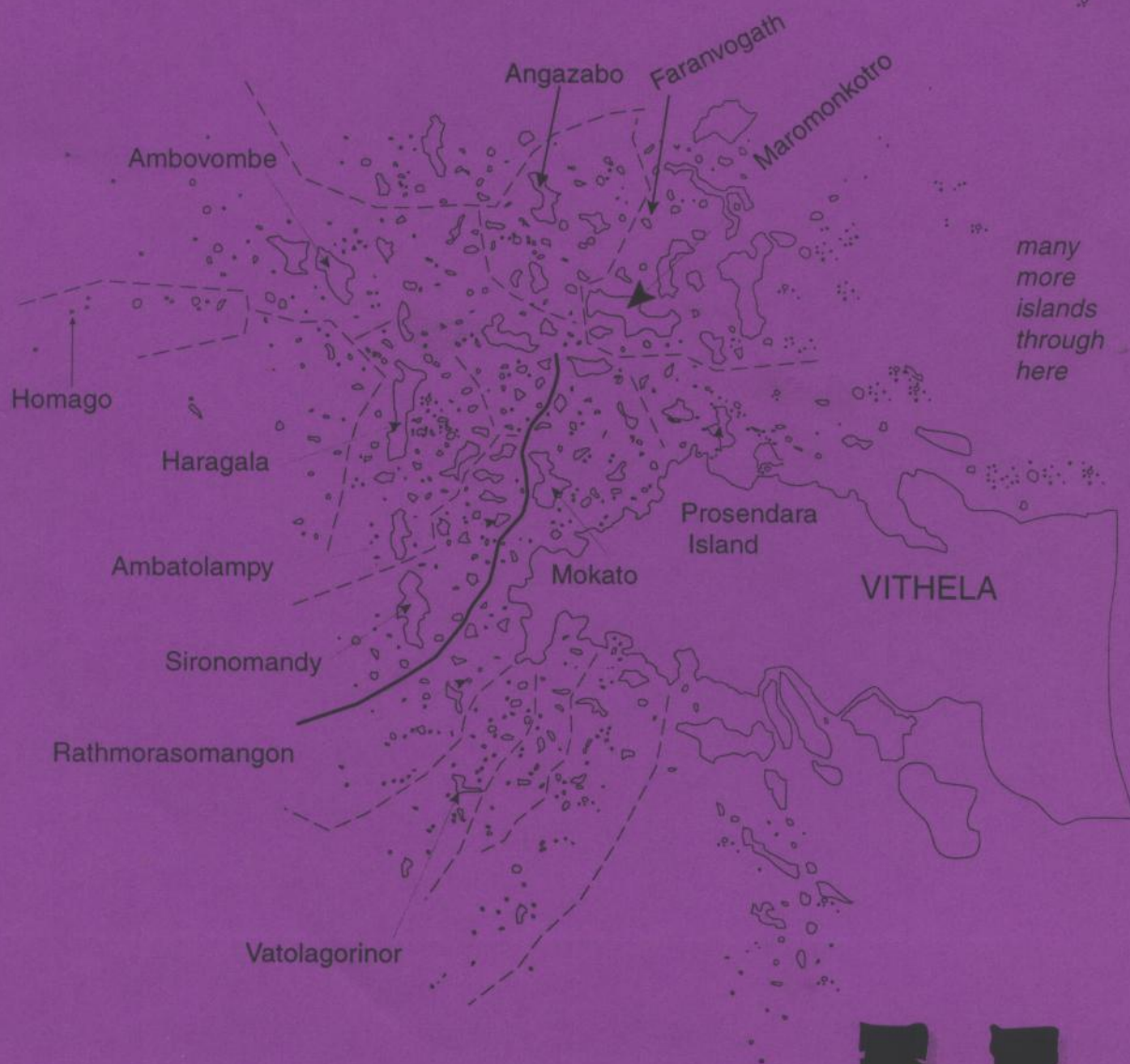


Hero Wars

Work In Progress - 4.

The Missing Lands

A collection of Previously Unpublished information about the Diverse Islands and Southern Continent of Glorantha.



by Greg Stafford and Sandy Petersen



Hero Wars

The Missing Lands

WIP-98 Version

*A Collection of Previously Unpublished information about the diverse
LANDS OF GLORANTHA*

by Greg Stafford and Sandy Petersen

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specific written permission from the publisher.*

*Lhankor Mhy protects this book. His Brain Eaters will infest your head if you
abuse its contents!*

"What Is This Book?"

This is a work in progress.

It is not intended to be a finished professional work, but is instead a collection of personal notes. Issaries' Works In Progress are intended to serve contributors and those who wish to dig deeply into the incomplete and changable records available.

The author reserves the right to arbitrarily change anything herein to serve later published materials. You can expect

chunks to be unchanged, and please know that chunks also WILL be changed.

The contents of this book are actually a bit further developed than *The Glorious ReAscent of Yelm* or the other Works In Progress. Most of the text herein was submitted, approved and even edited for final publication. We're glad to finally provide access to this information to fans.

**If you have internet access, be sure to take
a look at our site:
www.Glorantha.com**

Special thanks to Steve Martin as well, in pulling this material together.

7/7//98

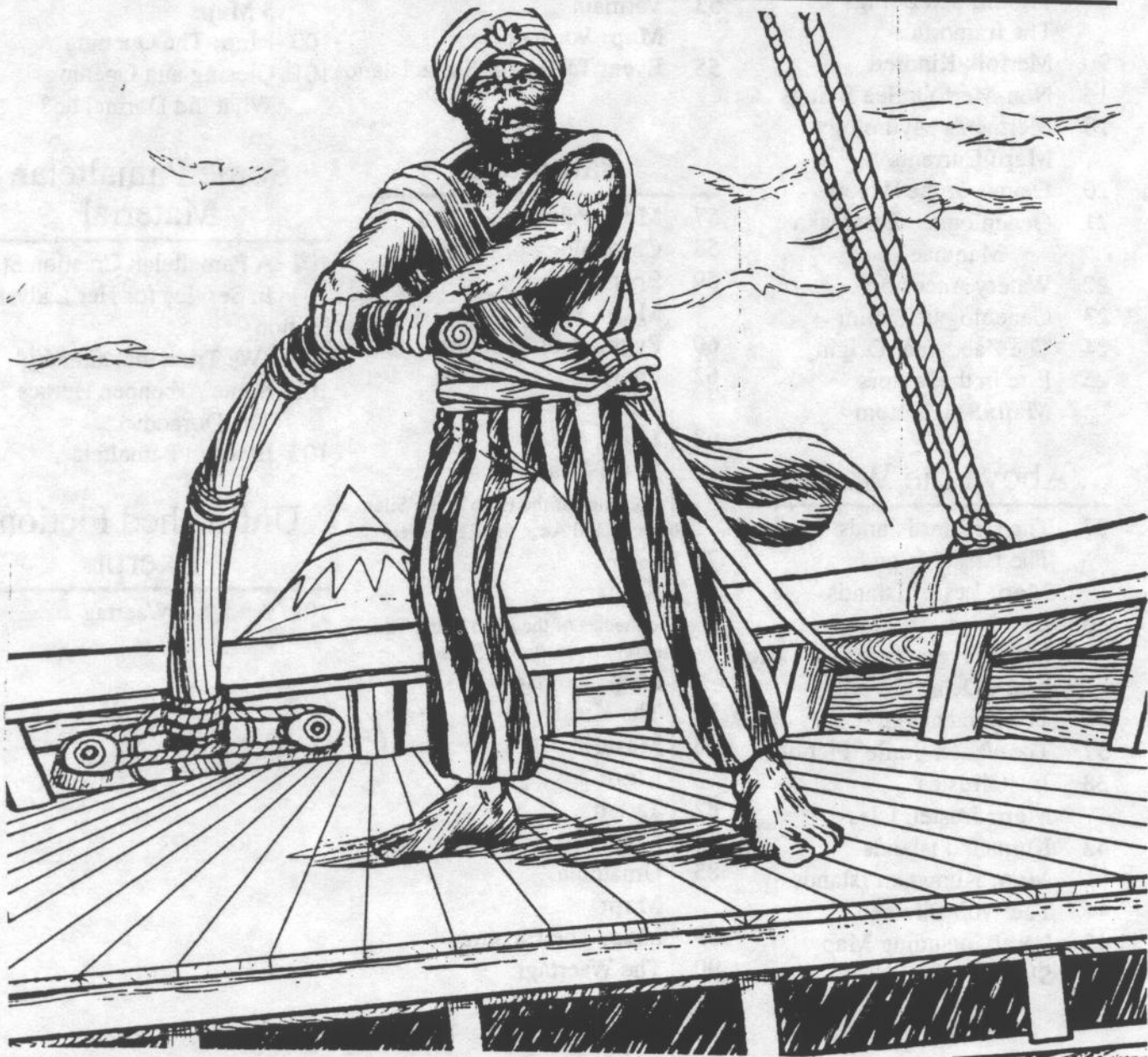
THE MISSING LANDS

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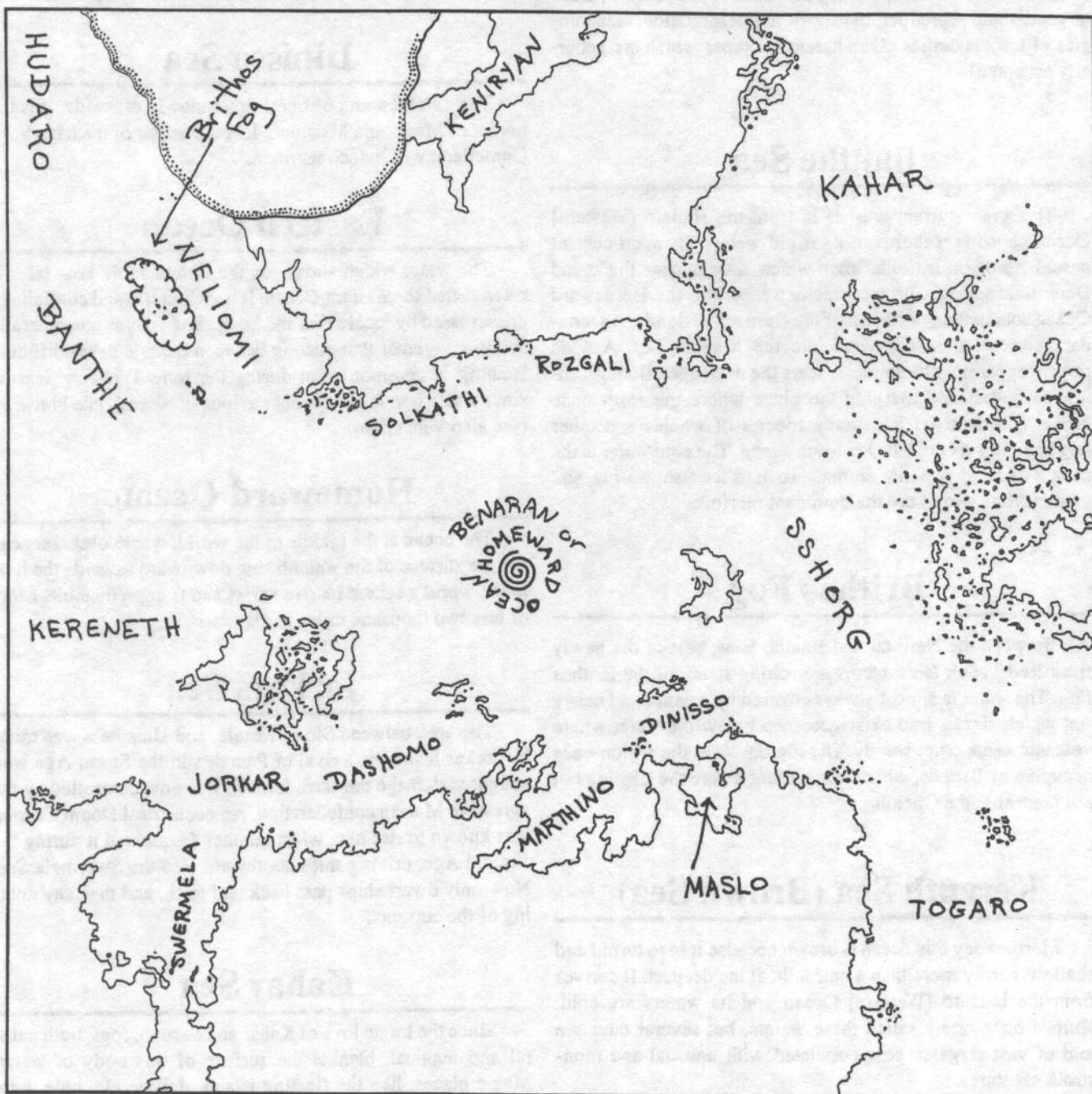
Contents



An Overview of the Oceans

Glorantha's surface is more than half water. Thus the oceans, and the islands and creatures found therein, deserve their own book. In the first sections of this book the oceans of Glorantha, and all matters pertaining to them (such as ship

designs or seasons) are covered. In the latter sections of the book the islands and lesser continents to be found within Glorantha's oceans are covered individually, using the same format found in the Genertela and Pamaltela books.



The difference between a Sea and an Ocean is that the Oceans have a direct and contact with Zaramaka, the Primal Water. This contact is attainable only at the edges of the world,

or through the deep rifts which break the earth and descend the way to the Underworld.

The Oceans of Glorantha

The Oceans and Seas of Glorantha are descendants of Sramake and Framanthe. They are vast bodies of water which are animated by powerful and unobtrusive spirits which manifest themselves primarily as a powerful current. Still water is considered to be weak in spirit.

Currents move water to other parts of the world, and when the nature of the water has changed significantly then this is considered to be the spawning of a child. (The precise nature of gender and reproduction is open to interpretation. Genealogies of the sea deities given herein are those which are generally accepted).

Banthe Sea

This great current washes in from the Hudaro [Western] Ocean carrying icebergs in its frigid waters. Its main current passes north of Jrustela, after which may appear the dread Denestlazam Kill Current which sweeps into the Homeward Ocean somewhere northeast of the Kumanku Islands. A secondary current runs southward into the Kerenth Sea. A wide trench, apparently bottomless, scars the deep open floor reaching northwest and marking the place where the earth once broke. Life here is rich. Many species of whales and other large animals live off the krill-rich ocean. The cold water is the source of many peculiar animals, such as ice fish, walrus, and giant puffins. Ouri are the dominant merfolk.

Brithos Fog

Between the Neliomi and Banthe Seas, east of the newly risen Red Vadeli Isles, teems the roiling steam of the Brithos Fog. The water is almost always covered by a dense and heavy fog which sizzles into existence deep below the water where volcanic vents erupt slowly. The fog obscures the region once occupied by Brithos, which was present before the Closing but not present at the Opening.

Kerenth Sea (Brown Sea)

Mermen say this ocean is brown because it is so turbid and shallow, hardly more than a half mile at the deepest. It derives from the Hudaro [Western] Ocean and its waters are cold. Humans have rarely sailed these waters, but several tales are told of vast sargasso seas populated with unusual and monstrous creatures.

Dashomo Sea

The Dashomo Sea is a placid ocean full of fish and sea life. The Hroarilli tribe of Malasp mermen, led by the frightening demigod named Terthinus, Voice of the Deep, live there and have taken control of all shipping over the sea, demanding tribute from all who pass by. They are aided by another tribe which lives in the rich waters of the Jrusteli archipelago.

Dinisso Sea

The current south of Loral flows slowly eastwards. It is the parent of Maslo and Marthino. It is the center of the Margansti Confederacy of ludoch mermen.

Eastern Ocean

The water which surrounds the innumerable East Isles is often called the Eastern Ocean. It is rich in life and continually crisscrossed by local ships and boats. The islands are generally so close together that boating between them is never difficult. Boating is common even during the long Typhoon Season, since a safe port is always near to hide in when a gale blows in. (see also Venperhen).

Homeward Ocean

The ocean at the middle of the world, where observers can see the surface of the water tilting downward towards the hole in the world's center. Its size varies and is unpredictable. More or less two thousand miles in diameter.

Jorkars Sea

The area between Slon, Jrustela, and Umathela was made by Jorkar Ironclaw, a rival of Pamalt's in the Storm Age who sought to damage the earth forever. It is now controlled by the aggressive Malasp confederation. An occasional Doom Current was known to rise here when humans frequented it during the Second Age, driving ships southward into the Swermela Sea. Now only dwarf ships pass back and forth, and they say nothing of the currents.

Kahar Sea

Since the tragic love of Kahar and Saron, fogs, both natural and magical, blanket the surface of this body of water. Magic places, like the floating island of Kyclerela, hide there.

with lurking monsters, lost sailors, and insidious spirits. Life is thinly spread in the depths of this warm and stagnant sea. The lack of light suppresses the plant life upon which all else depends.

Magasta's Pool

Although often used as a synonym for the Homeward Ocean, this term is more correctly applied to the great whirlpool itself, where escape is impossible as the Doom Currents meet, swirling to make a vertical maelstrom. The raging whirlpool at its center averages 200 kilometers wide at its mouth, though sometimes it is wider (Sea Season) and sometimes narrower (Dark and Storm seasons). Ships caught in its current are doomed to drop into the bottomless hole, gone from the world forever. Its base empties into the primal ocean which sits, motionless, beneath all things. The Homeward Ocean is the surrounding region, and can sometimes be escaped.

Marthino Sea

This pleasant tropical sea teems with life. Colorful fish swarm over tropical reefs. No great currents originate here. The native Ludoch mermen would lead a lazy and pleasant life, except that they continually war with baleful Malasp mermen from the Dashomo Sea.

Maslo Sea

The Maslo is a quiet and beautiful sea. Mermen there are usually Ludoch, but no great colonies have settled. During the Closing the sailors of this ocean were able to maintain a fleet of their double-hulled warships. A particular plague of this sea is the Mother of Monsters which lives on its western shore.

Rozgali Sea

The waters south of Prax and eastern Genertela have gentle currents washing westward. A thriving colony of Ludoch mermen intermingle with humans in the Holy Country's great circular bay.

Solkathi Sea

The waters south of western Genertela are called the Solkathi sea. A minor current washes eastward through the Solkathi.

Sshorg Sea

This ocean is the home of a great Doom Current which washes northward from the Togaro, arching around north of Teleos and entering the Homeward Ocean somewhere near Waertag's Banks.

Teleos Sea

The water surrounding Teleos is called the Teleos Sea. It is notable for its long period of calm in the Sea and Fire seasons. For much of the year, this sea and its central island are isolated from the rest of the world by gales and typhoons.

Loral Sea

The seas around the island of Loral are called the Loral Sea. It is infested with Ludoch.

Togaro Ocean

Also called the Ocean of Terror because it was the first great body of liquid to invade the land. It contains a powerful current, close to its source. This ocean is extremely warm, washing in from Sramak's Ocean where it exits from the Burning Seas. Sometimes huge washes of boiling water are carried far into the Sshorg by the current. In its depths life is active and plentiful. At the top of the food chain is a type of huge armored carnivorous fish. In the Eastern Isles and on the shores of Dinal are two powerful, organized kingdoms of Ludoch mermen. The Togaro Ocean is ravaged by hurricanes for half the year.

Hudaro Ocean [Western Ocean]

Hudaro separates from Sramak's current far under the vast Glacier of Valind the Western Ocean, then moves inward. It is frigid with many icebergs, and carries its coldness to the Kerenth and Banthe Seas.

Keniryan [White Sea]

This frigid body of water is reportedly connected to the outer seas by a subglacial waterway over a thousand kilometers long. No mermen live here. It is a very weak sea, by Oceanic standards.

Swermela Sea [Worm Sea]

This sea, between two great marshes, is full of gigantic leeches which attach themselves to whales, kraken, and hapless ships. Though the monsters are found throughout the world, they concentrate, perhaps to breed, in this place. Life here is dominated by great swimming reptiles and dinosaurs.

Venperhan Sea

This is the general name for the body or bodies of water which surround the East Isles and subcontinent of Vithela, named after their local sea goddess. The locals are more likely to use the name of their regional body rather than any collective name, though.

Triolini Sea Beings

"Triolini" is a word describing the collective forms of life in the sea, including all its plants, animals, and things in between.

A "Being" is any creature which has a sense of self awareness, self identity, and intelligence. Thus fish and worms are not beings, although their gods are.

Merfolk are group of semihumanoid sea beings. They call themselves Merhendss, translated as "We Sea Kin" by their own kind, inhabit Gloranthan waters.

Some creatures seem to be similar to humans or other outsiders, but the kindred are clear about who is in or out as

one of them. The God Learners said that they are all descendants of the Man Rune.

Only land dwellers and others who are ignorant believe that all mermen are the same type of creature. The variety of intelligent life beneath the sea is nearly as great as that above.

A synopsis of manners and distribution for the Merfolk and similar creatures is given here.

The Immortals

Demigod races inhabit the depths.

Tritons

Mirintha and Pharagon had ten son-daughters who looked like their father. [Pharagon was tailed behind, and had arms in front.] They are ancestors of other tritons when mating with each other, and when mating with other things in the deep sea they created the Niaadds.

Tritons are rarely seen in the world of men. They serve the ruling deities of the deep. The Triton clans are the most powerful and secret of all sea life, who are entities of enormous ability which have not been seen on the surface since the Gods War.

Niiads

Niiads are weaker offspring of tritons, though Niiads are still individually more powerful than common mortals. Although aquatic, Niiads can live for periods of time on the surface and out of the water. They are also often capable of performing great feats of temporary creation [ie- "illusion"].

Niiadic body type is mammalian, with a horizontal tail and a coat of dark fur which covers most of the body. Lateral fins at "hip" level extend outwards. The upper torso is humanoid, but streamlined with narrow shoulders and a widening chest which give way to a round body. Arms are long, with five fingers, webbed. Their heads are on long necks which can

retract and extend, turtle-like. Their faces are humanoid, with big eyes with several lids, flat noses, and wide mouths full of sharp teeth.

The niiadic class of Sea Folk are completely aquatic. They have gill slits in their necks and under their arms and they will eventually die if kept from the water. They are larger than humans, carnivorous (mainly fish), and travel in small family groups in the deeps, usually accompanied by some of the more hearty merpeople. They are also the main functionaries bearing commands from and gifts to the gods for the seven tribes of merfolk.

The niiadic class have an intimate relationships with the sea nymphs which is not understandable to humans. The liquid nymphs are the mothers and first cousins of the niiadic class. This class is so associated with the water nymphs that their names are confused. Their communion with their watery environment is supernatural in its origins and nature.

They bear their young live, usually coming into the shallows of their mertribes for protection from the ravaging monsters of the deep. Upon birth they discover if the birth is an intelligent niiad, or a watry creature.

Several Niiads (or sometime,s groups of niiads) mated with the storm gods during the Gods War, and their offspring are the mermen. Despite this kinship, most merfolk will never see a demigod of the niiadic class -- they are more likely to see humans.

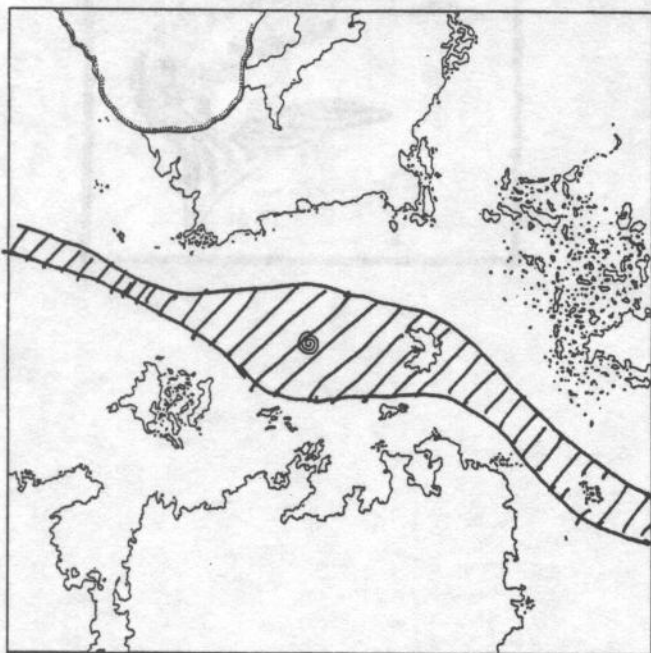
The Merfolk Kindred

The six types of mermen are divided into two main groups: the Piscoi and the Cetoi, which are differentiated in a number of ways. The Cetoi descend from Niiads who voluntarily allied with the storm gods, usually through marriage. Cetoi are usually friendly to surface-dwellers and sailors. The Cetoi include the Ludoch and the Ouori tribes.

The Piscoi, in contrast, had Niiad ancestors who fought the storm gods and failed. Piscoi are generally quite hostile. Cetoi are mammalian, with dolphin- or seal-like hindparts. Piscoi are fish-like, with scaly tails and even bodies. The Piscoi include Gnydron, Malasp, and Ysabbau mermen.

Zabdamar, the last of the kin, have a yet different origin and are neither piscoi nor cetoi.

The merfolk tribes vary in appearance, and are commonly called by the names which shore folk confuse with local animals. Thus, those centered at Loskalm are called red seal people, the merfolk all around the Banthe and Brown seas are called fish people, and the tribe along southern Genertela is called the dolphin people.



Gnydron

God Learner Name: Piscanthropus gnydronus

Gnydron are huge beings, scaly with large tails and several non-limb fins. They are the only merfolk which still breathe water. Gnydron suffocate in the air, and cannot long endure fresh water.

The deepest depths are the natural home for gnydron, and so they are rarely seen by humans. If they are then people find them hideous and terrifying. All Mermen are in awe of the Gnydron, whose ancestress actually defeated and plundered the storm god who attacked her. Janelosp changed shape to male and then cut and twisted her foe to be her mate and bear the first gnydron.

The Gnydron typically use sea monsters from the deep ocean in combat. They also can attack with huge versions of normal weapons, such as tridents and daggers, or by slapping enemies with their great tails. They are very magically powerful. They worship sea gods such as Magasta and Wachaza, as well as lesser-known gods such as Daliath, god of secret wisdom; Framanthe, goddess of the primal ocean; Drospoly, the cold death; and Varchulanga, mother of monsters.

Gnydron



Ludoch

Cetanthropus ludoch

One of the two Great Kindreds. The ludoch are seen more often by humans than any other type of merman. Their tail skin is smooth and slick, like that of a porpoise or whale, and their flukes project sideways.

They are neutral or friendly to mankind. Ludoch live in the Togaro Ocean, the Marthino Sea, and along the south coast of Genertela. The Holy Country holds a kingdom of ludoch who cooperate with the local fishermen.

They sometimes cooperate with humans, and are rarely overtly hostile. They are quite widespread, living in the Maslo Sea, the Marthino Sea, and the Togaro Ocean. In the Eastern Isles and on the shores of Dinal are two powerful, organized kingdoms of Ludoch mermen.

Ludoch are overall friendly to humans, being an amiable race overall. However, larger clans rarely co-operate with other races, despite their friendliness. On the other hand, many individual ludoch have shown devoted friendship to sailors, and even loyalty to the death.

Ludoch are naturally gregarious and gather in schools which tend to be as large as possible. Thus in fertile seas large tribes are known, while in other regions only small clans are found. Five large tribes are known, called by the sea where

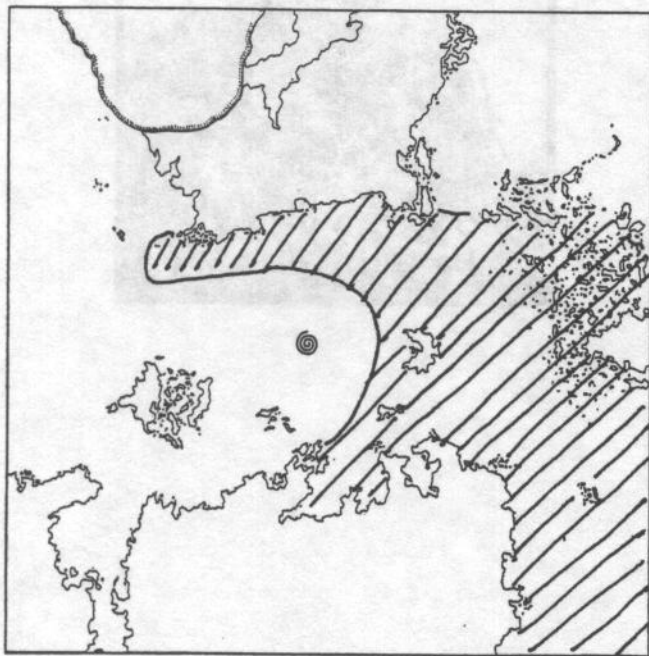
they center: Choralinthor, Maslo, Alsporanjabbi, Valarrariano, and Kostjahobbi.

