investigate a killing on Rath Island he asks the investigators to come along. No details of events are given in the scenario. To help it run I suggest the following occur.

1) Catherine, calling herself Emma, approaches one of the PC's and starts a sexual relationship. This PC is earmarked as the next victim. If the PC's have heard that she has been passing rumours about the dig she will pass herself off as an environmentalist. Remember that if the PC's are too suspicious she will not press the relationship.

2) The PC's will probably investigate the order of Druids. This is a red herring and should be used as such. The Druids are of course very secretive and arouse a lot of suspicion by their failure to answer questions. This is very important, as otherwise the PC's will likely immediately suspect Catherine. If your PC's are used to interacting with NPC's not central to the plot Catherine's seduction should work. If not have her drop out immediately and let the PC's think that she was just one of those faceless NPC's that are always interfering with the plot.

3) The final climax should include Catherine luring the PC to the island and summoning a Dark Young. If Catherine fails to feed the Dark Young then it will turn on her. Amongst her belongings is the book „True Magick“ by Thophilus Werin.

#### „True Magick“ by Thophilus Werin

C17th Century.

Bound Manuscript.

1D6/1D6 Sanity.

Cthulhu Mythos +6

Spell Modifier x 2

#### Spells:

- Summon/Bind Dark Young - On the dark of the moon.
- Summon/Bind Shub-Niggurath.
- Steal Life.

If the PC's do not fall for Catherine have her take a member of the dig or a friendly police officer. Hopefully the PC's will be able to work out what is likely to happen at the dig site. When the PC's arrive at the island, preferably trying to save their friend, it is dark and foreboding. Light from torches seems unnaturally dull. Trees seem to move and snag at the PC's clothing.

When they make it to the edge of the clearing where Catherine has her victim they will stumble on the two of them making love. Then as they either turn away or interrupt they notice the trees taking shape and moving. Slowly long branch like tentacles reach out for the couple as they make love but neither seems to notice. If the PC's hesitate the tentacles start invading the lovers bodies, other wise the PC's might be able to save the victim by shaking him out of his trance. All the time tentacles are lashing out and looking for orifices to impregnate. The PC's should elect to run away, those hesitating are sure to die.

4) As a back-story I had the serial killer John Doe kidnap Searle's child. Unfortunately in my campaign the PC's never found her. Doe was sick enough to send Searle Trisha's (his daughters) hand in a parcel. Searle is currently undergoing psychiatric help and he and his wife are in protective custody. Doe is still free and Searle's daughter is still missing.

5) The death of Julia Preston was an accident involving her boa being caught in the outboard motor breaking her neck. Of course the PC's will not believe this and it may lead to an interesting dead end.



**Note for the keeper regarding character statistics**

No statistics are given for any of the protagonists, as I generally do not use them for NPC's. Searle can be generated using the standard rules. Catherine and all the others are human and as such only have about 11 hit points. The Dark Young can be taken directly out of the rulebook or as I did treat them as unkillable supernatural entities.

Sanity loss is another issue and I have not proscribed any. The climax if played right may well warrant as much as 1D6/2D10 or more depending on the keepers' sense of humour. If John Doe manages to scare the players and kidnap Searles daughter further sanity loss may be appropriate.

**Player Handouts****Newspaper Article**

30 June 1978

Police divers found Mr Paul Etheridge late last night in the River Minster. Mr Etheridge had been missing for a week. Police confirmed that it was likely that Mr Etheridge was murdered but they were unable to comment further.

**Diary, in possession of police, concerning the death of Paul Etheridge 20 years ago.**

9 June 1978 - Tuesday

I have met the most beautiful of women. she literally bumped into me on the high street lunch time today. Her smile is like the breaking of dawn and her eyes a cloudless summers day. Before I'd realised it I'd asked her for a drink and to my surprise and pleasure she accepted. Its no surprise that I arrived back late from lunch. The boss had a word but I don't care. In my pocket is the key to my holy grail. Even now her voice is echoing inside my head. I'll give her a ring shortly and ask her out for a meal. She said yes. The Berni's down the road, 8pm tomorrow.

10 June 1978 - Wednesday

Grief. What a night, she is really beautiful I did not just imagine it. Tired, write more tomorrow.

11 June 1978 - Thursday

Worked dragged today. All I can think of is her and the feel of her lips against mine after I dropped her off last night. I'm seeing her again in an hour so I'd best get ready. Its nothing special just a trip to a country pub, should be good.

15 June 1978 - Monday

Well I've just got back. She said she had something important to do and shoved me out of her flat. To say that I've had a good weekend would be an understatement. I only got out of bed an hour ago, Non stop sex from Thursday night to 3 PM this afternoon. I don't suppose that the boss will be very pleased about the two days work that I've missed. Sod him I'll just say I had the flu or something.

19 June 1978 - Friday

Last night was too much. She nearly tore my penis off. Each step I take is like an orgasm, the pain is so intense. For once in my life I think that I am unable to keep up with the pace, maybe I'm getting old.

20 June 1978 - Saturday

She said that she wanted to introduce me to some of her friends. God I never thought that such things actually went on, especially around here.

21 June 1978 - Sunday

Had my first man last night, she wanted me to and she would not take no for an answer. Its stupid but last night was the first time that I realised that I loved her and would do anything that she asked. It was a bit uncomfortable but I must admit I actually enjoyed it.

22 June 1978 - Monday

The sex is excellent but is this all that there is in this relationship? Does it matter? I think I'm in too deep. I wish that I'd never met her and her blue eyes.

23 June 1978 - Tuesday

Last night I was introduced to pain and the pleasure it truly brings, I can't wait until tomorrow and the promised meeting with their guru. My mind says get out but the flesh is too weak. I just hope that I have not caught any diseases.

## Coroners report

1 July 1998

Paul Etheridge

The victim is in an advanced state of decay indicating death at least two months ago, however witnesses have stated that the victim was alive and well up until last week. Cause of death is suffocation caused by as yet unidentified animal tissue forced down the throat. Traces of this tissue can also be found around the victims eyes and inside his ears and rectum. This animal tissue is also in an extremely advance state of decomposition.

## Current newspaper articles

19 June

Escaped Murderers

Police are on the look out for three escaped murderers. The men escaped their prison guard late yesterday afternoon when the van transporting them between prisons was involved in a collision with a school bus. Police have warned that these men are highly dangerous and should not be approached.

20 June

Police capture two escapees

Police were delighted to announce that they had recaptured two of the three prisoners who escaped captivity late yesterday afternoon. They were found in the White Mouse Public house having drunk several drinks, paid for with money the stolen earlier that day from an 78 year old pensioner, Edith Howell. The two gave up without a struggle. Police warn that the third man is still loose. The man known only as John Doe, is an ex mental patient, very dangerous and should not be approached be under any circumstances.

21 June 1998

Death on Rath Island

Miss Julia Preston a member of the archaeological team digging on Rath Island was killed yesterday in a freak boating accident. Police do not believe that there were any suspicious circumstances surrounding the death that was caused by Miss Preston's boa catching in her boats outboard motor. Mr Glenn the director of the dig said. 'Julia was loved and respected by us all. It is a tragedy.

## Player Characters

*Jeffry Searle* - Psychologist (A PC)

Oxford educated. Set up a private practice in 1985. The practice has become very successful with the rich and famous queuing up to obtain Jeffrey's personal and discreet psychological evaluation and counselling.

In 1991 after two years of discontent dealing primarily with the pampered rich Jeffry decided to diversify and offered his services to the police. It was with his help that the serial killer known as the Fox was captured in 1993. His psychological profile of the killer was so accurate that police were able to stake out the site of the killers' next attack thus capturing him in the act of assaulting an 18-year-old student.

Jeffry has also become involved in interviewing and recommending whether a murderer or rapist is fit to face trial. Recently he has become disturbed by these people's confessions and has started to run down his involvement in this area of psychology. His current case involves a psychotic who has refused to even state his name although he claims to have committed over 100 different murders (some already solved). The man known as John Doe has certainly been involved in the murder of 5 children who's bodies have never been recovered.

This holiday will be Jeffry's first for 3 years and he is looking forward to a restful and pleasant two weeks.

Jeffry is married to Jane, and has a four-year-old child named Trisha.

## Glorantha's Worst Books - Nr. 3

**How I did it** – Arkat's Travels to the Other Sight 2nd Edition, now thoroughly revised and cleaned up, includes the brandnew Errata Pull Out Section!



# Bast and the Children of the Sphinx

Or: Just another insane pop group

By Andrew Clements

*'Evil never sleeps. That's why coffee was invented'*

Helpful pre-reading: The main rule book, of course, and Masks of Nyarlothotep.

For those of you who have read the pre-reading list you already know who Bast and the Children of the Sphinx are.

For those of you who haven't, Bast is an Egyptian deity of cats, who is featured in Call of Cthulhu for somewhat doubtful reasons... The Children of the Sphinx are bizarre monsters from the Masks of Nyarlothotep campaign who are actually mummified bodies whose heads have been replaced with those of animals.

As you have noticed, the links between the deity and the monsters is that they are humanoid with animal heads. This was pretty much the inspiration for this mind-destroying idea.

So we came up with a new pop group called "Bast and the Children of the Monolith." It could also be re-named "The Children of the Sphinx, featuring Bast", for Keepers who have been paying attention to current pop trends...

We decided that this would be a pop group, mainly because we do not like pop, and because, quite frankly, who would notice hundreds of teenyboppers going mad?

The Children of the Sphinx would be the backup singers. Since there is an indeterminate number of these monsters, we are settling with four. One has the head of an alligator, one has the head of a hippo, one has the head of a lion [I have no idea why], and the last has the head of a jackal. The Children might also do dance moves, although the alligator and the hippo might have a problem with head balance.

Being animal-headed, singing is probably not one of their best talents. But being a pop group, this probably goes without saying. Bast would naturally be the lead singer. What else would an Elder God accept?

*[At this point I interject a side comment. At one point we felt that Bast and The Children of the Sphinx would be a line-dance group. This is perfectly viable. Can you imagine this Mythos group doing a collaboration with Steps?]*

The group would probably start off with a cover or two, in order to arouse general suspi- er, interest. Possibilities include Stardust's "The Madness Feels Better with You", the Backstreet Boys' "What You Are [?!?]", and Run DMC etc "Its Like That [And That's Who I Eat]."

When they became popular through a now entranced fan base, they would probably start injecting Cthulhu-type hymns into their songs. The first couple of songs would probably be normal insanity-causing affairs, aided by the group appearing live, which will inevitably cause a few asylum admissions..., but following their success, the group will lose their lofty [?!?] ideals about the enslavement and eating of humanity... After that they will just pretend to be occult, while actually serving it up on a pop platter... Being naturally sadistic entities, they will probably make songs more banal and pointless than even the Backstreet Boys, or even [gasp!] the Spice Girls.

When the group eventually disbands in the natural course of events [say, Mr Hippo-head ODs, or Bast argues with Mr Lion-head about Demarcation], Bast will probably go solo, although doing occasional duets or featuring in other groups, etc. Witness Celine Dion and Bast: "Its You [I Want to Maim]."

The Children of the Sphinx will inevitably sell out stories to the newspapers, and will probably be killed in supposed suicides... such as suicide by not running before the Fire Vampire hits.

Assuming they don't take this route, they will probably filter into TV, the way many failed pop stars do [naming no names...]. A probable favourite is Mr Jackal-Head and the others joining the Blue Peter team. A little more insanity won't hurt... ["And here's a Sacrificial Knife I made earlier... remember, have an adult present at all times..."].

Of course, after this, the group will completely fade away from public memory, only remembered by a few loyal fans. Truly, a cult-following.

This article is plainly satirical, but you can adapt it to "normal" cthulhu adventures by making the singers human, but have them continue to sing Cthulhu-oid hymns...

Thanks to: Rob, Ross, and other members of the Minotaur's Head Gaming Club who helped contribute to the ideas presented here.

# The Duergar

A new Metamorphosis for Nephilim.

By Simon Bray

"The old man scuttled through the corridor that was formed between two great rows of greasy engine blocks. His twisted, stunted body was perfectly designed for rummaging amongst the debris of the scrap yard. He seemed annoyed at the intrusion. He had been working at the machine again. All night in fact, relentlessly hammering, scraping and drilling. It was going to have to stop; I had already contacted the council. He returned a minute later, in his oil stained hand he held the blackened letter I had sent him. He grunted and pushed it and a huge roll of money into my hand. 'That should stop your complaining he growled!' There was more than enough to keep me sweet. I so I thought, when I got home the money was gone! I didn't dare call the police, I'm sure they would only think I was mad."

The Duergar are an ancient folk, the small dark men that have dwelt in the recesses of human psyche since the beginning of time. Rumpelstiltskin, Der Nibelunglied, the works of Tolkien. These are the romances of the Duergar, but the truth must really lie within the choking smoke and fumes of industry.

The Duergar are often responsible for the creation of many Nephilim's Stasis, their nature makes all their many of their artefacts suitable candidates for storing Ka. An unusual behaviour of the Duergar is the collection and hoarding of Stasis. Their misanthropic, reclusive nature often leads powerful Duergar to head for the wilds and lead solitary lives, some take to dwelling in holes and caves, away from prying eyes.

Duergar often gravitate towards the Arcanums of the Chariot, Strength, the Hermit and occasionally the Tower. Their greatest time of strength was during the early years of the Industrial Revolution, when a great Awakening of Duergar led to many great inventions. However, many of these were stolen by human enemies of the Nephilim and declared as their own. There was also a noted Awakening in 800 AD, which is occurred in Norway, this event seems to have occurred at random. The result of this is only recorded in Viking mythology and later in secret files possessed by Hitler's Reich.

Duergar are Earth Nephilim, associated strongly with the Physical universe.

## Chinese Portrait.

A Natural phenomena - A landslide

A metal - Pig iron

An animal - A toad

A mythological being - King Nibelung

A famous human being - Thomas Newcomen, inventor of the steam engine.

A human activity - Open cast mining.

A work of Art - The Black Dwarf by Sir Edward Mauley (Alias the Wise Wight of Mucklestone Moor.)

A weapon - A pick axe

An object - A steam traction engine.

## Private.

The Duergar relish their own company and follow only their own council. If they must interact with others it is in an environment that they can control. As a Duergar becomes more private he loses stature, become small and easily missed in a crowd. His body becomes hunched and his torso shortens, his limbs shorten, but often out of proportion to his torso. The Duergar's head does not alter in size however.

By the time a Duergar has become a fully private being it will have reduced in stature by several feet, he gait and movement will have altered considerably. Consequently a Duergar with a Private Trait of 16 doubles its skill of Hide.

## Creative.

The Duergar are constantly tinkering and inventing. They are greatly skilled at fashioning new items from basic raw materials, or improvising with whatever is available. Metal is always the choice material of the Duergar from gold to iron. The creations of a Duergar always have an unnatural feel to them machines feel infernal and may cause fear in humans, jewellery feels magical or enchanted, sculpture is always disturbing.

As the Duergar expresses his creativity his hands and arms become more suited to their tasks. A Blacksmith gains great muscles and great strong hands, a gold smith grows long subtle fingers, a sculptor gains incredibly sensitivity in its finger. By the time a Duergar has reached a Creativity Trait of 16 the transformation becomes complete, its arms and hands are perfectly designed for one craft or art, but no other. The Duergar's skill with that Craft or Art trebles, but they can practice no other Art or Craft at a skill higher than their Agility score.



**Deceitful.**

The Duergar are not afraid to warp the truth to obtain their goals. They sometimes become malicious and use their skills to trap the unwary or even to cause harm. If they can obtain materials, secrets or Ka through deceit then it is all the better. A Duergar rarely participates in honest transactions.

As the Duergar becomes more deceitful he becomes more skilled at fooling humans. A Duergar with a Deceitful Trait of 16 can create an illusion that will fool a human for several minutes. This illusion can only effect one individual perception at a time, but the effects can very convincing. The Duergar must match the human's Solar-Ka with its Earth-Ka. The duration of the illusion is equal to half the Duergar's Earth-Ka in minutes. The illusion must be of something that is 'real' to the observer. The illusion cannot harm the human, but the effects of the illusion can. E.g. a human tries to cross an illusionary bridge and falls into the river beneath may well drown, but an illusionary car cannot run you over. The Duergar's illusions are limited to one use per day.

**Stubborn.**

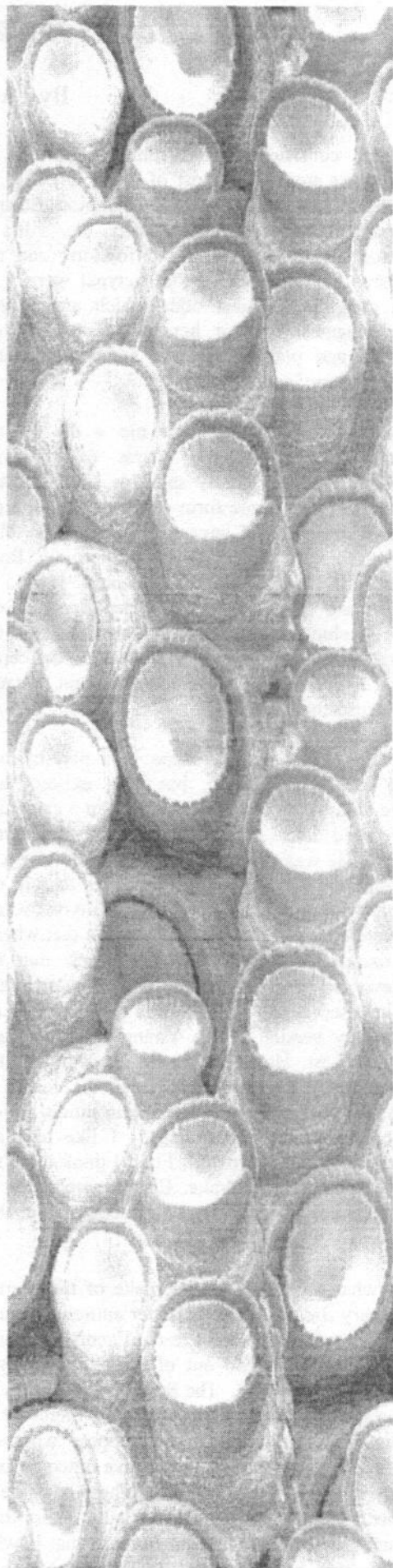
The Duergar are very single-minded. Once they have formulated an idea it cannot be changed by anybody but themselves. They may spend decades following a useless goal, but will not be deterred until they prove themselves wrong. A Duergar will never admit that it is wrong under any circumstance.

As a Duergar becomes more stubborn his skin hardens, becomes dark and stone like. They also develop heavy wrinkles over their faces and their eyes become smaller and buried deep in their eye sockets. The movements of the Duergar begin to slow and become rigid. When a Duergar develops a Stubborn Trait of 16 its skin becomes so stone like that it offers 4 points of armour protection.

**Suspicious.**

The Duergar believe only in concrete evidence, hard facts or logical proposals. They usually believe in nothing but themselves and have no or little faith in the work of others.

As a Duergar becomes more suspicious, it becomes less tolerant or trusting in the actions of others. They become highly critical of the work of others and will not tolerate incompetence. Eventually the Duergar trusts only their own inventions, designs, ideas etc. This often leads to misanthropic behaviour. The Duergar loses all faith in the world about it, especially its technology. It is not unknown for Duergar that have attained a Suspicious Trait of 16 to mistrust the world so much that they attempt to return to their Stasis and look for a better more reliable age.