Ludoch mate for life, and if the mate dies never takes another. Parents are intensely loyal to children, who remain close to the parents sides for seven years before departing. They honor wisdom and forethought most highly, and generally go to the wisest counsel before taking any new action.

Ludoch are highly organized and engage in many complex group activities. They can muster a fighting force quickly to protect against attacks from sharks or shadow squids. They perform complex customs dances in deep water, out of sight of humans. They have a language which cannot be spoken by humans, but they can quickly learn almost any spoken language simply by listening carefully. The wisest among them have learned to write the local dialects to communicate with humans.

Ludoch hate and fear malasps, who are portrayed as evil and demonic in all ludoch stories. They eat only fish and some swimming types of squid.

A ludoch can stay underwater for an hour at a time, but must then surface to breathe for a time. In combat they are much like humans, with different tribes favoring different weapons and magic. Magasta, Triolina, and Wachaza are the gods most commonly worshiped.



Ludoch



Malasp

Piscanthropus malasp

Malasps have scales and fish-like fins and tails. Unlike most Piscoi, malasps have been known to deal peaceably with humans. They live in the Brown and Dashomo Seas, and feud with the ludoch over possession of the Marthino Sea.

They are one of the two Great Kindreds.

Malasps are generally hostile to surface-dwellers and they plot both subtle deceptions and overt aggression against coastal nations. They mostly live in the Brown and Dashomo Seas.

The Malasp are a breed of Mermen who are violent and predatory, hateful of all things which breath air -- perhaps hating themselves the most of all. They eat large fish and other life forms, including whales, dolphins, sharks, and mermen.

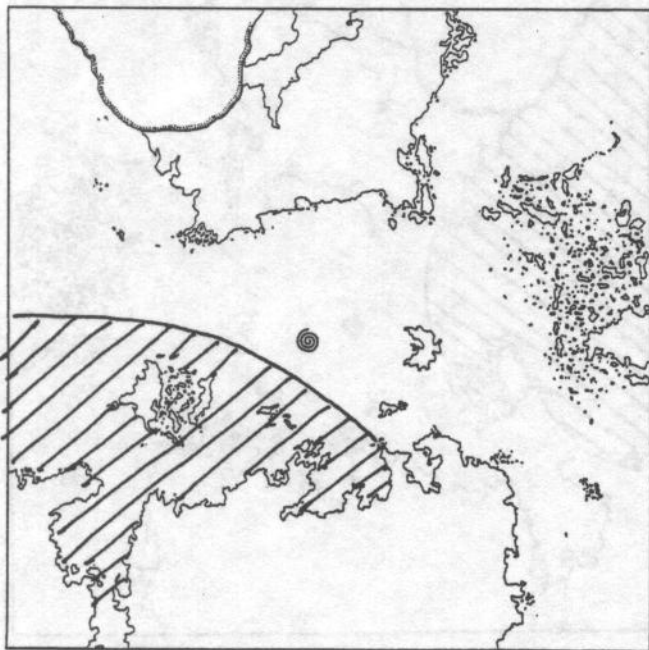
The Malasp used to live only in small family groups of 5-10 adults and about as many children, each protecting their bubble nest and a stretch of shallow territory to feed in. They used to war against each other, sometimes even slaying each other in territorial disputes. Mating is seasonal, taking place inside the bubble nest where the females lay their two eggs and join with the males to thrash about in a great sticky fertilizing goo which also hardens the bubble nest even more than usual. The eggs hatch in eight weeks, and the nest dissolves in about

twenty five more. During that time the family feeds the young malasps regurgitated food.

The malasps believe that might makes right. The leader is always the toughest and smartest of the family. War parties are organized by a leader commanding all who have been beaten in combat or bullied to obey. Their fierceness is found in both males and females, and even the young show a combative tendency.

The Malasps were organized at the end of the Second Age to help destroy the hated God Learners. They were organized into larger numbers for the operations, and some of them gained divine powers. After the destruction of Jrustela and the Closing the malasps maintained their organization, and in the newly created archipelago of Jrustela created a cohesive kingdom now led by Terthinus the Voice of the Deep, a grandson of the god Banthe. Now most of the malasp, probably 80% of all of them on Glorantha, follow Terthinus, and they control the whole of the Brown Sea without dispute. One of Terthinus' control mechanisms is to provide weapons and tools for the previously primitive malasp.

A malasp normally breathes at least every hour. In combat they are much like humans, with different tribes favoring different weapons and magic. Magasta, Triolina, and Wachaza are the gods most commonly worshiped. Shamanism is common as well.



Malasp



Ouori

Cetanthropus ouori

A plump race of mermen, sometimes known as the "walrus-folk", although they have no tusks. These gross and flabby merfolk are surprisingly friendly to humans, though they are also very shy. They live primarily in the Western Ocean and Banthe Sea, and inhabit the ice shelf of the north, parts of the coasts of the Neliomi Sea and the northern Jrusteli Isles, and reportedly the northern coasts of mythical Luathela.

They are occasionally found swimming out in the open sea, and they seem unaffected by the force of the greatest currents, unlike ships or humans would be.

The ouori are the friendliest and most easy going of the merpeople. They do not trust mankind and are quick to flee his presence, stampeding into the water whenever a boat nears them on the shore. But if a human can get the trust of one of them the trust will spread quickly to the entire herd. Once gained trust is held by the ouori until it is broken, which only the humans do.

The ouori have no material needs. They wear no clothing, use no tools, and build nothing. Their primary interests are in eating, which takes up about half their time, and lolling about in great heaps in the sun. Only in mating season do they change, and then the dominant males become belligerent and territorial towards males of their own species. After the month-long rut the males abandon all relationship with the females and everyone again becomes one big happy herd.

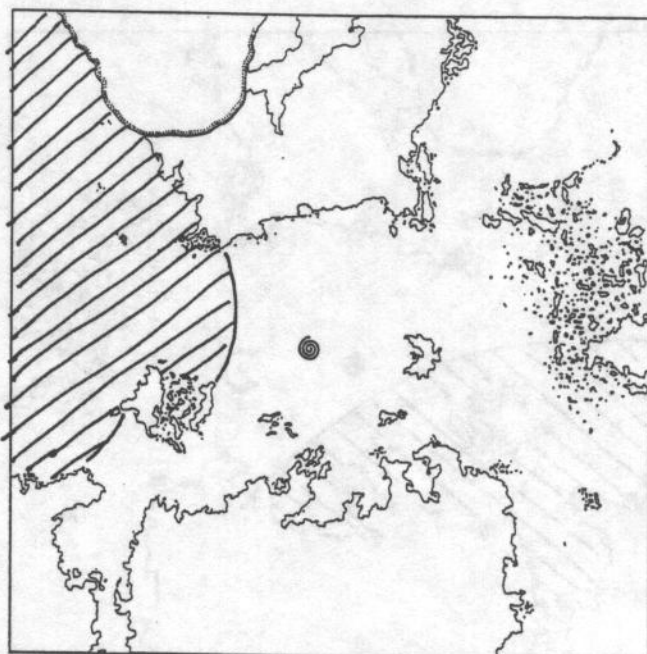
Females give birth to a single young in the autumn. Humans have never witnessed a birth, for the nonpregnant females gather in a tight protective wall about the laboring mother. They sing their loud birth songs the whole while, and a monster spirit hovers about protectively.

The people around the Neliomi sometimes call the ouori Walrus People or Seal Folk because they bear some slight resemblance to those animals. The appearance is accidental and neither ouori nor beasts claim the kinship.

The ouori have the simplest social system. No one commands, save for the respect they accumulate through age, experience, and expressed wisdom. The herd acts as a whole, but only after long debate determines their activity. Any new action is likely to be undecided, either dividing the herd or bringing inertia.

An ouori can stay underwater for an hour at a time. Although they avoid combat, they can defend themselves both with their great strength and with weapons, such as lances and walrus-tusk daggers, which they wield clumsily but effectively. They worship sea gods, such as Triolina, and winter deities, such as Valind.

Ouori



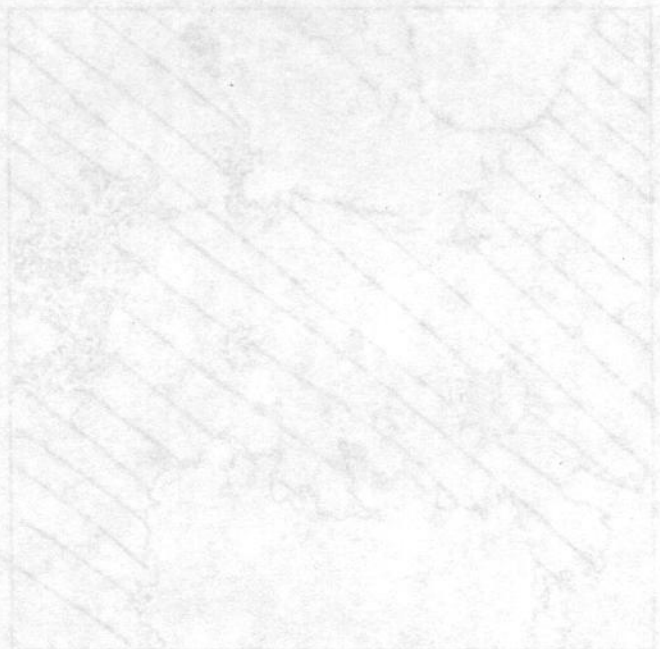
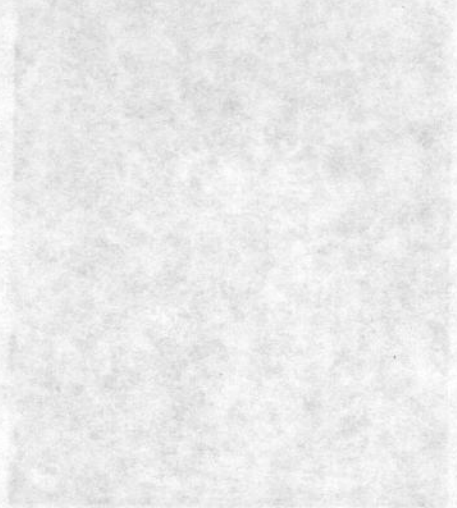
Here is a Vadeli account of dealing with the ouori:

"On Windsday I went down to the shore to ask the herd if they would help me fish for the red herring. There were almost fifty this time. Some of the young ran away when I approached. I saw Oo-ri-oi-ru there and shouted his name. As usual the herd laughed, or made that squeek-and-rumble sound which is their way of expressing humor, at my pronunciation. But they recognized me, and Oo-ri-oi-ru trundled over to mindspeak. As usual a couple of others came along too, and as I spoke with Oo-ri-oi-ru he translated for them and they, in turn, turned to bark it out to their more distant fellows.

As we spoke many others joined close by, making their own opinions known loud and clear. Before I was done with Oo-ri-oi-ru several arguments had broken out, and a couple of the males were pressed chest to chest, nose to nose, growling their opinions. But in general they agreed that they would help

later in the afternoon, when they were hungry again. After all, they like red herring as much as we do, even they only eat it. I knew it would be useless to urge them to haste, and so waited in my boat, watching the gulls wheel and scream, until Oo-ri-oi-ru rose, barking what he mindspeaks to be a Happy Feeding Song, and they lurched into the water one by one.

"The next day I went to ask if they would show me some good oyster beds so that my sister and her clique could prepare a ceremonial dinner for the visiting judges. None of the little ones ran away, but stayed close, curious to smell and taste us. Oo-ri-oi-ru came when I called again, and the arguments began. But Oo-ri-oi-ru turned and went away, without pressing my requirement, and eventually they all drifted back to their sleeping places, unmindful of my requests, and not even telling me no for an answer."



Ysabbau

Piscanthropus yssabau

These are an uncommon type of deep sea merfolk. They are found in all oceans. They commonly travel in schools of a ten to thirty individuals, depending on available food. They are capable of swimming close to Magasta's Pool in apparant defiance of its great power. Some of these are commonly found among the retinue of the Sea Gods.

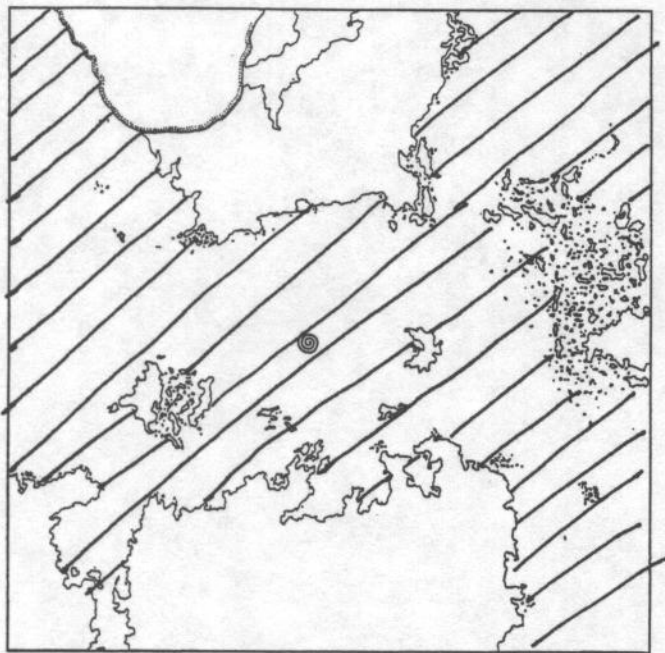
The ysabbau are the most hideous mermen to human eyes. They are large, spined, and scaly.

The ysabbau hate humans more than does any other type of merman. They commonly seek to destroy all ships and sailors.

They are most common in the Togaro, but can be found in all oceans.

When there are not enough ysabbau to attack a ship openly, they cut fishing nets, plant barnacles and shipworms on the hull, and break up the rudder or keel. Seamen of all Glorantha curse the ysabbau and blame them for an astounding variety of calamities -- often truthfully. Yssabau normally breathe at least every hour. Ysabbau are very aggressive, and have been known to use lances, tridents, nets, and even primitive bows to attack ships. They worship dark sea gods such as Magasta, Wachaza, Varchulange, Mother of Monsters, and Drospoly, the Cold Death. They generally prefer magic related to combat and death.

Ysabbau



Zabdamar

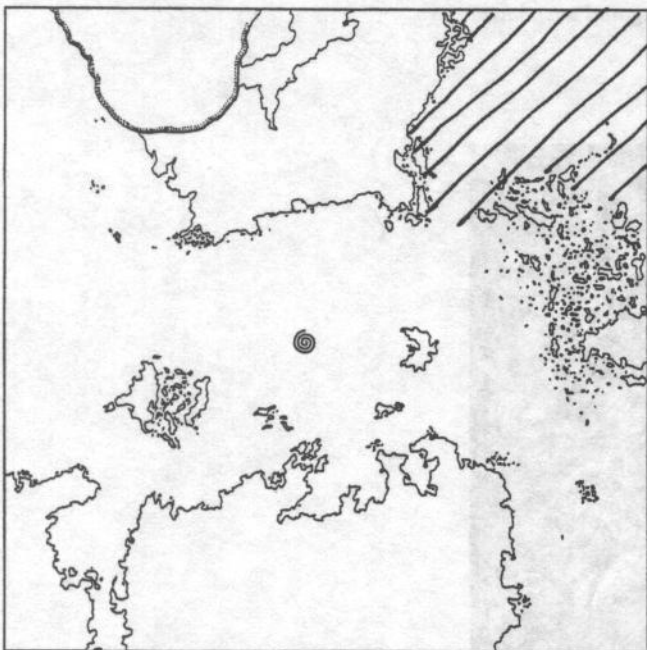
Zabdamar are different from other Merfolk. Their females look like beautiful human women from the waist upward, with glitteringly scaled tails. Their males appear, to humans, like toothless walruses except more ugly. Stories are well known of Zabdamar feamles who considered their males ugly and sought sailors as lovers.

They are the rarest and most magical of all the mertribes, and were first born of a love story in ancient Vithelan mythology. Their ancestors were the goddess Saronu, the newly come Sea, while their father was Zabzaviar, prince of the land of Abzered. After Abzered sank, the bottom of the sea were left to the Zabdamar.

They live almost exclusively around Kahar's Sea. Though they occasionally travel elsewhere, they always return home to this sea.

A zabdamar normally breathes at least every hour. Male zabdamar use tridents in combat both as hand-held and thrown weapons; although female zabdamar fight as well, they do not use weapons as effectively. Many male zabdamar become shamans, and specialize in the summoning and control of undines, wraiths, and passion spirits. Female zabdamar usually become priests or sorcerers. Popular gods are Triolina; Iphara, goddess of fog; and Kahar, the god of the Sea of Fog.

Zabdamar



Non-Merfolk Sea Beings

Dwerulan

Platyura pisces var. *dwerula*

A dwerulan is scaleless, as smooth and slimy as an eel. It resembles a pallid hybrid between a human fetus and a tadpole. Its tail is long, unforked, and flattened from side to side. Sometimes they are classified as Piscoi mermen. Dwerulans live in the Worm Sea and the bordering marshes. They cannot hold their breath long and lose 1 point of fatigue for each round spent underwater. Once their fatigue reaches -100, they begin losing general hit points instead.

Dwerulans are hermaphrodites. Eggs fertilized by another Dwerulan hatch normally. However, eggs that are self-fertilized hatch into sterile creatures called surutrans. Surutrans mature physically in a single year -- a sixth as long as a normal dwerulan, but are sterile, and so no independent colony lasts longer than a single generation. Some dwerulan tribes forbid the breeding of surutrans. Others raise them in vast hordes as slaves.

Dwerulan usually use spears and sharp knives in combat. Their weak spirits make common magic difficult for them, but they derive powerful magic from the weird gods they worship, such as Sokazub, god of dark animals; Swems, goddess of worms; Slor, god of swamps; and Molucca, goddess of molluscs. Dwerulan have a sub-race called Surutrans, which are small "byproducts" of dwerulan self-fertilization. They are sterile -- no independent colonies of surutrans survive more than a single generation

Surutran (Dwerulan)



Dwerulan



Murthoi, or Sea Elf, or Blue Elf

Murthalgus sp.

Blue elves live underwater, and die when taken out of the water. They tend submarine forests of seaweed, and feel an affinity for their distantly-related cousins, the land elves. One type of blue elf lives in freshwater bodies. Some colonies thrive in the open sea, amid floating colonies of seaweed hundreds of miles from land.

The upper bodies of blue elves somewhat resemble that of ordinary elves, though their skin is pale purplish red, and they have weird, unblinking eyes. Their hair is often violet. Their bodies taper off into a long thin tail, which they vibrate to move themselves through the water.

They worship the sea goddess Murthdrya.

There are three main species of blue elves, one of which is found in fresh water. In appearance, blue elves are quite androgynous. One species is hermaphroditic, while the other two have four sexes each. Little is known of these secretive beings, though they sometimes trade with their landbound brethren. Blue elves are not air-breathing and die quickly when taken out of the water.

Blue elves have webbed fingers, magenta skin, long filamentous hair, and no legs. An extended tail, like a flagellum or the hindpart of an eel, propels them through the water. Blue elves live near the coast, where seaweed grows thickest. Some colonies live in the open sea amid floating colonies of seaweed.

Blue elves use short lancets made of bone or bamboo splinters in combat. They also have special darts which they can even throw for short distances underwater. They primarily worship their ancestress Murthdrya, and favor magic of healing and avoidance.

Sea Trolls

Hydrostyganthropus mutans

Sea trolls are a strange aberration.

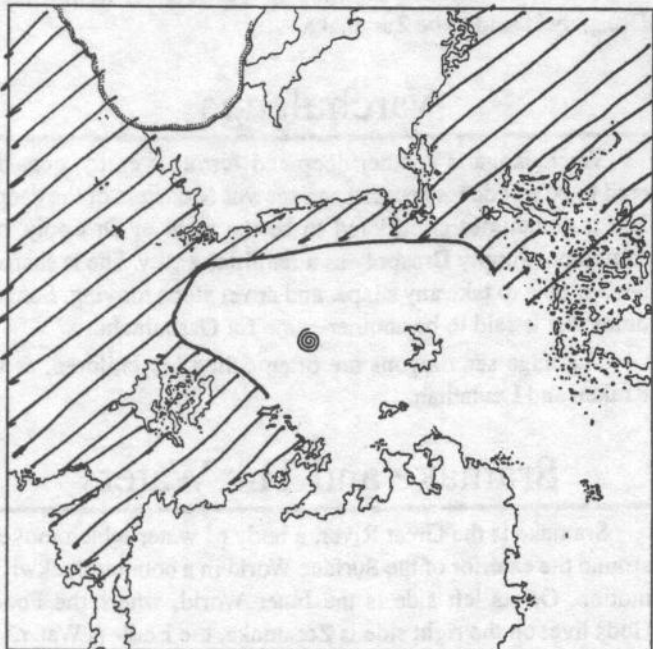
They are a primitive troll type, showing affinities to the Mistress Race. They are rather frog-like body. They die quickly when taken out of the water. Some of them are tainted with chaos and even less intelligent than cave trolls. They live in cool coastal waters and the East Isles. Their sonar (dark-sense) is unexcelled, and it seems that other sea creatures have copied it to a greater or lesser extent.

Sea trolls lurk in deep grottos and dark seaweed forests and cannot survive long ashore. Like all trolls, sea trolls are omnivorous. However, they are also very predacious, and prefer fish or meat to seaweed. Sea trolls have thick gilled necks, webbed fingers, and flippered feet. They are not good swim-

mers, maneuvering more like a frog than a fish. They primarily lurk in reefs and seaweed thickets, where swimming skill is less important. Sea trolls, like cave trolls, are touched by chaos and can regenerate from damage. They fear sunlight, and stay deep underwater in daylight. Wounds received under direct sunlight do not regenerate.

They live in western and central Genertelan coastal waters, and also in the depths of Kahar's Sea of Fog, the Neleomi Sea, the Banthe Sea, the Brown Sea, the Sea of Worms, and the Dashomo Sea. They are most dangerous and active in the Sea of Fog, where sunlight rarely penetrates.

Sea trolls are very primitive, and generally do not make use of even weapons made from natural materials. They usually have no magic, either.



The Merman's Mythology

An Overview of Inclusive Aquatic Mythology

The Deep Deities

Zaramaka's Transformations

Zaramaka. Oneness. The Deep Is All.

From inside rose the outside, movement expanding outward from Zaramaka. Water was all, deep and shallow.

Movement occurred deep and shallow, and the wise and ancient beings from Inside the Deep formed, and they were the first entities: Sramake, Daliath, and Framanthe.

Zaramaka, after the entites, was called Osshamahoro [the Still Ocean.] The entities continued their own movements, and they created the races of the sea deities.

The sea deities came to Osshamahoro to feed, and so Osshamahoro was moved and bore Seruvar, the Feeder. After that Osshamahoro was called Ivinareshesh. Ivinareshesh was the Deep Sea, the Unmoving Dark Sea.

Seruvar fed all who came to her, and to do this she continued her own movements and bore Bab and the Food Gods. Seruvar shaped Bab to have six sides, each of which grew special foods for the sea beings. Five were underwater, and one was not, which was Dry Food. We call the first one Bab, her five goods sides are Helt, Magur, Ishash, Sedoon, and Peshur, and her dry side was Ooma, and her bad side was Dez. So well nourished were the sea deities that they in turn bore their own children, and the many races of sea life were born. [Bab is the Earth, a perfect cube, with a square of earth to outside the water, the Surface World, which is the Sixth Side is the Dry Food].

Dez was the god who refused to be food. He made his followers attack the sea peoples. That was when the sea beings came to Ivinareshesh to ask for help and protection. She was moved, and from that movement came the Edzaroun, the Black River [called by the surface dwellers Styx] which separated Life from Death. The remaining part of Ivinareshesh, unmoved, is Dreneelo, the Deep Pool where wisdom is kept.

Dez fought against the sea peoples, and then against the sea gods, and then against his own kind. Dez attacked his mother Bab to punish her and broke Bab with his hatred, and created a great wound where he hoped to live. That was when Magasta confronted Dez and devoured him whole. Magasta

took up his place in the center of the world and filled it with water, and made the Seventh Food.

Now the world is peaceful again, feeding the deep.

The Three Primal Entities

The internal movement of Zaramaka became Sramake, Daliath, and Framanthe, considered to be the body, mind, and soul of the Great Water. These three combined in pairs together, mixing and creating the next generation of entities. These are seen to be of three families: the Waters, the Gods, and the Ancestors.

Drospoly and Varchulanga

Drospoly is the god of the deepest waters, to which all descends. Drospoly is the cold and selfless end of all being. It is a gross, squat creature which sprawls across the bottom of the world, receiving all which falls into its maw.

In the changable manner of se deities, sometimes Drospoly is said to be Zaramaka.

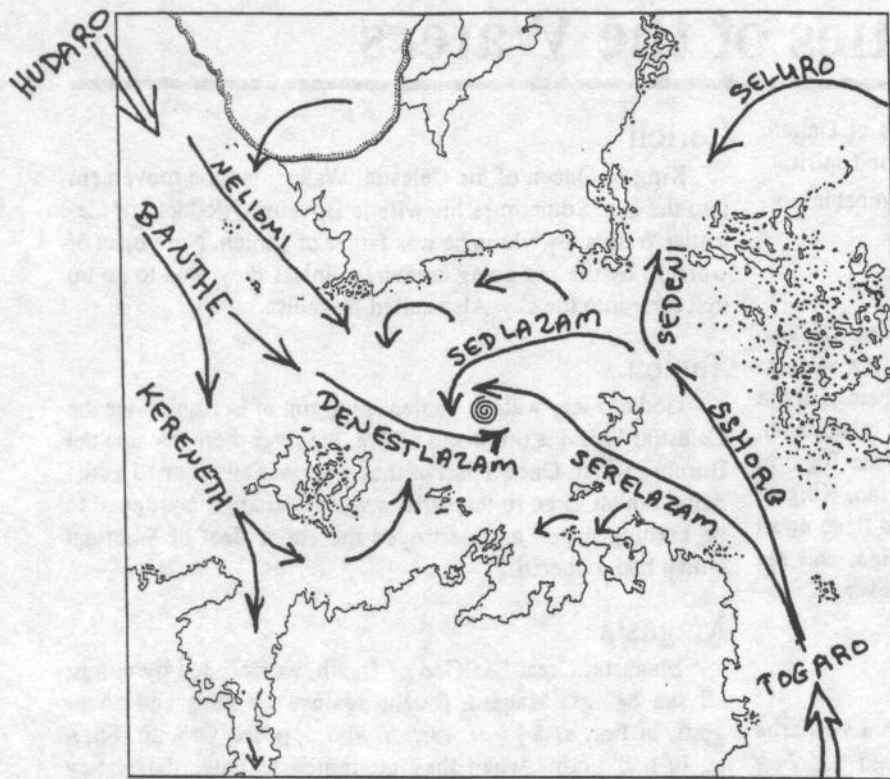
Varchulanga

Varchulanga is another deep and formless entity, considered to be a goddess because she spawns Monsters of the deep. She is sometimes considered to be the mate of Drospoly, or sometimes simply Drospoly as a feminine entity. She is shapeless, or able to take any shape, and never stops moving. Sometimes this is said to be another name for Osshamahoro.

The huge sea dragons are often called her children, as is Kraken and Leviathan.

Sramake and The Waters

Sramake is the Great River, a body of water which moves around the exterior of the Surface World in a counterclockwise motion. On its left side is the Inner World, where the Food Gods live; on the right side is Zaramaka, the Endless Water.



Sramake, the material component, mated with Framanthe. Their children are the Oceans, which are bodies of water animated by Spirit. Their children are Togaro, the first river to ever broach the land, and now called the Sea of Terror; Hurdaro, called the Western Sea, which climbed over the western edge of land; Seluro, who came to help Kahar in the northeast; Boveluru, who invaded the Sky. Others, less important now, were know too.

Each of these had children, as well, when a great movement bore waters further upon the land, either flooding it temporarily or sometimes gouging out the earth to make a place to stay. Those children are the fierce currents of the sea which are sometimes so powerful that they rise up like serpents in the ocean.

Here are the main families of Waters today.

Togaron Seas

The Togaron Seas are the descendants of Togaro. They are generally warm water and flow north and west.