# The Eternal Kitchen Sink...

By Lawrence Whitaker

The one consistent strand running through all Moorcock's stories (or most of them, anyway), is the Eternal something or other: Champion, Enemy, Companion, Lover, Weapon, City etc. It's a common theme in fantasy and folklore, and not exclusive to Moorcock; the archetypal warrior or hero, struggling against odds which are heavily stacked against him or her, aided and abetted, thwarted and plagued, by the archetypal friend, weapon, enemy and/or nemesis.

It's a theme that's intrigued me – the Eternal Whatever – and in the course of my own roleplaying career, mostly spent as Gamesmaster, I've explored it in one form or another. So, from my own campaigns I have the Eternal Storyteller (Ranyart Finn, for those of you familiar with 'Book of Brilliant Things' and the lamented 'Herald of Doom') and the Eternal Mercenary Band. Both have developed subconsciously, woven into the fabric of my campaigns without any deliberate design, but cropping up time and again because they just seemed to *fit*.

Finn, for example, took shape in a play-by-mail game called *Espadarium*, but he'd existed long before that, as the alcoholic landlord in a campaign I ran (and later published) called *The Eternal Enemy*. He was – is – my alter-ego; the one who gets roaringly drunk, but still manages to spin out his tales with incredible coherence. Anyone who's encountered me at a convention knows that when I get roaringly drunk, coherence goes out the window; so I created Finn as the antithesis to that. And he's served me well. Finn's the mouthpiece I use for my version of the Young Kingdoms and Unknown East. He has all the stories, knows all the history, and is usually on hand, in the corner of some tavern or inn, ready to explain things or just add colour to the proceedings. I like to think Moorcock would approve of Finn; I think there's a little of him in Wheldrake, Elric's companion in 'The Revenge of the Rose', but I could (probably am) be wrong.

Quite what Moorcock would make of the Eternal Mercenary Band is another matter entirely. Again, this is a creation from the *Eternal Enemy* campaign that has drifted in and out of various campaigns I've run over the years. The Straw Dogs, as they're known, are the hardest, most feared mercenaries roaming the multiverse. They appear wherever there's a conflict that has no decisive outcome, and usually with no particular desire to help one side or another. In fact, profit never actually enters their actions: the Straw Dogs fight because that is what they do best, and they can do little else. Their

weird is to be in the thick of the action, and helping to determine the outcome. They've served both Law and Chaos, and even the Balance. Their leader, Tasis, has been both the Eternal Enemy and the Eternal Champion, depending on the circumstances. But no one has ever beaten the Straw Dogs. Even when defeat seems imminent, they've somehow turned the tables, or pulled an unexpected ace out of the metaphorical sleeve.

Of course they do, you say, you created them, you can make them do just as you like.

Well, this is true. To a point. Both Finn and the Straw Dogs *are* NPCs from my own campaigns, and yes, I *can* make them into whatever I like. But, what I've increasingly found is that these characters have taken on a life and feeling of their own. I've been asked what Finn thinks about such-and-such at conventions. I've even seen the Straw Dogs leave the plane of Hawkmoon's earth only to be replaced by another band of player-characters who immediately took on the mantle – without any of my direction. Why? I asked the leading player behind this move, after the game in which Wilhelm became Tasis. "It's like the Dread Pirate Roberts (a character in the film 'The Princess Bride' – see it; it's an absolute must)," he replied. "The Straw Dogs *have* to continue. It's what's expected."

And he was right. Watching the Straw Dogs develop from NPCs into PCs, outside my control, is a delight and exactly what's expected. I can think of no finer accolade, as a Gamesmaster, than for a character or set of characters I've created as NPCs to be taken by others and made their own. I know that Finn has cropped-up in several games that I've never even taken part in, and I'm delighted that the Straw Dogs are now being played not only by the best roleplayers I've ever had the good fortune to GM, but with the spirit I'd thought exclusive to my own imagination.

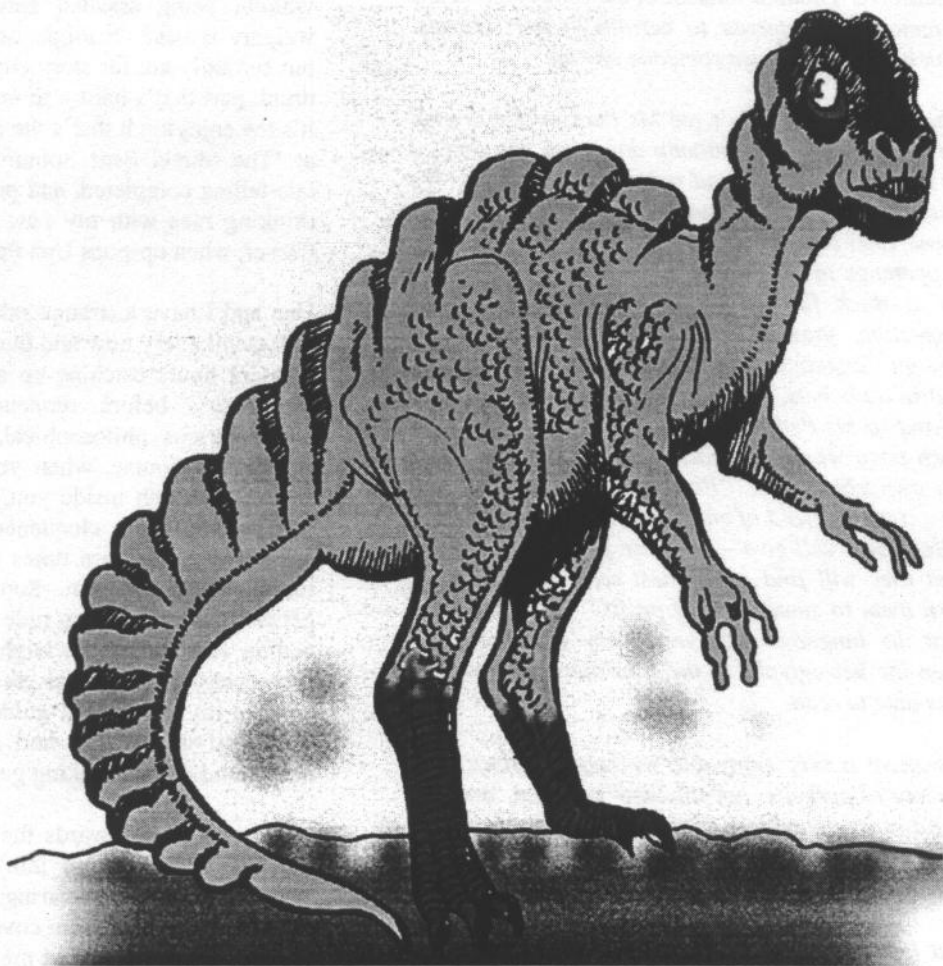
I suppose this is the lesson of this little piece. Good NPCs, mixed with good players, make for a great game. It doesn't matter what game system you play; if your NPCs take on a life of their own, they can help inspire the players. I get the greatest kick of all when GMing an NPC who suddenly says or does things I don't expect, and when the players react to him or her as though her or she is a real person. When your players ignore your creation, because they know it doesn't matter, then the game becomes flat. But, when you slip into the NPC's accent or mannerisms, and the players suddenly start to look jittery (or even upset or scared), then everything becomes alive.



If I have one piece of advice to fledgling gamesmasters, or even GMs who are looking for some advice, it is this: make your NPCs *live*. The NPCs will thank you for it. Your players will thank you for it. Hell, you'll thank yourself for it. Good adventures and scenarios stem from the characters – player and non-player – rather than the situation. Get the former right, and the latter comes much more easily. The Elric! system seems, for some reason, to lend itself to this kind of character-driven roleplay more than other systems. It is, I suspect, because Moorcock invested a great deal of time in making the characters in his stories so different to the usual clichés of heroic fiction. This rubs off on both the players and gamesmasters. Everyone wants to have a sidekick like Moonglum, or an enemy like Theleb K'aana. Every roleplayer wants to encounter an enemy who'll pop-up again to challenge them, or an acquaintance who becomes a long-awaited friend, even if they cannot actually aid the game in any way. It adds depth to a scenario, and makes it much easier to invoke an atmosphere without having to resort to more and more outlandish feats of imagination. Players seem to like what's familiar and believable. It gives them a solid base on which they can build their own interpretation of the GM's world. And if both the GM and the players actively believe in what's unfolding during the course of play, the game itself is enhanced. Not only that, the GM actually has to do very little GMing. If the players immediately gather around and start to plan how they'll defeat The Straw Dogs (or whoever), you'll find they also begin to treat the Straw Dogs (or whoever) with respect... "No! If we do that, they'll do this... remember what happened at Breton?" And then what happens is that you, as GM, can sit back, pour yourself a glass of something strong, and watch the action unfold, interjecting here and

there to clarify one point or another, but actually doing not much at all. Save, that is, enjoying your creations, and the players' creations, at work.

I titled this article 'The Eternal Kitchen Sink'. It seemed like a good title, but it has nothing to do with Kitchen Sinks, eternal or otherwise. But it does seem appropriate. I found that using the Eternal X, Y or Z helped me to carve out some solid, believable, much-loved (by me, anyway) NPCs. I doubt I would have created them if I hadn't been playing Elric! or Stormbringer; the whole ethos and atmosphere of Moorcock's works seemed to dictate that I create these things. I'm glad I did. And I hope that you do too. More to the point, I hope that, some day, I'll be using one of *your* NPCs in one of my games, because the character lives and breathes and begs to be used again and again.



**The Eternal Magasaur**

# The Legacy of Ranyart Finn

The End of the World, and All That...

By Una Persson, translated by Lawrence Whitaker

Many people have asked me about Ranyart Finn, most of them wanting to know how I came by his various stories and snippets of wisdom (such as they are). I must confess that I cannot take the credit for any of Finn's writings, for all I have ever done is to organise them into a coherent narrative from the (clearly drunken) scribbles held in several thick files.

These files came into my possession through my acquaintance with Ms Una Persson. She and I met at a cocktail party in West Dulwich, hosted by Mr Daniel Bourne, who was, at the time, preparing a special interest magazine called *Chaosiana*. Ms Persson was introduced to me by the great artist Simon Bray, who, with a knowing smile, said the two of us should get along famously. Over the course of the next few hours, Ms Persson and I discovered a mutual interest in the esoteric, and she enigmatically referred to certain of her 'travels' which would fascinate someone like me.

After the party, I didn't see Ms Persson for several weeks, until one fine autumn day when she arrived at my flat in Hampstead quite unannounced. We took tea in the roof garden, and chatted blithely about such matters as the weather, and the strange happenings in Al Amarja. It was then she handed me a thick file of papers, which, upon closer inspection, showed to be written in a completely foreign language that relied upon none of the known alphabets. I told her I could not read any of it, and so Ms Persson directed me to the reverse of each page where she had thoughtfully carried out her own translation. "Ranyart Finn is – was – will be – a great friend of mine." She said thoughtfully. "He gave – will give – me these papers in the hope that they will find an earnest scholar who might turn them to some form of profit." She explained that the language was very, very old, predating even the hieroglyphs of the Pharaohs, but one she was able to read.

We spent a very enjoyable weekend involved in a variety of pursuits, not all them cerebral, and did not discuss the papers again. Then, as abruptly as she had arrived, she left. And I have never seen her since.

But I do still have the papers she left, and, in her honour, I have made it my task to prepare these manuscripts for publication. It is very hard work. Even though Ms Persson provided a translation, much of the ramblings require detailed study and a

great deal of editorial thought, to put them into a readable narrative. This is why they appear so infrequently.

As I have worked on Ranyart Finn's papers, I have come to view him as a friend. He lived in a very different age to our own, but seems to have shared a philosophy very akin to that of the late 20th Century. As this second millenium of ours draws to its close, I have decided to publish Ranyart Finn's own thoughts on the ending of eras.

Lawrence Whitaker, Stevenage, 1999

## The End of the World, and All That, by Ranyart Finn of Raschil.

Is it possible, I ask you, to get drunk in peace without being assailed and told to contemplate weighty issues? It might be for you, dear reader, but certainly not for storytellers. It isn't the getting drunk part that's hard – to me, it comes naturally – it's the enjoying it that's the difficulty. There I was at 'The Shield Sent Spinning', a good evening's tale-telling completed, and preparing to enter into a drinking race with my new best friend Cugel the Clever, when up-pops Una Persson.

Una and I have a strange relationship. She arrives in Raschil every now and then, and we spend a few pleasant hours catching-up on her travels and my hang-overs, before descending into arguments about various philosophical, religious and social issues. Of course, when you have a skin-full of decent Saramath inside you, such arguments seem to flow with such eloquence and wit, but I must confess that there are times when I'm in no mood for intellectual chatter. Sometimes I just want to get very shit-faced, sing rude songs, and maybe risk getting arrested by the Nighwatch. This was one such occasion, and I was greatly put-out when Una grasped my elbow and guided me away from the pitcher of wine Cugel had just purchased for the next round of our drinking game.

Una steered me towards the darkest corner of the inn and shovelled me into a high-backed chair. When I'd finished swearing, she folded her arms, arranged her skirts to cover a fair expanse of exposed thigh, and fixed me with one of her cold, serious looks. Believe me, when it comes to cold, serious looks, she can Look for Filkhar. "Ranyart, the world's going to end soon. What are you going



to do about it?" Adopting a cold, serious look of my own, I leaned forward and furrowed my brow.

"I shall track down the bastard who's going to do this deed and ensure that he rues the day!" I declared, a little too loudly. Una scowled angrily.

"This is serious Ranyart. Sadric's dead." I nodded sagely, and confessed that I didn't know he'd been ill. Then it began to dawn upon me. Sadric the 86th. Emperor of Melnibone.

"Oh." I said. "Him. Well, that means that pasty-faced son of his will get the Ruby Throne doesn't it? You remember, that white-haired, scarecrow we saw when we visited the Story Marathon three years ago." Una and I had attended a story telling competition in Imrryr, and had seen first-hand Sadric's only son. Sadric hadn't looked too well then, but his son – well, I'm not entirely sure he was even alive to begin with.

"That's right." Una said, shaking her lovely head. "Prince Elric is destined to take the throne, and I have it on good authority that with it comes the End of the World."

Whenever Una mentions 'good authority', she means a friend of hers she calls Lord Jagged. I haven't the faintest idea what he's a Lord of, but he seems to know most of what's going on in the Young Kingdoms. I didn't mention Jagged's name, but my cynical smile obviously indicated that I thought Una should loosen-up a little. "Listen Una, I've met this great chap. His name's Cugel, you'll like him. He drinks like a battlebarge and I've got a twenty sovereign wager on..."

"Ranyart, I'm telling you all this because I think you should know. If Jagged says the world is going to end, then it will. I'd like you to be prepared, at the very least."

"Ah, well, in that case, we'd better go find Cugel, get that wine, and then, er, go back to my place." I winked lasciviously. "If the world's going to end, we don't have very much time, do we?" For that suggestion, I received a withering look and an only half-playful slap.

"Don't be so crude Ranyart." Una snapped. "I didn't say the world would end *tonight*, just that it's going to end sooner rather than later. I might take a few years, but believe me, the Young Kingdoms probably aren't going to become 'The Old Kingdoms'." The seriousness of Una's tone provoked a slight attack of sobriety. I shuffled uneasily in the high-backed chair, glanced around the packed inn, and smiled apologetically.

"Very well Una, we're all doomed. I believe you. But I just don't see what I can do about it. If Prince Elric is so bad, surely someone – the Mereghn perhaps – could arrange for his, er, removal. Disaster avoided."

"We've thought of that," Una replied glumly. "But ever since the Torquada Varenkor fiasco, the Mereghn have declared Melnibone off-limits. They won't touch the place with a ten-foot battle-lance." I had to agree. The Torquada Varenkor incident was one of the Mereghn's most embarrassing episodes; perhaps its only embarrassing episode. I half-suspected Una to be a Mereghn operative – after all, she tends to get hold of the kind of information only the Mereghn normally have, and I know she can handle herself in a fight. If the Mereghn wouldn't wade-in to save the Young Kingdoms, there were few opportunities left.

"Mind you," I added, remembering something we'd overheard whilst in Imrryr for the story competition. "There's that cousin of Elric's. What was he called? Macaroon or something?"

"Yrkoon." Una corrected. "Nasty piece of work. Yes, there's no love lost between Elric and Yrkoon, that's a certainty. It might be Yrkoon makes his own challenge for the Ruby Throne." She pondered the possibility, and while she did, I summoned another pitcher of wine. I glanced around the inn, looking for Cugel, and spotted him (or rather, that strange, three-tiered hat he wears) talking to a very attractive courtesan known as Y-Shaped Aida. Una attracted my attention with a kick to the shins. I poured us both some wine, and offered a half-hearted toast to whatever time we have left.

"So, assuming this Elric survives his coronation, what's the new nature of the catastrophe then?" I asked. Una shrugged.

"We have no idea. It could be anything: all-out war with Menastree or Pan Tang; a plague of biblical proportions..."

"What's a 'biblical' proportion?"

"Very, very big. Or it could be something utterly mundane." She sipped her wine. "We just don't know."

"Ha! Maybe we'll get the Lords of Law and Chaos meeting in a titanic struggle for the control of the Multiverse!" I offered jovially. That withering glance again.

"Don't be so stupid Ranyart. You know I don't believe in supernatural diets."

"You're about the only one who doesn't." I replied, very piqued at her atheistic cynicism. "Listen, I've been on the receiving-end of the Lords of Chaos, and believe me, it's no laughing matter." I rubbed my neck and drank heavily of my wine. "They might not be worshipped where *you* come from, Ms Persson, but round here, we take our gods seriously."

"Too seriously. You should try visiting the Tragic Millenium. They don't bother too much with gods there, and they get along just fine. Mind you, they *do* have a problem with masks and light-amplification energy weapons..." She was off again, talking about places and things she'd seen that just didn't fit-in with accepted geography at all. I let her ramble a little, and made a mental note to find out if Cugel and Y-shaped Aida managed to fashion some interesting geometry of their own. It's always obvious when someone's enjoyed Y-shaped's company: they scratch themselves raw for about a week afterwards.

"Back to the point in question." I said, neatly heading-off a description of a bloke called Hawkwind or something. "The world is going to end. Is this something I should make public? I mean, I could get a lot of mileage out of the impending disaster story-wise, but it might put people off. I'm known as an optimistic bard, not some glum 'the-end-is-nigh' doom peddlar." Una smiled. I loved her smiles; they lit up the very air around her and made her soft, round face into a pure vision of beauty. By Ariocho, the world could end right now if it meant spending the last few moments with her.

"I told you," she said, "because you're my friend, and I think that someone other than me and Lord Jagged should be in the picture. Someone who lives in the Young Kingdoms, and doesn't just pass through from time to time. It's your world, for goodness sake. I don't want to have the monopoly of knowledge about its fate." She took my hand in hers. "I actually care about you Ranyart. I couldn't know of your fate and *not* tell you about it." I patted her hand and stared into those deep, green eyes.

"So, now you've told me that we're all going to die, don't you think you should make it up to me in some way? I'm feeling rather depressed now." I knew that this question was going to elicit one of two reactions. When the slap didn't come, I knew that I was onto something rather special. Her free hand slid under the table and up the inside of my thigh.

"Is that a Runestaff in your pocket, or are you just pleased to see me?" She asked. I winked.

"I've got some great books on Lormyrian metaphysics back at my place," I said. "Care to view them?"

As we left 'The Shield Sent Spinning', I caught sight of Cugel. He was wrapped in a tight embrace with Y-shaped Aida in a shadowy corner of the inn. With not a little amusement, I noticed one of his hands absently scratch at his crotch before venturing back into Aida's clothing. So, not so clever after all then.

*This excerpt appears early-on in the Ranyart Finn papers, and there are several volumes of work covering a period of around 7 years or so – indicating that the world didn't end quite as soon as Una Persson indicated. Several later papers make direct mention of Elric, and indeed, Ranyart and Elric met face-to-face on one occasion.*

*It isn't clear exactly what did contribute to the end of Ranyart's world, called, as is noted, The Young Kingdoms, but from what I have been able to gather, it was not a pleasant affair. Finn himself seems to have escaped the destruction of his world; just recently I received another batch of papers (presumably from Una) which clearly bear Finn's style, which describe his experiences in the Tragic Millenium Una hints at in the above excerpt. Exactly what forces were at work to ensure his survival are unclear, but from my rough-reading of this new batch of notes, the Tragic Millenium is no less strange or alien when compared with our own world. From what I can gather, Ranyart fits-in with the place, although, as Una suggests, there is some kind of problem with people who wear masks.*

Lawrence Whitaker, Stevenage, 1999

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# Significant Trees

An Elric! - Scenario

By Lawrence Whitaker

## INTRODUCTION

This scenario describes a conflict between the Vilmirian Church of Law and a group of protesters angry at the proposed destruction of a forest that lies along a key Vilmirian trade route. The adventurers can participate in these events in a number of different ways, depending on their allegiances, loyalties, and other factors specific to ongoing campaigns. For this reason, the scenario is presented as a series of existing situations and non-player characters, rather than in the traditional style. A variety of scenario hooks are then suggested for game masters to use to bring the adventurers into the action.

Read the whole scenario carefully - especially the NPC descriptions. These provide valuable information and insights that can either be exploited by the adventurers, or used against them, according to the scenario hook being used.

## A TRANS-VILMIRIAN ROAD, HURRAH!

The town of Felazra supplies Old Hrolmar with quality grains and vegetables. The bulk is consumed within Vilmir, but a little is exported. And, given the problems Vilmir faces in growing decent crops, Felazra is a jewel in an otherwise rusty crown.

The main fly in this ointment is the rough country lying between Old Hrolmar and Felazra. For much of the way, the terrain is spartan and rocky. It takes about 20 days for a typical caravan to travel between the two. Harsh rains create fields of sticky mud that slow progress, and in dry weather the tough, stony ground splinters cartwheels and splits horses' hooves. If it were not for the quality of the merchandise produced in Felazra, most traders would not suffer the journey.

The Adventurous Guild of Merchant Traders in Old Hrolmar has finally persuaded the Church of Law to build a road between Old Hrolmar and Felazra. Not a glorified dirt track with signposts, but a proper road, like Melniboné used to build. Road building, like most projects undertaken in Vilmir, is subject to strict rules of completion, the main rule being that the road must be as straight as an arrow. No deviations, no detours. On this the Church of Law is adamant.

About two thirds of the way to Felazra, where the ground becomes fertile, lies the Tull Forest. This ancient woodland blocks the straight-line route of

the road; going around the forest is possible, but would mean a thirty-mile detour, significantly increasing the cost of the project, and mean the road is no longer a straight line. The Church of Law is not prepared to compromise on the project, even though the Adventurous Guild of Merchant Traders has no objection to sending the road around Tull Forest.

The building started a year ago, and has now reached the outskirts of the forest. During this time the Church has been unable to reach a suitable agreement with the inhabitants of the woods. It has offered generous compensation, but this has been refused. An official protest is now underway. Around 60 protesters have taken up residence in Tull Forest, creating a series of tree houses that block the path the road is to take. The road cannot continue until the protesters have been removed, and, because all attempts at peaceful negotiation have failed, the Church has decided to evict the protesters forcefully.

The difficulty with such a course of action is obvious. A forced eviction is likely to gain more support for the protesters, especially in the surrounding small villages, where the rule of the Church of Law is already considered oppressive. It is also likely to elicit condemnation from many in Old Hrolmar - and the last thing the Church wants is open hostility amongst its key supporters.

So it is that the Church has decided to use covert force to get the protesters out. Of course, it will deny all knowledge of any violent confrontation, and has set matters up in such a way that blame cannot be laid at its doorstep. If its plans are successful it will hold up its hands in horror and promise that the culprits will be brought to justice.

## Enter the Adventurers

As the scenario hooks later show, the adventurers can enter this situation in any number of ways. Depending on who the adventurers work for determines where resistance comes from - and this is described in more detail later on.

The following section describes the environs of the scenario, and details key areas of interest. Afterwards the main NPCs are provided, along with information on the parts they play in the Tull Forest conflict and things that can be used by both you as the game master and the adventurers, in helping to resolve the conflict.

**THE TULL FOREST AND ENVIRONS**

The land between Old Hrolmar and the Tull Forest is typical of much of Vilmir: rough, rocky scrubland, punctuated here and there by outcrops of low, hardy shrubs, and the occasional outbreak of grassland. The terrain rolls monotonously, with few true valleys, and only the odd stream promising fresh water. Until the Tull Forest, there are no villages or hamlets; just the bland, depressing wasteland of this bland, depressing country.

The forest rings the changes. The area occupied by the Tull Forest and the town of Felazra is a fertile floodplain fed by tributaries of the Hrol river. The forest is a mixture of oak, elm, cedar and silver birch, with pleasant glades, cool streams, and plentiful wildlife. On the northern edge of the forest, the trees give way to open fields of wheat, barley and maize, with orange groves further to the west. These fields are owned by the farmers of Felazra, and in recent years they have enjoyed good harvests, which has contributed much to the purses of both merchants and farmers alike.

The forest contains several small communities of woodcutters and crafters who, for many years, have looked after the well being of the Tull. Although they are supporters of Law, many accept the rule of Ish'ish'a'maal here (see below), and do not do anything that might anger her. They see the road as the undoing of all their hard work, and believe that any harm to the forest will incur Ish'ish'a'maal's wrath. This anger would have repercussions for the Felazra farmers, because Ish'ish'a'maal is a subject of Lord Grome, and it is Grome who can control the success or failure of each year's harvest. The people of Felazra however, view things differently. They believe that the Lords of Law smile upon their lands, and it is they who have blessed recent harvests. The road will benefit Felazra without question, and they reject the forest dwellers' promises of divine retribution should the forest be harmed.

**The Road Builders' Camp**

To the south of the forest, between a range of low hills, the road terminates. It is an arrow-straight length of bleached stone that extends over the horizon all the way to Old Hrolmar. Where the road ends, the engineers and have made their camp, and they wait anxiously for the dispute with the foresters to be resolved. The camp is on the verge of becoming an unruly rabble, and the leaders of the project have had to become tough to maintain discipline.

By the road side, wagons filled with stone stand idle, tents lining the roadside about half a mile from where the forest starts. Soldiers brought in from the Church of Law in Old Hrolmar mount a lazy patrol, watching for saboteurs, but are inattentive for the most part.

Most of the tents belong to the labour force - 150 criminals sentenced to hard labour for a wide variety of crimes. They are more forcefully guarded by the Penal Militia, who number 75, and are shackled in twos at the ankles and wrists. The wrist manacles are removed only when work is underway; otherwise they remained joined together, even when sleeping. Penal Militia mount vigilant patrols along the line of tents, and keep a close eye during exercise periods (once per day, mid-morning, when the prisoners are marched one mile up the road and then back again, twice). The Penal Militia is commanded by Rodurus Redbeard, known as The Lash. He's a hard task master and commands the fear of the prisoners. He's quick to flog slackers and insolents, and during the course of the building work he has had 3 prisoners hung for attempting to escape. He is just as tough with the Militia men, and tolerates no half-measures.

At the top of the eastern hill, overlooking the labour camp, stand the tents for the overseers of the project. Their tents are much more extravagant than the simple, grey canvas affairs of the prisoners, and are guarded by 3 more of the Church of Law's bronze-armoured troops.

**Sagyn's Tent**

This large, marquee-like structure houses Sagyn's personal quarters, a banqueting area, and an operations section. Sagyn spends most of his time here, pondering on the conflict with the Tull Forest protesters, or discussing strategies with the other overseers of the road project.

Personal Quarters - opulent decor; rich, springy cushions for sitting/lounging on, plentiful supplies of fruit and wine, fine Jharkorian rugs, and tapestries depicting Goldar's glory. This is where Sagyn sleeps/relaxes and pays homage to Goldar. In one corner of the tent is his travelling trunk, which contains various formal and informal robes, and a purse containing a variety of coins (up to 300 Bronze in value) and some semi-precious gems (up to 500 Bronze).

Banqueting Area - another elegant area, and the largest part of the tent. Cushions are arranged in a circle around a square rug of high quality. Beside each cushion is a silver dish used for meals, and a silver goblet. Both items are worth 100 Bronze each, but are stamped with the insignia of the Old Hrolmar Church of Law. In one corner of the banquet area stands a samovar and in the other a low table with flagons of red and white wine.

Operations Area - the smallest part of the tent, this is where the progress of the road is charted. On a camp table is spread a map of the area between Felazra and Old Hrolmar, the road's progress marked in red ink. In one corner of the map are calculations on how long construction should take,



with modifications for different conditions. Presently, the road is two thirds of the way to Felazra and has taken just over a year. The calculations reckon that, with favourable conditions, it should be complete in another year, since deforestation will have to take place before the road can progress.

Clustered around Sagyn's tent are the tents of Horzha, the chief engineer; Rodurus Redbeard, commander of the Penal Militia; Fered Elit, the representative of the Adventurous Guild of Merchant Traders; and two other tents - one a kitchen, the other a store house. These tents are identical - bleached white canvas that can sleep two in comfort, although each tent has only one occupant.

The tents for the Penal Militia line the western hillside overlooking the prisoners' tents. There are 75 guards, one for every two prisoners, and they are extremely vigilant under the close scrutiny of Rodurus Redbeard. There are always 40 guards on duty at any one time, with the remainder either sleeping or relaxing in their hillside encampment. Each guard carries a horn, and two sharp blasts are sounded if unrest amongst the prisoners seems likely. In such an event, all 75 guards become active, and they act according to prepared tactics to round the prisoners up using as much force as necessary, and chain the entire line together.

The mood in the road builders' camp contrasts strangely with that in the Protesters'. The prisoners are a grim lot - weary from back-breaking work, but bored with idleness and frustrated by the taunts and jeers emanating from the nearby forest. One or two prisoners are stirring up trouble - quietly, mind you - and there is a growing sense of restlessness amongst them. Some want to join the protesters, a few want to murder all the guards and skin Rodurus Redbeard alive. Most just want to escape, perhaps making for the Ilmioran border. The guards have sensed this current of rebellion, and have reported it to Rodurus. He has responded by introducing a harsh regime of physical exercise, with slackers punished by flogging. The prisoners are made to run, chained together, up and down the western hillside for one hour each day, in addition to their regular march up and down the road side. Contrary to Rodurus's belief that this will knock the restlessness out of them, it serves simply to reinforce it. At the slightest opportunity, the prisoners will take advantage and revolt.

Those in charge of the road building are similarly dispirited. Administrator Sagyn has made several attempts to negotiate with the protesters, but has returned each time covered in faeces and urine. The Branch Wise Stoaiguile acts contemptuously towards reasonable negotiation, and the protesters' taunts grow louder each day.

Horsza, the chief engineer, grows more and more homesick. Progress has been halted for so long now, that he's seriously considering leaving the site and making his way back to the Unknown East. It won't take much to make up his mind. If he tries this, Sagyn will use force to keep him at the camp; if Horsza leaves, the completion of the road will be set back by many months. He uses techniques unknown in the Young Kingdoms, techniques that are far more efficient than those commonly used. Switching now would severely damage the project.

Rodurus Redbeard, mindful of the mood amongst the prisoners, suggests drastic action to Sagyn. He can help here, and ensure that the Church is not implicated. He can find mercenaries who will act swiftly to evict the protesters and take out the Chaos-lover Stoaiguile. His words are persuasive, and Sagyn has placed his trust in Rodurus's brutal methods.

Fered Elit spends his time feeding his fat face, and gazing ruefully at the protesters' camp. His guild wants the road built, and as the guild representative at the road builders' camp, the onus is on Elit to speed-up progress. He disagrees with using forceful means to remove the protesters, but knows that removing Stoaiguile is likely to lower their morale and expedite a reasonable settlement. He is prepared to use the guild's considerable resources to achieve this.

### **The Protesters' Camp**

About 100 yards into the forest, the protesters have made their camp. This is a string of crude shelters on the ground and a series of tree houses higher up. Some protesters have chained themselves to trees and refuse to move until the road builders go away. Others have tunnelled underground in a bid to undermine the soundness of the earth over which the road must run. The protesters comprised mainly of forest dwellers: men, women and children of all ages. In the evening their songs of protest ring through the trees and are carried on the winds to the road builders' camp. They taunt the builders at every given opportunity, pelting any that stray too near with dung, urine, and all manner of other missiles. Height is their advantage, along with a united front, and without orchestrated force, the protesters are an unmoveable obstacle.

### **A Typical Tree House**

Built within the upper branches of a sturdy tree (between 50 and 70 feet above ground level), a typical tree house is large enough to accommodate 8 adults in relative comfort. The dwelling is made from roughly cut timbers. The dwelling is reached by a rope ladder that is dropped only when the correct password is called. The password changes daily, and is kept a closely guarded secret by the protesters. Those living in the tree house do not

leave it. Food and water is winched up to them, and they prepare all their own meals.

Each tree house has a stock of weapons to defend it. Human waste is stockpiled (usually on branches outside the dwelling, but that doesn't make it any less smelly) along with crude spears fashioned from cut branches, and stones that have been winched up from the forest floor. The tree trunks have also been coated in grease at a point half-way between the base of the tree and the dwelling. This ensures that anyone who decides to climb up is likely to fall a good 30-40 feet, and will therefore not be in much of a condition to try climbing again. To attempt to climb up to a tree house, call for Climb rolls for the first 30 feet. Upon encountering the grease, a DEX x1 roll is needed to advance every 3 feet. Failing the DEX roll causes the climber to slip and fall, taking damage as described in the Elric! spot rules.

The tree houses are connected by a series of ropes and vines which allow neighbouring tree dwellers to shin across to visit other houses. These ropes are strung with bells and windchimes that can be used to sound an alarm should one of the tree dwellings come under attack.

### A Typical Ground Dwelling

As well as the network of tree houses, ground-based dwellings are scattered in a line across the path the road will take. Like the tree houses, the ground shelters sleep up to 8, and are connected together by ropes and vines for sounding an alarm.

However the ground shelters are also connected by a network of tunnels. These were built by Gnomes summoned by Stoatguile and are used by the protesters to scurry between shelters without exposing themselves to any ground-level attacks. The tunnels are a uniform 6 feet in height and 3 feet in width, at a depth of 20 feet below the forest floor. Since they were built by Gnomes, they are in no danger of collapse.

The entrance to the tunnels from the ground shelters are hidden beneath blankets of bracken and trapdoors made from rough-cut timber. Each shelter has such a trap door, with a rope ladder leading down a 20 foot shaft and into the main tunnel network. The wooden trapdoors can support up to SIZ 20 without giving way, but the protesters, if attacked, booby-trap the shelters by leaving the trapdoors opened with only the bracken mats to cover them. Falling into one of the shafts causes damage according to the standard Elric! rules.

### Other Defences

The protesters have a whole range of defences scattered around their battleline.

- **Bear-traps.** These jawed devices are hidden beneath carefully arranged layers of bracken.

When trodden on, the jaws slam shut around the ankle of the victim (unless a Dexterity roll of DEX x1 succeeds) causing 1D4+3 points of damage. The jaws have a STR of 17, and prising them apart requires a STR:STR resistance roll.

- **Tree Maze.** Stoatguile has, through his Branch Wise magic, created pockets of bushes and small trees that, when entered, close in around the victim. This maze causes no damage, but obscures the surrounding area and disorients the victim. Cutting out of the maze takes as many rounds as necessary until 42 points of damage has been inflicted on the plants creating the Tree Maze.
- **Whip-Snares.** These nasty booby traps consist of springy saplings held taught by a trip wire. A knife blade has been set into the end of the sapling, and when triggered, the blade whips forward to strike the victim in the groin/thigh area for 1D4+2 damage. Spotting a whip snare requires a successful Search roll. Escaping its effects when triggered requires a successful DEX:DEX roll on the resistance table. A whip snare has a DEX of 16.
- **Alarm wires.** Simple trip wires that activate warning bells when disturbed.

### The Branch Wise

The protesters are spurred on by the presence of one Olias Stoatguile, a member of a tiny sect devoted to Ish'ish'a'maal. Stoatguile hails from Jharkor, and is fanatical in his protection of forests. He has attained Branch Wisdom, and therefore has the divine blessing of Ish'ish'a'maal herself. Hearing of the road project's threat to the Tull Forest, Stoatguile travelled to Vilmir and has spent several months convincing the foresters' of how they cannot allow the road to pass through their domain. Through clever rhetoric, the use of some magic, Stoatguile has whipped the protest into its current state. It is also Stoatguile, driven by fanatical zeal, who wants to meet the road builders' efforts with violent force, when the eviction attempts start.

More on the Branch Wise is given later in the scenario.

### PERSONALITIES

This section describes the chief non-player characters, and provides examples of lesser characters that can be brought into play if the gamesmaster so desires. Each major NPC's background, motivation, and personality is detailed, along with a Guilty Little Secret that, if discovered, can be used to gain an appropriate advantage.

The Road Builders are described first, followed by the Protesters.



**Administrator Sagyn**

Priest of Goldar, Vilmirian, age 39

Law 124, Balance 56, Chaos 08

Sagyn is young for such a high rank. He is ruthless and ambitious, but short-sighted and prone to rash actions. He has been placed in overall charge of building the road, and sees the project as his ticket to everlasting fame and even greater things within the Church of Law - perhaps even a Chancellorship.

Sagyn is furious that a bunch of simple foresters can halt his grand plan. His principles dictate that he will fight Olias Stoaiguile tooth and nail if a non-aggressive solution cannot be reached. His superiors within the Church expect results - a lot of money has been sunk into the road, and Sagyn carries the responsibility. Sagyn must succeed - or face ruin and disgrace.

Despite his ambition, Sagyn is not an unreasonable man. He has made every attempt to negotiate with the protesters, explaining in great detail how important the road is to Vilmir, and offering generous compensation for having to uproot a large swathe of their forest. He can, to a point sympathise with their plight; however, he would be far more sympathetic if the foresters did not place such faith in Ish'ish'a'maal. He views this elemental goddess with grim suspicion. She grants certain of her followers magic, and magic always equals Chaos (save for certain, Lawful, spells). He believes that the foresters have drifted too far from the path of Lawful righteousness to be redeemed, and an example must be made - both of Stoaiguile and those who follow him.

Sagyn has become increasingly reliant upon the advice of Rodurus Redbeard, and less so on Horsza S'anaym and Fered Elit. Rodurus shares his hatred of Stoaiguile and is devout unto Law. Horsza and Elit are not, and only the commander of the prisoners has demonstrated any sound solutions for getting work on the road back on course.

**Guilty Little Secret**

Sagyn is secretly addicted to a drug called Bloodweed. This vivid red leaf can be found forests just like the Tull, and provokes powerful hallucinations when ingested. Sagyn uses Bloodweed to help him forget the strains of his job, but requires increasing amounts to induce the pleasant hallucinations he enjoys so much. It's his habit to take Bloodweed in the form of a herbal tea which he prepares himself, and he requires at least two cups per day, or he becomes irritable and bad tempered. For now, his addiction is under control, but one day it will take over.