Togaro, the Scalding Ocean, enters from the south east onto the body of the world, flowing northward. After it cools significantly, it changes.

Sshorg and Serelazam are the children of Togaro.

Sshorg sends out Bezarngay into the East Isles, Sedlazam which roars westward a few hundred miles south of Genertela, and the weak Sedeni which flows into the Kaharian Sea. [Sshorg was also the parent of Oslira, called the Blue Dragon].

Serelazam is one of the Killer Currents which flows directly into Magasta's Pool.

Sedlazam is another of the Killer Currents which dumps directly into Magasta's Pool. It has two children, Rozgali and Solkathi. Rozgali moves slowly westward along the central southern coast of Genertela, and is the parent of Choralinthor and many Genertelan Rivers. Solkathi is a current moving westward slowly, eventually giving way to the Denestlazam Current.

Srelazam also has children. Dinisso moves slowly westward along the coast of Pamaltela, and is the parent of Maslo and Marthino, the latter borne with Dashomo.

Hurdaron Seas

Hurdaron Seas are the descendants of Hurdaro. They are generally cold, and flow south and eastward.

Hurdaro, the Frozen Ocean, spills over the edge of the earth in the north west. It has four Sea Children: Banthe Ocean, Neliom, Kerenth [Brown], and

Kenirya [White].

Banthe is an Ocean because of its depth, and has one fierce child, the Killer Current Denestlazam which is also, technically an Ocean as well.

Kerenth is shallow and dirty, and has three children who are Swermela [Worm Sea], Jorkar, and Dashomo. Dashomo has a child, Marthino, begat with Dinisso.

Seluron Sea

Seluro crawled upon the land in the north east, motivated to aid Kahar, an air god of that region. ~~Phantomlike~~ attack

Bovelurun Sea

Boveluru is the ocean of water which climbed into the sea, bearing the great god Lorion upon and within its body. In the sky world Boveluru bore Serest and Movaga, the two sky lakes.

[Said to be Mother of Polaris and Ourania by some]

Benaran Ocean

The Benaran Ocean is also called Magasta's Pool, after its ruler. It is an Ocean, for it reaches down to the Underearth Waters. Its parents are considered to be al the waters of the world, hence it is also called the Hundred Mothers' Son. It's also called the Homeward Ocean by sea creatures, because it eventually bears all things back to the placid and hidden underearth waters of Ivinareshesh, where they are divided to be either Moving and sent back via Edzaroun to the world, or Still; and remain in Dreeneelo, the Deep Pool.

The Deities of the Waters

The Deities are the entities which were borne of Daliath and Framanthe. Their make up is thus of wisdom and spirit.

Many deities were born of this couple, but the most important ones are Manthi and Natea, and also Magasta.

Manthi and Natea

Manthi and Natea are the King and Queen of the Oceans. They live in the depths of the ocean, underneath the earth in the deep dark sea. Their children are the powerful beings of the sea who oversee and manipulate its powers for its inhabitants. Their best known children are Endaralath, King of the Togaron Seas; Wevenarth, King of the Hudaron Seas; Lorian, King of the Celestial Waters; and some others. They hold deep court with the greater gods. Thus Heler, Nelat, Triolina, and the others are commonly found in their territory or presence.

Endaralath

King of the Togaron Seas, two "wives"

Ermanthver is the Eastern Queen of Waters (aka Venperha in Vithela), [probably NOT mother of Dew Maid and Fog Boy.]

With Sshorg, Endaralath is the father of the three Currents (Bezarngay, Sedeni, and Sedlazam).

Lives in the Sshorg Current, swims around with his "court"

Most of his subjects are Ludoch

Margansti Tribe of Dinisso Sea along NE Pamaltela, Oreno Tribe in East Isles.

Wevenarth

King of the Hudaron Seas, has two wives

Fornmanthver, Western Queen of Waters, is mother of Rainbow Girl,

With Hudaro, is father of Banthe and the weakling others.

Most of his subjects are Oouri

The location of his "Court" depends on the season. In winter it is in frigid northern Vithela, protecting his wives; in summer along the edge of Valind's Glacier. When he travel between them he is always accompanied by a great pomp of creatures, including guardian Ysabau and Gnydron.

Lorion

King or Queen of the Celestial Waters, led the movement into the sky. Sometimes his wife is Boveluru, goddess of Celestial Waters, by whom he was father of Tanien. Not object of worship by the sea going creatures, unless they plan to go up that river into the sky. Also called Bovelura.

Tanien.

God of Fiery waters, Tanien is the son of Lorion. Since the Celestial World is the world of fire, the river there became the Burning River. Once a part of that river was summoned as the deity Tanien to go to the surface world, where it continued to be burning water, and destroyed the entire fleet of Waertagi which had gathered.

Magasta

Magasta. Great Sea God of Death, worshipped by almost all sea beings. Magasta fought against the gods and chaos gods, at first as a great warrior who opposed Orlanth, Shar-gash, and Lodril when they attempted to enter the watery realms. His personal foe was called Dez, who finally broke the very earth itself and then settled into an empty place at its center. Magasta Led an attack of all the waters from Above, the Around, and the Below which filled the hole, and when the gods grappled Magasta devoured Dev whole, then took up his place in the center of the world.

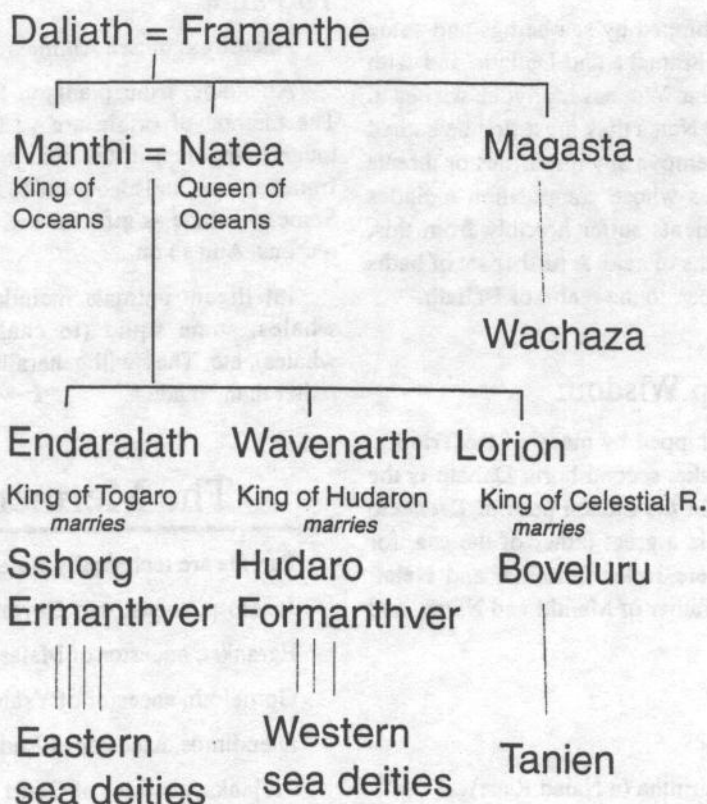
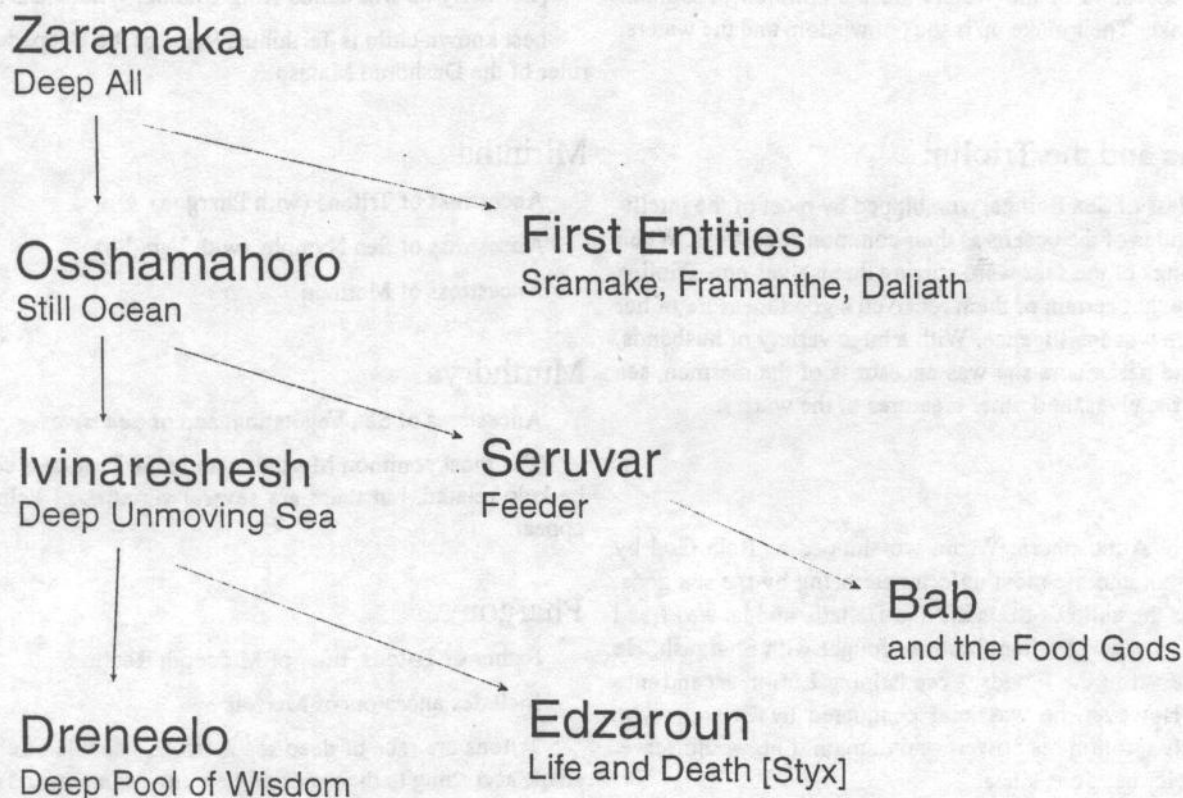
Wachaza

Wachaza is a War god who was widely worshipped by the God Learners of the Imperial Age. His popularity has fallen among land dwellers, however, since the fall of the God Learners.

Wachaza is the son of Magasta and Sapana, which mean "robber" or "taker," and is a darkness demon or power. His power extends especially upon the surface of the water, either to pull something under it or to force something from below to the surface (and higher, if possible). Hence his usefulness to the navies of the God Learners.

Wachaza is occasionally still worshipped by aquatic creatures, but they prefer to expend their worship to entities which are more useful to themselves.

The Zaramaka and Manthae Geneology



The Watery Ancestors

The Ancestors of the Waters are the children of Daliath and Sramake. Their make up is thus of wisdom and the waters.

Triolina and the Triolini

Goddess of Sea Beings, worshipped by most of the intelligent creatures of the oceans as their common ancestress. When all the things of the seas were stirring themselves out, Triolina made sure that certain of them received a good measure of her gift, which was intelligence. With a huge variety of husbands, lovers, and paramours she was ancestress of the mermen, sea nymphs, sea elves, and other creatures of the waters.

Heler

God of Atmospheric Water, worshipped as Rain God by the Orlanthi, and the most unfortunate being by the sea gods. Heler was the child of Sramake and Daliath, and he was freed into the atmosphere when Sramake fought with Shargash. He was powerful in the Floods, even helping Lorion ascend into the sky. However, he was later conquered by Orlanth, who generously left him his powers and domain if he would serve, which Heler has done since.

Nelat

God of Purification, worshipped by sea beings and some humans. Nelat is the child of Sramake and Daliath, and with Triolina is the father of Mirintha. Whenever anyone wishes to enter the Palace of Nanthe and Natea they must first be bathed by the Wells of Nelat, which remove any impurities or threats to the aquatic realm. Creatures whose composition includes significant nonaquatic components suffer horribly from this, so that Orlanth called them baths of acid. A further set of baths allow the traveller to pass deeper, to the realm of Daliath.

Daliath. Good of Deep Wisdom

God of the Wisdom, worshipped by many of the Triolini. Daliath is the Mind of Zaramaka, second born. Daliath is the Keeper of Wisdom, which is in the hidden pool of Dreneelo beneath the deepest seas. He is a great father of the sea, for with Sramake his children were Heler, Triolina, and Nelat; while with Framanthe he was father of Manthi and Natea, and also Magasta.

Veredth

Father of Veredthi, with Mirintha (a Naiad Race)

[Formerly he was called King Undine. What a GL name!]

best known child is Terthinus, Voice of the Deep, demigod ruler of the Dashomo Malasp.

Mirintha

Ancestress of Tritons (with Phargon)

Ancestress of Sea Nymphs (with Veredth)

Ancestress of Mermen

Murthdrya

Ancestress of Sea Vegetation, and of Sea Elves.

The most common Murthdryan in the East Isles seems to be kelp-related, but there are several varieties of kelp which appear.

Phargon

Father of Tritons, ruler of Middepth Realm

Includes ancestors of Merfolk

Tritons are race of deep sea merfolk, capable of changing shape according to the needs of their environment, and capable of living very deep beneath the sea.

Tholaina

Ancestress of Sea Animals

All kinds, from plankton to whales and mythic critters. The method of origin are vast: plankton is scraped off her tough hide when it itched at the start of time, and also came from her snot, and also came to make a wrap to keep her warm. Some are made as gifts for her, some are made by her for any reasons. And so on.

Intelligent animals include some porpoise, orca, some whales, some squid (to challenge the intelligent sperm whales), etc. They will generally be the descendants of deities rather than "made."

The Mermen Ancestors

Parents are technically Naiads

Janelosp, ancestor of Gnydron

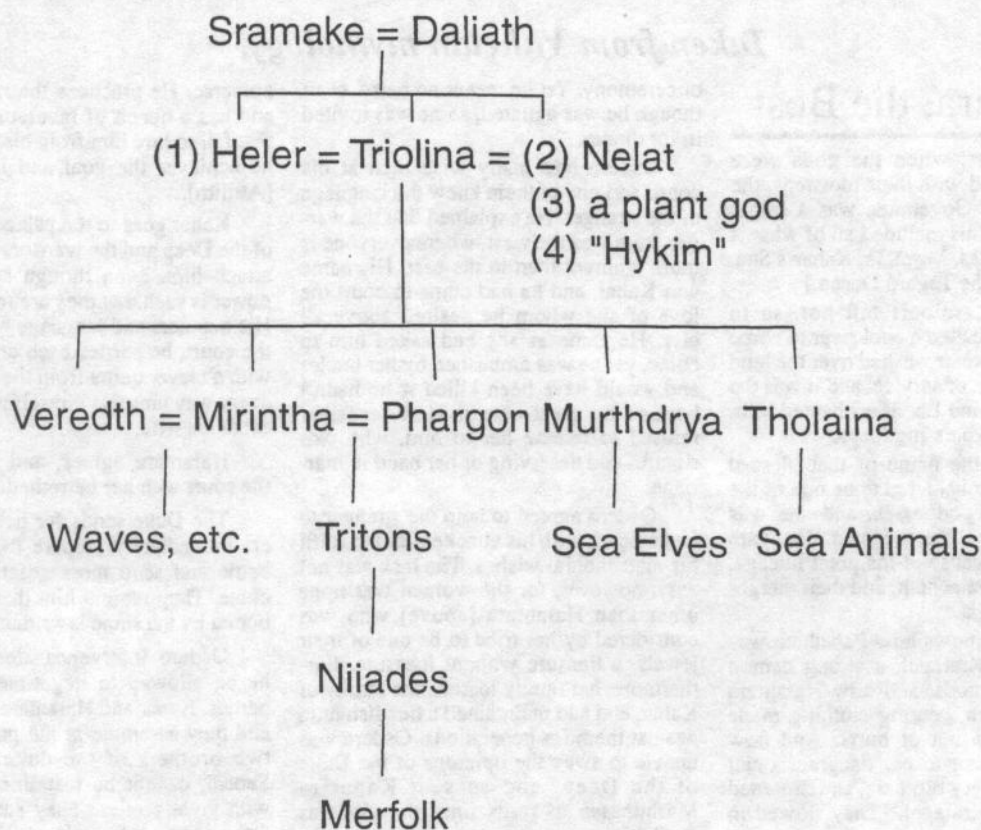
Egrankst, ancestor of Malasp

Gornaloth, ancestor of Ysabbau

Diendimos, ancestor of Ludoch

Projanks, ancestor of Oouri

Geneology of the Triolini



The Merman's Tale

The Deep Is All. From inside rose the outside, expanding outward from Oneness. Water existed everywhere before land. The wise and ancient beings from Outside the Deep were the first gods. They continued creation so their descendants may be well fed and tended.

Land began when the Cosmic Mountain, called the Spike, pushed upward from the depths. The cosmic mountain expanded to make the Surface

World. The first land was a perfect cube, with a measured square of earth to intrude into and share with the Surface World.

Rivers crept across the face of the earth, flowing upward to enrich the earth. The rivers drew strength from the limitless ocean, flooding the valleys and winding up the hills.

Land was good until it failed. Then sea rescued its child. When chaos invaded and destroyed the world, the center of Earth collapsed and disappeared. All the rivers of the world reversed their course to aid their watery grandfathers. Sea filled the gap, washing away the emptiness and evil. Magasta saved the world when he filled the Void with the life-originating waters.

The Zabdamar Origin

Taken from Vithelan mythology.

Harantara, the Best

At the start, when the gods were crossing the land with their footsteps, the whole realm of Goveranen was a single mass of land. [This included all of what is now the East Isles, Vormain, Kahar's Sea, Kralorela, and the Togaro Ocean.]

One day Laraloori felt hot, so to please her Vith called a cool river to come to her aid. The water washed over the land to her, glad to be of service, and it was the first river. Vith and Laraloori bathed in it, giving it a great blessing thereby.

Ivaro was the name of that blessed river. She was considered to be one of the most beautiful goddesses, and she was sought by many. She accepted Hangyath as her mate, because of his great lineage. Their son was Palachath, and their daughter was Harantara.

Everyone knows how Palachath was kidnapped by Kratapol, a strong demon among the antigods, and how Harantara sought after him wearing clothing made of thorns and a hat of burrs. And how Ivaro at last came to her daughter's call with all her watery brothers, and drowned the kidnapper Kratapol. [They flowed in from the north].

Sarono, who was Ivaro's greatest brother, remained behind and extracted tribute from the beings on all sides. He was afterwards called the Duke of the Deep. [That was when the Sarono Sea was made which sat between modern Vormain and Kralorela. They were still connected, though, by the land of Abzered, which was on the south side of the sea. To its south was the Sshorg.

Osenderwise and Patient Kahar

Abzered was ruled by Osdero, who was the son of Harantara and her lover, Angen the Green. Osdero was considered to be a wise and benevolent ruler, who had many great temples raised and fed every beggar who came to and of his one thousand doors. Because of his goodness, the antigods plotted to test him and, if possible, bring him as low tomorrow as he was held to be high today.

At that time a great warrior came to the land. He was a barbarian, speaking in blusters and knowing nothing of manners

or ceremony. Yet he meant no harm, even though he was agitated, so he was invited in for dinner.

Osdero had many wise men at his court, and one of them knew the language of the stranger. He explained that the warrior from was the west, where everyone is more ignorant than in the east. His name was Kahar, and he had come to court the love of she whom he desired above all else. He came as she had asked him to come, yet he was ambushed by her uncles and would have been killed if he hadn't been such a great warrior. Now her father refused to release her to him, who was rightful and deserving of her hand in marriage.

Osdero agreed to help the stranger to make peace with his attackers and to fulfil his matrimonial wishes. The task was not easy, however, for the woman was none other than Harantara [above] who was considered by her tribe to be one of their jewels, a treasure without measure. Furthermore, her family loathed the family of Kahar, and had maintained a fiendish feud against them for generations. Osdero was unable to sway the opinions of the Duke of the Deep, and so sent Kahar to Mashunasan to study until the girl was available.

Kahar did not stay in that school. He could not even sit still, never mind meditate for eternity. Yet even in that short moment Mashunasan taught him that there was an alternative to Kahar's incessant motion and agitation. Certainly he found it inadequate, but it existed. So what, he said as he left. ["So what" is a departing mantra in the Mashunasan stories, repeated by nearly all those who depart most quickly from his presence.]

At last Kahar sacrifices to Veldru, the protective breath of Vith, and he sets off in full battle gear with Veldru's wind warriors [demigods] and smashes his way through the defenders, splashing them right and left, until he finds Harantara.

She refuses him, demanding that he be more civilized and learn her ways before he take her away. Kahar helps her sort out the waters again, and the Duke of the Deep and his court return.

Kahar goes off to meditate and study, and upon the advice of Osdero he undertakes the study of the Perfect Stillness. This does not attempt to attain the ultimate reality which Mashunasan practices, but only to make oneself perfect for the task of living right and well with all the

universe. He practices the mystical way, and has a bunch of fabulous temptations that fail to lure him from his goal. At last, he achieves the goal and is blessed by [Atrilith].

Kahar goes to the palace of the Duke of the Deep and the warriors are unable to attack him, even though some try. His power is such that they are made helpless. His manners and language are perfect for the court, he parries each cruel comment with a clever quote from the sages, and in every way presents himself properly to receive his wife.

Harantara agrees, and departs from the court with her betrothed.

The Duke sends for help. His brothers immediately prepare their forces for battle and send messages that they will come. They remind him that they are not bound by the same laws that he is.

Osdero intervenes, demanding that he be allowed to negotiate between all parties. Kahar and Harantara agree to that, and they assemble at the palace. But the two brothers of the duke, Seluro and Sedeni, cannot be restrained and march with great armies. They summon floods from north and south which roar in and drown everyone and Abzered is sunk.

However, the Duke was horrified that his kin violated his lord's own laws. He had sworn to uphold Osdero, and felt his oath was more important than his kinship. The success of his brothers sickened him, even as they exulted in sinking the land, loving the food it gave them. But the Duke not bear them any more, and so when everything was underwater he helped Kahar and Harantara escape. They swam to the Island of Virtue where the Duke abdicated and left all his power to Kahar and Harantara, who used it to create a great concealing cloak which protected them. [It also robbed the invading seas of much of their food].

The great fog rises off the water at all times, and whenever the wind is still enough, it collects upon the surface of the water.

Their children were the first Zabdamar.

[Secret: Magical Zabdamar can actually swim in this fog as if it were water.]

LIFE IN THE WATERS OF THE WORLD

Most of the Known World is covered by water, uninhabited at the surface, but teeming with life just below. In this chapter, the nature of the this aquatic world is examined. Information includes descriptions of the mermen of the sea, brief descriptions of the ships that sail upon it, and its currents and seasons.

Description

The floating disk of Gloranthan earth is surrounded by water. Sramak's River, the elder ocean, swirls endlessly around the world. Branches of it wash inward across the earth creating oceans. In the center of the world Magasta's Pool swallows the world's waters like a gigantic, bottomless whirlpool. Rainclouds carry water through the air, into the sky, and over the land. Rivers cut their way across most surfaces. Water is everywhere.

Freshwater bodies are rivers and lakes. Saltwater bodies are either oceans and seas. Though many people use the terms interchangeably, properly the term "ocean" in Glorantha only applies to a body of water which is partly bottomless, because it either flows in over the outer edge of the earth or (in the case of Magasta's Pool) drops away into nothing. Seas are large saltwater bodies which wash over the earth, but have no direct links to the endless waters.

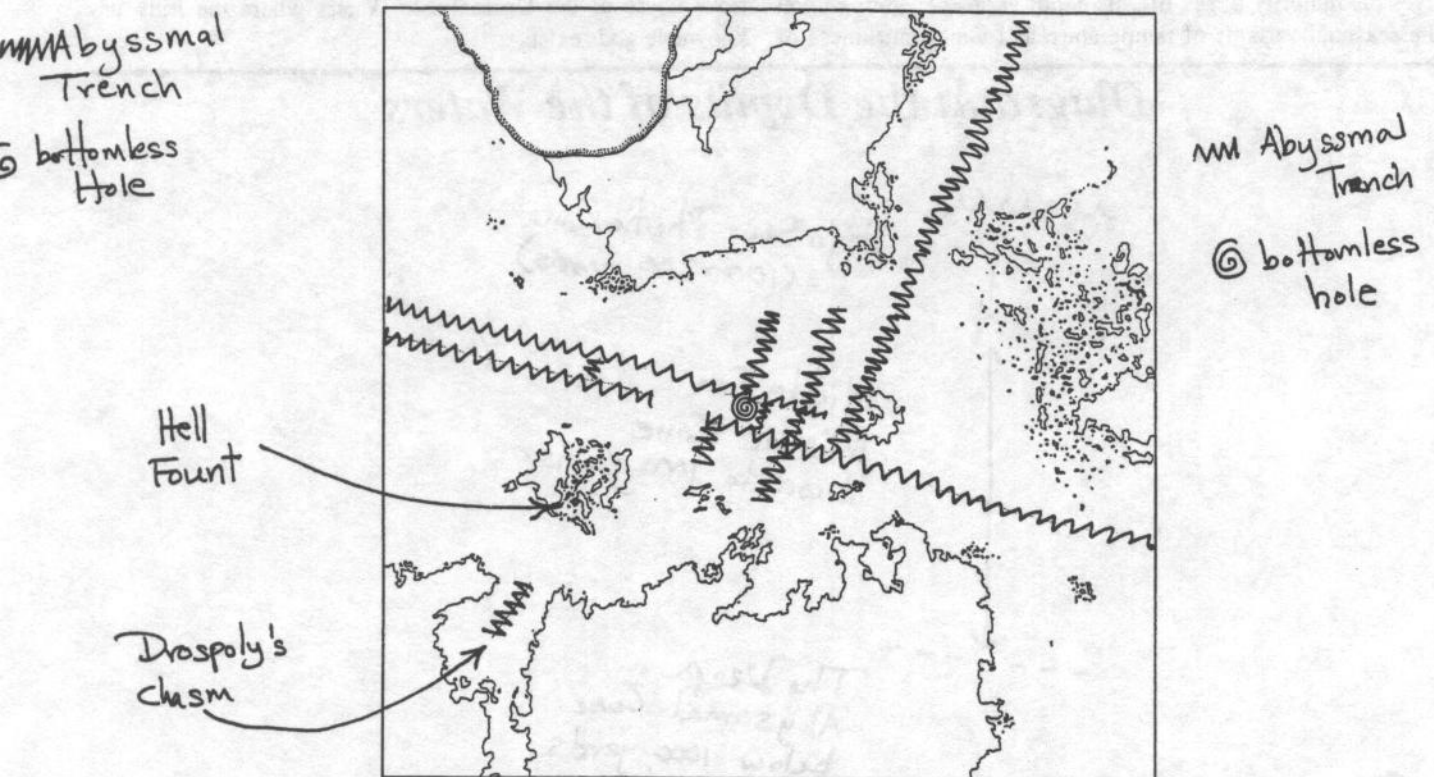
Many of the oceans and seas have great currents, called Doom Currents, which move in from Sramak's River then toward and around Magasta's Pool in a counterclockwise direction. These usually flow far beneath the surface, but at times these currents rise from the deep and rage, swollen and angry, across the surface of the ocean like a mountain of water or the back of a giant serpent. Any ship caught by such a flow is drawn swiftly into the Pool, unable to escape unless they are very sturdy, well captained, and lucky.

The Surface of the Sea

The surface of the Gloranthan oceans are troubled and dangerous even to the experienced and intrepid. The Doom Currents, sea monsters, often-hostile mermen, and occasional pirates all hinder travel.

Furthermore, the surface of the Gloranthan world-ocean slants downward towards the center, at the edge like a dish, and then more steeply. The areas where a ship might escape is named the Homeward Ocean. Doom Currents are commonest here. Where no ships (save the long-lost Waertagi dragonships) may escape is called Magasta's Pool, and this is a tremendous roaring whirlpool which carries all within it downward into the watery depths of the land of the dead.

Map of Bottom of Seas



The Depths of the Sea

The mermen have explained many things about the depths of the ocean to land people. Most people, hearing of this realm, disbelieve the tales because they are so strange, but some facts have been verified by magical means. Further, it is difficult to believe that both the Ludoch and the Ouri, who have had no contact for centuries, would lie in the same way about the same things. It is important to remember that these facts are held in common by most informed and intelligent sea life. Similar facts and corroborating fragments of evidence have been gained by communication with the sea spirit Grandfather Salmon, the ancient Waertagi, and several species of whale and dolphin, which are the intelligent races friendliest to humankind.