**Appearance**

Tall, with a regal bearing. His long nose is hooked, and he peers down it condescendingly at any who

share neither his wealth nor his rank. His mouth is wide and thin-lipped, filled with a set of almost perfect white teeth. He wears in diamond in his left incisor, and a ruby in the right.

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 16 POW 18  
DEX 09 APP 13

Hit Pts 13 Armour: Ornate robes for 1D2-1

Damage Bonus 0

Magic Points 18

**Spells**

Contribute to Truth (1), Morality (4)

Sagyn rarely resorts to his spells. He uses Contribute to Truth if he seriously suspects Chaos foul play is at work, and Morality only where faced openly with the powers of Chaos.

**Weapons**

Light Mace 73%, 1D6+2

Dagger 59%, 1D4+2

**Skills**

Evaluate 50%, Insight 75%, Natural World 52%,  
Tenets of Goldar 103%, Tenets of Law 101%,  
Scribe 95%, Search 68%, Young Kingdoms 66%

**Horsza S'anaym**

Consultant Engineer to the Church of Goldar,  
Maidahkian, age 51

Law 23, Balance 86, Chaos 21

Horsza comes from Rameer, capital of Maidahk, in the Unknown East. He is a skilled and respected engineer in his home country, but a series of unlucky investments have left him severely in need of funds. When an emissary of the Church of Goldar arrived in Rameer, looking for an engineer to build a road in the Young Kingdoms, he accepted the contract without a second thought. The Church is paying him handsomely for his abilities, and the money will help Horsza regain the respect he has lost through the failure of his investments.

He is, however, greatly troubled by the project. He finds Sagyn a menace. The priest demands progress reports daily, and continually meddles in things he does not understand.

Furthermore, Horsza comes from a culture where the Balance predominates: he finds the influence of Law oppressive, and cannot understand why the road should not circle around the forest. Horsza takes pride in his work, and is noted for his ability to complete large projects quickly. He has every sympathy with the protesters, and understands the importance of the forest to Stoaiguile, who is Branch Wise. But his financial situation means that he must obey Sagyn's whims. Horsza cannot afford to fall out with the Church, because he would risk returning to Maidahk penniless.

Of the others, Horsza absolutely hates Rodurus. He believes that man to be a bully and a coward, and he knows that this contempt is mutual. The tactics Rodurus uses to keep the prisoners working are brutal, and Horsza does not hold with treating convicts so appallingly. The two rarely talk, and occasionally exchange frosty glances at meal times. Horsza knows that Rodurus has some underhand scheme for removing the protesters, and he is now seriously considering abandoning the project and returning home to Maidahk.

Horsza gets on with Fered Elit. Elit is loud and jovial, and, not being from Vilmir, unbound by a dedication to Law.

Horzsa speaks little Young Kingdoms common. He can communicate in the Low Tongue of Melnibone, which is close to his native tongue 'pande, but his accent is very strong and even his Low Tongue can be difficult to understand.

#### Guilty Little Secret

None. Horsza is an honest man who has nothing to hide.

#### Appearance

Short and stocky, with sun-weathered skin the colour of old leather. Horzsa's eyes are bright and clear, a striking feature in his dark and sombre face.

STR 15 CON 14 SIZ 08 INT 17 POW 12  
DEX 13 APP 14

Hit Pts 11 Armour: Leather padding for 1D3-1

Damage Bonus: 0

Magic Points 12

Spells: None

#### Weapons

Akras (curved dagger) 74%, 1D3+3

Broadsword 81%, 1D8+1

#### Skills:

Craft - structural engineering 102%, Evaluate 59%, Insight 46%, Melnibonean 20%, Pande 83%, Repair/Devise 98%, Unknown East 86%, Young Kingdoms Common 18%, Young Kingdoms 06%

#### Rodurus Redbeard

Commander of the Penal Militia, Vilmirian, age 46  
Chaos 51, Balance 16, Law 86

Rodurus Redbeard is the gruff, fearsome Penal Militia commander. He sets the daily tasks outlined by Horzsa, and he makes sure the prisoners carry them out through his compliment of 75 guards. A stern task-master, he parades along the roadside with a bullwhip curled at his hip. He treats the prisoners worse than slaves, and administers punishment with gleeful abandon. Floggings are common place, and 3 prisoners have already been

hung for attempting to escape. The prisoners hate Rodurus, but they fear him and his whip. They also fear his friendship with the Church of Goldar. Rodurus was hand-picked by Sagyn to lead the prisoners, and in return, Rodurus acts as Sagyn's eyes and ears on the project.

Rodurus is fanatical in his worship of Law. Like Sagyn, he believes the forces of Chaos are at work to thwart their plans, and he believes that the protesters should be stamped out like the insects they are, rather than bargained with. He is pleased negotiations have broken down, for he would sooner use force to evict the prisoners and get on with building the road.

It is this unpleasant piece of work who suggests either hiring the adventurers or hiring mercenaries to remove the protesters. He does so to avoid implicating the Church in any bloodshed. Rodurus used to be a soldier himself, and has contacts with people who have swords for hire.

Rodurus dislikes Horsza. He hates foreigners anyway, but especially those who don't speak the lingo. If Rodurus watches anybody with an eagle-eye, it is Horsza. He suspects the engineer is planning to leave the project, and, if he does, Rodurus intends to use some persuasive force to keep him in the Young Kingdoms until the road is finished.

#### Guilty Little Secret

One of Rodurus's favourite pursuits is hunting. Not foxes or deer, but men. From time to time, he arranges for a prisoner to be let loose and he, and a few other cronies, hunt the fleeing convict through wood and dale with baying hounds. This practice is illegal of course, but so far Rodurus has kept his activities secret from Sagyn. If it were to become known publicly, it would prove very embarrassing for the Church.

#### Appearance

Red-haired and bear-like, Rodurus a big, imposing specimen of cruelty. His face is ruddy and scarred, his beard worn in dirty, lice-riddled plaits. He scratches absently at his beard and scalp frequently, and can be seen picking his large, flat nose during idle moments. His hands are astonishingly large and powerful, with great, tree-trunk fingers bedecked with rings. These rings are not for ornamentation; they add weight to his hands, and inflict horrible damage if he should punch someone.

STR 16 CON 17 SIZ 16 INT 09 POW 15  
DEX 12 APP 10

Hit Pts 17 Armour: Soft Leather 1D6-1

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Magic Points 15

Spells: none



### Weapons

Bull Whip\* 78%, 1D4/entangle. Range 6 yards  
Cutlass 63%, 1D6+2+1D4

\*Rodurus always uses his whip to inflict damage. His bull whip is a full yard longer than the normal drayers whip, and is knotted along its length to cause maximum pain.

### Skills

Climb 50%, Dodge 50%, Jump 45%, Pose Menacingly 58%, Scribe 62%, Shady Contacts 48%

### Fered Elit of Menii

Representative, Adventurous Guild of Merchant Traders, Purple Towns, Age 50  
Law 38, Balance 31, Chaos 18

Elit has been in Old Hrolmar for almost a decade, although he originally hails from Menii. As a leading light in the Adventurous Guild of Merchant Traders, Elit has a vested interest in seeing the road completed. His guild contributes a great deal to the Church of Goldar, and he wants to see the money spent wisely. Elit personally has some sympathy with the protesters but his guild wants the road completed speedily and with as little cost as possible. If these means trampling on a few farmers, then so be it. The protesters are not members of the guild, and Elit's duty is to put his members' interests first.

Elit himself is not a worshipper of Goldar; like many Purple Towners, he worships Straasha, and this puts him at odds with Sagyn. Elit thinks Sagyn is far too uptight and meddles too much in Horsza's plans for the road construction. He also thinks Sagyn could do more to reach a reasonable settlement with the protesters, despite the fact that they have been extremely difficult. In fact, Elit would not mind if the road went around the Tull Forest. He thinks the Church of Law's insistence on all roads being absolutely straight is ridiculous. Any kind of road will benefit his merchants, regardless of where it bends.

Elit gets on well with Horsza. Although he finds the Maidahkian engineer hard work to communicate with, the two share a love of food and fine wine. Elit hopes to strike up a trade deal with Maidahk, using Horsza's contacts in Menastree. He is indifferent to Rodurus, and agrees that prisoners should be punished through hard work and constant floggings.

### Guilty Little Secret

Elit is a merchant, but not a very successful one. He's made some bad judgements in his time, and his business contacts have deserted him. This is why he acts as full-time representative for the Adventurous Guild of Merchant Traders. However, to fund his lifestyle, he has been using the tithes paid to the guild for his own ends. A close

examination of the guild's treasury records would ultimately show that around 100,000 Bronze cannot be accounted for. Further scrutiny of Elit's own accounts show that there's around 100,000 Bronze that hasn't really come through legitimate mercantile activities.

### Appearance

Elit is possessed of an enormous girth, the result of frequent and hearty meals washed down with fine wines. He is carried most places by four servants in a sedan chair, a further pair of servants scuttling behind carrying a hamper of food. His face is flabby about the jowls, with a small, O shaped mouth crammed full of blackened and rotting teeth. His piggy eyes leer at any pretty women who might be passing, and he makes loud declarations of his likes and dislikes to all within ear-shot.

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 17 INT 15 POW 14  
DEX 06 APP 09

Hit Points 14 Armour: Soft leather, 1D6-1

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Magic Points: 14

Spells: None

### Weapons

Falchion 77%, 1D6+6\*

\*His falchion is inscribed with the Hell's Razor Rune. If attacked, Elit activates the rune, increasing the damage of his falchion by 4 points. This lasts for 14 combat rounds, after which the falchion returns to its normal damage.

### Skills:

Bargain 101%, Commerce 93%, Evaluate 106%,  
Fast Talk 66%, Listen 83%, Oratory 74%,  
Trading 99%

### Pasko

Chief Servant to Administrator Sagyn, Vilmirian,  
Age 29

Law 58, Balance 20, Chaos 08

Pasko is Sagyn's personal servant. He prepares the priest's meals, gets his robes ready for important ceremonies, and ensures that his master always looks his best. Pasko also collects Bloodweed for Sagyn, and has discovered a plentiful crop inside the Tull Forest. The problem with this is that one must pass quite close to the protesters' camp to reach the Bloodweed, and although he hasn't been caught yet, he's had one or two near misses. The protesters would value someone like Pasko, using his life as a bargaining tool with the road builders.

Pasko is utterly loyal to Sagyn. He does what he's told, and shares his master's likes and prejudices. Pasko would, if necessary, lay down his life for Sagyn.

### Guilty Little Secret

Pasko is in love with Sagyn. Sagyn has never reciprocated Pasko's feelings, and Pasko doubts he ever would, but that still does not stop the strength of feeling.

### Appearance

Dark haired and handsome, Pasko is of average height but of slender build. His eyes are of a deep brown, and are large and thickly lashed. He has a melancholy air about him, especially when discussion turns to his master.

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 13 DEX 14 APP 15  
Hit Points 12     Armour: none  
Damage Bonus: none  
Magic Points: 13

Spells: none

### Weapons

Dagger 36%, 1D4+2

### Skills:

Art (singing) 75%, Conceal Object 79%, Listen 53%, Natural World 81%, Physik 65%. Potions 66%, Young Kingdoms Common 75%, Young Kingdoms 47%

### The Prisoners

There are 150 convicts working on the road. They haul blocks of stone from the quarry wagons, break it, chisel and level kerbstones, shovel gravel and roll the top layers of the road with huge, heavy iron rollers. It is back-breaking work, made worse by Rodurus Redbeard's appalling treatment of them, enforced through the Penal Militia.

The convicts are here for a variety of crimes. There are thieves, rapists, murderers and highwaymen. There are also those who have disobeyed the Church of Law and thus are heretics. They fear the

Church's influence, but hate it nonetheless. Since the road building ground to a halt, they have become restless, and a few dissenters are stirring-up trouble. All watch for the signs of a revolt, but try to keep their observations from the watchful guards. If a revolt does take place, some of the prisoners intend to join the protesters. Others will simply flee and head for the Ilmioran border.

The labourers are organised into 5 gangs of 30, each gang supervised by 15 guards. Tasks are rotated on a weekly basis: rock breaking, rock hauling, gravel laying, kerbstone levelling, etc. The whip keeps them in line, and the guards watch constantly for slackers.

### The Guards

The 75 Guards of the Penal Militia traditionally work in Vilmir's repulsive prisons. These are not ornamental guards, but tough fighters who have to be able to keep hardened criminals in their place. They are vigilant and fast to act at the first sign of trouble. They view the prisoners as the lowest of the low, and treat them accordingly.

The guards fear Rodurus Redbeard. He's the toughest of them all, and he treats the guards little better than he does the prisoners. This causes some resentment. Several of the guards would like to see Rodurus punished, and if the opportunity arose, say, during a convict revolt, they might stand back if

### A Sample group of Prisoners

Labourer	STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW	DEX	HP	DB
1	10	15	13	12	10	10	14	0
2	15	13	09	09	11	13	11	0
3	15	17	17	06	08	08	17	+1D4
4	18	07	18	12	10	10	10	+1D6
5	13	11	13	12	17	17	12	+1D4
6	16	16	18	07	08	12	17	+1D4
8	14	10	14	10	10	16	12	+1D4
9	13	09	11	09	15	09	10	0
10	12	12	17	10	11	14	15	+1D4

Armour: none

### Weapons

Hammer 28%, 1D4+1+DB  
Pickaxe 31%, 1D8+DB  
Chisel 44%, 1D3-1+DB

### Skills:

Grovelling 76%, Prisoner Patois 68%, Shovelling 36%, Swearing 52%, Sweating 100%



Rodurus himself came under threat.

The Guards are arranged into teams of 15 to supervise the chain gangs. One of the 15 acts as overall supervisor and reports personally to Rodurus, dispensing the orders both to guards and criminals.

### The Protesters

**Olias Stoatguile, Branch Wise**

Head of the Protesters, fanatical worshipper of Ish'ish'a'maal, Jharkorian, Age 54  
Law 15, Balance 71, Chaos 19

Olias Stoatguile is Branch Wise, one of the few blessed with the wisdom if Ish'ish'a'maal in the Young Kingdoms. His life is dedicated to the preservation of the forests and to study Ish'ish'a'maal's teachings. When he heard of the threat to the Tull Forest, just under a year ago, he could hear Ish'ish'a'maal calling to him through the music of the trees. It was his destiny to protect Tull from the ravages of the Church of Law.

Stoatguile is extreme in his faith. He is prepared to go to any lengths to ensure that the forest comes to no harm, and since arriving at to the Tull camp, he has spent a great deal of time organising the protesters into a defensive unit. It was Stoatguile who suggested the tunnels and the various traps, he who used magic to help make the camp strong against the enemy.

His task was not too hard. Many of the foresters living in Tull knew of Ish'ish'a'maal and prayed to her. Being a charismatic sort, it was easy for Stoatguile to provide demonstrations of Ish'ish'a'maal's power and thereby inflame the protesters with Her spirit. Many of the protesters believe Stoatguile is some kind of divine saviour, and he is beginning to believe this himself. Stoatguile is confident that they will prevail over the forces of Law - but to ensure success, he's ready to hire outside help (either the mercenaries or the adventurers).

Stoatguile's sworn enemy is Administrator Sagyn. The two have met on only one occasion, to discuss compensation for the foresters and a reasonable

settlement to the dispute. The meeting broke up acrimoniously when Stoatguile rejected Sagyn's terms outright. Of the two, Stoatguile is the less reasonable. Both men are filled with utter faith, but Sagyn knows his place, Stoatguile does not. He believes himself a divine instrument, called by Ish'ish'a'maal herself.

Several of the protesters are now uncomfortable with Stoatguile's rule in the camp. They have heard the Road Builders are going to use force to end the protest, and there are rumours of the Mereghn being involved. One or two of the protesters feel that they have made their point, and that prolonged resistance is futile. Stoatguile, of course, believes the opposite. He is

### Sample Penal Militia Guards

Guard #	STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW	DEX	HP	DB
1	16	17	15	10	10	10	16	+1D4
2	15	18	18	12	10	08	18	+1D6
3	12	13	13	13	16	15	13	+1D4
4	11	17	11	13	10	18	14	0
5	14	12	15	09	14	13	14	+1D4
6	14	14	17	14	12	10	16	+1D4
7	18	10	18	11	11	13	14	+1D6
8	16	12	12	15	15	12	12	+1D4
9	10	15	13	12	11	17	14	0
10	13	11	12	11	17	18	12	+1D4
11	16	15	12	11	14	14	14	+1D4
12	17	18	13	17	12	14	16	+1D4
13	15	18	13	11	15	17	16	+1D4
14	10	12	13	13	09	14	13	0
15	10	10	16	10	14	12	13	+1D4

Armour: Half plate & Mail, 1D8+2

### Weapons

Longspear 70+1D20%, 1D10+1+DB

Cutlass 70+2D6%, 1D6+2+DB

Round Shield 70+1D8%, knockback+1D3+db, 20 hit points

### Skills

Dodge 74%, Jump 77%, Listen 55%, Physik 45%, Prisoner Patois 58%, Ride 58%, Track 63%, Throw 81%,

convinced that, the longer the protest continues, the stronger they will become.

As one who is Branch Wise, Stoatguile can summon Ish'ish'a'maal to his aid. This is a once in a life time action, but Stoatguile will use this gift if everything is going against him. He calls upon Ish'ish'a'maal to whisk him away to safety rather than to smite his foes.

**Guilty Little Secret**  
Stoatguile knows the 5 secrets of Ish'ish'a'maal - see 'Branch Wise', later

**Appearance**  
Tall, thin and scrawny, Stoatguile is a grubby, smelly individual. His red hair is long and unkempt, his wispy beard alive with lice. Darting, suspicious eyes flicker beneath heavy, ginger brows, and a grey tongue constantly clicks in his toothless mouth. Few get too near to Olias Stoatguile; as a disciple of the Earth cult, and therefore an enemy of Straasha, he does not wash, and his stench is overpowering. But this aside, Stoatguile is charismatic. His eyes are passionate and intense, his voice commanding and assuring.

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 16 INT 19 POW 21  
DEX 15 APP 17  
Hit Points: 14                      Armour: none (but see below)  
Damage Bonus: +1D4  
Magic Points: 21

**Spells:**  
[If you have access to 'The Unknown East', then use the Eastern Magic rules. Stoatguile's Sphere is Flora and his Rune Direction. If you are unfamiliar with this system of magic, or prefer to use that of the main Elric! system, then Stoatguile has the following spells]

Cloak of Cran Liret (1-4), Fury (1) Gift of Grome (4), Heal (2), Liken Shape (4), Summon Earth Elemental (1), Tree Maze\* (3)

Summonings: Ish'ish'a'maal (once only - see description of the Branch Wise cult)

\* **NEW SPELL** Tree Maze (Cost: 3 MP; Range is sight, Chaotic)  
This spell is unique to the Branch Wise of Ish'ish'a'maal. When cast on a plant or plants no greater in SIZ than the magician's Magic Points, a sorcerous maze can be created. Whenever anyone but the spell caster crosses the emchanted plants, the plants grow and twist into a maze of green, impenetrable branches, leaves and thorns. The maze has hit points equal to 2 x POW of the spell caster. The victim is hidden from sight, and cannot escape the maze until he/she has inflicted damage equal to the maze's hit points. Their calls and

screams are absorbed by the thick covering of foliage. The maze does not activate until crossed in the manner noted above, but the enchantment lasts for days equal to the caster's POW before having to be renewed.

**Weapons**  
Quarterstaff 72%, 1D8+1D4  
Staff Sling 70%, 1D10+½DB

**Skills**  
Bark Speech\* 98%, Climb 118%, Conceal Object 93%, Craft (Carving) 85%, Disguise 53%, Dodge 48%, Fast Talk 79%, Hide 81%, Listen 65%, Move Quietly 80%, Natural World 125%, Oratory 86%, Physik 99%, Repair/Devise 76%, Scent/Taste 105%, Track 59%, Trap 78%, Unknown Kingdoms 28%, Young Kingdoms 82%, Wind Song\* 88%  
\*These are languages unique to the Branch Wise - see cult description.

**Eirn Wagmund**  
Leading Protester, Vilmirian, Age 46  
Law 52, Balance 34, Chaos 10

Eirn Wagmund is chief of the Tull Forest protesters. He loves the forest and has, for most of his life, followed the teachings of Ish'ish'a'maal. When the Church of Law announced the route for the road, Wagmund was the first to declare his anger. When negotiations failed, it was he who began the whole protest rally, sending news of the plight of Tull Forest far and wide, in the hope gathering support for the cause.

Despite his strength of belief in the protest, Wagmund has serious doubts about Olias Stoatguile. At first he was glad that one of Ish'ish'a'maal's chosen had come personally to back the protest, but over the months, Stoatguile has taken the lead, proposing ever more extreme measures against the road builders. Now that Stoatguile has decided to recruit hired swords to defend the camp, Wagmund is sure that Stoatguile has gone too far. Wagmund is not a violent man, and believes that the protest should remain peaceful. He believes that the protest is ultimately doomed to failure, but it has captured the imagination of the public, and has therefore made its point. Taking the cause to violent extremes, as Stoatguile believes they should do, will only harm the cause, not profit it.

Wagmund's position as lead protester has deteriorated since Stoatguile's arrival, and he no longer carries the same respect. Several of the other protesters share his concerns though, and wish Stoatguile removed from the camp, before innocent lives are lost. However, Wagmund is a superstitious man, and will not willingly act against a chosen of Ish'ish'a'maal unless absolutely forced to.



**Guilty Little Secret**

Wagmund has formed a relationship with one of the female protesters, one Lianh of Trentham. Although Wagmund is unmarried, Lianh is. Her husband is not amongst the protesters, but one or two people who know him are. They do not know of the affair. Opportunities for consummating their love are few, but Wagmund and Lianh occasionally go hunting for wild mushrooms together. Who knows what they find?

**Appearance**

A typically stocker forester, Wagmund is broad shouldered, with thick, powerful arms and a stern, but not unkindly face. He speaks only when he has something appropriate to say, and always speaks the truth. He comes across as being unfriendly, but that is not the case. Once he has the measure of someone, and knows he can trust them, he is a loyal friend and ally.

STR 16 CON 17 SIZ 14 INT 13 POW 10  
DEX 12 APP 12

Hit Points: 16 Armour: Soft leather 1D6-1

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Magic Points: 10

Spells: none

**Weapons**

Hatchet 85%, 1D6+1+1D4

Timber Axe 87%, 1D8+2+1D4 (2 handed)

**Skills**

Climb 94%, Craft (wood working) 103%, Dodge 71%, Forest Lore 99%, Hide 66%, Insight 59%, Jump 63%, Listen 78%, Move Quietly 81%, Natural World 89%, Physik 49%, Repair/Devise 97%, Search 88%, Throw 71%, Track 94%, Young Kingdoms 31%

**Soldink**

Ardent Protester, Vilmirian, Age 21

Law 14, Balance 10, Chaos 2

Soldink is young and idealistic. He is not a native of Tull Forest, coming from Felazra, but he has longed for a cause in which to make his name and find a purpose for his life. Tull Forest is such an opportunity.

Soldink has been with the protest for eight months, throwing himself heart and soul into the task. He sings the protest songs loudest, he shouts the most at the road builders, and has become one of Ish'ish'a'maal's most fervent supporters. Indeed, Stoatguile has taken quite a shine to young Soldink, and has offered to show the lad the secrets of the Branch Wise once the protest is over, and the Church forced to retreat to Old Hrolmar.

Soldink worships Stoatguile. He fetches and carries for him, and hangs on every word. It is Soldink

who goes to recruit hired swords for the protest, be they the adventurers or mercenaries, and when in Stoatguile's presence, Soldink is swaggering and arrogant, comfortable in the knowledge that he is a chosen of the Branch Wise, and therefore Ish'ish'a'maal.

Many of the foresters despise Soldink, although a few admire his fervent support of their cause. Wagmund cannot stand the sight of him, but so far has done nothing to harm the lad. If given the chance though, he would teach Soldink a lesson. For his part, Soldink thinks Wagmund is weak and lacking in commitment to the protest, and takes every opportunity to bad-mouth Wagmund to the other protesters.

**Guilty Little Secret**

Soldink is an escaped prisoner. He was convicted of fraud against the Church of Law, having tried to sell several worthless statues of Donblas in the Old Hrolmar market. Through cunning and guile he wormed his way out of the chain gang that now builds the roads and fled to the Tull Forest. None there know of his past.

**Appearance**

Soldink is small and slightly built, and would not, if he kept his mouth shut, command more than a second glance from anyone. His hair is lank and mousey, his face round and neither handsome nor ugly. His one feature of note is his mouth. This is curled into an arrogant sneer, as though some foul creature had roosted between his nose and top lip, and died.

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 09 INT 17 POW 16  
DEX 16 APP 10

Hit Points: 10 Armour: padded leather for 1D3-1

Damage Bonus: 0

Magic Points: 16

Spells: Cloak of Cran Liret (1) - this has been taught to him by Stoatguile, but only to its lowest level.

**Weapons**

Short spear 25%, 1D6+1

Sling 32%, 1D8+1

**Skills**

Climb 70%, Conceal Object 40%, Dodge 38%, Fast Talk 50%, Hide 40%, Listen 65%, Move Quietly 49%, Natural World 26%, Pick Lock 72%, Search 46%, Throw 55%

**Mercenaries!**

This mercenary band, The Straw Dogs, is used as direct opposition to the adventurers, acting for whichever side the adventurers oppose. Regardless

of who the mercenaries serve, they act according to the guidelines provided in 'Tactics' below.

Only the mercenary leader, Tasis, is detailed here, and he alone should be sufficient. However, some brief notes on his colleagues are also provided, to help flesh-out the Straw Dogs.

### Straw Dogs History

The Straw Dogs formed six years ago, under the command of Kahn Tasis, a Lormyrian soldier of some infamy in the Young Kingdoms. They have a reputation for ruthless efficiency coupled with fair rates for services rendered. Mostly the Straw Dogs provide training and tactical advice for warlords or generals, and only occasionally enter the fray themselves. However on the occasion of the Tull Forest conflict, the Straw Dogs are willing to make an exception.

Anyone making a successful Young Kingdoms roll knows a little of the Straw Dogs' history: the Sad Hill massacre in Lormyr; the Bluff Valley ambush in Dharijor; the quelling of the Chalal uprising in Pikarayd. The Straw Dogs are not to be trifled with, and their reputation precedes them.

### Tactics

The Straw Dogs always fight in pairs, never singly, with one warrior providing cover for the other. So attuned are the Straw Dogs that one might think the two warriors are actually one opponent split into two halves. In combat, each warrior seems to anticipate the actions of his or her colleague, and move accordingly. It is almost impossible to surprise a Straw Dog, for his or her colleague is always waiting not very far away.

Aside from their personal weaponry, the Straw Dogs favour the use of Falian Oil. This vile substance is distilled from the Fal tree, a plant found only in Chaos-tainted forests. The sap of the Fal is highly volatile, but, if distilled correctly, can be made stable, and, when encased in a glass vial, can be used grenade-like in combat. Damage from an exploding flask of Falian Oil is as follows:

Within Radius of:	Damage to all within Radius:
0-4 feet	4D6
4-8 feet	3D6
8-10 feet	2D6
10-12 feet	1D6
12-14 feet	1D3

Despite the destructive properties of Falian oil, the Straw Dogs use it to create confusion and mayhem, rather than kill. The sound and sight of an exploding flask causes disorientation, especially if lobbed strategically, and this ensuing chaos is then used for a swift advance by the Straw Dogs.

The Straw Dogs always survey the area of operation first, before mounting an attack. They try to pinpoint major defensive positions, and target these first with Falian oil and missile attacks. Key individuals are also noted, and a pair of Dogs assigned to take them out.

If all looks hopeless, the Dogs retreat. They are not above leaving a fight if things do not go their way: their is little profit in their surrender or their deaths. To date, there has been no cause for retreat - or at least, none that could not be justified after the act.

### Kahn Tasis

Leader of the Straw Dogs, Lormyrian, Age 39  
Law 12, Balance 19, Chaos 61

Tasis left the Lormyrian army in a cloud of shame - something to do with the death of a high-ranking officer who had accused Tasis of cowardice. Soon after, he formed the Straw Dogs, approaching warriors he knew who shared is dissatisfaction with organised military life, and cared nothing for political or social allegiances.

Tasis is ruthless and thorough. He enjoys everything about armed conflict: the planning, the tactics, the fight itself. He has studied the strategies of the finest military minds, encompassing their styles with ideas of his own. This knowledge he sells to those who want it, training the troops of others and then guiding their actions on the battlefield to ensure success.

It is not often that the Straw Dogs fight themselves, but every now and again, Tasis takes on a small, seemingly insignificant contract, such as either defending a protesters' camp, or smashing it, so that his warriors do not forget the taste of battle. This is why the Straw Dogs are in the Tull Forest; the conflict provides an ideal opportunity for some tactical practice.

### Appearance

Tall, well-built and with a cat-like grace, Tasis is unmistakeable. His close-cropped hair is almost snow white, and his skin is the colour of polished bronze. His eyes are a piercing green, staring out of a scarred, but still handsome face, and they soon betray the hard heart of a ruthless career warrior.

STR 17 CON 16 SIZ 17 INT 16 POW 16  
DEX 19 APP 14

Hit Points: 17 Armour: Half plate & mail, 1D8+2  
Damage Bonus: +1D6

Magic Points: 16

### Spells

Hell's Razor (1-4), Hell's Armor (1-4), Muddle (1), Speed of Vezhan (1-3)

\*Tasis always casts Hell's Razor and Hell's Armor at full strength before entering a fight. Muddle is



used to disorientate the more promising of 2 or more attackers. Speed of Vezhan is employed whenever Tasis confronts someone who he knows is particularly fast.

#### Weapons

Broadsword 116%, 1D8+1+1D6  
 Greatsword 117%, 2D8+1D6  
 Shortsword 104%, 1D6+1+1D6  
 Desert Bow 97%, 1D8+2+½DB  
 Kite Shield 98%, KB+1D4+DB, 22 points

#### Skills

Bargain 86%, Brawl 96%, Climb 63%, Dodge 88%, Hide 81%, Insight 67%, Jump 73%, Listen 90%, Move Quietly 79%, Search, 80%, Strategy & Tactics 101%, Throw 81%, Young Kingdoms Common 99%, Young Kingdoms 70%, Unknown Kingdoms 15%

#### The Straw Dogs

These are keen warriors, recruited by Tasis from all over the Young Kingdoms. They bear allegiance only to him, and have served loyally over many campaigns. As previously noted, they fight in pairs.

The Dogs use falian oil to great effect. Faran is in charge of this noxious substance, carrying 6 vials in a cushioned pouch worn on his belt.

#### Faran

Dharjorian, Age 30

Dark haired, morose of face and taciturn. Faran is an expert archer and a favoured tactic is to attach a small flask of falian oil to the shaft of an arrow which he then delivers with precision to where it will create most mayhem.

STR 10 CON 14 SIZ 15 INT 12 POW 11  
 DEX 18 APP 09

Hit Points: 15 Armour: Leather & Rings, 1D6+1  
 Damage Bonus: +1D4

#### Weapons

Melnibonéan Bone Bow 118%, 2D6+1+½DB  
 Hunting Bow 120%, 1D6+1+½DB  
 Broadsword 83%, 1D8+1+1D4

#### Skills

Dodge 101%, Throw 108%

Faran fights with Thellis

#### Thellis

Shazaarian, Age 29

Quite an attractive woman, in that swarthy, Shazaarian way, but not one for romance or sweetly whispered nothings. Thellis is an expert fencer, using dual rapiers in combat. She provides cover for Faran, and the two are very close.

STR 10 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 14 POW 17  
 DEX 17 APP 13

Hit Points: 13 Armour: Soft Leather, 1D6-1  
 Damage Bonus: 0  
 Magic Points: 17

#### Spells

Demon's Ear (1), Demon's Eye (1), Hell's Razor (1-4)

#### Weapons

Rapier 1, 110%, 1D6+1  
 Rapier 2, 99%, 1D6+1  
 Throwing Spear 89%, 1D6+1  
 Thellis attacks with rapier 1 and defends with rapier 2. Both rapiers 2 have been specially forged and have 22 hit points rather than the standard 15

#### Skills

Dodge 93%, Throw 89%

#### Burmund

Filkharian, Age 35

Built in the shape of a small mountain range, Burmund is a trained Filkharian spear fighter, who has survived the gladiatorial pits of Hwamgaarl. He is ruthless and uncompromising, refusing to surrender unless dragged protesting from the fray. He fights with Endergar.

STR 18 CON 17 SIZ 19 INT 10 POW 09  
 DEX 10 APP 10

Hit Points: 18 Armour: Half Plate, 1D8  
 Damage Bonus: +1D6

#### Weapons

Pike 123%, 1D10+2+1D6  
 Long Spear 113%, 1D10+1+1D6  
 Throwing Spear 104%, 1D6+1+½DB

#### Skills

Brawl 88%, Dodge 63%, Throw 99%

#### Endergar

Ilmioran, Age 33

The sprightly Endergar helped Burmund escape the gladiatorial arenas of Pan Tang. He is an expert axe-man, and adept with throwing axes. In contrast to the surly Burmund, Endergar is smiling, talkative, and jokes with his opponents when fighting. Don't let this fool you. He's a cold-hearted killer.

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 09 INT 15 POW 13  
 DEX 17 APP 13

Hit Points: 11  
 Armour: Young Kingdoms Plate, 1D10+2  
 Damage Bonus: 0

### Weapons

Lormyrian Axe 101%, 1D10+1

Throwing Axe 106%, 1D6+1

### Skills

Climb 95%, Dodge 101%, Throw 99%, Witty  
Rapport 89%

### Mystral

Filkharian, Age 31

Flame-haired Mystral has a temper to match. She, like Faran, is a skilled archer, but enjoys nothing more than a melee. Quick to anger and ferocious in a fight, she is teamed with Shuric.

STR 12 CON 16 SIZ 09 INT 12 POW 18  
DEX 19 APP 13

Hit Points: 13 Armour: Leather & Rings, 1D6+1

Damage Bonus: 0

Magic Points: 18

### Spells

Flames of Kakatal (4), Hell's Sharp Flame (1-4)

### Weapons

Hunting Bow 101%, 1D6+1

Throwing Spear 99%, 1D6+1

Morningstar Flail 96%, 1D10+1

Round Shield 98%, kb+1D3, 20 hit points

### Skills

Dodge 85%, Throw 97%, Wrestle 88%

### Shuric

Half Melnibonéan, half Lormyrian, Age 32

Shuric is the offspring of a Melnibonéan noble woman and a Lormyrian merchant. His mother, disgusted at having born the child of someone she treated more like a pet, sold Shuric into slavery. Like Endergar and Bormund, he wound up in the gladiatorial pits of Pan Tang where he learned to fight all manner of creatures. Shuric knows no fear, and his eyes gleam with hatred for the world. He is curious in appearance, with the slender features of a true Melnibonéan, but the stockiness of a Lormyrian. Shunned by both, the Straw Dogs is his only family.

STR 17 CON 18 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 16  
DEX 18 APP 08

Hit Points: 16 Armour: Half Plate & Mail, 1D8+2

Damage Bonus: +1D4

### Weapons

Trident 106%, 1D6+1+DB (Shuric can throw the trident at same %age)

Net 102%, entangles

Great Sword 99%, 2D8+DB

### Skills

Climb 77%, Dodge 95%, Jump 79%, Throw 100%

## SCENARIO HOOKS

This section provides the bones of scenarios using the characters and situations described above. Choose one of the following to flesh out, or create your own. Some notes are provided after the scenario hooks that describe things that may happen in certain situations. These are discretionary; tailor scenarios to suit your adventurers and your campaign.

### Shadows and Tall Trees

In a dingy tavern in Old Hrolmar, the kind adventurers use as a place to rest up and lick their wounds, the adventurers are approached by a stern, red-haired man, who claims to represent unspecified interests in Vilmir who are concerned at the lack of progress on the Hrolmar/Felazra road. He seeks to employ capable people to gather information on the Tull Forest protesters, and then assist in expediting an eviction. The man, Rodurus Redbeard, stresses that the road builders will deny any knowledge of the adventurers' actions, but the party will be paid well for their endeavours, including a bonus if the protesters are removed from the forest speedily and with a minimum of fuss. Essentially the adventurers must:

- Gather intelligence about the protesters and their plans by infiltrating their camp
- Provide details on camp layout, traps, etc
- Assist in evicting the protesters either forcefully or otherwise

Payment is 1000 Bronze per adventurer, with half in advance, half on completion. For a quick eviction, and extra 500 Bronze is rewarded. The adventurers must not reveal their true motives to the protesters; if they do, the final payment and any bonus is forfeit.

### Variations

As above, but the adventurers must also rescue Pasko, Administrator Sagyn's personal assistant. Pasko was captured when searching for Bloodweed for his master, and the protesters are threatening to kill Pasko if the road builders do not withdraw within 3 days.

As above, but the adventurers are told that the protesters have hired a mercenary group to protect the camp. The adventurers' objective is to directly hamper the mercenaries, whilst the eviction is carried out by prisoners chosen from the chain gang.

As above, but the adventurers are asked to assassinate Olias Stoaiguile, who is described as a disciple of Chaos and a wanted man in several



other countries. Payment for this variation is 2000 Bronze per adventurer, with a bonus of 1000 Bronze to whoever kills Stoatguile.

### **Back on the Chain Gang**

Either legitimately or falsely, the adventurers are all convicted of crimes against the Church of Law in Vilmir, and sentenced to one year's hard labour. They are transported in shackles to the Tull Forest to join the rest of the prisoners. Here the adventurers find the regime brutal, with Rodurus Redbeard enforcing daily floggings, exhausting route marches, and constant humiliation of the prisoners. Tensions amongst the convicts run high, and if a few prisoners could get free, an uprising would ensue. As prisoners, the adventurers have no weapons, armour, or personal possessions. They are shackled together by two steel chains at the ankle. At night, these shackles are locked to posts thrust deep into the ground and which are just about immovable.

### **Variations**

One night, whilst the roadbuilders argue with the protesters, a shadowy figure steals into the convicts' compound and supplies the adventurers with lockpicks and files. They also whisper that the protesters would greatly value the adventurers aid, and can help them make a swift getaway from Vilmir if they can somehow distract the guards and the roadbuilders.

The adventurers are dragged before Administrator Sagyn and given an offer. Pretend to be escapees from the chain gang and infiltrate the protesters camp. Here they must assassinate Olias Stoatguile and return with news on the protesters' strengths and weaknesses. If they succeed, they will receive a full pardon for their crimes. If they try to flee, they will be hunted down by the Straw Dogs (who have been hired by Sagyn to effect the eviction). A further variation on this would be for Olias Stoatguile to capture the adventurers and offer them freedom if they help resist the mercenaries and/or, disrupt the roadbuilders' camp by freeing the other prisoners. Stoatguile provides equipment and magic to assist if the adventurers agree.