To most sea beings, everything beyond the surface is called Food. One philosophy, popular among the Ouri, divides this into Hard Food, anything which falls into the water; Soft Food, energies brought to the sea including debris from rivers, sunlight, and magic power sacrifices from sailors; and Wet Food, explained below. Many mermen believe that everything created after the oceans' formation was done by Daliath and Framanthe to feed the people of the sea, Triolina's faithful followers.

The oceans are divided into horizontal layers dependent upon the amount of light penetrating into the depth. Water clarity is important here and so cloudy water has a shallower layer of lighted volume. Foggy seas also have a thinner lighted zone and less life in general.

The upper areas, richest in life, are the High Seas. The High Sea ends at the surface, beyond which only unnatural beings and contemptible Waertagi venture. Here thrive the algae and plankton upon which the food chain depends, and here lives the majority of sea life. Its depth varies depending upon the seasonal variants of temperature and wind, murkiness of

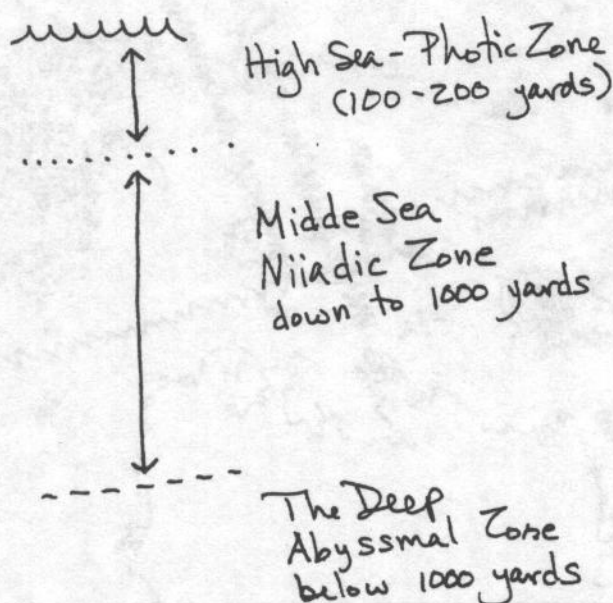
the water, and amount of light. As a rule, if an air-breathing merman can see in it without using magic or luminescence, then it is a High Sea area. It is also called the photic zone. As a Gloranthan average, we use 100-200 meters. When the ocean floor is within this upper, photic zone, we have shallows -- known to the Ouori as Wet Food. Some forms of sea life consider all air-breathers, including most mermen, as Wet Food. The continents are surrounded by Wet Food, and several banks are known with no nearby land to advertise their presence to surface dwellers. This region is by far the densest with life, for not only the waters but the bottom teems with unusual living things, covered with various forms of sea life, corals and shellfish, kelp and sea weeds.

The High Sea is home for more things than humankind imagines. The God Learners catalogued hundreds of air-breathing sea things, thousands of types of fish and shellfish, and tens of thousands of gooey and boneless organisms with various odd parts attached.

The next zone is the Middle or Niiadic Sea. It is considered the "normal" place to be in the watery domain, despite the fact that most merman only visit here for worship. Here is where the all the Food from above is intended to go, and from here things descend to feed only the gods and spirits. These depths range from the lower edge of the High Sea (100-200 meters) to about 1000 meters.

The last zone, the abyssmal depths, is called The Deep. It is lightless and unknowable, holding the secrets of the sea. Here dwell great spirits, like King Undine and Tholaina; gods and goddesses, like Nelat and Wachaza; the tritons and those they serve. Only the great gods, Magasta, Manthi, and Natea, hold the secrets of reaching deeper from here, into the mysterious abyss of the Unreachable Waters where the truly unknowable gods exist.

Diagram: the Depths of the Waters



Above the Water

The Islands of Glorantha

The islands of Glorantha have not always been as they are. The islands used to be greatly different. Until about four centuries ago, for instance, the archipelago of Jrustela was a single huge island. In the Great Darkness an even larger island, Vadeli Island, appears on maps. Earlier the East Isles were a single continent. Earlier yet the whole region was a single huge mountain until blasted by chaos.

Some of the magical or geological changes that the islands of Glorantha have undergone are described in their respective History sections, while knowledge of other changes has been lost. It is likely that further great changes will occur.

The Greater Islands

Eight islands and archipelagos are detailed in the following individual sections. The East Isles are a huge archipelago covering about eight million square kilometers. The Jrusteli Isles are also an archipelago, consisting of a great single island and many lesser islands. The Kumanku Isles are a chain of smaller islands. The isle of Loral is a single medium-sized island reputed to be inhabited only by monsters. The isle of Slon is a little-known, mysterious western island that some believe to be only a small part of a third Gloranthan continent. The isle of Teleos is a large, solitary land mass near the center of Glorantha's Homeward Ocean. The Vadeli Isles are another chain of smaller islands, and are inhabited by a people remarkably skilled in the nautical arts. The isles of Vormain are an archipelago of medium to small-sized islands directly contiguous to the northern part of the East Isles, and are considered separate from the East Isles more by culture than by geography.

Lesser Islands

The changing shape of the world left behind some flotsom which are not explained in their own chapters. Instead they receive brief mention here.

Nowhere Land is a bleak and desolate place which sits deep within the maelstrom of Magasta's Pool. If a sailor's ship is caught in the whirlpool and does not break up they must steer for Nowhere Land or else be carried down into the Underworld on the currents. Nothing grows on Nowhere Land, but it lies exactly on the boundary of the regions of Life and Death, so no one ever dies.

Also called Last Stop Island, it is said to lie in the far northwest of the oceans. Only heroes and spirits have ever visited this place, and few of them have returned. Most say

that it is a wonderful place, half-filled with people and half-filled with the wonders of the God Plane. A few have said that it is a dreary place, half-filled with people and half-filled with the dead.

Iron City juts sideways out of the wall of Magasta's Pool.

The residents of Nowhere Land can see its rusty redness across the gap of the maelstrom, and once spent timeless centuries making a huge statue of a human being to signal to the distant city. A few momentary lifetimes later a five kilometer long crossbow bolt, solid iron, which was shot from Iron City impaled the figure through the head. No communication has been attempted ever since.

Kylerela is the greatest of several floating islands. Mother Earth condemned Kylera, one of her daughters, for becoming pregnant with Trickster and forbade her to give birth on any earth. Kylera stole some dirt and swam away, quickly growing large enough to support a populace who worshipped her son, Eurmal, after he was born. Kylera disappeared into Kahar's Sea of Fog during the Great Darkness, and has been visited a couple of times since then.

The island is very weird, with strange laws and unusual features like the Singing Mountain, the Violet Forest, the Canals of Eroticism, and the City Without Food or Sin. Some say Kylerela is still lost within the Sea of Fog, while others say it is merely invisible and might be found anyplace.

Threestep Islands are a small archipelago south of Kethaela. It is a pleasant place suitable for crops and sheep. It is currently the home for the fleets of Wolf Pirates who ravage the seas and coasts.

Boloastagos is the Island of Virtue. It is so rich that living there is like living in the Gods Age. Anything anyone could want is provided. As long as all residents behave in total harmony with each other the island rises higher, growing in area and allowing more people to live there. But when people dispute the island sinks again. At the Dawn the island was off of Kralorela, and since then it has sank four times and disappeared from history. Many philosophers expect it to rise again, but cannot agree where.

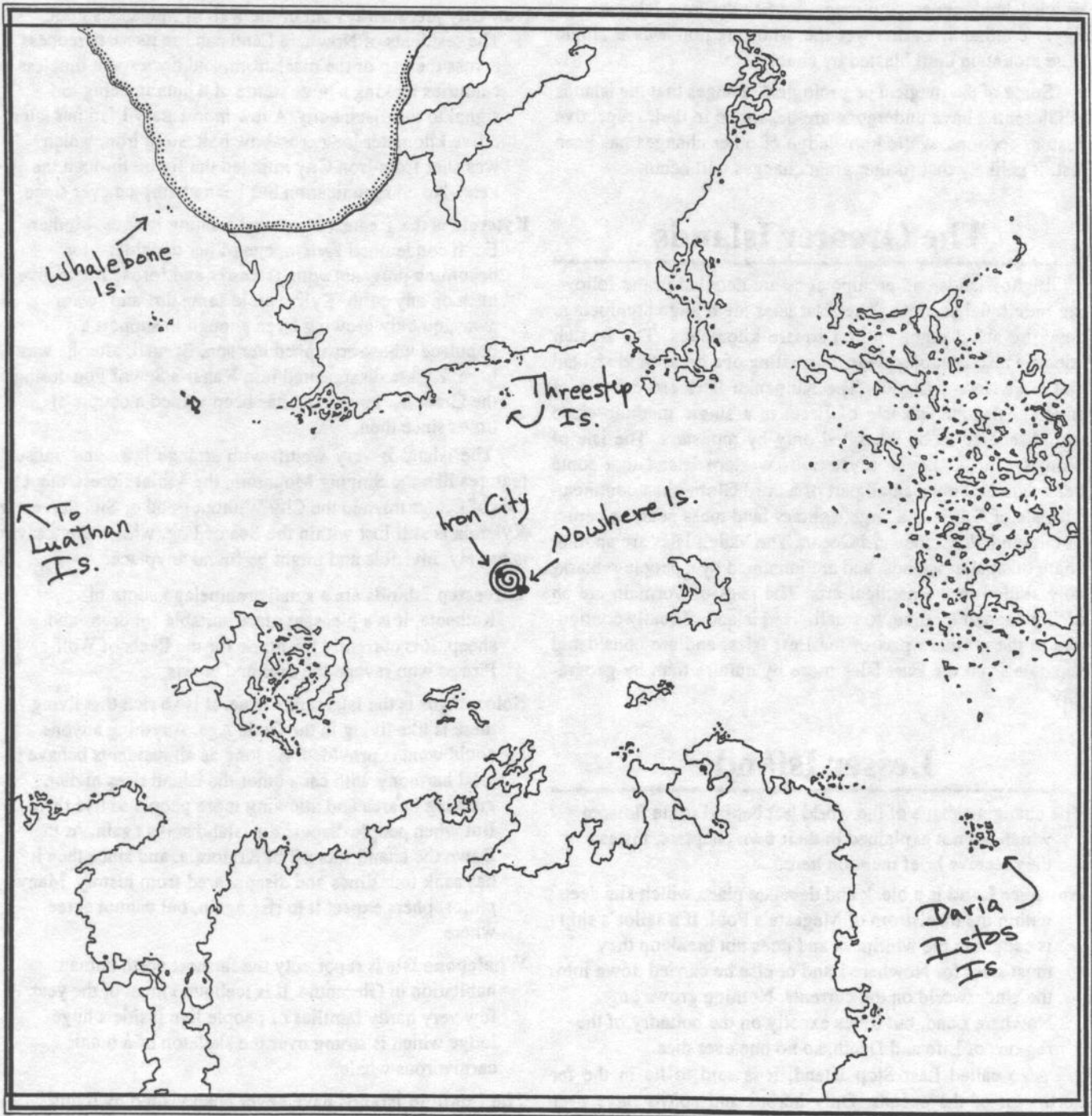
Whalebone Isle is reportedly the farthest north human habitation in Glorantha. It is icebound most of the year. A few very hardy families of people live inside a huge lodge which is strung over the skeleton of a titanic carnivorous whale.

The Luathan Islands have never been visited by living humans, but are known to be in the far west. Among

them is Rausa's Island, or the Island of Dusk, where the great bronze gates to the Underworld open to let the heavenly bodies submerge. From them sailed the mysterious Luatha, demigods who crossed the oceans during the Closing and destroyed Seshnela.

The Daria Istos Islands are known to be present, for they were seen by Astakalos the Sky Flyer during the Second Age. But no one has ever visited there, so their nature is a mystery. They are believed to be too hot to be habitable.

Map Showing Lesser Islands of Text



Ghost Islands abound in Glorantha, remnants of lands lost before or during Time. These are usually found near the coasts, but a few deep-sea islands are known. Most are of only local importance, but Boloastagos and Plague Island may be examples of widely-known Ghost Islands. Other famous ones are the Island of Birds, in the East Isles, which appears once every 100 years, always off the coast of a different, favored island; the Little Spike, which appears in the same place in the northern Homeward Ocean on an irregular basis, usually during Sacred Time; and Waha's Rocks, a small group of tiny islands which appears periodically off the coast of the Wastes, each time in the shape of a different herd beast. The famous Castle Blue of Oronin Lake (in Peloria) may be an example of a settlement situated on a Ghost Island. Some scholars speculate that many so-called Ghost Islands are actually normal islands exposed only in years of very low tides, but most people scoff at such ridiculous ideas.

Leviathan, also called the Island Beast, is a great creature which lives in the oceans of Glorantha. It sometimes floats on the surface for years at a time. It is so huge that ships sometimes mistake it for an island and land on it, for trees and plants often begin to grow on it when it surfaces. Most such ships are wrecked before long, for the sailors usually camp and light fires, which awakens the beast so that it dives to stop the irritation.

The Luathan Islands (also called the Islands of Dusk) have never been visited by living humans, but are known to be in the far west. From them sailed the mysterious Luatha, demigods who crossed the oceans during the Closing and destroyed Seshnela, and who still patrol the waters around Kanthor's Isles in their great Purple Ship.

Plague Island is said by sailors to be the source of all disease in the world, including a number known only to those who live on the sea. It is rumored in all of the waters of the world, and the God-Learners postulated that there were either several such islands, or one island which moved as the health of the world changed. Stories about this island are wildly different, with only one common, expected, similarity: the presence of broods.

Threestep Islands are a small archipelago south of Kethaela. It is a pleasant place suitable for crops and sheep. It is currently the home for the fleets of Wolf Pirates who ravage the seas and coasts. The Tortugax Archipelago lies just off the northeastern coast of Pamaltela. The hundreds of small islands are inhabited primarily by birds, shellfish, and a race of turtle-worshipping people. These Sofali travel in small, saucer-like boats, often pulled by sea turtles, and they have been known to carry outsiders as far away as the Elamle Peninsula.

EAST ISLES

"Hello stranger! Good day to you! Hungry? Here, eat, and tell me about your travels. Welcome to our home!"

Description

"The Million Jewels of God" is one translation of the native name for this myriad of wondrous tropical islands. Chains of them cross the ocean, wafted by pleasant breezes or fierce monsoons.

The East Isles have considered especially blessed because of its autonomous weather system which defies the standards. Its wind god Veldur energizes an autonomous wind. During stormy times, a perfumed wind often blows from the east to moderate the gales. This is called Vith's Breath, or Veldur's Gift, or Mashunasan's Blessing. Furthermore, a radiant warmth and light gently glows from the Eastern Gates.

The islands are generally covered with tropical forests, inhabited by the usual creatures. The largest number of islands are quite small and have a population of a few hundred people. More than a thousand people makes a population significant, and only a few have several thousand people. They have avoided overpopulation by adhering to their local gods' demands, and in most places life is easy. Every island is distinct from its neighbor, though many share some traits (like language accents, ways they make baskets, way they favor or disfavor the hat cult, and so on. All share a richness of color, a friendly native disposition, and total disinterest in changing their lives to acquire the goods of foreigners, whether toys or weapons foods.

The islands are close. Everyone on the coasts has canoes or small boats. From the earliest times that the islands were made people were boating between neighboring islands. Even during the Closing it was possible to sail from one island to another.

The islands are distant. This vast archipelago covers millions of square miles. Islands range from 40,000 square kilometers (Haragala) down to tiny rocks which disappear at high tide.

They are luxuriant and, to outsiders, exotic. Furthermore, they become truly fabulous traveling further and further east. No one can truly say where these exotic islands end and the fabled Lands of the Dawn begin.

Inhabitants

Humans are the most populous, inhabit the largest number of islands, and are the only creatures to occasionally organize in numbers large enough to enter the stage of world history. The East Islanders are mostly yellow-skinned, black-haired people, similar to the Kralori and Vormains.

Keets are a native race of avian people [identical in all but superficial essentials to the Ducks of southern Genertela.]

They are divided by appearance and cultural preferences into several types. They dominate in several island chains, are a minority in several others, and migrate through most of the rest.

Ludoch are also strongly present. A large organized tribe populates the waters of the south west section, harvesting many resources regularly and sending it to Surelazam.

Elder Races are rare. Yellow elves inhabit most of the larger islands but lack any interisland interest. Maromonkotro has some very tall mountains, upon whose slopes live some green elves. One island has dwarfs, another is a base for trolls.

Andins are a race of demonic creatures which inhabit many of the islands. They are cruel and evil creatures avoided wherever possible, and confined to their islands. Occasionally among the islands are even the strongholds of the Adpara, the tribe of bad gods.

Culture

Each island is an independent government and has its own native deity. Every island is different in some way from its neighbors. The huge number of islands provides many exceptions to any norms of their culture which we can categorize here. Nonetheless, some broad sweeps of definition are far more true for the majority than not true.

Most East Islanders live in small monogamous family units. Children normally leave home at maturity, except for the youngest who generally remain to take care of their elderly parents.

East Islanders are unusually tolerant of weird and outlandish ways, finding them interesting or amusing rather than frightening or dangerous. They delight in elaborate costumes, flamboyant speech, exotic food, haggling, and music of every sort.

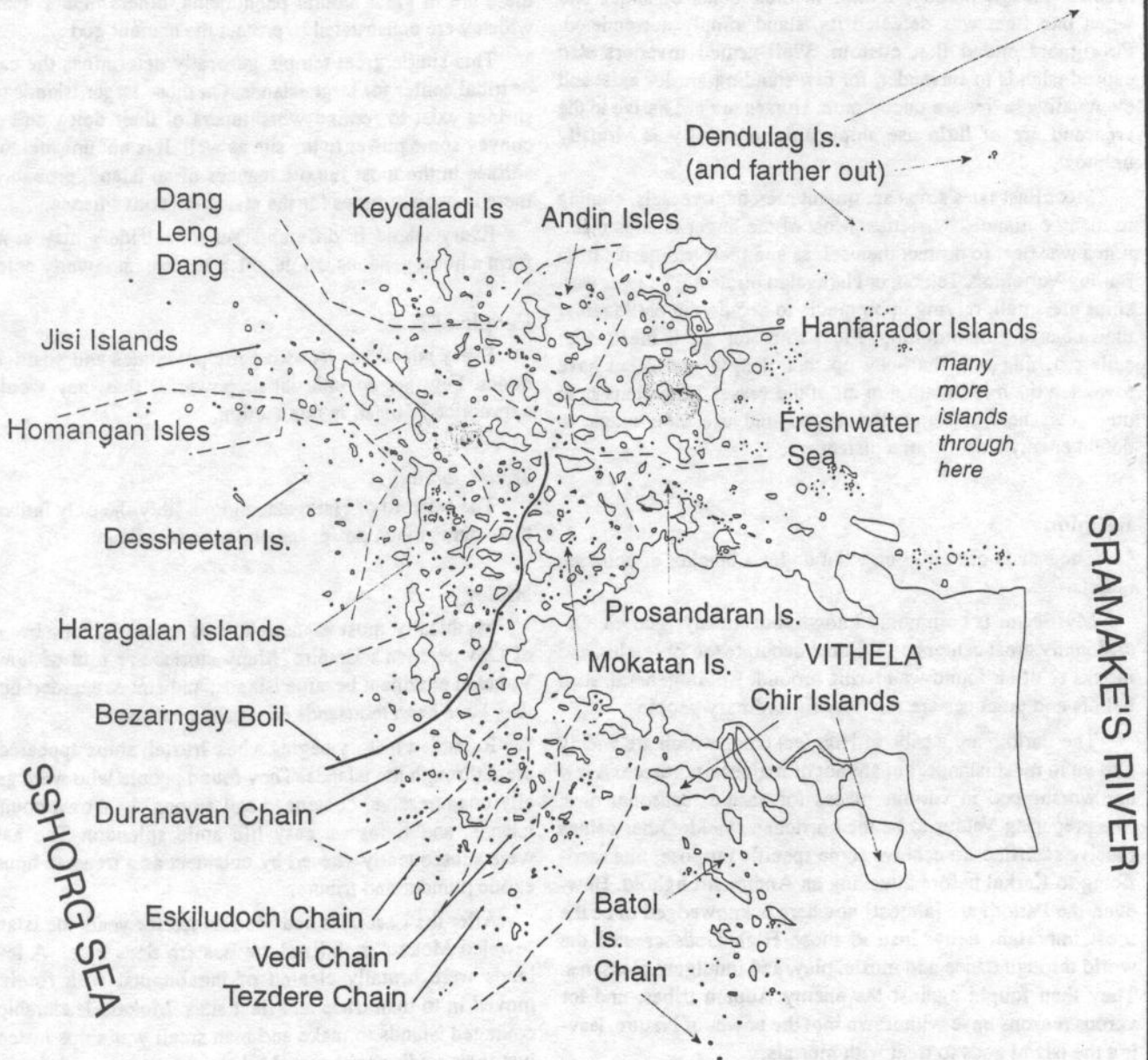
Magic is integral to life. It is used, for instance, to deal with criminals. They are not imprisoned, but receive punishment designed to fit the crime and properly humiliate the criminal. For instance, a swaggering bully might be reduced to the size of a cat for a year.

Government

All government is local. Several organizations co-ordinate, rule, or somehow command groups of islands, but all are openly acknowledged as temporary.

The current largest government is centered on Haragala, and is primarily financed by a widespread network of voluntary tribute.

Map of the East Isles: Overview



Language

Most islanders speak Tanyen, a family of Vithelan language. It has many variants, most of which can be understood by other speakers. Some island clusters have their own languages, but they also speak "trader's Tanyan," which spread by the Mokato Empire about five centuries earlier.

Military

The sea-going East Islanders are unsophisticated at land warfare. They lack extensive mineral resources, so local weapons are of wood and stone, often blessed by their god's magic. Traditionally, from even before Mokato, islands fought ceremonial (though bloody) battles in their boats or ships, and when one fleet was defeated its island simply surrendered. Foreigners ended that custom. Well armed invaders also caused islands to surrender, for few standing armies exist and even native levies are uncommon. Horses are not native to the area and are of little use shipboard, so cavalry is virtually unknown.

Most East Isles ships are quaint merchant vessels, coming in many outlandish varieties. Most of the larger islands maintain a war fleet to protect themselves and their tributaries from raiding Vormaino, Teleon, or Haragalan pirates. East Isles warships are small, relying upon magic to decide the battle rather than boarding or ramming. Most ships have tall masts with sails reaching only halfway up their length and often have towers in the middle, fore, or aft of the vessel. Magicians sit in the crow's nest and atop the towers and use their magic to defeat enemy ships from a distance.

Religion

Thousands of deities co-exist under a blanket of common beliefs.

Mysticism is commonly known, but mostly ignored. Occasionally great centers of Stillness decorate the East Isles, and monks are often found wandering around. But in general, such beliefs and practices are too lofty for ordinary people.

The Parloth are a tribe of High(er) Gods which are widely known in most islands, but are not of major importance. A few are worshipped in various places for various seasonal rites, like preparing Veldur to be the hurricane shield. Other deities receive sacrifices to achieve some specific purpose, like sacrificing to Karkal before attacking an Andim stronghold. However, the Parloth are [almost] nowhere acknowledged to be the most important deity. Instead those High Gods created the world through dance and music, play, and indulgent pleasures. They then fought against the enemy Adpara tribes, and for various reasons have withdrawn into the power of Nature, leaving the island gods to treat with mortals.

Priests of those Parloth are respected, but are not regarded with superstitious awe. Everybody knows it takes as much politicking as spiritual worth to become a priest and it is just another profession, though an honorable one. Most East Isles priests wear long silk robes. Such robes are generally mono-

colored, to set up a contrast with the brightly-decorated costumes worn by laymen.

Islands' gods are most important. Every native's most important deity is their island deity or deities, and every adult native of that island regularly worships that deity. The deity is the entity which tells them how to live a life of pleasure and luxury, in harmony with the larger gods of Nature and each other. Membership in these cults is determined entirely by being a native of that island. Converts are highly unusual and entirely unexpected. Even permanent immigrants to an island don't bother to join the native faith.

Most islands' residents know exactly where their deity lives, and regularly do whatever it required by it. Many of these are in great natural phenomena, others inhabit temples which were constructed to protect the ancient god.

This single great temple generally determines the capital or tribal center for large islands. On those larger islands many shrines exist to remind worshippers of their deity, and often convey some power to the site as well. It is not unusual to find shrines in the most remote reaches of an island, probably put there in ancient times for the residents' convenience.

Every island is different. Yet to outsiders they seem to form a homogeneous whole, often bizarre and overly colorful.

People of Note

Every island has its own petty potentates and positions of honor. Few are so unusual or powerful that they would be appropriately listed in this section.

Trader Jadilulo

The warlord of Haragala, and possibly the only individual that wields much power beyond his own island.

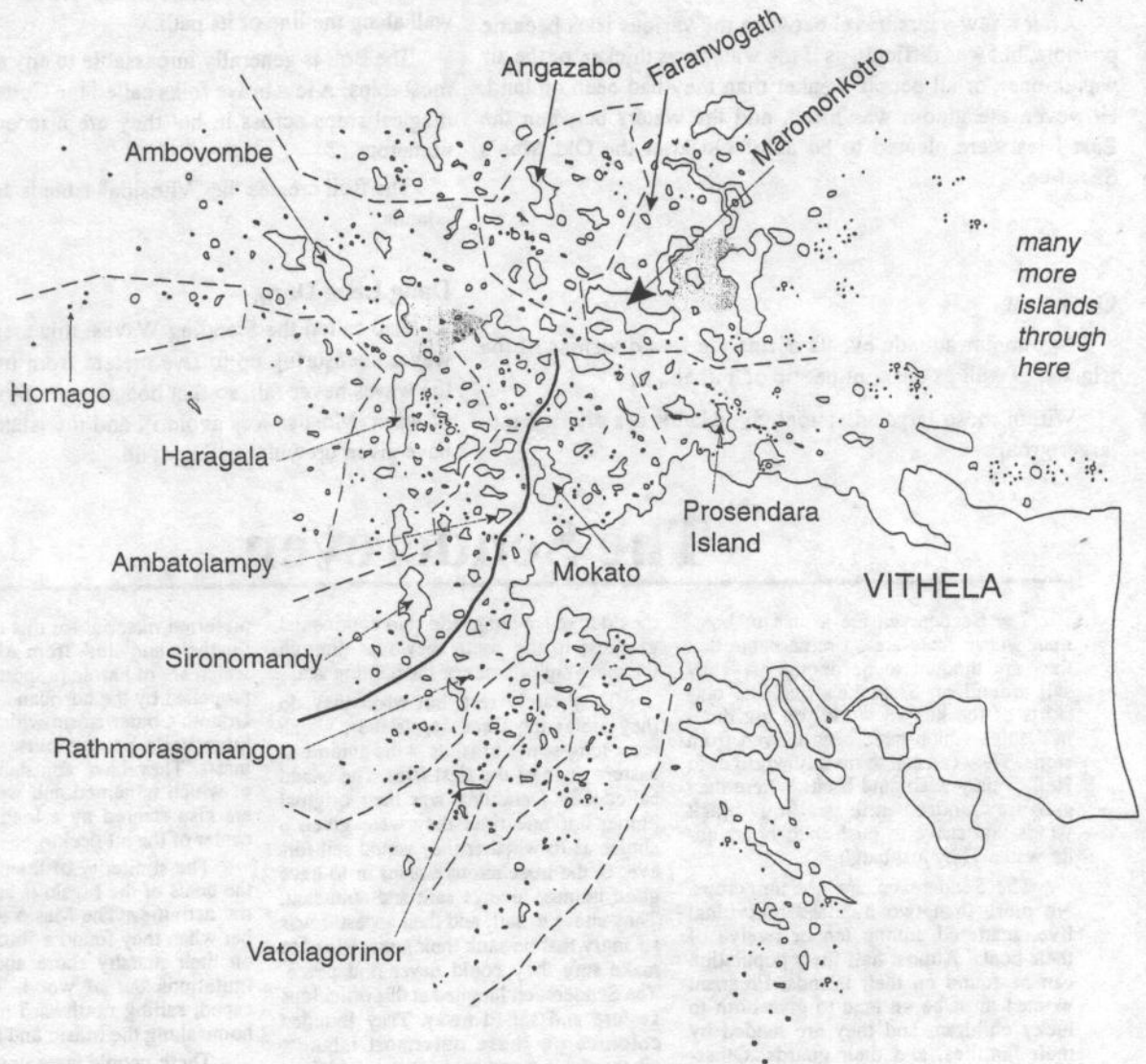
History

Mythically, most islands claim to have originally been part of Govmeranen's Empire. Many stories are told of how the Vithelan continent became islands, and since recorded history they have been thousands of separate entities.