### **Saviours of the Tull Forest**

The reverse of 'Shadows & Tall Trees'. The adventurers, still in the same dingy tavern in Old Hrolmar, are approached by Soldinck, who describes the plight of the protesters and seeks the help of capable individuals from the tyranny of the Church of Law. Soldinck tells the adventurers that mercenaries have been hired to evict the protesters from Tull Forest, and so the protesters want the adventurers to:

- Infiltrate the road builders' camp and exploit any tensions there to disrupt the road building programme.
- Try to slow down, or stop, the mercenaries from attacking the camp.
- Defend the camp from violent protest.

Payment is 5000 Bronze to be split between the adventurers.

### **Variations**

Whilst at the protesters' camp, Wagmund approaches the adventurers secretly and tells them of his unease with Stoatguile's approach. Wagmund wants a peaceful end to the conflict, whereas bloodshed can only be the result of the adventurers go along with Stoatguile's orders. He wants the adventurers to attempt to set up some kind of negotiation between himself and Sagyn, without Stoatguile finding out. Here the adventurers must evade Stoatguile's spies (who suspect Wagmund's treachery), as well as persuade the dogmatic Sagyn that some of the protesters still want to reach a peaceful resolution.

Stoatguile secretly asks the adventurers to spy on Wagmund, whom he believes is attempting to negotiate with Sagyn. Stoatguile claims that such treachery will lead to the deaths of all the protesters, and goes against all the teachings of Ish'ish'a'maal. Here the adventurers must evade those loyal to Wagmund, and the road builders, who have agreed to provide Wagmund with armed support to attain a reasonable conclusion. In such a scenario, the road builders are prepared to act reasonably towards any protesters who follow Wagmund, and to punish those who continue to follow Stoatguile. The mercenaries are sent in to deal with Stoatguile whilst the splinter group of protesters make their getaway under the protection of the Church.

The adventurers are hired specifically to protect Stoatguile from assassination. Several attempts on made on the Branch Wise's life, but not all are from the mercenaries. Wagmund tries to kill Stoatguile, although he is not immediately identifiable. The adventurers must seek out the traitor and deal with him, as the mercenaries close in for the violent eviction.

### **A Fistful of Acorns**

Whilst travelling through the Hrol province of Vilmir, the adventurers happen upon the conflict. They may become involved in the dispute either as described in 'Shadows and Tall Trees', or 'Saviours of the Tull Forest'. However, they might also recognise the possibility of playing the two sides off against each other, and making a profit into the bargain. Both sides want

information: both are willing to pay for it. But both sides will act violently towards anyone seeking to cynically exploit them. Here the Straw Dogs could be employed by either the road builders or the protesters, depending on the whim of the gamesmaster. Other elements, such as Pasko's capture, Wagmund's treachery, and a prisoner riot, can be used to add spice to the basic machinations of the adventurers.

Doubtlessly other scenario ideas will present themselves. Mix and match the above, or create your own, as you see fit.

### Outcomes and Consequences

#### What happens if...

##### The Protesters are Evicted?

Stoatguile is right. Ish'ish'a'maal brings down a curse on Vilmir for attacking her forest. The croplands around Felazra are blighted by disease and drought, which ruins the local economy. The road gets built, but no one uses it because there is nothing to trade. If the adventurers were responsible for engineering the eviction, and Stoatguile escapes alive, he makes it his life's work to hunt them down and make them pay.

##### The Prisoners Revolt?

Work on the road immediately halts. Sagyn is called to account by the Church of Law, and is impeached for failing to control the project. Resources are pumped into hunting down the escaped prisoners, and the road project is subtly forgotten. The protesters win, and the merchants grudgingly return to travelling between Old Hrolmar and Felazra the hard way. If the adventurers were responsible for the chaos, Sagyn makes it his life's work to hunt them down and visit upon them a suitable revenge.

##### Wagmund successfully negotiates a settlement?

Those loyal to Wagmund are compensated richly by the Church of Law and provided with homes in a forest of Jadmar Duchy. Those loyal to Stoatguile are tried and become prisoners on the chain gang, felling a path through the Tull forest, and then building the road. If Stoatguile escapes, and the adventurers had anything to do with Wagmund's negotiations, he makes it his life's work to make the adventurers pay.

## THE BRANCH WISE

Olias Stoatguile is a devout member of the cult of Ish'ish'a'maal, the great lady of the trees. Ish'ish'a'maal is closely related to Grome, although her worship in the Young Kingdoms is not widespread. In the Unknown East, especially the country of Changshai, Ish'ish'a'maal is more well known.

This description of the Branch Wise is designed for use both in the Unknown East and the Young Kingdoms. Differences occur in terms of available magic, and these are detailed appropriately.

### Cult Structure

The Lady of the Trees is worshipped almost exclusively in Changshai, in the continent of Menastree, although Her worship is also known in Eshmir, Nisvalni-Oss and parts of Anakhazan. In the Young Kingdoms, the Branch Wise number less than 20, although they are spread across the 3 continents. Many forest communities in the Young Kingdoms acknowledge Ish'ish'a'maal, but usually as part of their fuller worship of Grome.

No temples exist to Ish'ish'a'maal, but shrines are many, and these take the form of particularly old trees which are revered by either individuals or whole communities, which build their settlements around the chosen tree. No formal priesthood conducts worship: people worship Her in their own ways, but observe Her teachings and do nothing to unfairly harm the forests. In Changshai, worship of Ish'ish'a'maal is more or less confined to those who are still loyal to the Drei Myur, Kaleb Vogun's followers having forsaken Her for other, less benevolent Gods.

### Why Ish'ish'a'maal Is

Grome needed to clothe the world, for it was naked. So he created the lady Ish'ish'a'maal and charged Her with creating the trees and plants that would cover the world's nakedness and protect its soils. Ish'ish'a'maal thus gave birth to the trees and plants, and foremost of these were the trees, for they followed Her form. The flowers and other plants she created so that the clothes of the world would know beauty and grace.

Ish'ish'a'maal continues to protect Her creations, for the world cannot be allowed to go naked. She communicates with the world through the whistling of the wind through the branches of the trees, and through the colours and scents of the flowers. In all these things can be seen Her



beauty, and in understanding their forms, so one can divine Ish'ish'a'maal's will.

### The Branch Wise

Despite its lack of a priesthood, Ish'ish'a'maal's cult has a small, particularly devout sect of worshippers. The Branch Wise are individuals who have dedicated their lives to the study of Ish'ish'a'maal's teachings, and the way she communicates with the world. The Branch Wise do not preach or attempt to make converts. They protect the forest in Her name, and, in return for their devotion, receive particular gifts and knowledge. The Branch Wise do not distinguish themselves from commoners for certain reasons (see Perils of Being Branch Wise, below), but are marked by Ish'ish'a'maal as being true to her. If the fingernails of a Branch Wise are examined closely, the observer may notice a greenish-tinge to the skin beneath the nail. This tinge grows deeper the longer one has been Branch Wise. The eldest Branch Wise have fingernails that are the colour of pale oak leaves.

### Becoming Branch Wise

First, one must locate someone with Branch Wisdom. This is not always easy, but one possible way is described later. Then, one must persuade the Branch Wise of one's serious intentions to attain Branch Wisdom. This requires three successful Charisma rolls, or one Charisma roll with a critical success.

Before Branch Wisdom is taught, the individual must prove one's devotion to Ish'ish'a'maal. In game terms this is summarised as follows:

- \* 90% or greater in each of Climb, Natural World, and Scent/Taste skills
- \* APP + POW of at least 30
- \* To have lived exclusively within a forest for at least 1 year
- \* To have planted and protected a number of trees equal to APP during the course of 1 year
- \* To have passed the initiation ceremony successfully. In games terms, this means a successful roll of POW x2 or less if the previous criteria have been met. If this roll fails, the prospective initiate must complete a task set by an existing Branch Wise and may reapply for initiation after 1 year.

Those accepted into the ranks of the Branch Wise receive the following gifts and knowledge.

- \* Increase of 30 percentiles in Natural World, 20 percentiles in Scent/Taste, and 15 percentiles in Climb

- \* Teaching of the Bark Speech language, initially 15%, with a further increase of 1D6% each year.

- \* Teaching of the Wind Song language, initially 10%, with a further increase of 1D6% each year.

\* Instruction in the magical teachings of Ish'ish'a'maal. In game terms, this provides a Branch Wise characters from the Unknown East with a specialisation in the Sphere of Flora, and any Rune. Branch Wise are forbidden to learn any other Spheres, although because Ish'ishi'a'maal taught the Sphere of Flora to Melniboné, any magic cast by Branch Wise does NOT attract any Chaos points, although there are no other gains for the other boxes. The casting of magic is exactly as described in the Magic chapter of The Unknown East. This magical training takes a full year of uninterrupted instruction in the company of a skilled Branch Wise magician. If, through gains in INT, a Branch Wise chooses to seek training in another Rune of Power, then a further 6 months of dedicated training is required to learn the new Rune.

Young Kingdoms Branch Wise learn 2 of the following spells upon attaining their wisdom, and learn a further spell every 3 years.

Bonds Unbreakable

Cloak of Cran Lirer

Fury

Gift of Grome

Heal

Hell's Bulwark

Make Fast

Make Whole

Moonrise

Span of Cran Lirer

Summon Elemental (Branch Wise are forbidden to summon undines)

Sureness of Cran Lirer

Tread of Cran Lirer

Tree Maze (see description of Olias Stoatguile above)

- \* The 5 secrets of Ish'ish'a'maal are told to the Branch Wise. Revealing these secrets to anyone without either Ish'ish'a'maal's direct permission, or the unanimous agreement of all other Branch Wise, is punishable by death.

### The 5 Secrets of Ish'ish'a'maal

The trees, being long-lived, know many things. Through the winds, they can communicate over great distances, and the information they discover is given to Ish'ish'a'maal. So it is that

Ish'ish'a'maal knows things forgotten by mankind, or known by only a very few. Of the things she knows, five secrets hold great importance for the world, and so that the Branch Wise might work on Her behalf, she teaches these secrets to them.

\* The location of the Dragons of Menastree  
When Melniboné left Menastree, it did so in a hurry and was unable to wake several of its dragons from their slumber. Melniboné has now forgotten these dragons, who still slumber in caves beneath the Shenh Mountains. Ish'ish'a'maal knows their whereabouts, and how to wake them.

\* The location of the Lost City of Spharain  
Spharain was the greatest of the Menastrai cities, but was besieged when Melniboné conquered Menastree. Rather than surrender its secrets, of which it has many, Yragael, last Prince of the Menastrai, hid the city using complex magics. Many have sought, in vain, for Spharain, but Ish'ish'a'maal knows where it is and how to reach it.

\* The location of the four treasures of the Menastrai  
Granted to the Menastrai by the Balance, these are the Globe of Future Nations (held by Anakhazan), the Greatsword of Yragael (in the lost city of Spharain), the Crucible of Fate (in a deserted city at the bottom of the Tears of the Land), and the Scales of Equity (held by the Valedorian senate, although they do not know the importance of this treasure). The four treasures of the Menastrai, when brought together into the hands of a Champion of the Balance, provide a gateway in the world depicted by the Globe of Future Nations. It is believed that, come the End of the World, those loyal to the Balance (and Ish'ish'a'maal, for she too is loyal) can leave this world and move safely into the next.

\* The Calling of Ish'ish'a'maal  
This song, which can only be used once in a Branch Wise's lifetime, summons Ish'ish'a'maal to his or her aid. The song itself is a low, hushed, series of sounds that resembles the speeding wind through the trees of a forest. As the song reaches its end (and it takes 5 combat rounds to sing), Ish'ish'a'maal may appear, rising from the earth in all her glorious splendour. A successful Wind Song roll is needed, along with a roll of POW x3 or less on 1D100. If one or the other roll succeeds, Ish'ish'a'maal does not hear the song. If both rolls succeed, Ish'ish'a'maal manifests and provides whatever aid the Branch Wise requires before returning to the soil. If one of the rolls is a critical success, not only does Ish'ish'a'maal manifest, she gifts the Branch Wise with 1D3 points of POW. If both rolls are a critical success,

the POW gain is doubled (ie, 1D3 and multiply the result by 2).

Ish'ish'a'maal's form is that of a huge, but incredibly beautiful woman with smooth skin the colour of silver birch, her hair formed from a vast mane of golden oak leaves, and her body covered in ivy, moss and clematis, which climbs around her in a shimmering girdle of orange and gold. Ish'ish'a'maal is, like most manifestations of Gods, immune to any physical attack, and can only be harmed or injured by either another elemental lord, lord of law, lord of Chaos, or a demon with a minimum POW characteristic numbering 20D8 or greater. Ish'ish'a'maal can destroy physical objects, but, not being a Goddess of destruction tries not to. Nor will she take any action that would offend Lord Grome, or aid either Lord Straasha or the Lords of Chaos. If a Branch Wise attempts to invoke Ish'ish'a'maal to do any of these things, the summoning fails automatically.

### Perils of the Branch Wise

The Tanghensi of Kaleg Vogun, Changshai's usurper, seek to capture the Branch Wise in order to learn the 5 secrets. So far, they have failed, but many Branch Wise have died in Vogun's torture chambers. The Branch Wise can rely upon the Royalist forces of Drei Myur for protection, but they are not always around, and cannot devote considerable resources to protecting such a small sect.

The Branch Wise are also targets of the Knights of Tumbru, Phum's warrior-priests. They seek the 5 secrets too, but more importantly, the 4 treasures of the Menastrai. They seek to subvert these treasures to the ends of Chaos, and several Knights are known to be actively involved in this quest.

For these reasons, the Branch Wise rarely meet together, and spend much of their time engaged in their work either in the company of the non-Branch Wise or alone. Sometimes a Branch Wise will actively employ bodyguards if he or she believes there is a Tanghensi or Tumbru threat, and this is one way that adventurers and potential Branch Wise initiates might come into contact with Branch Wisdom.

### Duties of the Branch Wise

The Branch Wise must perform the following services:

- \* - never allow any tree to be wilfully harmed by any individual, without good cause.
- \* - plant one sapling for every tree felled.



- \* - observe Ish'ish'a'maal's holy days (first day of Spring, first day of winter), and fast on these days.
- \* - keep secret the 5 secrets of Ish'ish'a'maal
- \* - dwell only in the forests and never within a town or city
- \* - never take part in any deed or service that aids directly the Lord Straasha
- \* - never contradict the deeds or services conducted in either the name of Ish'ish'a'maal or Lord Grome

### New Skills

#### Bark Speech (00%)

Taught only to the Branch Wise, this secret language is used whenever two or more Branch Wise meet. There is no written form of the language. It's sound is a complicated sequence of rasping consonants and emphasised vowels which is quite discordant when compared to pande. It is not a difficult language to learn, but can take a life time to master. It can only be improved through training, not by experience.

#### Wind Song (00%)

Taught, again, only to the Branch Wise, this is the language of the trees and plants as the wind flows through them. It has no written form. Those fluent in Wind Song may listen to what the trees say, and through this, hear the knowledge of Ish'ish'a'maal herself. Furthermore, Wind Song allows the speaker to understand the variations in colour and scents of other flora, which do not use the wind to communicate. Wind Song can be increased through experience.

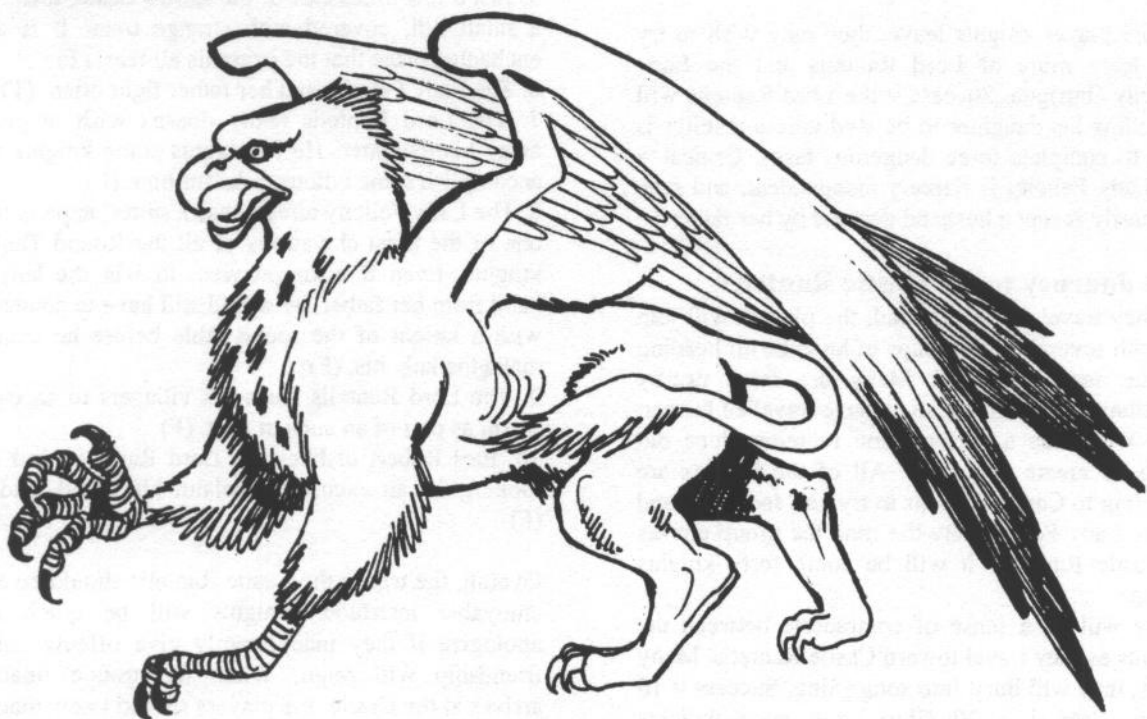
### Branch Wise Adventurers

There is nothing to prevent any Elric! Adventurers, either from Menastree or the Young Kingdoms, from attaining Branch Wisdom, as long as they have the necessary requisites, as described in the section 'Becoming Branch Wise'. If any adventurer who seeks Branch Wisdom has been loyal to another cult, then they must renounce it immediately. The initiation roll for such characters is POW/2 or less on 1D100. Any spells or magical knowledge they have is retained, but if it is used in any manner that might conflict with Ish'ish'a'maal's teachings, then they are automatically stripped of their Branch Wisdom.

### Notes for Gamesmasters

The 5 secrets of Ish'ish'a'maal should be kept from your players unless one or more attains Branch Wisdom. May Grome and Ish'ish'a'maal curse you if they are revealed.

The secrets can be used as the basis for whole campaigns, either with Branch Wise adventurers or a Branch Wise NPC employing the adventurers to help. For this reason, the whereabouts of the Dragons of Menastree, Spharain, and the four treasures, have been left deliberately vague. Place them where you will, and guard them as fiercely as you wish. Send hordes of Tanghensi and Knights of Tumbru after anyone who embarks on a quest to find any of the secrets.



# The Adventure of the Reluctant Bride

## A knightly Quest for Pendragon

By Shannon Appel

This adventure is nominally set in 531, but could be moved to another time period with little trouble. Due to the fay and wyrm that wander through the adventure, it is best to place it sometime after the Enchantment of Britain.

### Introduction

"Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Let it be known to all and sundry that the Lord Rantelis, Banneret Knight of Logres and Vassal to Earl Robert of Salisbury, has announced that his only child, the Lady Felicity, most beautiful woman in Salisbury, second only to Guenever in all of England, is now available for courting by any of the Knights of Arthur. A great dowry has been offered, equal to all of the Lord Rantelis' holdings, minus but a tithe which shall be given to the church upon his death."

This announcement is made in the hall of the player knights' lord one fine Summer day. It represents a tremendous opportunity, for banneret knights rarely make their daughters available for courting by any comers, even landless household knights.