Recorded history begins when Jrusteli ships appeared and crept through the islands. They found people who were generally unaggressive, content to sail among their own countless islands, and living an easy life amid splendor. The natives were subsequently viewed by outsiders as a treasure house of exotic plunder and tribute.

After the East Isles had been raided for years the Island of Jeweled Mokato mobilized the Eastern Seas Fleet. A few islands were brutally cleared of inhabitants, with foreigners moved in to man trade and fleet sites. Mokato leadership encouraged islands to make and man small war ships instead of just their traditional boats. Mokato then organized the island navies into one great fleet which was the only maritime power able to hold its own against the Middle Sea Empire. Before the Closing, however, most of the fleets from the Empire had been withdrawn, leaving a small and threatened network of tribute collectors behind.

Map of the East Isles: Details



The Closing struck the East Isles hard and quickly drove all ships and boats ashore for a time. All contact with even nearby islands was completely severed. Poverty, depression, and gloom descended and an Endless Monsoon covered everything. Since most East Islanders are illiterate, and very few living people remember the Endless Monsoon, stories of it are often confused with more distant events, especially the Great Darkness. Listeners should be aware of these types of inaccuracies with every culture they meet, but especially among the East Islanders.

After a few years travel between the various isles became possible, but was difficult, as if the water was thicker, or the air was thinner, or all people weaker than they had been on land. However, the gloom was lifted, and the waters between the East Isles were cleared to be as of old after the Old Man's Sacrifice.

Overview

Two major aquatic events define the first divisions of the islands, as well as the continent tip of Vithela.

Within those larger divisions the islands are divided into larger groups.

Bezarngay Boil

A steaming current of water rises to the surface here and runs northward at great speed for between 100 and 200 kilometers. The current changes shape, writhing about within the area shown on the map, creating such a danger to any ships which draw too close that the whole strait is avoided by the superstitious. The boiling water is fearsome enough, but the occasional creature coming out of the scalding current terrify all witnesses. Further, it occasionally reverses its direction. Fortunately it is very visible -- the deadly steam rises like a wall along the line of its path.

The Boil is generally impassable to any small boats and to most ships. A few brave folks called the Cutters sail their small magical ships across it, but they are a recent people and not numerous.

The Boil creates the "Vithside" islands and the Sshorgside islands.

Dang Leng Dang

also called the Standing Waves, this area of sea has huge waves, measuring up to five meters from trough to peak, yet the waves never fall, so that boats must sail up and down hills of water. Most sailors avoid it, and the islanders living there have given up with boating at all.

The Sendereven

The Sendereven are a race of boatmen whose feats are so remarkable that they are thought to be demigods. They sail around on Sramake's Sea, the outskirts of the known world, on big dual-hull ships which have been carved from stone. They can sail to the sky world or to Hell, if they wish, and back. Where they sail are hundred mile per hour black winds that strive to push their boats underwater. They just laugh.

The Sendereven are not numerous. No more than two hundred individual live, scattered among ten or twelve of their boats. Almost half their population can be found on their islands. Pregnant women must be on land to give birth to lucky children, and they are tended by their families, and their guards. Otherwise, though, they scorn any islands, and especially the inner world so much that they have never appeared there. Instead, their boats whisk around the other oceans plying the divine oceans with trade and carrying demigod passengers. In the north

they dodge ice bergs and skirt continental glaciers; in the south they soar through the mast-high flames of the burning sea.

They rarely rest, but when they do they prefer the Dendulag Islands, which are a long string of islets at the outermost eastern edge of the East Isles. The island called Old Dendulag was their original home, but one time they were given a choice as to whether they would sail forever in the treacherous oceans or to have good homes, always safe and abundant. They chose to sail, and their ancestor was so angry that he sank their home island to make sure they could never find peace. The Sendereven laughed at this ridiculous gesture and sailed away. They founded colonies on these outermost islands, where the proper rock grows which is used to make their boats.

Their boats are large double hulled catamarans, linked by a wide deck upon which are shelters and huts for protection from the rigors of the outer seas. Their

preferred material for this are sticks from Luathela and cloth from Altinela, both of which are of heroic proportions. They are propelled by the hurricane force winds of Orlanth's outer storm which is caught by huge sails strung between V-shaped masts. They have adjustable keels, each of which is named and worshipped, and are also steered by a long rudder at the center of the aft deck.

The similarity of their great boats to the boats of the Maslo is based on ancestral activities. The Maslo people remember when they found a "boat of the gods" on their marshy shore and made cheap imitations out of wood. They then escaped, sailing northward to their current home along the Maslo and Marthino.

These people were unaffected by the Closing. But then again, they never entered into the central sea.

The dead site is used to determine regions. North lie the Northern Islands, south are the Haragalan Empire.

Western Vithela

the far western tip of the great magic continent of Vithela, Land of Dawn. East isle ships regularly sail up its rivers seeking the wondrous artifacts that occasionally float downstream. The sailors are careful never to land, drink the pure river water, or eat any fruit from the trees overhanging the water. To do so brings instant and total contentment, and so no one who has ever landed on the island has ever returned.

This point of impassable land cuts the Vithside Islands into two groups, the southern Five Chains, and the northern Mokato Dozens.

Hanfarador Group

The Big Places

Maromonkotro to Avaranboth and its satellites are called the Big Places, because its islands are relatively large, with few islands between them. They are connected by story to each other, with several islands of Andins, especially the Andinnivars.

Farthest east the islands fall into a few reaching clusters which stretch into Sramake's Sea.

Kedaladi Islands

War Islands

northern group which borders with Vormain. Not all are warlike at all, but they suffer badly if they don't pay protection money.

Prosandaran Islands

Islands of the Animal Goddess

Named after one of the larger islands, which is Prosandaran's own Island, where an impossible profusion of creatures can be found. Prosandaran, the Goddess of Beasts [of the Above], can be found grazing on a mountainside there. The surrounding islands are also rich in wild life, though some of the more exotic types were hunted and trapped to extinction by the God Learners a few centuries earlier.

Alsporanjabbi Sea

Green Seas of the Jabbi Islands; the center of a tribe of ludoch mermen.

Andin Islands

Islands of the demon race.

Of the forty or so islands in this group, at least twenty five have native demons resident there. The islands are all dotted with low but jagged peaks of dark rock thrusting from the jungle. Island ecology also includes an inordinate number of monsters, as well.

Dessheetan Isles

A long chain of a hundred or so small islands, all of them relatively low-lying amid shallow waters.

Homagon Islands

Westernmost chain of three dozen or so islands, out into the Sshorg. Characteristic of most of these is that they have a very steep south side cliff face and are at sea level in the north.

Homago is one of these islands, and certainly the worst, giving an unnecessarily sinister reputation to the rest. After all, the cannibals merely hunt on them occasionally, instead of living there.

Dendulag Isles

Twenty five islands, the easternmost chain reaching into Sramake's Sea. The islands reach north and east, and even behind the Dawn Gates. Old Dendulag is gone now, but was the name of the island home of the Sendereven. The only ships to have gone to these are Waertagi and Sendereven. No distant outsiders have been to these islands since the disappearance of the Waertagi. The innermost are sometimes visited, at great risk, from nearby islands to trade.

Jabbi Islands

a cluster of islands in the northwestern East Isles

Kostarankarujahobbi (Sea)

Shining Waters of Jahobbi Island; the center of a tribe of ludoch mermen.

Sample Islands of Interest

Ambatarolamba

the Missionary's Paradise. All residents of this island delight in adopting every new religion which comes to their isle. They embrace each faith with ardor, inevitably pleasing the visiting missionary. Just as inevitably, they abandon their last religion in favor of the next, and they never go back to a faith after once abandoning it. To the astonishment of everyone but the residents, no spirit of retribution ever visits the island or its inhabitants.

Ambatolampy

The people of this island have a peculiar custom performed at every feast. They roast whole animals in pits full of glowing coals, over which they do a limbo dance in bare feet. Anyone can compete, but only children are ever burned. Yet no one can walk on coals at any other time.

Ambovombe

the Sorcerer's Isle. The people here long ago converted to the way of Malkionism. They follow a heresy named Valkarism, found nowhere else, which teaches that since sorcerers are manifestly the most potent social class, they are the natural

rulers. The "noble" classes act as petty bureaucrats, judges, and assistants to the sorcerers.

Angazabo

The people of this island are noted because they eat pearls. The nobles eat them whole, often candied or with elegant dips. The commoner fishermen and monkeyherders must do with ground powders, usually mixed with spices which vary from city to city.

Faranvogath

the island of Araganthosas, the Plant-God. The native inhabitants of this island are a particular plant people, each of whom is attached by a tendril to a single stalk in the center of the island.

Haragala

once noted only for its white sands and large port of Champaya, this island is currently ruled by an ambitious family of warlords, led by Trader Jadilulo. Haragala is the single largest sea power of the East Isles. Jadilulo always talks of invading Vormain or Teleos, but his warships usually operate more as pirates within the East Isles. As pirates go, they are benevolent ones, never taking more than half a ship's cargo as ostensible tribute. Trader Jadilulo also has the responsibility given him by almost half the islands of defending against any foreign aggression. The native god is Lumavoxoran.

Homago

this is the notorious Cannibal Isle. The inhabitants are always polite and friendly, and never devour outsiders. Other East Islanders say this only helps conceal their duplicity. Their god is called Saliligor.

Iano

Red Tiger Island, where the fur color of the predators is not its normal tawny orange striped with black, and so are considered very rare and valuable.

Jahobbi

Sometimes called merman's isle because the ludoch so greatly outnumber the human residents, who are a gentle and primitive people.

Maromonkotro

This island is also called the Island of the Flute because of the harmonious music always audible when all else is quiet, heard even by people who are normally deaf. The natives say it is the playing of Erabbamanth, the Yong Dancer, who made their island. At birth every native is given a necklace with 100

tiny silver statues of various demigods and spirits on it. During his or her life, the child can ask each spirit or demigod for help once, after which its particular statue turns to precious stone. When the natives dance their necklaces tinkle in unison and whisper the secrets of the Young Dancer to his devotees.

Mokato

also known as the Jeweled Island, in the Age of Empire this isle was the headquarters of the Eastern Seas Empire. Now its people are content to relax amidst luxury, old songs, and nostalgic remnants of former glory.

Rathmorasomangon

this desolate island is inhabited only by cactus plants, tailless burrowing monkeys, and hairdressers. The natives are uncommonly vain about their personal appearance, but care-less about everything else.

Sironomandidi

the people here are renowned for good humor and willing hospitality. No one has to work hard for food, weather is pleasant, and the extensive caves offer refuge for thousands. The native god is called Olaraoshay. For some unknown reason, any work done towards building a permanent structure is undone overnight. Once a powerful sorcerer built an entire demon palace in a single day, but even it was pulled down the following night, much to his concern.

Tjaratananna

here women turn into snakes when they become pregnant, and crawl off to a secret cave to give birth. The children are raised by old people at the Sacred Mountain in the island's center, and are sent away to the lowlands at age 15, banished from the mountain for fifty years.

Valararriano

Leftward Seas of the Red Tiger Islands; the center of a tribe of ludoch mermen.

Vatolagorinor

This island is noted for both its herbs, including many which are not found elsewhere, and its herbalists, who put the plants to good use. The silkworm was first bred in Tamave, the largest city of the island, and this place still provides the finest grade of silk. The natives love bird eggs above all other food, can always detect a rotten egg, and often trade foolishly for unusual but edible samples. The natives commonly wear no clothes. Their god is Thirt.

The Vadeli Smile

An Episode from X's Chronicles

"When we saw the crew rushing up from below all covered in helmets and armor we feared for the worst. But their captain leapt before us, brandishing only his bullwhip and speaking Tradetalk.

"No attack! No attack! The storm is coming!" He gestured wildly over towards the great writhing wave which boiled towards us. With Farsight I saw a whale rolling about like a dead fish on the crest of the wave. All about the ship the Vadeli crewmen were tying themselves into positions about the ship, strapped in by a special harness. Some of them were madly nailing their harness in even tighter, not trusting the ropes and knots.

"Go below in the Safe Storage with your friends," said the captain. His cabin boys were madly wrapping his armor about him, buckling with absolute precision despite the man waving his hands and stamping about. In the bow I saw the old woman, who they all denied being aboard, with a band of hooded acolytes surrounding her. A net of chains was being spiked to the deck to hold them in place. Surely they were preparing for some mysterious Vadeli sailing secret.

"In less than three minutes this ship will roll over. You might survive in the Safe Storage." He turned, shouting at the crew as the boys tied themselves to cords trailing from his waist. I did not wait to see what happened afterwards.

When I squeezed into the Safe Storage *LM groaned about the room and said he was sure they were tricking us. *Trickster farted. "Protect yourselves," I grunted. "We have one minute, maybe." The minute was an agony of squirming to get comfortable, all in vain. When the ship rolled over no precautions mattered except the magic. We did not stop rolling, and when the spells wore off everyone got quite hurt. No one could concentrate to cast another one, all crushed about in each others' blood and vomit. Who knows how long it went on, except it wasn't long enough to kill us.

I got out first and fixed myself up while crawling up to the deck. From above I heard only voices, and cheerful voices at that. Although we were still staggering from wounds and the heaving deck, we went above. Most of the crew seemed alive and well, though some were quite dead, hanging by their braces

above a pool of blood. Everything not tied or nailed down was gone, including the mast and all the cargo which had been lashed.

Withing minutes a terrible stink arose, and looking about we saw why. All the surface of the sea was covered with dead sea things rising from below, all freshly killed. Lots of fish, a bubbling film of green stuff, a whale, something purple which burst and let off a nauseous black cloud. Some mermen. It stank even though they were newly dead.

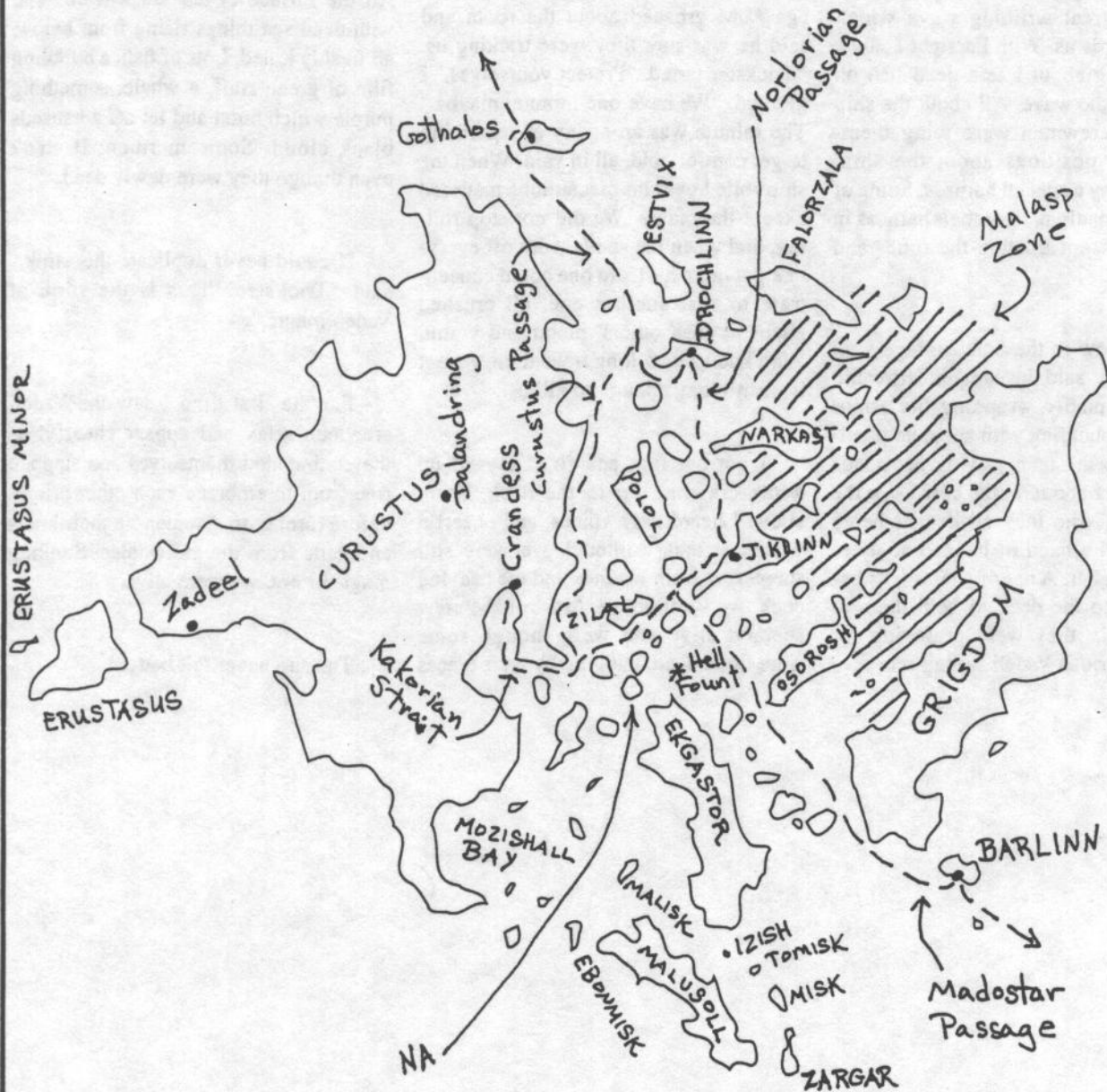
"I could never duplicate this stink," said *Trickster. "This is the stink of Vadeli magic."

For the first time I saw the Vadeli crewmen relax and appear cheerful as they unbuckled themselves and stepped free from to embrace each other briefly before turning to disentangle their knots and nails from the gunwhales. Stinking magic or not, we were alive.

The sun never felt better.

Map of the Jrusteli Islands

- City
- { Orange Guild
- } Escort Routes



JRUSTELI ISLES

Description

This large archipelago was once the huge island or small continent of Jrustela. The few seaports here are important, for they are the only places for ships to stop en route between western Genertela and Pamaltela.

The archipelago consists of the former highlands, mountain peaks and plateaus of sunken Jrustela.

The Jrusteli Isles are temperate and moist. Many of the islands are mountainous, but dense forests grow everywhere below the tree line. On the mountain slopes, these forests are coniferous. Nearer sea level they are deciduous.

Most of the archipelago is unexplored and unnamed by humans. Those straits and islands which are named mark the usual sailing routes patrolled by the Orange Guild navy.

Inhabitants

the Elder Races rule here. Trolls, dwarfs, and elves all abound. Timinits, the native insect people, exist in vast numbers, especially at certain seasons. A few thousand humans live in several colonies.

Culture

the Elder Races follow their traditional cultures.

The human colonies are city states with a hodgepodge citizenry of western Genertelans and Pamaltelans.

Government

each of the Elder Races follows tradition. A Dark Queen rules the trolls; a Council of Elders, the elves; and the dwarf council officially supervised by the Decamony of Slon.

Each human port is ruled by its Orange Guild. Originally all Vadeli, the Orange Guilds are federations of traders who ruthlessly maintain their monopolies. Now, through intrigue and murder, several foreign merchants have joined the guilds.

Language

the Elder Races speak their ancestral tongues. The humans usually speak Vadeli and their native tongue.

Military

The Elder Races have their own usual military forces. Each Orange Guild maintains mercenaries, officered by Red Vadeli, to guard their ports. These mercenaries are infantry, heavily armed and armored.

Of the Elder Races, only the trolls have ships. Their black galleys scythe through the archipelago's waters at night, seeking prey. The dwarfs of Curustus keep no fleet themselves, although dwarf stone ships commonly travel from Slon to Curustus and back again.

The combined Orange Guilds maintain a large fleet of miscellaneous ships manned by Vadeli sailors. They protect trade from the troll pirates and malasp malice. Any ship willing to pay the fee can have a warship escort while traveling through the Jrusteli Isles. They are also prepared to fight invading fleets from Kareeshtu or Nolos.

Religion

the Elder Races persist in their ancestral faiths.

The Vadeli are atheists, and expert sorcerers as a result. Most other residents worship the Invisible God or the Orlanth Pantheon.

History

in the First Age humans from Seshnela colonized the island, drove the timinits into the mountains and forests, built cities and seaports, and began a thriving civilization.

In the Second Age, the humans of Jrusteli founded the mercantile empire of Jrusteli, and also fostered the original God Learners. The God learners discovered many new ways to work magic, but they went too far. In the end, the God Learners were betrayed by their own magic. Nature herself rebelled against them, and old enemies came in a mighty fleet which sank most of the island, after which the Closing descended.

In the early part of the Third Age crises had struck most of the Elder Races. In different parts of the world various members of the Elder Races had prayed to their gods, begging for a place of refuge safe from the ravages of humankind. Separately, each of the three great Elder Races was brought to a haven where no humans lived. Gargankot Broke Tooth, a troll heroine, led her tribe through a magic tunnel into the new world. Arkans Warwood quested for the Gods Finger, which his dryad used to cast the Circle Everlasting Peace, sending them hither. Gronkalg the Accelerator, a diamond dwarf, used the One-Time Tunnel Collapse to bring his entire kingdom to a living chamber recognized as Mostal's Seventh Workroom, previously lost to dwarfs. They tunneled to the surface to find virgin mountains, a dwarf paradise.

At first each thought themselves alone in the universe. The trolls began colonizing other islands. Then Malasp merfolk contacted them and eventually the various Elder Races learned of their counterparts on other islands. Through chance, or perhaps the Spirit of Peace which pervaded the area, the three rival species met in peace despite merman treachery, for the Malasps had hoped to loot the battlefield. The disagreements which arose were prevented by great restraint. Peace remained between the elves, trolls, or dwarfs, for they believed that the old world had been destroyed, and that it was up to them to create a new, better, world. Absolute separatism would be practiced by all the races, save for when they met for the Special Meeting. Thus the Elder Races coexisted in a manner

unheard of since the Dawn. Each kept to their own island and prospered.

Then the Closing ended. Brown-skinned humans from the north came to the Isles. The Elder Races learned that their haven was actually Jrustela and that the newly-opened seas would soon be teeming with human ships. Although some were dispirited and felt betrayed by their ancestral gods, the Elder Race instincts were too strong to deny. The cults of Kyger Litor, Aldrya, and the Way of Mostal provided the answers needed for the believers, and are all still followed unswervingly.

The Vadeli set up several outposts to serve their ships which passed north and south in increasing numbers. In separate efforts trolls destroyed the trading posts on Malusoll and Grigdom, but several others remain.

The Elder Races, always conservative, wait to see what will come of the end of the Closing. Humans fear that the Elder Races will eventually unite to drive out or kill all the humans in the archipelago. Thus the remaining colonies maintain a loose unity.

The Opening was not ignored by the Elder Races. Dwarfs contacted their kin, and occasional ships arrive from distant Slon to exchange goods and personnel.

Places of Interest

Aurelion's Breakwater

on northern island

Barlinn (small city)

on the island of the same name, this is the southernmost of the Orange Guild cities.

Crandess (medium city)

on the island of Curustus, this port thrives from its small iron export business. The metal is gained by trading with Dalamgring, whose dwarfs want feathers from the Red and Green Toucan and the Majestic Queen's Parrot, both of which are native to the Pamaltelan jungle.

Curustus

the largest, most mountainous of the Jrusteli Isles. The interior holds a profusion of valleys and brooding dark peaks, several stunningly beautiful canyons, and a half dozen vast glaciers. Inside the mountains, beneath the wilderness, lives a large dwarf nation.

Dalamdring

this dwarf town on the surface of a mountainside claims to be rebelling against the dwarfs under the mountains. No proof has ever been seen by the humans who visit there to trade for iron.

Drochlinn (small city)

on the island of the same name, this is the northernmost port of the Orange Guilds. Its walls are made of brick.

Ekgastor

one of the troll islands, though believed to be only recently, and hence thinly, populated.

Erustasus

mountainous island west of Curustus

Erustasus Minor

westernmost island of the archipelago

Grigdom

the elf island, whose residents include green and brown elves. The dense forests which cover the entire island have been carefully bred and trained by the elves to woodland perfection.

Gothalos

This is a settlement of Northmen, originally from Yggs Isles. Their fleets of wolf pirates still frequent the area, as often to trade and escort ships through Jrustela as to raid.

Estvix

an island usually shunned because its few beaches are haunted by ghosts which spit bleeding acid for great distances. The origins of the ghosts are unknown.

Falorzala

an island

Hell Fount

sometimes a great geyser of black water bursts skyward in this place. The Vadeli claim it comes directly from the Underworld and can carry monsters, disease, and the legions of drowned to the surface. They say it was the cause of the breakup of the island.

Jiklinn (small city)

the name for both the human port and the island it is located on. This island holds the only known extensive God Learner ruin still above water. The Vadeli port caters to merchants, speculators, and adventurers wishing to exploit those ruins.

Kakorian Strait

route between Jiklinn and Crandess which is regularly patrolled by Orange Guild ships.

Madostar Passage

route between Jiklinn and Osorosh and then south to the open ocean, which is regularly patrolled by Orange Guild ships.

Malasp Zone

region heavily populated by Malasps, suspected of being one of their breeding grounds since they so stringently defend it from intrusion.

Malusoll

the main troll island. The trolls here are typical dark trolls and include contingents of great trolls and trollkin. This island is covered with forests, though they are less thick than on the uninhabited islands. The troll queen has struck a bargain with the mermen. Trolls sacrifice living beings to the mermen in return for which the mermen act as scouts for the troll ships.

Misk

one of the troll islands.

Mozishall Bay

open area of sea which is considered too dangerous to sail, thanks mainly to trolls and malasps.

Na

island where the Ritual of Special Meeting between troll, dwarf, and elf must take place.

Narkast

an island

Norlorian Passage

route between Jiklinn and Drocklinn, then north to the open sea, which is regularly patrolled by Orange Guild ships.

Osorosh (small city)

island and colony of the Vadeli.

Parinstora

northernmost island of the archipelago. A colony of Northmen from Yggs Isles settled here shortly after the Opening.

Polol

an island

Tomisk

one of the troll islands.

Zadeel

at this site the cliffside moves aside to reveal a huge cavern, into which sail the dwarf ships which visit the island. Then the cliff moves back again to keep out intruders and inclement weather.

Zargar

one of the troll islands.

Zilal

an island

KUMANKU ISLANDS

"I am of the An . I am a slave of (name), a detestable foreigner not from Kumanku."

Description

temperate, rocky islands with only a few fertile valleys. Brackish marshes cover much of the coasts. During the Second Age large stretches of the marshes were drained and were fertile agricultural land, but during the Closing the dams were not maintained and many have reverted to marsh. Further inland, rolling hills are grazed by cattle. Goats have recently been imported from Fonrit.

The climate is temperate and wet. Summers are warm, and winters cool, but it never snows.

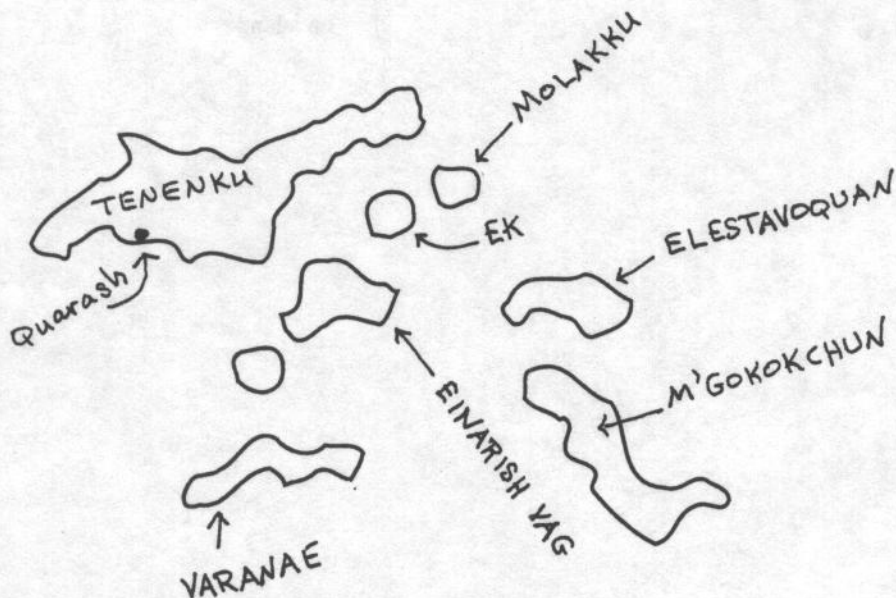
Inhabitants

barbarian humans live here. In the Second Age a variety of timinits were brought here from Justela and have prospered.

Culture

Kumanku culture is unique to the islands. Clans define personal loyalties, and hold in common four generations of female ancestors. Thus whoever has a matrilineal great-grandmother in common are in the same clan. Clans are matriarchal and matrilineal and are unusually generous and egalitarian towards each other, but do not feel constrained to extend themselves towards outsiders.

Map of Kumanku Islands



The clans are divided into two moities called Day-timers and Night-placers. The Day-timers are very decentralized, having only clan officers and clan ceremonies during the year. The Night-placers have a single leader, the Monster Girl King of the Starless Night, hold island-wide ceremonies, and hold a single annual Celebration of Renewal. Several different men's societies are important on each island.

Now the Kumanku clans struggle to keep their ways alive against the influx of Fonritian beliefs. Two pseudo-moities accept slavery and struggle for acceptance. The Evening-timers and urge reconciliation with foreigners, and the Twilight-beings actively solicit foreign members.

Government

the native Kumanku rule was clan controlled without any formal overstructure.

The isles are now ruled by Fonritians as occupied territory. The foreign Kareeshtu rule is stern and oppressive. The natives are forbidden to own armor or any weapons longer than their right forearm. The Kareeshtan slave army stand guard in the cities and towns. The occasional rebellions have decreased in frequency over the years in response to both the rebels' lack of success and the abominably harsh Kareeshtan reprisals.

Language

the natives speak Kumankan. Fonritian is a second language out of necessity.

Military

the natives have no army, and had none during the Closing. Inter-clan violence was settled by either competitive pot-latches or by singing and dancing contests. The Kareeshtu occupation force is a standard slave army.

Religion

during the long hiatus of the Closing, the God-Learner religions fell into disuse, and Kumankans became ancestor worshippers and animists, with worship led by non-cult shamans.

People of Note

Red Ravaal

the Kareeshtan governor of the Kumanku Isles. His rule is draconian, but the people dare not rebel against him while he retains the Sea Eagle Crown, an ancient token of powerful magic.

History

In the First Age these islands were colonized by people from the mythical city of Thinobutu. In the Second Age the inoffensive inhabitants became vassals of the Middle Sea Em-

pire, but were generally insulated from the world-shaking events and destructions of that Age. When the Closing fell the people were bewildered, but most accepted it as another God Learner experiment to which they had been inured through long experience. During the Closing Kumanku's small cities fell into disrepair and many of the drained coastal lands reverted to marsh.

A fleet of ships arrived in 1587, the first seen since the Closing. The Vadeli sailors pretended to be the God Learners returned and instituted a government over the bemused Kumankans. They established ports to serve their fleets.

In 1594 the Vadeli were defeated in a great war in Fonrit. Soon after fleets from Kareeshtu warred against the Vadeli. From survivors and ambassadors the Kumankans learned, to their amazement, that the God Learners had been exterminated before the Closing. Knowledge of the Vadeli deception inspired them to rebel against their masters. The Vadeli were ousted and the Kareeshtans proceeded to conquer the Kumankans themselves. Despite native opposition, the islands were vanquished, and most clans have sworn allegiance to Kareeshtu since 1602 S.T.

Places of Interest

Einarish Vag

the only island which promotes fishing as the primary occupation.

Ek

island where the annual gathering of the Night-placers gather for the Sacred Time celebrations of Renewal.

Elestavoquan

an island

M'gokokchun Island

this island is inhabited by a teeming mass of insect people and a few humans.

Molakku

one of the smaller islands. All the dams and cities of the God Learners were purposefully destroyed by the clans here.

Tenenku Island

the major island of Kumanku, holding most of the population.

Quarash (small city)

the main port of Kumanku, built by the Vadeli but fortified by Kareeshtu.

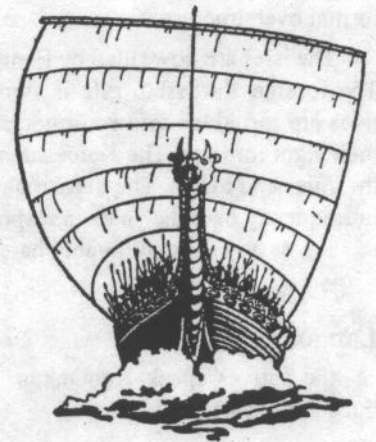
THE WOLF PIRATES

The Wolf Pirates began as refugee Yggs Islanders liberated from the Closing by Dormal the Sailor. Rich in fishing, their islands grew severely overcrowded during the Closing. The situation had grown so desperate that they were eating their children when The Sailor arrived. The residents lost no time in contacting their own naval spirit who sent them the first of the beast-prowed long ships which have, since, prowled the coasts, rivers, and deeps of the world.

The Wolf Pirates originally allied themselves to the Vadeli and scoured the Neliomi Sea, content to plunder everywhere and send the booty home and to the Vadeli Islands. After the defeat of the Vadeli the Wolf Pirates spread eastward along

Genertela's southern coasts. Often colonies were settled as pirates brought their families from the desolate Yggs Isles to better homes, notably Three Step Isles which had been uninhabited at the Opening, Gothalos in Jrustela, and Ginorth in Seshnela.

The most famous of the Wolf Pirates is Harrek the Berserk, a Rathori tribesman who plundered his homeland before fleeing to the Wolf Pirates. He has attracted many other freebooters to his ships and fears no one alive. He can be seen on the cover of this work, wearing his famous white bearskin.



LORAL

"Arrghowwwlll."

Description

Loral is a warm tropical island, inundated half the year by typhoons and inclement weather and becalmed for most of the other half. Loral has a mountainous interior. Four bands of hills radiate from these mountains, three of them in the northern half, and the fourth in the center of the long southern half. Where the hills meet the sea are rugged coasts. The wide lands between the hills all have fine beaches. Where seaside cities once thrived now are visible only ruins.

Inhabitants

Loral is also called Monster Island. No humans are known to live there -- indeed, no mortal races have been reported, although sometimes mentions are found of some things long-extinct, from the most incredible fairy tales, or unknown elsewhere. Loral is mainly inhabited by several unique and huge monsters, such as the Greater Hydra there (The Green Pyrohydra, which breathes fire from each of its 72 heads; it is one of only two hydrae with legs). Reports include sightings of a giant chaimpanzee, a giant butterfly, a flying turtle, and others.

Culture

None

Government

Might Makes Right!

Language

Grunts, growls, roars, bellows, and snarling.

Military

When Xars Shung of Fonrit stormed ashore with 8000 trained soldiers they were harassed by a motley assortment of creatures which, without plan or formation, fought fanatically until the invaders were annihilated.

Religion

Might Makes Right!!

People of Note

None living.

History

Loral was inhabited by humans before the Closing. Their land used to be called the Queendom of Loral. No one knows what occurred during the Closing, but since the Opening, only a handful of outsiders have ever been allowed to escape after landing there.

Places of Interest

Eschi

"the northern island," where sits the wreck of Jewel of Quang Yuang, a Haragalan treasure ship driven ashore five years ago. Every attempt to plunder it has been thwarted by mermen and a huge turtle.

Olo Garanga Vichi

"Old Shipmen's Island," where the Waertagi had facilities during the First Age. It was densely populated by God Learners during the Second Age.

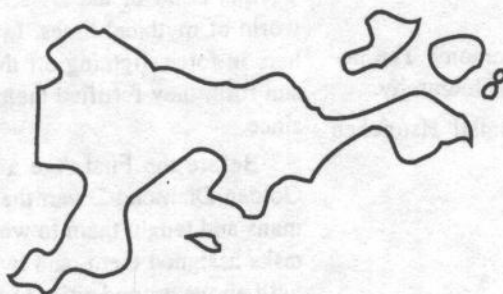
Var Loralng

"The Big Loral Island," another name for the main isle, described above.

Zis

"New Island," which was not present before the Closing. Some people believe this is the source of the monsters, for they are well armed here, even having great missile throwers to keep away intrusive ships.

Map of Loral



SLON

"I am of Slon. Please, what is your identification number and work class?"

Description

This land has two parts, Inside and Outside the Wall. Inside, the land is dominated by dwarfs; cities connected by subterranean tunnels are inhabited aboveground by slave humans. Outside, the countryside is infested by dinosaurs, runaway dwarf creations, and aboriginal humans.

Slon is a cool, foggy land with warm summers and winters. Gloomy forests of enormous dark trees fringe the coasts so that the human explorers of the Second Age thought it all to be jungle. However, the interior within the walls is mostly mud and cracked hardpan, the results of long dwarf occupation.

South of Slon lies Porlaso. This dreary marsh, near the edge of the world, is little-known. Giant saurians slither everywhere and wild packs of goblins thrive in the dense thickets. No humans live there.

Inhabitants

dwarfs, dinosaurs, and humans.

Culture

The dwarfs follow their ancient Mostali ways.

Outside the Wall live Hsunchen cavemen called Jaskali who worship and hunt dinosaurs.

Inside the Wall live civilized human workers whose food, shelter, and clothing are supplied by Gold dwarf overseers. Most tame humans consider themselves to have the same relationship with dwarfs as dwarfs have with Mostali. The humans plan for the day when they will no longer be part of the Gold dwarfs' stewardship, but will take their place alongside the dwarfs as fellow laborers on the World Machine. One band of humans, known as the Eleventh, seeks a human seat on the Decamony itself. So far the dwarfs have not suppressed the Eleventh, perhaps because these humans work harder than the others.

Government

Inside the Wall is ruled by the Slon Decamony. The humans are directly supervised by the Gold dwarf hierarchy.

Outside the Wall, the humans live in small Hsunchen clans.

Language

Inside, the humans all speak only Mostali.

Outside, the humans speak the Slon Hsunchen tongue which varies slightly from clan to clan.

Military

The visible army of Slon is led by a few Iron dwarfs who command armies of well-trained human infantry, armored in fine plate and wielding heavy weapons. The army is purely defensive in nature. In ancient times they held the walls, and when breached the Decamony holed up within the walled cities. If a city was breached the dwarfs sealed it off and depended on the well-known dwarf talent for siege and counter-siege to keep out invaders.

The dwarfs have several stone ships which regularly sail to Curustus, but have never ventured to other dwarf strongholds. These ships are heavily armed and nearly impervious to normal naval combat, but once holed they sink like rocks.

Religion

Within the Wall, most humans worship earth-based deities such as Lodril, Earthmaker, or Slona, goddess of the land. Humans belonging to the Eleventh worship no god, hoping thus to better prepare themselves for joining the Way of Mostal. So far, no human has managed to attain immortality in dwarf fashion, but the Eleventh believe it is only a matter of time.

Outside the Wall, the Hsunchen savages worship dinosaurs and learn impressive spells permitting them to become like their gods.

People of Note

Odendva Golden-Diamond-Dwarf

the Tamer of Humans is still alive, and has been seen several times since the First Age.

Mostali, unnamed

At least three ancient Mostali live in Slon. All are on the Decamony's ruling council. They have never ventured outside their tunnels.

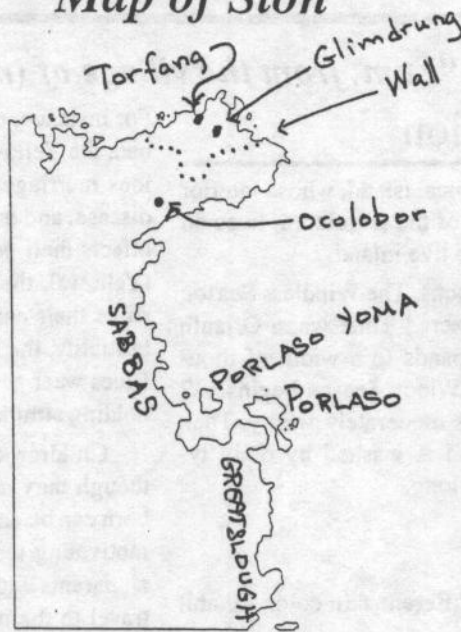
History

this Land of the Dwarfs is the remnant of the all-dwarf world of mythical times. In the Godtime the dwarfs held out here in force, fighting off the dinosaurs and giants. When the sun rose, they fortified their land and have kept it intact ever since.

Before the First Age a dwarf innovator called Odendva Golden-Diamond-Dwarf the Heretic first tamed the native humans and taught them to work. They proved apt at the simple tasks assigned them, and by the start of Time the dwarfs had built above ground cities to house their human assistants.

In the Second Age, the dwarves announced that the Nidan Decamony of Genertela and the Slon Decamony divided up

Map of Slon



the universe. So far they have never disagreed, and outsiders wonder what exactly they divided.

During the Closing, Slon kept in contact with their brethren in other lands by reopening secret undersea tunnels. When the Closing was broken the dwarfs did not welcome the change. No decision has yet been made by the Decamony concerning the new opportunities and dangers which lie ahead, and the future of Slon lies with the dwarf nation.

Places of Interest

Glimdrung (large city)

Only humans are present in the city streets, but they all swear that exactly twelve days' journey straight down from the black obelisk at city center lies the Decamony's amphitheatre.

Greatslough Flats

this seemingly eternal marsh was first named and discovered by Jrusteli mapmakers, who were determined to explore all corners of the world. Since their time, no educated man has come here.

Ocolobor

the Frontier City. This dwarf outpost is in the uncivilized hinterland.

Porlaso

the whole western swamp is named Porlaso after this island. Scholars claim that this island and the nearby peninsula

are unstable and shall be overflowed by the ocean any year now. At low tide, it is possible to wade to the mainland.

Porlaso Yoma

an island sometimes confused with Porlaso proper by coast-hugging mariners. Swamp dinosaur hunting is safest here, because the goblin population is low.

The Sabbas

this poorly-explored coast land is covered by the Creeping Swamp, which has been expanding northward for centuries at the rate of a kilometer a year. The dwarfs of Slon are confident they can stop its spread before their territories are threatened.

Torfang

Slon's major port. The famous clumsy dwarf ships are forged here and can be seen wallowing around the bay at all times.

The Wall

this enormous stone structure is hollow inside, with stairways, barracks, and mounted ballistas. It was built in ancient times to wall out the giants and their fierce megasaur steeds. Now it also prevents the dwarfs' slaves from escaping to the wild.

TELEOS

"I am from the village of (name)."

Description

Teleos is a lightly populated tropical island, whose interior is rough mountainous jungle. Most of the population lives on its coasts, trading with their kin who live inland.

The island has three distinct seasons. The Windless Season begins at Cloudburst, the day of Sacred Time when Orlanth loses strength and the doldrum expands to a width of thousands of miles in a single day. The Windy Season begins 147 days later, and for about 50 days is moderately windy. Then until the end of the year the island is washed by daily typhoons, sometimes days and nights long.

Inhabitants

Six human tribes, each with a different skin color, inhabit different regions. The colors are

blue, green, orange, purple, red, and yellow. All have black hair and blue eyes and, except for their skin color, seem racially similar to the Agimori of Pamaltela. To outsiders the six tribes exhibit unnaturally similar cultural characteristics

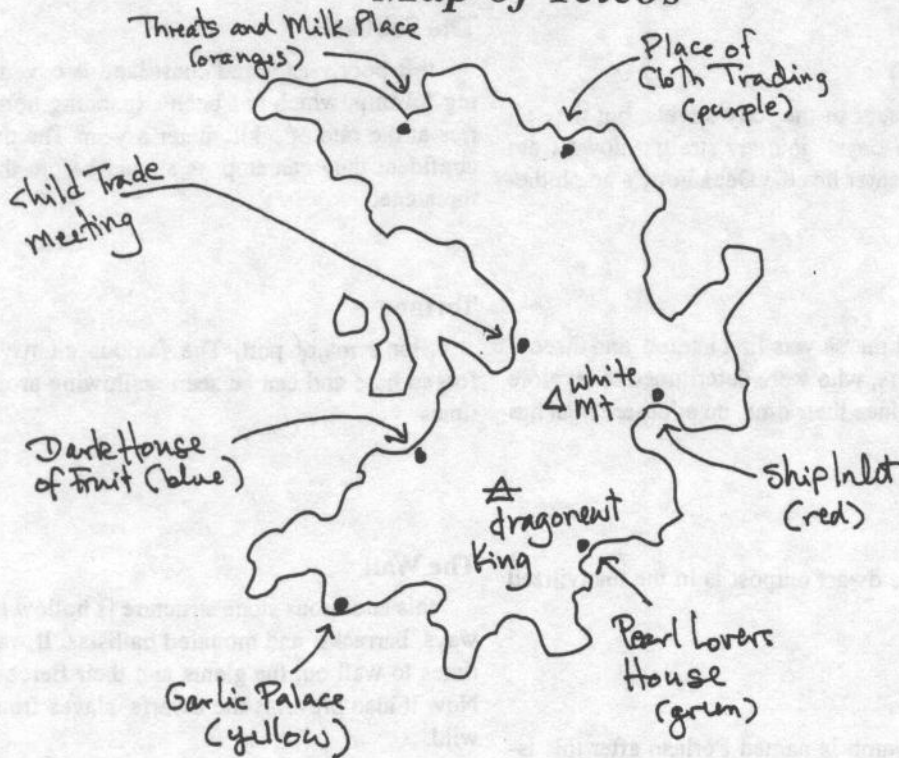
all speak the same tongue, wear the same types of clothing, hold identical religious and social festivals, and maintain a single world view and morality.

Each of the six tribes perceives despicable traits in the others, and speaks disparagingly of them in the worst manner.

For instance, to the Tulukali enloffi (Blues), the Greens smell bad, the Yellows eat like pigs, the Oranges practice an obnoxious marriage habit, the Reds carry a particularly disgusting disease, and the Purples are subject to an ancestral curse which affects their personal cleanliness. According to the *Darnegiri* (Yellows), the Greens secretly eat raw frogs, the Oranges sacrifice their annual fruit harvest improperly, the Reds practice bestiality, the Purples belong to an evil secret society, and the Blues wear a ridiculous hairstyle. And so forth, with each tribe holding similar opinions of the others.

Children cause consternation to all the the peoples. Although they marry only members of their own tribe, children born can be any one of the six colors. They find this repugnant, motivating the annual Child Trade Meeting. Each springtime all parents with children of the wrong color take their baby and travel to the meeting place (said to be the exact center of the universe). There, overseen by dragonewts, children are traded and given away until everyone is matched with the right color. It is hard to imagine such an odd system working without quirks and, indeed, problems often arise because of inequities. The Oranges, for instance, are the largest in population and therefore have the most babies to give away. Yet only 1/6 of the children born to the other tribes are Orange, and hence many Orange families end up childless. Conversely, the Purples, fewest in number of the six tribes, often end up with two or three children after birthing only one.

Map of Teleos



The tribes never intermingle, save that once per year. All Teleos residents believe that outsiders are liars, but are otherwise friendly and honest in their dealings. The people are initially shy and often hide from strangers, but even small kindnesses befriends them. They are not aggressive peoples, and have no history of warring against each other, despite all their complaints.

Correctly-colored children are highly-valued, and people who can prove that not only their parents, but grandparents, or even great-grandparents on both sides were all the correct color are the social elite of their village. The wandering scholar Samm Twicelow Carb-owned of Fonrit had this interesting comment to make

"While I found no evidence that the bulk of the Greens practiced the vices claimed of it by its neighbors, I believe that pure-blood Greens (by which I mean those whose parents and grandparents were also Greens) may indeed exhibit these failings, or at least tendencies towards them. Chief Vadj, a green man of my acquaintance, claimed pure ancestry back for three generations. He was addicted to eating the luxa fruit, which notoriously affects the breath, mysteriously kept a large pond of slimy amphibians behind his house, and was fascinated by clouds -- all traits hinting at traditional character flaws claimed by the Blues, Yellows, and Reds, respectively. I never discovered what the Oranges and Purples believed of the Greens, but I would not be surprised to learn that their perceived sins were also among the temptations that poor Vadj was subject to."

Perhaps the traditional crimes of the tribes are less imaginary than most outsiders believe.

Culture

The Teleos culture is primitive, but in such a rich environment that no luxury is lacking. They congregate in large groups, moving their villages up and down the coasts every few years as necessary. They live mainly on the luxuriant produce of the sea, but also practice slash and burn horticulture, hunt, and gather wild foods in plenty. Predators roam the jungle, but only a few terrible monsters exist which are beyond the control of a hunting group are encountered. Huts are typically grass. Clothing, which is minimal, is made of both of vegetable fiber and animal skins.

Relations with the Yellow Elves are regular but ritualized, and the Teleos tribespeople believe the Yellow Elves to be just another part of *Igalo Olagi*, or "Other Life," which includes everything not of their tribe except dragonewts. The dragonewts are called *Umfarazzi ississdoko*, and only they of all creation are neither part of Other Life nor of the Teleos tribes.

Government

Teleos government rarely extends beyond the local clan-village, which is overseen by an informal council of elders and anyone who can shout loud enough at the meeting. Marriage is exogamous, and meetings in the jungle with other wandering groups is cause for celebration and marriages. Interfamily cooperation at the Child Trade Meeting occurs when distant

kinsfolk meet at traditional gathering points to travel upland together.

Language

Teleos has a native language unrelated to any other in Glorantha, but spoken by all the Teleos natives. The only major words different from tribe to tribe are their names for each other.

Military

Teleos natives never engage in widespread warfare. Single combat is held between members of a tribe to settle legal disputes or insults. In such combat ritual weapons are used. When attacked they typically run away, leaving everything behind.

Native boats are small fishing craft. During the Second Age the pirate fleets used either Maslo catamarans or Hargalan tallships. Now, however, no natives sail such ships.

Religion

Teleos religion is shamanic in nature, concentrating worship on local animal, plant, and landmark spirits during the Windless Season (Sea, Fire, early Earth), and on ancestors during the Typhoon Season (late Earth, Dark, Storm).

History

Teleos was discovered by the outside world in the Second Age. It was largely ignored by the Waertagi fleets earlier who considered it a strange and poor place to trade.

During the Second Age Teleos was the base of the notorious Rainbow Fleet, pirates who evaded conquest by the Jrusteli fleets. The Jrusteli would defeat a fleet, burn its base of operations, and enslave everyone they could capture, demand tribute from the rest. Shortly after the fleet left another tribe picked up the effort, requiring several more years of chase, evasion, and finally combat by the Jrusteli. Even with forts and ports the Jrusteli never controlled more than five of the island's tribes at any one time, and usually fewer. The tribes denied any conscious cooperation, and the agent behind their timing was long a mystery.

Pirate activity ended when a group of Jrusteli prepared a new magic and, with it, discovered a nearly undetectable deity who was inciting and helping the Teleos people. They went deep within the volcanic island and forced it into butterfly shape, then captured it. [it later died, kept in a bottle corked too tight.]

Teleos was isolated during the Closing, and the fate of the foreigners who had been present is unknown. No one there remembers, or cares. The Teleos natives keep no written history, and claim to have no knowledge of anything happening so far back as even two hundred years.

Two tribes in Teleos were reached by merchants from Kralorela and Haragala in 1595. Three years later a double-hulled Maslo catamaran appeared from the south, followed the next year by many more. Although uncelebrated, probably un-

realized by the participants, the circumnavigation of the Homeward Ocean which was begun by Dormal had become compelte.

Trading outposts, filled mainly with foreigners, now inhabit all of the six Teleos tribes. They still exhibit their previous lack of curiosity about the outside world, and seem to harbor no expansionist or piratical ambitions.

Of interest, but known only to the best navigators, is that Telos moved durin the Closing, being slightly to the south east of where it was before the Closing. Its coastline does not appear to have changed, however.

Places of Interest

(all names are translated from Teleon)

Child Trade Meeting Ground

unusual rock shapes, each with its own myth, are found throughout the valley

Garlic Place

trading port among the Yellows, (Maslo) origin.

Home of the Dragonewt King

center of the dragonewt civilization. This outpost of the ancient race has no native Inhuman King, and is among the so-called barbarian dragonewts.

Iskisdar

trading port among the Blues, Haragalan origin.

Pearl Lovers House

trading port among the Greens, Angazabo origin.

Place of Cloth Trading

trading port among the Purples, now ruled by refugee sailors from Kumanku.

Ship Inlet - trading port among the Reds, Kralorelan origin.

Threats and Milk Place - trading port among the Oranges, Haragalan origin.

VADELI ISLES

"Greetings, Sir. I am from the Safety Patrol, and I would like to see a copy of your manifest, please. Please! You can trust me."

Description

Several small archipelagos in the Neliomi Sea are the center of the loose Vadeli naval empire. The ocean is cold, being a current from the Banthe Sea. In winter the coast freezes over and the current carries many icebergs southward.

Inhabitants

the Vadeli, who come in two colors, Red and Brown. The local merpeople are Ouori, usually called Seal-folk by the locals.

Culture

the Vadeli are a savage and barbaric people, each of them unnaturally expert at sorcery. The brown Vadeli are the commoners. The Red Vadeli were exterminated before the Great Darkness and reappeared during the Closing. They are considered to be of higher caste than the brown, and they are usually soldiers rather than sailors. Another extinct subrace, the Blue Vadeli, are rumored to be returning through magic.

Government

the Vadeli are ruled by the Supreme Commander of the Great Waves, though his personal identity is unknown. He is never seen by outsiders. The government, if any, is unknown, though the Vadeli seem to cooperate well-enough. The Vadeli sea captains and village head men, who are inevitably retired sea captains now, are the greatest figures of authority ever met.

Language

the Vadeli speak their own tongue. They are so widely travelled that they make a practice of learning useful tongues, and most speak two or three languages.

Military

the Red Vadeli are the Brown's marines and soldiers, and are found in all Vadeli merchant fleets and colonies.

Religion

the Vadeli are Malkioni atheists, much like the Brithini. The entire race is said to be working a great spell, usually called the Ritual Return of the Blue Vadeli. The Vadeli, however, never speak of it.

History

The Vadeli Islands have been unimportant for most of history, save as a place of refuge and as a source of sailors. When

the Closing struck the tiny islands were left in poverty and isolation.

The Closing ended in 1581 when Dormal came in his magic boats. He visited the Vadeli Isles and, as was his custom, took some of them on as crewmen. Soon after he discovered the volcanic Red Vadeli Islands and their inhabitants. He also found that Brithos had vanished from the face of the earth. He departed westwards and never returned. By 1583 the Vadeli had a healthy number of ocean-going vessels afloat and dominated the Neleomi Sea.

The Vadeli had few natural resources to trade and built a great fleet and sailed south, declaring themselves gods to all whom they met. This ploy worked until their fleet was destroyed in battle off Fonrit.

Since then the Vadeli have maintained their colonies in the Justela Islands which send tribute back to the Supreme Commander of the Great Waves, but have otherwise exerted not political power. Instead their ships ply all the sea lanes, carrying anything for a price, and in any season for the right price. They are universally mistrusted, but might not deserve their vile reputation.

Places of Interest

New Vadeli Isles

like the Red Isles, these rose mysteriously during the Closing. They are inhabited by the same Brown Vadeli Race that has always dwelt on the Old Vadeli Isles. They claim to have existed since the Dawn, produce stories to prove their point, but were unknown before.

Old Trade

this mysterious port is said to be the last accessible remnant of the legendary island of Brithos. This is now a source of great learning and its merchants deal in ancient scrolls, artifacts of great history and power, and many other items. Old Trade lies within the Sea of Brithos and only ships carrying Old Trade pilots can find their way there.

Old Vadeli Islands

tree-covered home of the pre-dawn race of Vadeli. Three races lived before the Darkness, but the first was decimated by the Brithini, Zzabur eliminated the second, and the third barely survived the horrors of history before finding relative peace during the Closing. The brown-skinned folk that live here are a sea-going people whose round ships ply the seas everywhere.

Red Islands

volcanic islands which rose during the Closing. A red skinned race of men appeared there as well. They claim to be the extinct Red Vadeli come again, and certainly behave ac-

Map of Vadeli Isles



cordingly, but Manirian sages fear that they descended from the moon. Rationalists claim that it is the action of these islands which causes the mists in the Sea of Brithos.

Sea of Brithos

from the Dawning to the Closing of the oceans this was the island of Brithos. When the seas were opened again by Dormal the Sailor the island was gone. Attempts to penetrate the continual mists which now fill the sea have resulted in innumerable lives and ships lost. Survivors report a cold and foggy monster-filled sea, huge patrolling ghost-ships of the Waertagi, and inhuman sounds which drive sailors onto wicked reefs and shoals.