The player knights will know that the Lord Rantelis controls a dozens manors, including fiefs given out to four vassal knights. In addition, his daughter is both quite lovely (APP 24) and said to have a beautiful voice. At once, several knights will set out to visit the castle of Lord Rantelis. This will surely include any player knights currently seeking a bride.

Before player knights leave, they may wish to try and learn more of Lord Rantelis and the Lady Felicity [Intrigue. Success = the Lord Rantelis will not allow his daughter to be wed unless a suitor is able to complete three dangerous tasks. Critical = the Lady Felicity is fiercely independent, and may not easily accept a husband decreed by her father.]

### The Journey to the Castle Rantelis

As they travel along the road, the players will join up with several other groups of knights, all heading in the same direction. Many are from nearby locations in Logres, but some have travelled farther. This would be a perfect time to reintroduce old rivals or create new ones. All of the knights are traveling to Castle Rantelis to try and seek the hand of the Lady Felicity. By the time the group arrives at Castle Rantelis, it will be some forty knights strong.

There will be a sense of comraderie between the knights as they travel toward Castle Rantelis. Many times, they will burst into song [Sing. Success = 10 Glory. Critical = 20 Glory, and many knights

suggest that the knight should try and win the Lady with his beautiful voice], brag of their exploits [Orate. Success = 10 Glory. Critical = 20 Glory, and gain the respect of many of the knights present], and speak of the latest gossip. If the players listen closely to what others know of the lord Rantelis and the lady Felicity, they may learn various rumors of interest [Intrigue. Success = player learns a random rumor from the following table (roll 1D10). Critical = player learns a true rumor from the following table (roll 1D6)].

### Rumors of the Lord Rantelis and the Lady Felicity

1. The Lord Rantelis will require three tasks of a suitor before giving him the lady's hand. These tasks will be dangerous, perhaps deadly. (T)
2. An ancient family heirloom, The Blessed Cup of Health and Home, was stolen from Castle Rantelis some thirty years ago. The Lord desperately wishes it returned. (T)
3. A cunning wyrm terrorizes one of the lord's villages. He has sent his knights out to find it many a time, but they have never been able to locate the beast. (T)
4. Once, the Lady Felicity disappeared from her father's castle for nearly a week. The Lord was about to declare war upon one of his neighbors, the Lord Argun, who he was sure had stolen her away, when she turned up, refusing to give any explanation for her disappearance. (T)
5. Just a few miles east of the Lord's castle, there is a small hill, covered with strange trees. It is an enchanted place that the peasants all fear. (T)
6. The Lady Felicity and her father fight often. (T)
7. The Lord Rantelis really doesn't wish to give away his daughter. He just wants some knights to accomplish some odious tasks for him. (F)
8. The Lady Felicity already has a suitor, apparently one of the most chivalrous of all the Round Table knights. Even if a knight were to win the lady's hand from her father, he would still have to contend with a knight of the round table before he could make the lady his. (F)
9. The Lord Rantelis feeds his villagers to an evil wyrm as part of an ancient pact. (F)
10. Earl Robert dislikes the Lord Rantelis, and is looking for an excuse to reclaim his fiefed lands. (F)

Overall, the trip to the Castle Rantelis should be an enjoyable interlude. Knights will be quick to apologize if they inadvertantly give offense, and friendship will reign. When the troupe finally arrives at the Castle, the players should know many



of their fellow knights, and probably have befriended a number of them.

### Arrival at the Castle Rantelis

However, once the knights are let through the gates of the Lord's castle, the scene will quickly become chaotic. The knights will begin to mill around in an area much too small for the pack of them, and the friendship of the morning will quick evaporate.

Fights will break out between knights for space in the already crowded stables [Horsemanship. Failure = the player is unable to find a place to stable his horse. Perhaps he should challenge that other knight who took the space he was heading for. Success = the player finds a place to stable his horse, but another knight challenges him to a joust for the right. Critical = the player is able to find a place to stable his horse without offending anyone else into challenging him.]

One of the players who finds himself a place in the stables will be approached by a knight who is clearly his better. He will demand that the player give up his space in the stable [check Proud or Modest as appropriate].

Some knights may choose to be devious, and steal a stable spot while the owner is off fighting a joust for it [check Honest or Deceitful as appropriate].

As the knights mill around, argue, and fight, they will inadvertently crush many of the plants in the gardens of Castle Rantelis. Servants will run madly about, trying to minimize the destruction. Some players may choose to help them in this task [check Generous]. They will be able to convince some of the knights to move away from the tender gardens with just a few simple words. Other knights will be belligerent, however, and will only move if challenged.

After chaos has ensued for a while, the Lord Rantelis will appear. A quiet will quickly fall over the crowd and the Lord will speak:

"I must apologize for the insufficient accommodations, but I did not expect nearly so many to arrive. Clearly word of my daughter's beauty has spread far and wide."

"And word of your land," quietly interjects a knight near the players.

The lord continues, saying, "I bid you all welcome to my Great Hall, where a tremendous feast is being prepared. Do not worry about your horses. My servants will see to them, and I give you my word that they will all be stabled appropriately."

The knights will all be escorted into the Lord's Great Hall. It is a bit crowded, but room is found for all. Meanwhile, outside, a team of carpenters goes quickly to work, making sure that accommodations exist for all of the horses.

Seating at the feast is very carefully planned. The most Glorious knights sit near to the Lord, while the less Glorious ones sit far away. Only extremely Proud knights will be unhappy with the

arrangements. The Lady Felicity is notably absent from the proceedings.

The meal is quite good, and the knights should quickly forget the problems associated with their arrival at the Castle. By the time the meal ends, much of the good-natured amiability of the group of knights will be restored.

Players should be allowed to interact with the other knights during the meal. Serving wenches may flirt. Lord Rantelis' household knights may tell of the attitude or strange doings of the lady (see The Lady Felicity's Secret, below). Knights may show their Courtesy or Hospitality.

### Lord Rantelis speaks of the Quests

At the end of the meal, Lord Rantelis will rise and speak to the gathered knights:

"Good men, I know that you are all here gathered to try and win the hand of my beautiful daughter, Felicity. I am eager to see her wed to a good man, who may rule my lands well after I pass away. To ensure that the man who weds my daughter is a true and trustworthy warrior, I have set forth three tasks. He who can accomplish these tasks shall have my daughter's hand.

"First, he must find and return The Blessed Cup of Health and Home, stolen from my house over thirty years ago by a thief in the night. It is a golden tankard, bearing the arms of my house upon the side, and it always brought good luck and good heirs to the line of Rantelis.

"Second, he must slay the wyrm which terrorizes the village of Angford, just to the north. It is a cunning creature, and none of my knights have ever been able to find it. Yet, when the knights are away, it eats peasants' babies, devours their livestock, and destroys their crops.

"Third, he must raise the enchantment which lies upon the Cursed Grove, to the east. Long, its shadow has loomed across my land, and now, it may finally be removed!

"The Lady Felicity will be presented to you all in morning. Until then, I wish you good night!"

When morning comes, several of the knights will already be gone, having determined that the quests are too difficult, and that there are easier dowries to be had elsewhere. However, the rest will be saddling up, and preparing to head out.

At the gates stand the Lord Rantelis, the Lady Felicity, and several men-at-arms. As each knight leaves, he will be presented in turn to the Lady. She is as beautiful as the knights have heard, but she shows no emotion as she meets the knights. She will nod her head slightly at each of the knights, and briefly answer their questions if they have any (her voice is indeed lovely), but little beyond that

[At this time, players may generate a 1D6 or 2D6 Amor for Lady Felicity if they wish].

Finally, the knights will be outside the castle, ready to confront the quests that they have been given. The fellowship will split in all different directions, as the players and their rivals try and accomplish the different quests, each in their own fashion.

### The Lady Felicity's Secret

However, things are never as they seem. The Lady Felicity has a dark secret which she has never revealed to even her closest confidant. The Lady does not wish to sit at home, minding the manor of her husband, for the fire of chivalry burns brightly in her heart, and it can only be fed by acts of bravery and valor.

To the Lady Felicity, marriage would be a fate worse than the darkest death, for it would forever crush her dreams of knighthood. Thus, she has concocted a plan to ensure that no other may succeed at the quests and claim her as their reward. Shortly after the knights leave the Castle Rantelis, the Lady Felicity will slip away. Donning armor, sword, and a blank shield, she will secretly ride forth, intending to accomplish the three tasks that her father has set forth herself.

### Notes in the Quests

The quests below are given in no special order. Player knights may accomplish them in any sequence in which they desire. In each of the quests, the results of the most likely actions are detailed, but by no means should these possible actions curtail any brilliant plans which the players might develop. Ingenuity should be rewarded.

### The Quest of the Blessed Cup of Health and Home

The Blessed Cup of Health and Home is a large tankard, of the type that one would drink ale or mead from. Emblazoned upon the side of the cup are the arms of the Rantelis family, a golden Maltese cross impaled. Long ago, a curse was placed upon the Blessed Cup of Health and Home; it promised that the Rantelis clan would fall if the Blessed Cup ever left the Rantelis' hall. The Lord was frantic at first when it was stolen, but eventually decided the curse was simply an old wives' tale, for nothing dire happened to the family. However, since the Blessed Cup was stolen, only women have been born to the Rantelis line, and another male heir shall not be born until the Blessed Cup is returned.

Thirty years ago, the cup was stolen by Sir Dustus, a vassal of Earl Robert who controls a manor half a day to the northeast. He is vaguely related to Lord Rantelis through a grandfather's aunt's third cousin's brother, or something of the sort. When he began to despair of ever having a child to pass on his lands to, he consulted with an ancient hag. She told him of the Blessed Cup of Health and Home, saying that

it was an ancient talisman of fertility for his family. She bid him steal it away, and he did. A son was born to his wife nearly nine months to the day after his return. Although old and decrepit, Sir Dustus still rules his fief. His son, Dustus the Younger, has proven to be a bitter disappointment, more interested in singing and playing the harp than fighting and horsemanship. The Blessed Cup of Health and Home still sits upon the mantle in Sir Dustus' hall.

### Seeking out the Lost Cup

The players' greatest challenge in The Quest of the Blessed Cup of Health and Home will be in finding out exactly what happened to the cup and determining where to start the search. Below are detailed the most likely possibilities for seeking out the cup.

*The Players may decide to simply errant about*, hoping to discover word of the cup by journeying far and wide. Fortunately, the Cup is not too far removed from its original resting place, and so this tactic is not as hopeless as it might originally seem. As the player knights explore the countryside, they will encounter the Hospitality of Lord Rantelis' neighbors. Some will openly welcome the knights into their halls, while others will refuse to let the players into their castles, perhaps resulting in jousts or other challenges. During this period of exploration, the players should meet the four vassals of Rantelis: Sir Nollis (a jolly elderly knight), Sir Broic (a gnarled old man), Sir Canus (an arrogant and worldly brat) and Sir Liben (a studious and quiet man). They will probably also speak to Lord Argun, the ruler of the lands to the west, who bears much ill will to the knights who seek Felicity's hand, because he has sought her for years himself.

Eventually, the players will come to the manor of Sir Sonorus. He is an old foe of Lord Dustus [Intrigue. Success = Sir Sonorus and Lord Dustus jousted often when they were younger. Critical = Lord Dustus stole away the young maiden that Sir Sonorus had courted for years, and married her], and so will be willing to help the players if they can convince him that they are going to do harm to his old rival. He knows that Lord Dustus holds the cup, though not that it was stolen from the Lord Rantelis. If the players either convince Sir Sonorus that Lord Dustus' house will fall if the Cup is removed, or promise to do some act of mischief against Lord Dustus, then Sir Sonorus will reveal that the Cup that the players seek is in Dustus Manor.

It is possible that the players will be unwilling to deal with Sir Sonorus. If this is the case, they will eventually stumble upon the Cup they seek by visiting Lord Dustus' castle itself. The Dustus Manor is nearly a score miles from Rantelis, and so this will likely be after a week or more of erranting. When they arrive at Dustus' castle (after the encounter with Felicity, below), they will



immediately see the Cup, for Dustus does not try to hide it.

**The players may seek supernatural aid to find the cup.** If the players are friends with a magician, the gamemaster should allow them to consult with that person. The Cup is a moderately powerful magical artifact, and thus fairly easy to detect. A Divination of power 70 should be sufficient to discover that: "The Cup lies in the lands of Dust." [Heraldry. Success = There is a lord by the name of Sir Dustus. Critical = There is a lord by the name of Sir Dustus, who is distantly related to Lord Rantelis.]

If the players do not know of any magicians, they will need to seek out one. By speaking with the local nobility, they will easily be able to discover a nearby wise-woman [Intrigue. Success = Old Meg, who lives in the woods just to the East, is a powerful prophet. Critical = Although a wise prophet, Old Meg is also quite mad]. Once the players venture into the woods, they will need to find Old Meg's home [Hunting. Failure = The players are Lost in the Woods. Success = Old Meg is discovered.]

Old Meg has a small and filthy hut in the woods. A disorderly garden sits behind the hut; pigs and chickens run all about. When Old Meg sees the players, she will at first ignore their queries, and demand that they help her with lowly chores. She asks for wood to be cut, eggs to be gathered, water to be fetched, and pigs to be caught. Players will likely find these tasks to be below them [check Proud or Modest as is appropriate].

When the sun begins to set, Old Meg will finally acknowledge the players. If they have been rude, she will bid them leave, saying that she is unwilling to aid such surly louts. If, however, they have been helpful, she will listen carefully to their story, and then Divine for them. As above, she will proclaim that "The Cup lies in the lands of Dust."

**The players may study Heraldry**, realizing that the Cup would be valuable to others of the Rantelis line. Lord Rantelis has no sons and no brothers. Indeed, when the players look into his line, they will find that male births are few and far between. This will make Heraldic investigations more difficult than usual [Heraldry. -10 if no external resources are used. Heraldry +0 if the players go to Camelot, Earl Robert's Castle or some other center of Chivalry in order to study the Rantelis Line. Success = Discovery of Sir Dustus' arms, which are quite similar to those of Rantelis. Critical = Discovery of the Dustus' arms, and confirmation that Sir Dustus is distantly related].

### To Dustus Manor

Eventually, the players will find themselves riding toward Sir Dustus' hall. While they are still some distance away, they will see Lady Felicity at the entrance to Dustus' castle, arguing with the Steward. She is disguised in her knightly armor, and the players will not recognise her. If asked her name, she will simply state (in a very deep voice)

that she is The Unproven Knight. As the players slowly approach the castle, they will hear Felicity demanding admittance, saying that she is on a quest from Lord Rantelis, and that she must speak with Sir Dustus as once.

But then, while the players are still moving toward the Castle, a peasant woman will run up to Felicity, begging for aid, proclaiming that her son is about to be executed by an unjust lord. Without a word, Felicity will hoist the peasant up onto her horse, turn and ride off. Unless greeted by the players, she will pass straight by them without a word, determined to do her chivalrous duty, even if the cost is her freedom [Lady Felicity is granted a Merciful check, as are any players who might join her].

After convincing or threatening the Steward, the players will find themselves in Sir Dustus' hall, the Blessed Cup of Health and Home before them. Sir Dustus, of course, will refuse to give up the Cup, for he has been told that his House will fall if he does. He will claim that it is his and always has been, begging that his memory fails him in his old age if knights insist that he has stolen it.

In the end, players are likely to choose one of three methods to retrieve the Blessed Cup of Health and Home. They may steal it by stealth in the night [grant Deceitful checks as appropriate]. They may call upon Lord Robert for justice, which he will provide [grant Just checks as appropriate]. Finally, they may challenge Sir Dustus for it. If Sir Dustus is challenged, he will fight the battle on his own, despite the fact that he is old and tired. He will refuse to fight for love.

### The Quest of the cunning Wyrn

In the city of Angford, there dwells a vile wyrm. It is not a great beast, not the sort one writes legends of, nor does it belch forth streams of burning fire or even clouds of noxious gas. However, it is mighty enough to scare the townsfolk, eating their livestock and destroying their crops. And, more importantly, it is cunning enough to hide when knights are nearby.

Getting to Angford should be easy enough, and the townspeople will be more than happy tell their tales of the ferocious beast which terrorizes their town. After talking with the townspeople, the players should have no doubt that an awful beast does indeed lurk in Angford. However, no matter how long they stay in the town, the creature will not appear [Folk Lore. Success = The wyrm has never appeared while there were knights in the town. Critical = On occasion, the wyrm has fled from burly peasant men; clearly, it is cowardly].

### Clearing the Town

In order to confront the cunning wyrm, the knights will need to convince it that there are no knights about. To do this, they will first have to discover a way to drive the rival knights out, for a half dozen

of those who came to seek the Lady Felicity's hand are lounging about, waiting for the wyrm to appear.

**The players may use Oratory to convince the rivals to leave.** If the knights speak politely and convincingly to the other knights, and offer some argument that the gamemaster considers rational, they may roll [Orate. Success = 1D6 rivals are convinced to leave. Critical = all six rivals leave. It might be appropriate to check Honest or Deceitful afterward, depending on what the knights told the rivals.]

**The players may bully the rivals out of town.** For knights, it seems that violence is always an option. Any of the rivals will accept challenges, by lance or by swordplay. Most are honorable men, and will leave if they are defeated in a fair battle.

**The players may outwait the rival.** The rivals will become bored if the wyrm does not attack within a few weeks, and will eventually pack up and leave [check Prudent if the players purposefully wait out the rivals before putting their plan into action].

When the village is finally clear of rivals, the player knights will need to find a way to hide their horses and armor, and disguise themselves, so that the cunning wyrm will come out of hiding. They could pretend to be peasants, merchants, or even nobility. The wyrm will not care as long as it does not sense knights, covered with coats of metal, and surrounded by ferocious war steeds [grant Proud or Modest checks as appropriate, depending on how the player knights disguised themselves].

### Battle with the Wyrn

When it appears that there are no knights in the village, the cunning wyrm will strike. The first night that the village appears to be clear of knights, the cunning wyrm will once more slink into town. Shortly after dusk, piercing screams echo through the air. The players will easily be able find the source of the screams. The cunning wyrm is terrorizing one of the peasant women of the village while gleefully feasting upon her pet mutt. When the players chance upon the wyrm, it will be cornered and forced to fight.

However, just as the knights close in on the beast, Lady Felicity will once more appear, clad in her full armor, disguised as the Unproven Knight. Well before the players, she realized that the wyrm hid from knights, and she has been pretending to be a peasant in the village ever since. For the entirety of the battle, Lady Felicity will fight at the player's side, although the serpent will never attack her. It should be obvious that she is a brave and doughty fighter.

When the battle is over, Lady Felicity will shake her head sadly. Counting the player knight's numbers, and pointing toward their wounds, she will say, "I can not take credit for completing this quest, for there were many more of you, and you all bear the wounds of the battle with this snake, while I am untouched. Take the beast's head as your

trophy. I shall not contest you in the court when you claim it as your prize."

If the player's try to share the quest victory, the Lady will state "I know the Lord well, and he would not allow two to share victory. If I were to claim credit as well, the Lord would declare that none had won the quest and create a new one to take its place. We would both lose, and I could not do that to you, for you fought bravely and valorously." Unless the players insist that the Unproven Knight take all the credit for completing the quest, Lady Felicity will leap upon her horse and ride quickly away [gaining a Generous check along the way; if the players insisted that Lady Felicity take credit, they may have that Generous check instead].

### The Quest of the Cursed Grove

On a hill to the east of Castle Rantelis sits a grove of trees, some two score in number. Although the grove is small, the dark, looming trees seem nearly to grow together. A knight would have to fight to gain entrance between the trees, and once within, he would be surrounded by darkness and gloom.