VADELI ISLES

Before Time began, a vast land covered the area between Seshnela and Brithos and stretched far southward. A race of people called Vadeli lived there who warred against Malkion and his children. After many generations of tribulation Zzabur the Sorcerer sank their land, drowning all but a few wretched survivors who fled to the tops of mountains. Only those mountains, afterwards called the Vadeli isles, remained of the old land. The survivors clung to a wretched life through the centuries, mostly ignored even by the colony of Brithini outlaws and misfits who settled there. For 1400 years they were as nothing, petty sailor folk of the Neleomi Sea. Now the Vadeli are sailors once again, though they range through all the western seas.

VORMAIN

*"You transgress upon the Eternal Isles you foreign scum!
Draw arms and die like a man!"*

Description

The Vormain Empire occupies several large islands, and various nobles from Vormain rule over the so-called Hinter Isles.

Inhabitants

The natives are a fiercely proud people who despise all foreigners and try to keep them all from the island. Nor do they often venture forth in strength, so that most people know of Vormain only through its pirates.

The Hinter Isles are easier to visit, but the common people of these lands are more like ordinary East Islanders than Vormain folk, though they pay evidently sincere service and tribute to the Vormain warriors who have ruled over them for centuries.

Culture

Vormain

Government

Imperial aristocracy

Language

Vormain

Military

the Vormaino people are ferocious, and seem to have a hereditary warrior class. It is fortunate that they have no desire for foreign conquest.

Religion

Vormain

History

At the Dawn, the blessed Fourteenth Imperial House was inaugurated when the Thirteenth Imperial House, which had ruled during the latter Darkness, voluntarily retired. Since then, Vormain's government and religion has remained concerned only with internal matters. There have evidently been dynasty changes in the Imperial House since that time, as the current Imperial House is the Twenty-First, inaugurated in S.T. 1189.

Except for these few tidbits, the internal history of Vormain is nearly unknown. In world history the island's existence is marked primarily by the disappearance of those who attempt to learn about it.

Most losses are Kralorelan. The most spectacular was the great army, including many Praxian barbarians with their wild beasts, which drowned in an unseasonal hurricane a half mile off the Vormain shore. The most regretted is of Fen Watha Too, a great poet who travelled to the Underworld to give all his lovers one last kiss before he retired to a monastery to learn

magic for visiting Vormain. The most unusual was Kuang Brang who flew over on his bird machine. On his return, he crashed into the ocean near his pickup ship. Before he could report anything, he died of razor wasp wounds. The best documented visitor to Vormain was Handal Faarman, a God-learner surnamed "The Invisible Tanisorian," who sent carrier pigeons out every dawn for twenty-six days, and succumbed to some unknown fate. His accounts, written in a secret code of his invention, describe a land of large beautiful cities, colorful but solemn people, and spirit guardians whose colors and functions are known, but whose names are not.

Places of Interest

Belgeng

the largest and most important of the Isles of Vormain. The Imperial Palace is located at the exact center of the island, as are the palaces for the Dynasts of the other islands and the ambassadors from islands recognized by the Imperial House.

Chadau

the second island of Vormain is notable for the great forest of Samoagey, which is burned every 399 years by the Imperial House.

Desolation

the infamous Nineteenth Imperial House fought a bitter war against the inhabitants of this island who, unlike most Eastern Islanders, were warlike and well-armed. The Nineteenth House was victorious and had the entire populace of the island slaughtered, the towns razed, and even the domestic animals drowned. Since then, the island has been gruesomely haunted and no inhabitant of Vormain has survived a single night there.

Ghenisk

the least important of the islands of Vormain also holds most of the pirates. The Most Grand Diamond and Sky Temple to the god Tsankth is located here at the pirate port of Nobub.

Glugel

occupied long ago by colonists from Vormain, the island is ruled in the Vormain imperial fashion. The Prince of Glugel is recognized by the Vormain Imperial House. This is the only one of the Hinter Isles which bans and suppresses piracy or slavery.

Heicidik

this isle is inhabited by the enslaved nonhuman Quombs, who never eat or sleep. Sadly, once removed from their home island, the Quombs soon sicken and die, and are permanently weakened even if soon returned home. Similarly, any humans visiting this island rapidly wastes away. If he leaves before he dies, he is never as good a man as before. Periodically the

Prince of Worchia imports Quombs as suicide labor for work projects or export.

Hinter Isles

Isles within the sphere of Vormain's cultural influence, yet not part of Vormain proper. Some of these islands are recognized by the Imperial House. Others are not. Only ships from recognized islands are permitted to berth in Vormain, so travelers must stop in a recognized isle and change ships before continuing to Vormain.

Recognized Isles include Glugel, Oushikz, Shenzha, and Slabomili. Unrecognized Isles include Desolation, Heicidik, Marmody, and Worchia, and all lands outside the Hinter Isles.

Despite the fierce nature of the Vormaino people, this does not evidently prevent their rule over the Hinter Isles from being benevolent, and few natives of these isles claim any dissatisfaction.

Marmody

this island is not recognized by the Imperial House of Vormain, for it is the home of the Suicide Cult, whose members believe that spiritual strength and magic power is received through death and subsequent delayed resuscitation.

Oushikz

this island is the home of the Fog Pirates, who boldly sail through Kahar's Sea to prey. The island is full of precious Kralorelan goods, but has a shortage of men.

Shenzha

the only island which adopted the Vormain culture without coercion, the folk of Shenzha are otherwise typical Eastern Isles folk. They claim, but do not enforce, dominion over all their archipelago extending to the northeast.

Slabimili

this is the home of the notorious Slave Bracelets, manufactured here and exported throughout the world.

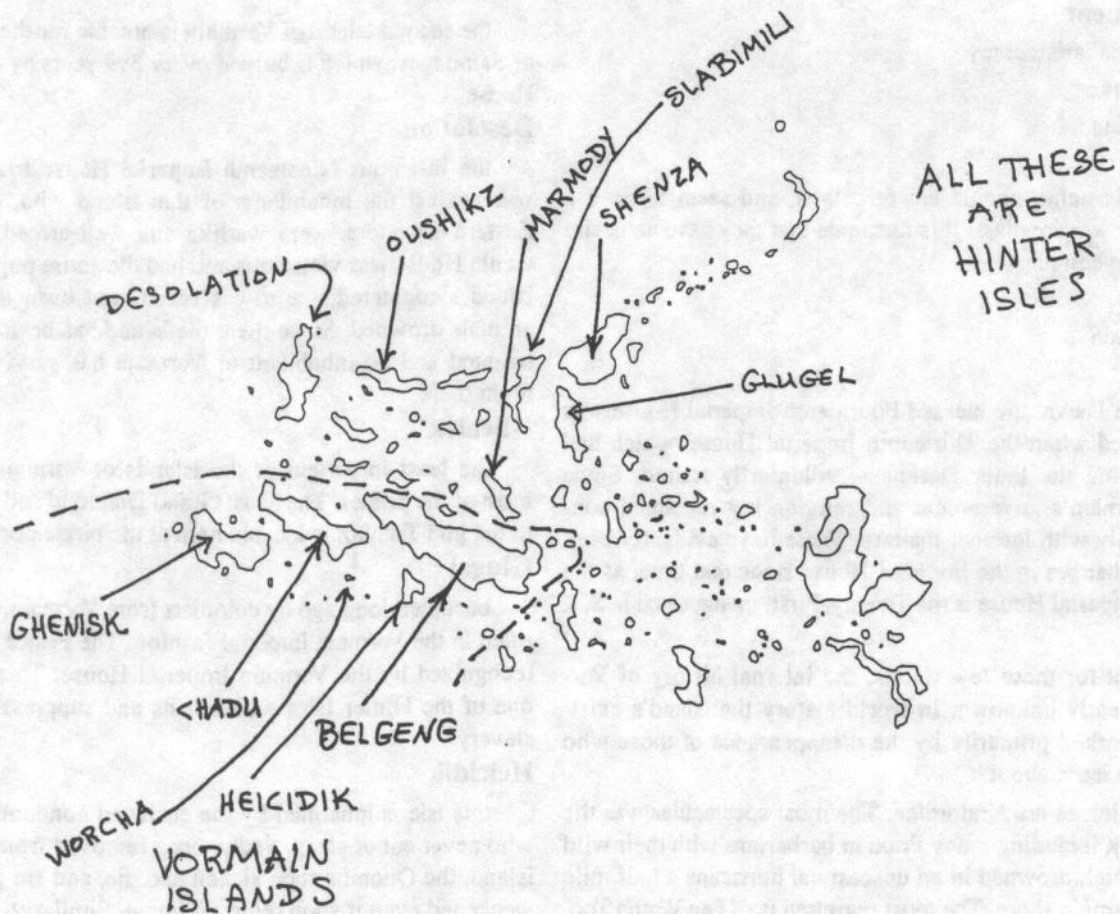
Vormain

Vormain proper is composed of three large islands and a scattering of tiny islets. It consists of Belgeng, Chadau, and Ghenisk.

Worchia

this small island is ruled by an exile prince from Vormain itself. He rules the nearby island of Heicidik as well, and utilize the natives as slaves.

Map of Vormain



Event Tables for Some Islands

EAST ISLES

- d100 (%age) Event
- 01-10 (10) Port visited by Haragalan naval ship demanding tribute
- 11-15 (5) Pirate ships preying on nearby shipping
- 16 (1) ship from Vithela docks to trade
- 17 (1) nonhuman ship docks to trade
- 17-65 (49) ship from nearby island docks
- 66-75 (10) ship from distant East Isles docks
- 76-77 (2) ship from outside Eastern Isles docks
- 78-85 (8) Ludoch visiting port to trade underwater goods
- 86-95 (10) minor religious holiday, most people preoccupied
- 96-100 (5) major religious holiday, all businesses closed

KUMANKU

- d100 (%age) Event
- 01-15 (15) Kareeshtu warship demands tribute from visiting ships
- 16-20 (5) Malasp war party demands tribute from ships they meet
- 21-40 (20) Cruel slavers hunting victims
- 41-50 (10) Day Timers having small local celebration
- 51-55 (5) Potlatch being held, everyone invited!
- 56-65 (10) Singing and Dancing contest in city square
- 66-70 (5) rebels murder Kareeshtun merchant or soldiers nearby
- 71-75 (5) Sitdown strike against Kareeshtu
- 76-85 (10) Work slowdown in effect to protest against Kareeshtu
- 86-100 (15) nothing

LORAL

- d100 (%age) Event
- 01-100 (100) Monsters Attack

SLON Inside the Wall

- d100 (%age) Event
- 01-14 (14) military drill summons all humans to nearby wall
- 15 (1) military summons to wall to combat intrusive dinosaurs
- 16-20 (5) dwarf appears for inspection
- 21-30 (10) caravan from underground passes by
- 31-40 (10) outlandish dwarf machine passes by
- 41-55 (15) recruiter asking for volunteers for Underground
- 56-60 (5) slavers taking prisoners for Underground
- 61-65 (5) fabulous food feast giveaway nearby
- 66-100 (35) nothing

TELEOS

- d100 %age Event
- 01-10 (10) Yellow elves visit to trade
- 11-20 (10) predator reported nearby
- 21-30 (10) dragonewts arrive to do something mysterious
- 31-35 (5) neighboring tribesman quarrels and incites a fight
- 36-100 (65) nothing of note

VADELI

- d100 (%age) Event
- 01-15 (15) New ship outfitted, seeking crew
- 16-55 (40) Vadeli ship docks
- 56-60 (10) Foreign ship docks
- 61-63 (3) Red Vadeli visiting
- 64-100 (37) Nothing

VORMAIN

- %age Event
- duel between famous warriors scheduled
- scheduled duel between famous warriors to occur

THE PAMALTELA BOOK

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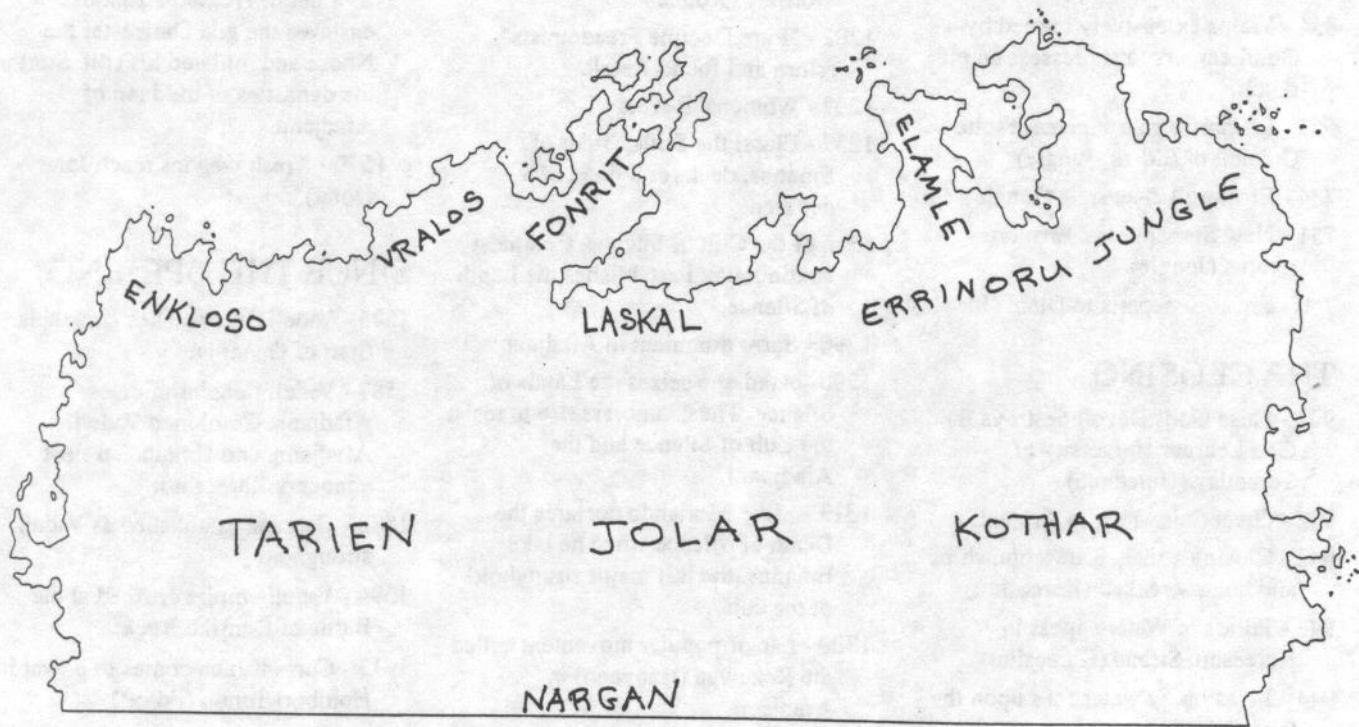
INTRODUCTION

PAMALTELA IS the southern continent of Glorantha. It is far less urbanized and politically organized than northern Genertela. Most of its area is only thinly populated by semi-nomadic primitives living in a peaceful and idyllic environment. Along the northern coast, and occupying the huge peninsula of Fonrit, city-states are the largest

political entity present. The only exception is the vast tropical jungle, in which live large tribes of embyli, or yellow elves.

Note that several regions of Pamaltela are shown on the map, but not treated in the text. These are hidden lands, unknown to all outsiders. Kimos is an example of a hidden land.

Map of Pamaltela



CHRONOLOGY OF PAMALTELA

Made up of all the dates mentioned in the text

EARLY SETTLEMENT PERIOD

- c 475 - last Lascerdans extirminated by elves
- c. 500 - Garangordos the Cruel enters Fonrit from Laskal
- 580 - first Seshnegi colonists arrive (Umathela)

AGE OF EMPIRES

- 654 - Vralos extensively burned by God Learners to suppress an elf revolt.
- 662 - Errinoru's rule supercedes the Council of Elders (Jungle)
- 734 - Errinoru's fleet sails (Jungle)
- 751 - New Star appears, Errinoru returns (Jungle)
- 760 - Errinoru departs to Dinal (Jungle)

THE CLOSING

- 901 - False Gods Revolt destroys the God Learner University of Yoranday (Umathela)
- 932 - Great Shipwreck in Arolanit
- 942 - Closing strikes Kareeshtu, ships and boats wrecked (Kareeshtu)
- 943 - Pillars of Water appear in Kareeshtu Straits (Kareeshtu)
- 944 - Invasion by water foes upon the lands (Kareeshtu)
- 950 - Jrusteli scholars proves Enkloso elves are extinct.
- 954 - Waertagi ships destroy the last God Learner cities (Umathela)
- 955 - regular violence by the seas ends (Fonrit)
- 975 - plague of insects ends dynasty of Errinoru (Jungle)

INTERNAL UNREST

- 1020 - Lord of the World's Knowledge, ruler of Vralos and Enkloso, defeated by an elf and human army (Umathela)
- 1112 - The Week of Squid (Dsunguya Is)
- 1129 - Wordless Prophet establishes the Cult of Silence in Varburch
- c. 1200 - first Kresh wagons appear in Worofey (Kothar)
- 1202 - "Pure Doctine Freedomists" return and found Ketele
- 1207 - Womens' Revolt
- 1237 - Elassi the Stifler, ruler of Emanus, declares a jihad of a debased form of the Cult of Silence. Conquest continues and establishes the Lands of Silence.
- 1290 - Sarro dominant in Afadjann
- 1290 - Afadjann seizes the Lands of Silence. The Clamorers rise to resist the Cult of Silence and the Afadjanni.
- 1313 - Little Morishdo declares the Death of Silence when he takes Emanus, the last major stronghold of the cult
- 1300 - rise of popular movement called the Renewed (tsanyano) in Afadjann
- 1319 an army of red-robed Yranian Leapers sweeps down upon Afadjann from Faladje. Cities torn by revolt of the blues. Start of Faladje dominance.
- 1320 to 1325 - Yranian Leapers threaten Kareeshtu
- 1322 to 1331 - Yranian Leapers invade Umathela

- 1331 - Yranians called to "pay off pledge." Disappear as significant political force.
- 1340 to 1458 - eight Season Wars between Vralos and Afadjann
- 1411 - Formal organization of the Kresh Empire (Kothar)
- 1478 - Tortrica throws out Afadjanni occupiers, end of Afadnajji dominance in Umathela
- 1518 - ruler of Hombori Tondo enslaves the god Darleester the Noose and initiated his cult. Start of the dynasties of the Jann of Afadjann.
- c. 1550 - Kresh wagons reach Jolar (Jolar)

SINCE THE OPENING

- 1585 - Vadeli fleet reaches Umathela. Start of Opening.
- 1587 - Vadeli fleet intimidates Afadjann. Combined Vadeli, Afadjann, and Umathelan fleet conquers Kareeshtu.
- 1588 - Garzanz established as Vadeli stronghold
- 1594 - Vadeli empire crushed at the Battle of Oenriko Rock
- 1613 - Current Jann comes to power in Hombori Tondo (Fonrit)
- 1613 - first mass burning of kresh wagons in Zamokil (Kothar)
- c. 1615 - Ivi Kange founds the Arbennan Kingdom (Jolar)
- 1618 - Terthinus, the Voice of the Deep, demands tribute from cities of Enkloso. Flaurine resists, and is destroyed.

ERRINORU

"You have no leaves. Your presence offends the Spirit of the Jungle. Give the pass word or feel poison sap in your veins."

Description

A vast tropical jungle stretches across all of northeastern Pamaltela, damp and feverish. It is little known to humans, save for its fringes. It is mostly flat ground cut by many raging rivers. Several tribes of Embyli, or Yellow Elves, occupy territories of the jungle.

Inhabitants

Mostly embyli. Some places have a few families of humans and/or pygmies. The presence of either is a novelty and relatively unimportant.

Culture

Embyli.

Language

The embyli speak Aldryami.

Government

Each embyl tribe is governed by its own Council of Elders, who are moved upon by the Spirit of Aldrya to make decisions concerning their tribes. The human tribes are subjects of the embyli.

Seven jungles with their own Great Trees divide the contiguous jungle. The embyli elves take tribal names from their jungle. The names are

Gaskallia; Novarooplia; Feofaxia; Garbulia; Jhostrobbios; Ytarian; and Zhnaquafian.

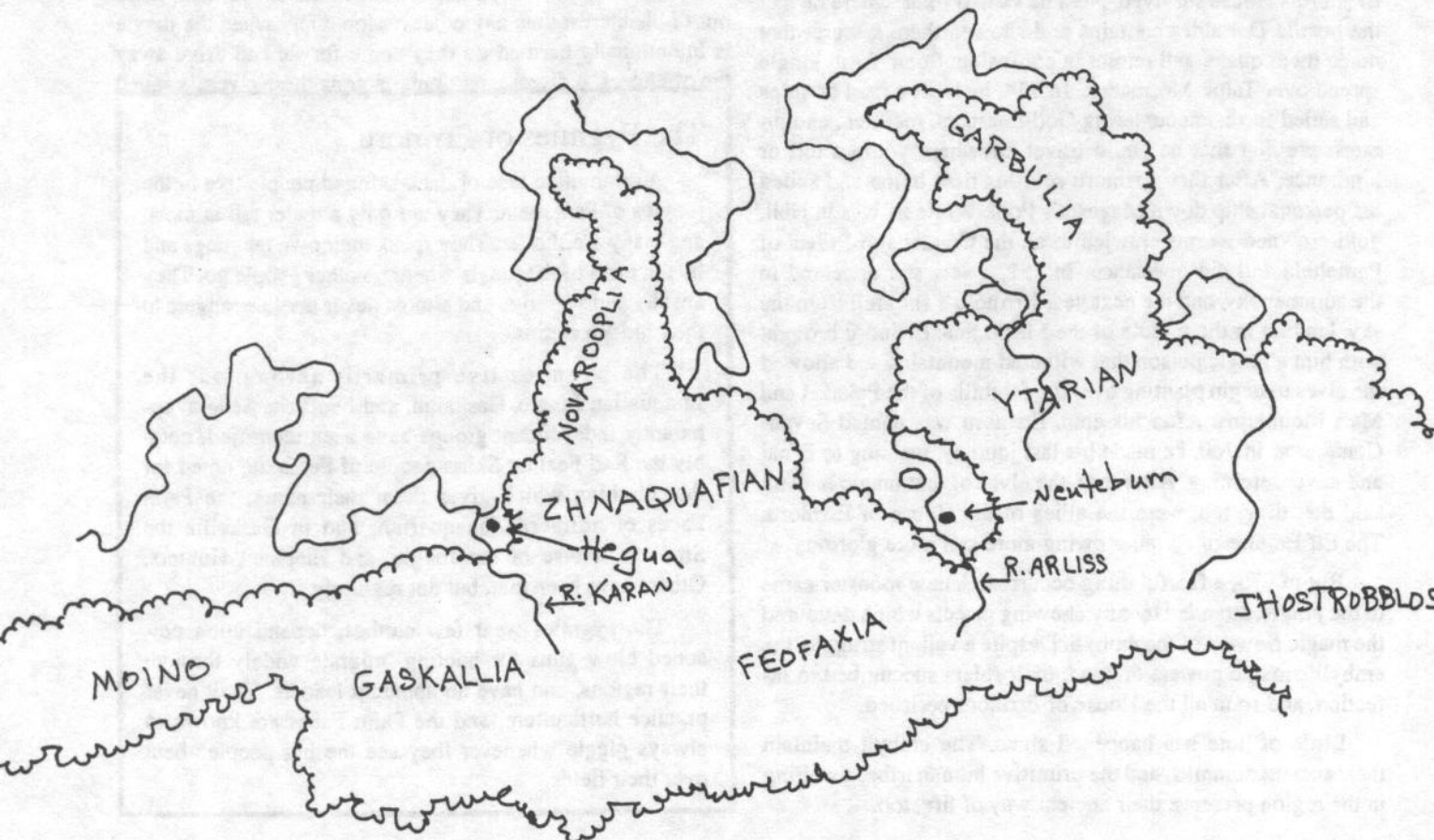
Military

yea, right.

Religion

The embyli follow the elf pantheon, and worship Aldrya.

Map of Errinoru



People of Note

Elf diplomat known to humans?

History

In the First Age, the elves of Mirelos warred over the pine forests of Jolar in Taluk Mormadak. Ultimately, the pine forests in dispute were completely destroyed and the Doraddi humans moved in.

In 610 six sister dryads united to form the Lynelsian Council of Elders. They created a new type of plant life and gave joint birth to a male named Errinoru, first and greatest of the House of Errinoru. Humankind never understand Errinoru's secret which set him apart from other Aldryami. To them, he seemed no different from any other embyli.

Errinoru's rule eventually dominated every Council of Elders in the jungle. He simultaneously held the positions of High King Elf, Gardener High Priestess, and Chosen One on every council. Whenever any embyli met one of the House of Errinoru, they always reacted by devoting themselves purely to the service of the House. By the end of the seventh century, all the jungle from Laskal to Onlaks was controlled by the House of Errinoru.

Once the jungles were united Errinoru's true epic began. He traveled to the Mountains of the Dwarfs with his brothers and returned with the Ironseed. He visited the queens of the jungle trolls, killed many, and forced the survivors to take a magic oath preventing them from harming any elf so long as Errinoru's House survived. Next he visited Jolar, where he met the hostile Doraddi chieftains and showed them a secret that made them quake and retreat in confusion. Soon, fresh jungle spread over Taluk Mormadak. In 734, he built a fleet of ships and sailed forth, encountering God-Learners, mermen, and pirates, proving that he could travel anywhere without toll or hindrance. After this, Errinoru sent his fleet home and sailed his personal ship down Magasta's Pool. While he was in Hell, gold-crowned worms crawled to all the Councils of Elders of Pamaltela and did obeisance. In 751, a new star appeared in the summer sky, and the next year Errinoru's ship fell from the sky, landing in the middle of the Maslo Sea. Errinoru brought with him a magic poison that withered mountains and allowed the elves to begin planting over the foothills of the Palarkri and Mari Mountains. After his epic, Errinoru was named Seven-Conqueror. In 760, he made his last journey, walking to Dinal and never returning. After that, the elves of that magic land all said that they, too, were the allies of the House of Errinoru. The Elf Empire ruled on, growing more and more glorious.

But in 975, a fearful thing occurred. A new monster came to the jungle, attended by tiny chewing insects which devoured the magic flowers of the embyli. Despite a valiant struggle, the embyli's magic powers drained, their rulers succumbed to infection, and soon all the House of Errinoru perished.

Little of note has happened since. The embyli maintain their ancient domains, and the primitive human tribes dwelling in the region preserve their ancient way of life, too.

Places of Interest

Aliss River

Along this river runs the Rope of Red Harkenkarth, an invisible and insubstantial enchantment which guides and protects the Aliss boatmen along its length. The boatmen, now mostly humans from Flanch and Elamle, carry trade goods from the yellow elves and the distant Palarkri mountains. All Feofaxia elves are obliged to sink every seventh boat they see, and the enchantment guarantees victims of the attacks will survive, and offers a chance for their boat to remain as well.

Esla

A region of scattered jungles without native yellow elves. It is occasionally visited by embyli from Moino. During the First Age it was the site of terrible elf wars, and occasional ghost forest can be seen there.

Feofaxia

Among the Feofaxia ambassadors called Speakers to the Small Red Rivers are the only elves who may treat with humans. Other embyli obey the rule absolutely, occasionally causing visiting humans to think the yellow elves were part of the Cult of Silence.

Garbulia

The Garbulia embyli wage relentless war against all human beings, carrying on bloodthirsty feuds which were begun centuries earlier. Their jungles creep relentlessly into the remaining enclaves.

Gaskallia

The Gaskallia embyli usually avoid human contact, more out of disinterest than any other reason. Only when the jungle is intentionally harmed do they come forward to drive away the offenders. A disease, particular among these elves, is called

The Pygmies of Errinoru

A diminutive race of dark-skinned people live in the jungles of Pamaltela. They are only a meter tall at most, and many are shorter. They speak their own language and live in parts of the jungle where no other people go. They are shy and secretive and almost never invite strangers to their hidden camps.

The pygmies live primarily throughout the Zhnquafian Jungle, Gaskallia, and Feofaxia. Several apparently independent groups have been identified, notably the Red Feather Skirts people of Feofaxia, noted for that clothing which gives them their name; the Paint Faces of northern Zhnaquafian; and in Gaskallia the Smokers, Noise of the Jungle, and Elephant Hunters. Others have been met, but not regularly.