The Cursed Grove is a magical place with close ties to Faerie. Generations ago, when the first of the Rantelis came to Logres, he came to this place and made a covenant with the fay folk. The fay agreed to protect his land from the ravages of drought, plague, and pestilence. In exchange, the first Lord Rantelis swore that the Hill of Trees would forever belong to the people of Faerie. Unfortunately, the tradition has not been passed down. Even if the current Rantelis knew of the legend behind the Cursed Grove, he would deem it superstitious nonsense, and ignore it.

As the players travel toward the Cursed Grove, they shall meet once more with the Unproven Knight, who is Lady Felicity in disguise. When she sees the knights, she will greet them, and tell them of her recent experiences: "Friends, if you go towards the Cursed Grove, I suggest that you instead turn at once away. I have defeated the champion of the Grove, and won my way through to the Prince of the Place. I spoke with him, demanding that he raise the enchantment which terrorized the peasants of the land. I was ready to cleave about me with my sword if he refused, to hew the entire grove down to the ground. But then, he showed to me the mark of the House of Rantelis, and swore upon his honor that the land had been granted to him generations ago by the first Rantelis that came to this land. I saw that it would be unjust to drive the fay prince from the land that was rightfully his, and so I turned away, though it nearly broke my heart to do so. I will not stand in your way, but I do again suggest you turn back at once, or you will not be serving justice this day."

As stated, Lady Felicity will not stand in the way of the players if they decide to continue on to the Cursed Grove. However, she will not give them any aid, and nothing may be said to change her mind.



During this quest, the players may try and return to the Curent Lord Rantelis, and confront him with the fay's tale. He will laugh, insist that his ancestors never would have made such a promise, and demand that the players complete the quest.

### Arrival at the Grove

When the players arrive at the grove, they will see that it is just as it was described to them: dark and gloomy. At this time, there are two main possibilities.

*The players may seek to destroy the grove*, in order to cleanse the land. If they begin to do so, six frenzied fay knights will appear, riding from around the grove. They will fight the players to the death in order to save their home. If the players survive the onslaught of the berserk fay knights, they may stand just outside the grove and cut down the forty-nine trees that make up the fay grove. Once they have done so, the portal to the faerie realms will be forever gone.

*The players may seek to enter the grove*, in order to parlay with the fay. This is a difficult task, which may be only done upon foot, because the trees are so tightly packed. Once the players dismount and begin trying to make their way inward, a single fay knight will ride from around the grove. He will challenge the knights: "I will fight a battle with the one you name your champion. It shall be a duel until one says 'No More'. If I win, then, upon your honor, you shall leave, while if I lose, then I will guide you within the grove."

The fay knight will shout 'No More' when he is clearly bested by his opponent. If the knight loses, he will indeed guide them within. If he wins, but the players break their oath, he will not try and stop them, but rather will just grin slyly [all players lose 3 Honor for breaking their oath].

### Journey into the Grove

If the players enter the grove, the players will find that it is much larger within than without. The entire place is dark and shadowy, and the journey to the center of the grove may take hours or days. If the gamemaster wishes to introduce additional dangers or the weird distortions of fay, this is an excellent time to do so. Encounters with magical beasts (Pendragon pg. 341-342), dead friends, or lost loves would all be especially appropriate, as would visions of the future or past. (In particular see *The Adventure of The Half-A-Giant*, Pendragon pg. 322, *The Adventure of The Questing Beast*, Pendragon pg. 325, or almost any of the Adventures in the Perilous Forest supplement.)

Finally, the players will reach the center of the grove, where they will meet Prince Effin, Lord of the Fay of the Hill. He will show a signet ring bearing the sign of the House Rantelis, and swear that the land was granted to him long ago.

Effin will be unwilling to simply leave the land. Likewise, he is unable to make his grove less dark and gloomy. The players will have to be able to

provide sufficient incentive in order to force the fay to leave. Possibilities follow:

*The players may threaten to cut the grove down.* If they do so, they will be attacked at once by six frenzied knights, as noted above. If the players defeat them, Effin will acknowledge the players' power, and leave.

*The players may offer to find the fay a new home.* If the players can locate another place of power, with 6d20 ambient life force or better, the Fay will begrudgingly move, proclaiming that the humans have come too nearby in recent years anyway. Unless the players already know of such a place, that would not be violently opposed to the Fay, locating this home may be a challenge in itself. They will need to seek out a magician to aid them. Old Meg, described above, would be willing to help if asked.

*The players may offer the first son of a lord* [Faerie Lore. Success = In the past, faeries have been happy to accept the first son of a lord, when negotiating]. Getting the son, again, would be an adventure in its own, although wily players might be able to convince the faeries to leave now, in exchange for the first-born of the soon-to-be Lord of Rantelis.

*The players may offer service.* The faeries would be willing to leave if the knights vowed to send one of their number to serve the faeries each year. If the players find this a bit harsh and seem prone on initiating violence against Effin, the Fay Lord will proclaim a traditional three-quest instead. If the players return three items to him: a lock of the Queen's hair, a rare herb from north of Hadrian's Wall, and the breath of an honest merchant, then he will be willing to leave. However, the players would then be responsible for the mischief that the Fay cause with these items.

[Players should be granted Just or Arbitrary rolls depending on what they do during this Quest. Lady Felicity has already earned a Just roll for her actions.]

### Quest Complications: The Rivals

Unless the players are complete bumbler, the rivals will never be true contenders for Felicity's hand. However, they will still offer many complications for the questors. These complications may all be played up for comedic value, as the gamemaster prefers.

For a start, the rivals will always be in the way, especially for the latter two quests. The town of Angford and the Cursed Grove will both be thick with knights trying to win the hand of Lady Felicity. The rivals could inadvertently lead the players upon many wild goose chases. When a knight yells "Snake!" in Angford, many knights will quickly descend upon the spot, no doubt cutting innocent gopher snakes, vines, and all other manner of serpentine objects to bits.

In addition, the rivals will constantly be making false claims of quest completion. When the knights return to the Castle bearing the Blessed Cup of Health and Home, they may very well have to queue up behind a dozen other knights, each bearing some manner of drinking implement that they claim is the quest object.

Finally, after the players succeed at the first of the quests, some of the rivals will begin to grow surly: challenging, insulting and threatening the players for no good reason. A small camp of disgruntled suitors will appear outside the Castle, deriding all who arrive or go forth.

If the players became good friends with any of the rivals during the first day of this adventure, the gamemaster should play this up. Do they help him if he is doing poorly? Perhaps let him share in the glory? Will they reconsider the quests if they learn that their friend was slain while trying to win the hand of Lady Felicity?

## Conclusions

Finally, the Quests will be done, and all of the remaining rivals will come before the Lord, to see the Lady Felicity given away. Unless the players did very badly, or gave up on some of the quests entirely, none of the rivals will have completed any of the quests. If one of the players completed either two or three of the quests, he will be named the victor. Else, if either two or three quests were completed by Lady Felicity, the Unproven Knight, she is considered the victor. It should be noted that the latter case is extremely unlikely.

### Player Knight Victorious

As Lord Rantelis speaks, saying that the player has proved his valor and bravery, thus winning the hand of his daughter, the Unproven Knight will ride into the Courtyard. He bears a red favor upon his chain shirt, and begins to wave it about as he speaks, "Be it known by all that I hold here the favor of Lady Felicity herself. Although there is another here who states the he has won her by tests of valor, he will not take her until he has defeated me by tests of arms."

Nearby, someone points to the victorious player, and quietly whispers, "I don't envy that bloke. I hear Felicity's been courted by a Knight of the Round Table. If I don't miss my mark, that challenger there is him." A bit further away, someone gasps, in a voice full of surprise, "Lancelot? Are you sure?"

While the players worry, convinced, perhaps, that they have just been challenged by the best knight in all of Britian, Lord Rantelis will carefully consider. Finally, he will say, "So be it! Until one sayeth 'no more!'" The court will quickly move out to the jousting grounds, to watch the challenge being fought.

The fight will probably be a short one, for the Lady Felicity is not nearly as adept with Lance as with Sword. In addition, she lives under the burden of

chivalry. If the player is knocked from his horse, the Lady Felicity will give him time to remount, so that he can joust again.

If Lady Felicity does manage to win the fight, either by scoring a stunning blow, or convincing her opponent that she is the better man, she will take off her helmet, revealing her smiling face, and proclaim "I have defeated all challengers. My freedom shall never be taken from me." Continue as with 'Felicity Victorious' below.

It is more likely, though, that Lady Felicity will be knocked from her horse. As she falls to the ground, her helmet will be knocked away, and her flowing locks of chestnut hair will be revealed. "You have rightfully defeated me," she will say, "and there is nothing more I may do. I have tried my best to retain my freedom, but it is clear that I was doomed to lose. It grieves me greatly, but you have won my hand in marriage. I will not force my father to break his oath." Picking herself up slowly, the Lady Felicity will walk back toward the castle. A silence will lie across the battlefield like a funeral shroud.

The player has won the right to wed the Lady Felicity, and he may now do so if his wishes. If the marriage occurs, the Lady will do her best to please her husband, for it is the Just thing to do. She will never be truly happy, though, and her husband will be aware of her sadness, no matter how she hides it. Instead, the player may decide to give up his right to Lady Felicity's hand [give the player one point in Generous], perhaps even offering to fight as her champion against all comers. Lady Felicity will be filled with joy if this happens, but her father will barely be able to control his fury. The court will be dismissed, and all the knights will be sent home.

### Felicity Victorious

It is remotely possible that the Lady Felicity may emerge from the trials victorious, either by accomplishing the quests (probably due to the good hearts of the players), or defeating the victorious player in combat. If this occurs, she will proudly reveal her true face, proclaiming "I have defeated all challengers. My freedom shall never be taken from me." Her father, barely controlling his anger, shall immediately call the court to a close, and all knights shall be sent home.

## The Return of Felicity

Even if a player knight lost Felicity, either by being defeated, or giving her up when her true feelings were revealed, he has definitely not seen the last of her. Very soon, the players will hear that she is adventuring about Logres, now officially a Knight of the Realm.

In addition, if a player knight especially impressed Felicity, either by allowing her to win the contest of quests, despite her chivalrous nature, or granting her freedom, even after winning her hand, he will be hearing from her again, in the form of a letter. It speaks of Felicity's respect for the chivalry of the knight, and asks if, perhaps, he would still like to



court her, despite the revelations of her true nature. The letter warns, however, that she plans to never give up her life of adventure and suggests that if the player has any thoughts of changing that, he should give them up at once.

If the player knight does decide to court Lady Felicity, he will have to again prove his chivalrous nature. If he can do so to her satisfaction, she will grant him her hand. The Lord Rantelis, will, of course, throw the greatest party that Logres has seen in years.

### The Rantelis' Lands

If a player weds Lady Felicity, he will become ruler of all the Rantelis Lands. After he is wed to Felicity [1000 Glory], he will be officially named a Banneret Knight [100 Glory] by Earl Robert of Logres.

All told, there are twelve manors in the Rantelis Lands. They are divided as follows:

4 directly controlled by the Lord Rantelis (income 24 Librum)

2 fiefed to Sir Nollis

2 fiefed to Sir Broic

3 fiefed to Sir Canus

1 fiefed to Sir Liben

Clearly, the player knight will now be able to upkeep himself at the Superlative level. In addition, he will be able to call upon the armies of his 4 vassals in times of need.

### Future Story Ideas

If a player knight does end up the new lord of Rantelis Castle, a good number of story ideas become possible:

\* Lord Argun, ruler of the fief to the west of the Rantelis Land, long coveted Lady Felicity and the lands that a marriage to her would grant. He will not be pleased with Felicity's marriage, and shall do his utmost to test the new lord. If the new lord seems weak, Lord Argun may even invade, or, alternatively, try to destroy the new Lord of Rantelis through political manipulations.

\* If the marriage occurred after Lady Felicity declared her freedom and won her knighthood, the player knight will constantly have her safety to worry about. Ideally, one of the other players could take Felicity as their permanent role. If that is not possible, Felicity could instead be an NPC, constantly getting into trouble and extracting her husband from the same.

\* The new Lord of Rantelis will find himself in dire straights if the Blessed Cup of Health and Home is again stolen. No male child shall ever be born to the Lord of the House unless the Blessed Cup is also in residence. If a player realizes this, he will clearly do his utmost to recover it.

\* The Quest of the Cursed Grove may have repercussions. If the fay were driven off, they will surely try to return. Even if they left after some agreement, there may be problems. Perhaps a new

group of less friendly fay will try and move into the hill. Or, the old Fay of the Hill may return, either to do some mischief or collect on some debt.

### NPCS

Only the stats for the most important NPCs are given below. If the gamemaster feels the need for additional information on other NPCs, he should generate them as necessary, using the generic characters in Pendragon pg. 328-332 as guidelines.

#### Standard Rival Knight

Most of the rival knights are young and untested. Many will quickly discover that the Lord's tasks are beyond their own skills.

Glory 1400

SIZ 14	Move 2	Major Wound 14
DEX 11	Dam 4D6	Unconscious 7
STR 12	Heal 3	Knock Down 14
CON 14	HP 28	Armor 10 (+shield)
APP 12		

Combat Skills: Sword 17, Lance 14, Battle 13, Horsemanship 13  
Significant Passions: Amor (Felicity) 7, Loyalty (Lord) 15  
Horse: A young, untried charger, Damage 6D6, Move 8

#### The Lord Rantelis

The Lord Rantelis, a short, stout man, is forty-five years old, past his prime. He hopes to find a good man to marry Felicity, so that the family land may be passed on to one who is deserving.

Glory 3107

SIZ 9	Move 2	Major Wound 8
DEX 11	Dam 3D6	Unconscious 4
STR 8	Heal 2	Knock Down 9
CON 8	HP 17	Armor 10 (+shield)
APP 12		

Combat Skills: Sword 18, Lance 19, Battle 17, Horsemanship 15  
Significant Passions: Love (Family) 17, Hospitality 12  
Horse: An old, gray charger, past its prime, Damage 5D6, Move 5,  
CON 11.

#### The Lady Felicity

Felicity is a striking beauty. She is tall and slim, and has beautiful, flowing chestnut hair. Usually, Felicity is happy and cheerful, a joy to be around. However, Felicity's upcoming marriage sits upon her now, like a black cloud, and she is silent and morose. She wishes to be a knight, not a Lady. When out erranting, Felicity wears reinforced chain and a great helm and bears an entirely white shield.

Glory 1031

SIZ 15    Move 3    Major Wound 15  
 DEX 16    Dam 5D6    Unconscious 8  
 STR 14    Heal 3    Knock Down 15  
 CON 15    HP 30    Armor 12 (+shield)  
 APP 24

Special Traits: Beautiful Voice

Combat Skills: Sword 21, Lance 16, Battle 12, Horsemanship 16

Significant Traits: Energetic 14, Generous 17, Just 18, Merciful 17,

Modest 13,

Valorous 16, Deceitful 13

Significant Passions: Honor 16

Significant Skills: Awareness 14, Chirurgery 12, Courtesy 9, Dancing 11, First Aid 12, Orate 17, Singing 22, Tourney 12

Horse: A beautiful white charger that refuses any other riders, Damage 6D6, Move 8, CON 12

### Sir Dustus

Aged 53, Sir Dustus is a very old man. However, he is willing to fight to the death if he believes that his family is at stake.

Glory 1748

SIZ 7    Move 2    Major Wound 4  
 DEX 8    Dam 2D6    Unconscious 3  
 STR 7    Heal 1    Knock Down 7  
 CON 4    HP 11    Armor 10 (+shield)  
 APP 6

Combat Skills: Sword 12, Lance 15, Battle 8, Horsemanship 13

Significant Passions: Love (Family) 19

Horse: A pathetic looking courser, dirty and bedragled, Damage 5D6, Move 8, CON 12

### The Cunning Wyrn

Although not one of the great drakes of legend, the cunning wyrn can still be a dangerous foe, capable of killing unwary knights.

Glory to Kill: 150

SIZ 20    Move 6    Major Wound 30  
 DEX 24    Dam 7D6    Unconscious 13  
 STR 18    Heal 5    Knock Down 20  
 CON 30    HP 50    Armor 12  
 APP 3

Combat Skills: Bite 18

Significant Traits: Cowardly 20

Horse: The Cunning Wyrn enjoys eating horses. Cows too.

### The Faerie Knights

The Faerie knights will fight to protect their home and drive intruders away. If player knights try to destroy their grove, the faerie knights will go berserk. All combat skills are increased by +2, and the faerie knights ignore the effects of major wounds.

SIZ 18    Move 4    Major Wound 18  
 DEX 18    Dam 6D6    Unconscious 9  
 STR 18    Heal 4    Knock Down 18  
 CON 18    HP 36    Armor 14 (+shield)  
 APP 20

Combat Skills: Sword 20, Lance 20, Horsemanship 20

Significant Passions: Loyalty (Prince Effin) 20

Horse: The Faerie knights all ride unearthly looking gray horses which shine with a strange vitality, Damage 7D6, Move 10, CON 13.

### Effin, The Faerie Prince

Effin, the Prince of the Faeries of the Hill looks quite harmless, but that is a facade. In truth, he is a fearsome bargainer, and a fierce manipulator. Effin is somewhat stubborn, and will not be moved from his ways unless he is convinced that it is in his best interests.

SIZ 11    Move 3    Major Wound 25  
 DEX 19    Dam 4D6    Unconscious 1  
 STR 12    Heal 12    Knock Down 11  
 CON 14    HP 25    Armor None  
 APP 24

Significant Traits: Energetic 14, Vengeful 14, Deceitful 12, Proud 13

Significant Skills: Faerie Lore 30

Horse: Effin has no horse.



# Final Fun and More Famous Last Words

Sayings, Thoughts, Epitaphs from many worlds

By Andrew Clements and others

## Don't think about it...

*'I'm sorry, but we'll have to organise. We can't read all of those books'*

- From the Masks of Nyarlothotep.

*'Is Nyarlothotep, in his Bloody Tongue form, a good kisser?'*

*'If ever there was found a way to destroy Cthulhu, the Calamari meal industry would boom'*

*'Evil never sleeps. That's why coffee was invented'*

*'A stiff drink will do you the world of good. Although it won't grow you a new arm...'*

*'Carter! It's the Thing with No Vowels!'*

*'I hate these modern cults. It was so much easier before they started buying Human-Sacrifice-In-A-Can'*

*'The Last Unicorn' is not a story about Ralzakark!*

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*„Nobody uses a crossbow against a Christian Knight!“*

- Sir Gwanon, Arthurian Knight, before his final Quest

*„That is no island!“*

- Captain Cadarus of the Purple Towns, identifying a Melnibonean Battle Barge

*„I know how to use a Flamelance!“*

- Mo, Hawkmoon-Adventurer

*„Look at this beautiful golden coin, brilliantly shimmering in the sunlight!“*

- Norebert, Yelmalian, bargaining with a Troll

*„What do you mean by saying ‘not only my behaviour is inhuman’, my friend?“*

- Prof. Gisbert, Steadfast Investigator

*„I try to put off my armor!“*

- Ylmiorian Hero, whilst drowning

*„Another 225 hours of training? Well, we already have 225, so that makes 500 hours total!“*

- Amaretta di Saronna, high-educated Lunar noble, at the Court of Mathematics

*„I close the door to keep the evil things out!“ – „I throw the grenade through the door!“*

Two steadfast investigators. Guess who was faster...

*„I Think I can feel chaos, too!“*

- Unknown High Lama Nomad

*„Any mistake can be corrected!“*

- Spark Valor, Humakti, before failing to parry a deadly blow...

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