The pygmies wear few clothes, depend upon poisoned blow guns for hunting, migrate widely through their regions, and have no apparant leaders. They never practice horticulture, and the Paint Faces are known to always giggle whenever they see the big people" bent over their fields.

Homerot and causes them to want to wander, usually gathering in Hegua.

Hegua (small city)

This bastioned city sits upon a wide span of solid rock. Most residents are fishermen, and the natives also trade with embyli for food. The Homerot embyli gather here. They hate to even think of returning to their jungle homes, but are known as gargantuan liars, presumably to preserve knowledge of their homes from outsiders.

Jhostrobbios

The embyli of this jungle are so isolated in such an ideal environment that they do not believe that the Gods Age is over yet, and pity the rest of the world for the unnatural struggles which take place.

ERRINORU JUNGLE SAMPLE EVENTS TABLE

Common

Soft winds blowing: strangers not watched by elves

Sap lakes: passage impossible over sticky ground

War Ants on the march: all warm-blooded creatures hunted relentlessly

Large predators active in area

Pygmies want to trade

Uncommon

Suckerbunny Plague: all life forms endangered

Trees walk: danger to all sleepers

Leaf fall-and-grow session: all strangers questioned by elves

Jungle mystery music: humans dance, die, or sicken

Rare

Dryad witches sighted: elves seek mercenaries

Brown pollen storm: yellow elves give away gifts

White pollen storm: yellow elves on killing rampage

Brown slime spreading: elves search for non-elf sacrifices

Lugumbu-tree flowers: all yellow elves go into hiding, pixies (*tiny flower beings*) go on rampage

Speaking Beast Event: animals exhibit apparent temporary intelligence

Pygmies are hostile

Note: this table is oriented towards visiting outsiders rather than the native elves of the jungle, who have a different and mysterious elven agenda of significant events, currently unknown. Also, all outsiders are under observation by the native Embyli except where noted.

Karan River

The Six Cities of Silver are reputed to lie far upriver. Although never found, humans keep searching the many tributaries. Since the lying Homerot elves consistently deny their existence most humans believe in them.

Moino

A jungle without a native Gret Tree, hence without its own High Council. The native elves sometimes accept rulership from the Council of Gaskallia, but in fact no real need for government exists since the region is quite pacific and untroubled by outside forces.

Neutebum (small city)

A band of secretive jungle traders stop in Neutebum before setting off on their dangerous expeditions up the River Aliss. The successful among them return with trade items from wild human tribes, Feofaxian elves, jungle trolls, and even the mysterious Jelmre of the Palarkri mountains.

Novarooplia

The Yellow Elves of this area are the friendliest of all those in Pamaltela, and share their territory with many human beings.

Palarkri Mountains

Scattered among the high valleys of these ancient, round-topped mountains are communities of the Jelmre. Many jungle trolls live here as well, and whisper among themselves of the sleeping Giant Troll in a hidden valley.

Panofey

The souther border region of Jhostrobbios is thick with war plants, walking trees, and animals trained to keep out the enemy humans from the south who, fortunately for them, have not attempted to enter for many centuries.

Suckerbunny Tree

This giant tree curses all the jungle around it. Its unholy fruit, which it drops every season, are monsters; the parasitoid suckerbunnies, which feed on all forms of animal life.

Tamolea

This area is dotted with thick jungles with occasional clear areas between, a transitional region between the plains of Kothar and Jhostrobbios.

Worofey

Many clans of jungle trolls occupy this region, being especially concentrated on the southern side of the watershed where the elves and jungles are thinner.

Ytarian

This tribe of embyli hates human beings and regularly assaults the nearby human habitations. During the Second Age people captured the Scintillating Bush Runners from this region and traded them as the "world's most beautiful pets." The Embyli have never forgiven this affront.

Zhnaquafian Jungle

This tribe of elves have no human cities on their coasts. A few jungle-dwelling human tribes live here -- all are close but subservient allies to the Zhnaquafians.

FONRIT

"I am a slave of mighty (name), from the city of (X). Who is your master, stranger?"

Description

Fonrit is a land of pleasant semitropical clime whose growth is luscious, but not dense enough to be elf jungle. The major subdivisions of Fonrit are the regions of Afadjann, Kareeshtu, Banamba, and Mondoro.

Inhabitants

Fonrit is primarily inhabited by folk of mixed blue and black origin, called the Torabs. The upper class is incredibly wealthy and powerful, the poor ruthlessly taxed and beggared into heartless slavery.

Culture

Fonritian. Of the Fonritian cultures, the Afadjanni are of particular interest, as they are less dominated by slavery, and their culture contains some interesting differences from Kareeshtu.

Among the non-slaves of Afadjann, society is divided into two kinds of people, based on whether the family's mother is of tsanyano ("Renewed") or *bolgaddi* ("Oldster") ancestry. The Renewed are liberal in their attitudes, allowing slaves to marry, (rarely) buy their freedom, and enjoy limited religious choice. Oldsters are fierce and relentless. "To live is to suffer" is their motto, and they judge themselves by the same implacable standard they apply to their slaves. Some cities are dominated by one or the other class, but most are factionalized.

Language

Fonritian, Kareeshtan, Afadjanni, Mondoron; Banamban is spoken most of Laskal. Thinokan is the preferred language in the land of Thinokos.

Government

Slavocracy.

Military

Each city in Fonrit has at least one contingent of professional soldiers, owned by their commanding officers who are in turn owned by various ruling contingents. As is usual in Pamaltela, good horses must be imported and cavalry is rare. The ruling faction of each city state has a professional bodyguard, usually composed of hand-picked, free, highly-paid foreign mercenaries, skilled in their particular magics.

Most magic on the field is in the hands of powerful sorcerers aided by assistants. Other magic units are made up of small bodies of temple priests,

Religion

Among the Afadjanni the most important god, by virtue of his political import, is Darleester of the Noose. This god gives a spell of compulsion to the high priest, the jann, who can teach the spell to others who are already under his compulsion. The duration of the spell is for the lifetime of the caster.

Earth spirits, fishing spirits, ancestor worship, and city spirits abound. Powerful religions are variously state-supported by particular cities. In Sarro, Orlanth is the deity; in Ebbeshal, the Invisible God; in Yngortu, "The Two Brothers," (called by outsiders Humakt and Zorak Zoran). The priest-hoods are inevitably corrupt and form one of the factions in their cities.

People of Note

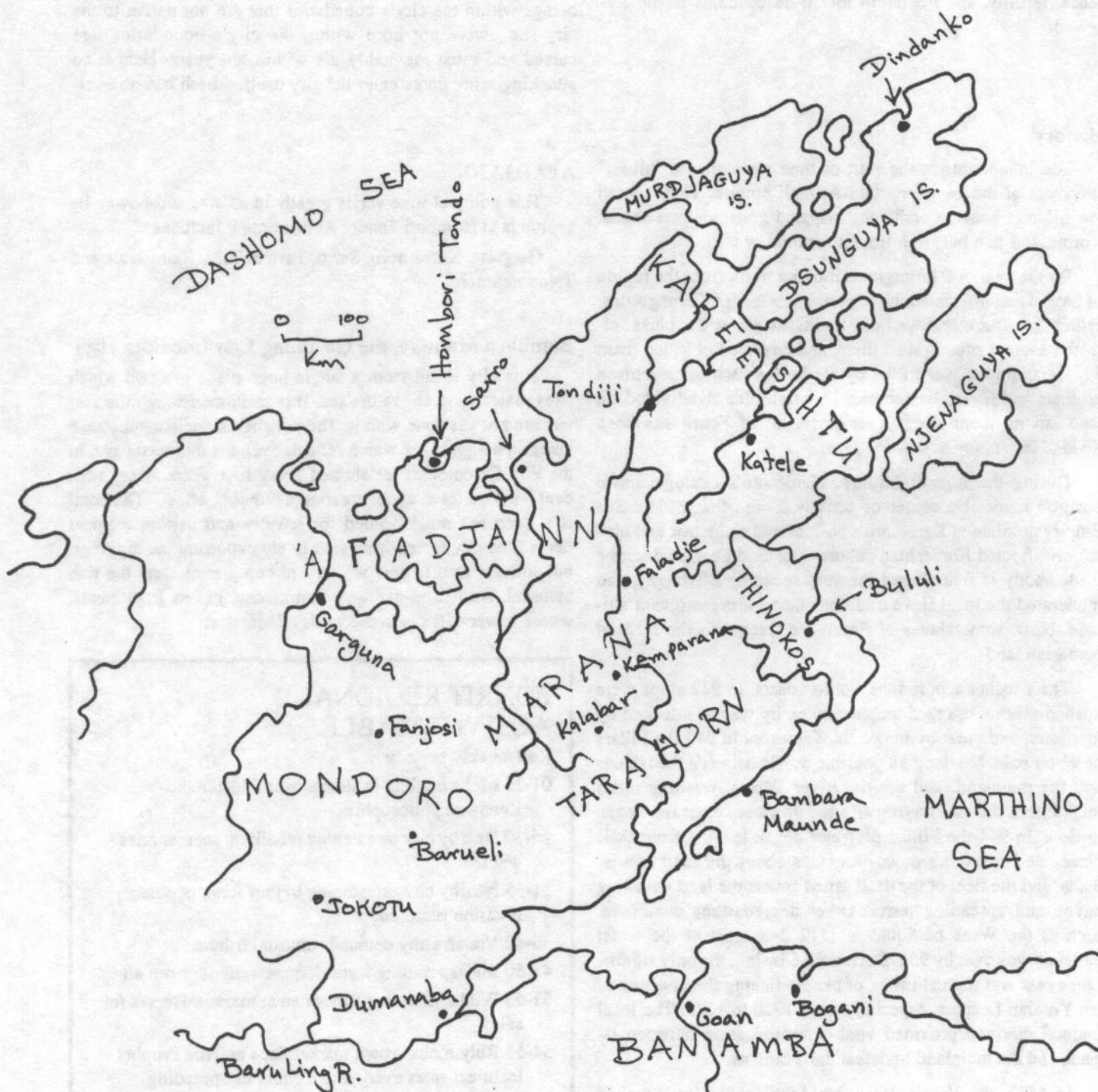
Astamanyx

Jann of Afadjann. Once simply the ruler of the small city of Teshvashoros, he was supported in rebellion by Kareeshtan money and, at the critical juncture, ships.

Ovgormangis

The self-styled Prince, this rebel is in exile in Barueli, a city in the wilderness of Mondoro known for its wicked cus-

Map of Fonrit



toms. He raids, plots, spies, and foments rebellion hoping to regain his father's position as jann, usurped by Astamanyx.

Energastor

Called Sister Philosopher, this old woman is the leading spokeswoman for the Renewed. She hobbles about the land followed by cohorts of listeners thriving on her messages of peace, fertility, and liberation for all descendants of the Renewed.

History

The inhabitants at the start of time were simple "blues," survivors of the near-forgotten Artmali empire. They owned magnificent boats, worshipped crippled gods, and ate snails, worms, and fish but flesh from no animal or bird.

By the year 500 immigrants moving north from the region of Laskal had infiltrated the region. Their leader, Garangordos, called the Cruel, renewed old traditions about the blues, effected ancient rites against them, and enslaved or killed them all. Garangordos was killed by his brother, whose seventeen brothers and sisters dismembered the fratricide and divided the land among themselves. Ever since, all of Fonrit has been divided into many hostile factions.

During the Age of Empires Kareeshtu's strategic naval position made it a center of activity. Soon, the Middle Sea Empire dominated Kareeshtu's politics and economy, and ultimately affected Kareeshtan culture. The God Learner doctrine that nobody is free altered the very meaning of slavery, and moderated the local slave traditions into a less malignant attitude. Now, some slaves of Fonrit are freer than the serfs of barbarian lands.

The Closing scoured the Fonrit coasts. In 942 ships were pushed ashore, dragged under, broken by waves, attacked by monsters, and burst by magic. In Kareeshtu in 943 the Pillars of Water rose, blocking all possible traffic between the islands and the mainland, and the the River Waves, washing miles inland from the sea carrying an army of watery enemies, began to flow. In 944 the Pillars of Water began leaping from their places and splashing down in places about the land and islands, and the fleet of the dead sailed across the land wreaking havoc and spreading terror. Other depredations continued, such as the Week of Squid in 1112, but most of the worst violence was over by 955. During the Closing, the only significant event was a great influx of people fleeing the invasion of the Yranian Leapers, especially from 1320 to 1325. The local Ludoch mermen provided vital communication between islands and the mainland to defeat the Yranians.

In 1587, the Vadeli fleet, with Afadjanni allies, attacked and conquered Kareeshtu. Their domination was brief, for in 1594 the Vadeli were destroyed in the great naval Battle of Oenriko Rock. In 1613, the Kareeshtan fleet assisted the current Jann of Afadjann into power. He has since betrayed the trust placed in him, and now fights against Kareeshtu.

Places of Interest

Abesh (large city)

Alone among the city-states of Fonrit, this city has no walls. It is defended by the frightening Death Affliction, invocable by the city's ruler. When the Affliction is summoned, all beings within the city's boundaries that are not native to the city (i.e., were not born within the city's boundaries) are cursed and must inevitably die within ten years. Hence, no attacking army dares enter the city itself. Abesh has no overlord.

AFADJANN

This political state varies greatly in its size and power. Its capital is at Hombori Tondo. At this time it includes

Garguna, Kafeamoro, Sarro, Tavu et Teba, Temissrah, and Tolodofeamoro.

Bambara Maunde, the Gleaming City (medium city)

This city is cut from a single huge piece of coral which rises majestically above the sea. It is so immense that the cutters are not yet done with it. The polished stonelike substance takes on a high luster which reflects even the dimmest light. In the Fire Ceremonies, celebrated every four years, every resident waves a torch about creating a blinding effect. The coral is a deep red much valued for jewelry and certain magical items. The city is rich from selectively exporting the diggings, but suffers from raiders who try to conquer or steal the rich material. Such a raider was Kemparana, called Eighthands, whose tower still sits in the wilds of Mondoro.

FONRIT REGIONAL ACTIVITY TABLE

Roll weekly per city

- 01-25 Mobs battling in streets over Oldster and Renewed philosophies
- 26-30 Nearby city threatening rebellion: mercenaries wanted
- 31-35 Nearby city threatening to join Jann, popular invasion rumored
- 36-40 Vralan army demands unusual tribute
- 41-50 Malasp raiding force demands tribute from all
- 51-53 Wild and rioting tribesmen at market: Horses for sale!
- 54-58 Ruly mobs crowd marketplace as True Prophet lectures: spies everywhere circulate spreading rumors and looking for dupes
- 59-00 No event

BANAMBA

The northern coast of Laskal is called Banamba, and its culture is Fonritian. Rarely unified politically, its cities pay tribute to Kareeshtu, the current dominant naval power. [Later, Harrek the Berserk conquers the area, and is ruling it when he abruptly departs to go to Dragon Pass to help Argrath.]

Barueli (medium city)

This city in Mondoro commands the roads between Dumanaba, a city to the south at the mouth of the Baruling river, and Garguna, the metropolis on the Poyside Strait. The ruler, High Priest of the Hungry Goddess, is a eunuch who must, by law, be a blueskin. The city is famous for its bloody sacrifices every 34 days, and for its zoo of crippled flying creatures. The inhabitants speak Mondoran.

Baruling River

This river runs down from the Tarmo mountains to the Koraru Sea. The human natives are skilled boatmen, and annually send great logs into the river as sacrifice to the river god.

Bogani (medium city)

This is a city of yellow elves, populated by exiles driven to madness and communing with humans. Some even claim to enjoy city life. In the center of the city is a dense garden, forbidden to all but the leaders among them.

Bululi (medium city)

This is the traditional landfall of the sea-going ancestors of Thinokos who first settled here. Their descendants are peculiar in that they send their dead to sea instead of burying or burning them.

Dashomo Sea

These waters between Fonrit, Jrustela, and Kumanku are troubled by recent demands from the local mer-king. Every port must pay heavy toll to keep operating, and individual ships leaving port must throw some of their cargo overboard as a sacrifice.

Dindanko (large city)

This is the capital of Kareeshtu by virtue of its dominance in the local Dormal cult. Here docks a famous ship called the Admiral Yacht. Aboard it is the mummified body of the the Vadeli fleet commander who first came to the land after the Opening.

Dumanaba, the Floating City (large city)

The hero Bornotin was tricked by Kadiola, a wily sea spirit, to build and maintain a floating bridge across the seven miles of the Baruling River mouth. Because no floating debris could pass to the sea Kadiola won a bet with his kin and became king. From the collected debris Bornotin built the first parts of the Floating City. Menaka, called Boatman, designed the rafts which have since housed the residents of this city.

Hundreds of channels wind between the rafts, which often move away from one neighbor and next to another, thereby changing the winding channel. When the Invisible Fleet hunted down all the sleek war yachts of the Koraru Sea in 1077 the city opened to receive a native fleet but forbade the evil God-Learners fleet entry, which was thus all destroyed.

Dsunguya Island

The central and most important of Kareeshtu's three main islands. This is the wealthiest island of the three. The primary industry on the island is shipbuilding.

Goan (large city)

This city is famous for a non-alcoholic but very intoxicating drink made from mushrooms.

Ebbeshal (large city)

A large temple to Malkion is located here. It is a perverse parody of Genertelan Malkionism, but is so far removed from the centers of religious controversy it has never been labeled heresy by either of the two Ecclesiarchs. The cult claims transcendental secrets which teach that mundane life is worthless, hence any action is excusable.

Faladje (large city)

This city in Marana is on the far outlands of Afadjann. For a period it ruled nearly all of Fonrit, plus the outlands of Vralos and Banamba, due to the temporary residence of the Yranians. Now, it has been rapidly depopulated as people move to the expanding coastal cities.

Gumbarnan

Fanjosi, the City of Men (medium city)

No women are allowed into this city, ensured by magic. No females of any type or species are permitted on pain of death. If a female bird flies overhead, it falls down dead. One good point about the place is that no one is ever bitten by mosquitoes.

Foreign Legion Pass

In ancient days a ruler took pity on the foreigners he had conquered and decided to let them die by combat rather than by overwork as slaves. He promised them freedom as warriors if they would man three strategic forts for him and escort everyone through for a small toll. He has died, but the institution lives on and provides a place of refuge for the many hapless foreigners trapped somehow in Fonrit.

Garguna (metropolis)

This city has nearly 100,000 inhabitants, making it the largest in Afadjann. Temples to many gods, both those of Pamaltela and Genertela, abound here, crammed into the Prayer Ghetto, which is owned by the High Priest of Darleester of the Noose. The city has often in the past been ruled or owned by overlords from Vralos, or even been independent

for years at a time. Now it is one of the cities currently ruled by the jann of Afadjann.

Gargos River

This large river cuts a wide valley through the rough lands of Mondoro. Its banks are thick with settlers. The lands are generally ruled by landlords from Garguna or Isten.

Hombori Tondo (large city)

The title of Jann originated in this city, making it the traditional capital. Whoever rules the city is the Jann, no matter what his other holdings amid the tumultuous civil disputes of the area. Seventeen dynasties have lived here since its settlement seven hundred years ago; an unusually stable government for Fonrit!

Islith (large city)

The largest city in Tarahorn, it is also the principle seaport. Its ruler is usually styled the King of Tarahorn and wears a crown made of gilded goat horns.

Isten (large city)

Collection center for the wealth of the Gargos River Valley; the lords of this city maintain a traditional hatred of the elves of Vralos.

Jokotu, the City of Freedom (medium city)

No slaves may be held in this place, and all who come here are eligible for citizenship. Its precipitous location and fanatical populace have ensured its freedom for centuries.

Kafeamoro (large city)

This city is famed throughout Fonrit for its yearly Quarry Pastimes, in which free men are permitted to sign up for a series of difficult contests. The victor receives all the surviving losers as his personal slaves.

Kalabar, the City of Sorcery (medium city)

This city in Marana was built overnight by a coven of sorcerers who gathered on Disorder Day, Sea Season of 679. The city was given over to malignant magic and its denizens tortured the gods of Pamaltela. All the inhabitants were demons and monsters. Seseko, called the Fire Lord, cleansed the city. He called heroes and armies from all across Pamaltela and waged occult and open warfare against the evil inhabitants. At last he called Sikkanos, the scorching south wind, and armed him with the Breath of Holaralam which destroyed all foes of the Seventeen Allies of The Fire Lord. Every denizen was destroyed. The survivors of the army of Seseko won wives in Bia's famous contest of 1137 and moved into the eerie ruins, where their descendants have lived ever since. They still practice magic, but not the evil kind.

Kanem Dar

The largest island of Afadjann, densely populated except in the rugged interior, which is inhabited by wild shepherd clans.

KAREESHTU

The Empire of Golden Kareeshtu is the longest surviving country of Fonrit, thanks primarily to the prolonged life of its ruler, His Holy Munificence Archidomides the Heartless and Openhanded, Vessel of Tondiji and Ikadz. Vast cities of mud, whitewashed palaces for the rich but dirty huts for most, sprawl all about the great walled palaces of marble, coral, silver, and gold of the rulers. Nowhere does Tentacule, the Slave God, have a stronger cult than here.

Kemparana (small city)

Called the Crimson Tower, this huge (seventeen story) edifice was stolen intact from the sea city of Bambara Maunde. An unwallled city surrounds the edifice.

Katele, the Pure City (large city)

In the time of the Closing many people of Fonrit grew uneasy with their way of life. Many rebellions broke out and prophets and heroes vied for immortality and fame. One large family left for the plains of their ancestors. Their children and families returned to Kareeshtu in 1202 bearing a rigidly dogmatic Pamaltelan cult and society structure upon which they built their society. They spread their word and established the "Pure Doctrine Freedomists." This precipitated the Women's Revolt of 1207 which spread to many nearby cities and incited terrible domestic troubles. But military reprisals against Katele were fruitless, and the people still maintain their adopted and adapted nomad ways.

KORARU BAY

This body of water is fed by the Baruling River and empties into the Marthino Sea. The wily water spirit Kadiola tricked this body of water from his kin, and gained rulership thereby. He has always been friendly to the people of Dumanaba since, and they worship him at a (large) temple there.

Kormani (medium city)

Principle city of southern Tarahorn. Despite its distance upriver, it is still a sea port. Further, the major land roads meet there.

LASKAL

Regional name for the regions bordering upon the Koraru Bay. The city states here are united later under the command of Harrek and wolf pirates.

Marana

The highlands of Fonrit are rough, but not mountainous. Their residents are barbarous shepherds who delight in raiding

the coastlands, but never in large numbers. Marana is considered a dangerous place by Afadjanni.

MARTHINO SEA

This sea includes the waters between the Fonrit and Elamle peninsulas. During the Closing it was impassable and no fleets existed, save for the one hidden in the floating city of Dumanaba.

Mirelos

big, off map?

Mondoro

A wild and treacherous land south of Afadjann which is avoided. Irregular, perhaps unnatural, landforms dot the land, and the forest is so eruptive that it can be seen moving across the countryside day by day. Within it lie Fanjosi and Barueli. The people speak Mondoran.

Murdjahguya Island

One of the major islands of Kareeshtu.

Njenaguya Island

One of the islands of Kareeshtu. This island and all its inhabitants are owned by a single man, the Shakh of Njenguya, who lives in Dindanko in a palace next to that of the ruler of Kareeshtu, Archidomides. Most of the lumber of Kareeshtu comes from this island. ??The terrain of Njenaguya Island is rugged and harsh, and the central area is mountainous.

Poysida Strait

This strait is about 50km wide, and provides an abundance of fish and edible kelp for the throngs crowded about its shores. Boats abound here, and merchant ship convoys move continually upon the face of the water.

Sarro (large city)

This city, now ruled by an impudent pirate called the Jann of Thieves, has fallen from better days. Its central core, upon the waterfront, is surrounded by acres of abandoned gloomy buildings, haunted by ghouls. A major temple to Orlanth provides one of the more powerful factions in the city. Sarro is currently under the control of the jann of Afadjann.

Siwah El (medium city)

This city's ruler is a sorceress, unusual in the male-dominated politics of Afadjann. She is very strict morally, and forbids the ownership of members of the opposite sex. So far, she has managed to keep her city free, but the jann's demands grow ever more peremptory.

TARAHORN

Tarahorn is the southern part of the peninsula which borders upon the Koraru Bay. Its shoreline is rough and rocky

with few good sites for ports. Cities here are all of Medium size.

Tavu eb Teba (large city)

This city boasts a unique organization; an Artists and Musicians Guild which, though devoid of political power, certainly lends weight to the city's renown as a font of sophistication. Tavu eb Teba is currently ruled by the jann of Afadjann.

Temissrah (large city)

This city is unexceptional except for its small Elder Race ghetto reserved for non-human visitors. Most of the denizens of the ghetto are Waertagi sailors and elves. Temissrah is now ruled by the jann of Afadjann. It is famous for selling ships of any design, from Fonrit's cheapest knock-togethers to those specially designed by the customer.

Thinokos

This region was settled by people who arrived by sea rather than with Garangordos. They claim to have come from the city called Thinobutu which lies under the Marthino Sea. History has obliterated their greatest differences from other Fonritians, integrating them into the kaleidoscope of locally varied cultures.

Tolodofeamoro (large city)

A typical city of Afadjann. Typically, it is currently ruled by the jann of Afadjann.

Tondiji (large city)

The god of this city is certainly the most powerful city god in all Fonrit, and possibly the most powerful city god in all the world. Even major cults such as Ompalam, Yelm, and Zorak Zoran are all subservient to Tondiji inside his city. It is currently part of the Empire of Kareeshtu.

Tortrica

A coastal land to the westward. The natives are fair-skinned, speak a different tongue (Tortrican, a Theyalan language), and sail different ships.

Yngortu (large city)

Also known as "Grimcity". The major religion here is that of the Two Brothers, Orjethulut and Hanjethulut, who fought and killed off all their rivals, but made peace before slaying each other. Careful census is taken each Sacred Time to ensure that neither cult has more initiates or rune lords. Although the worshipers deny any association with outside gods, most observers identify the Two Brothers with Humakt and Zorak Zoran.

Zalasfan (large city)

This city is a Blank Land, left to you as gamemaster to develop or destroy as you see fit.

JOLAR

"I am (name) of the (X) lineage, born into the (Y) family."

Description

Jolar is everywhere a wide flat plain, turning into desert to the south and fading through light forest to jungle in the north. One reliable river, several usually reliable rivers, and many seasonal rivers cut the rolling lands, generally flowing from north to south into the Nargan.

The plain is covered with several types of ground cover, but includes no grass-type plants. Dominant in Jolar are the *instamiru* (sweet clover) and *vol ini* (overnighter) in river valleys and wetter areas. Several types of trees grow in the wet river bottoms, including the gnarled *bonchu*, the many-trunked *horundu*, and the multi-purpose *engivi*, fondly called "provider". In seasonal rivers the *urutkuru* (river-bottom tree) is ubiquitous, and the legendary *vonsay* (spear shaft) trees dot the open lands with their forlorn clusters. In the south the *pars ang golok* (damn-my-luck) thornbushes are a warning that the dangerous lands and poor hunting are about.

The climate is mild year-round. The rainy season causes the hundreds of kinds of groundcover to blossom with a grandeur unknown in northern lands, where plains are blanketed by grasses. It is traditionally divided into the Six Lands

Taluk Tumaru, Molibaksu, Duruhan, Labuhan, Taluk Mor-madak, and Kalali.

Inhabitants

All the non-chaotic intelligent natives are Doraddi humans.

Culture

Doraddi. All natives of Jolar belong to their Lineage. Each person traces his or her lineage through the female line to an ancestral mother of the line, called "First Drinker," who later died and was transformed into a special type of plant. Members of that lineage have special relationships with those plants. Most importantly, after the death of a person his medicine plant sprouts from the grave. Lineage limits potential spouses, as certain lineages may not intermarry, and may affect the cults which one may join. Lineage is marked by a scar or tattoo pattern, sometimes simple, but often quite complex.

All members of a lineage have responsibilities towards strangers of the same lineage. Members of a common lineage always recognize blood relationships with each other in terms of mutual support and friendship. Hence, orphans are unknown.

The monogamous marriage customs of the Arbennan are of interest. Customarily, a young man weds a middle-aged woman. They live together until the woman's death or retirement to an oasis. The man, now middle-aged himself, marries

a young woman, beginning the cycle anew with reversed roles.

Language

Arbennan. Many regional dialects exist.

Government

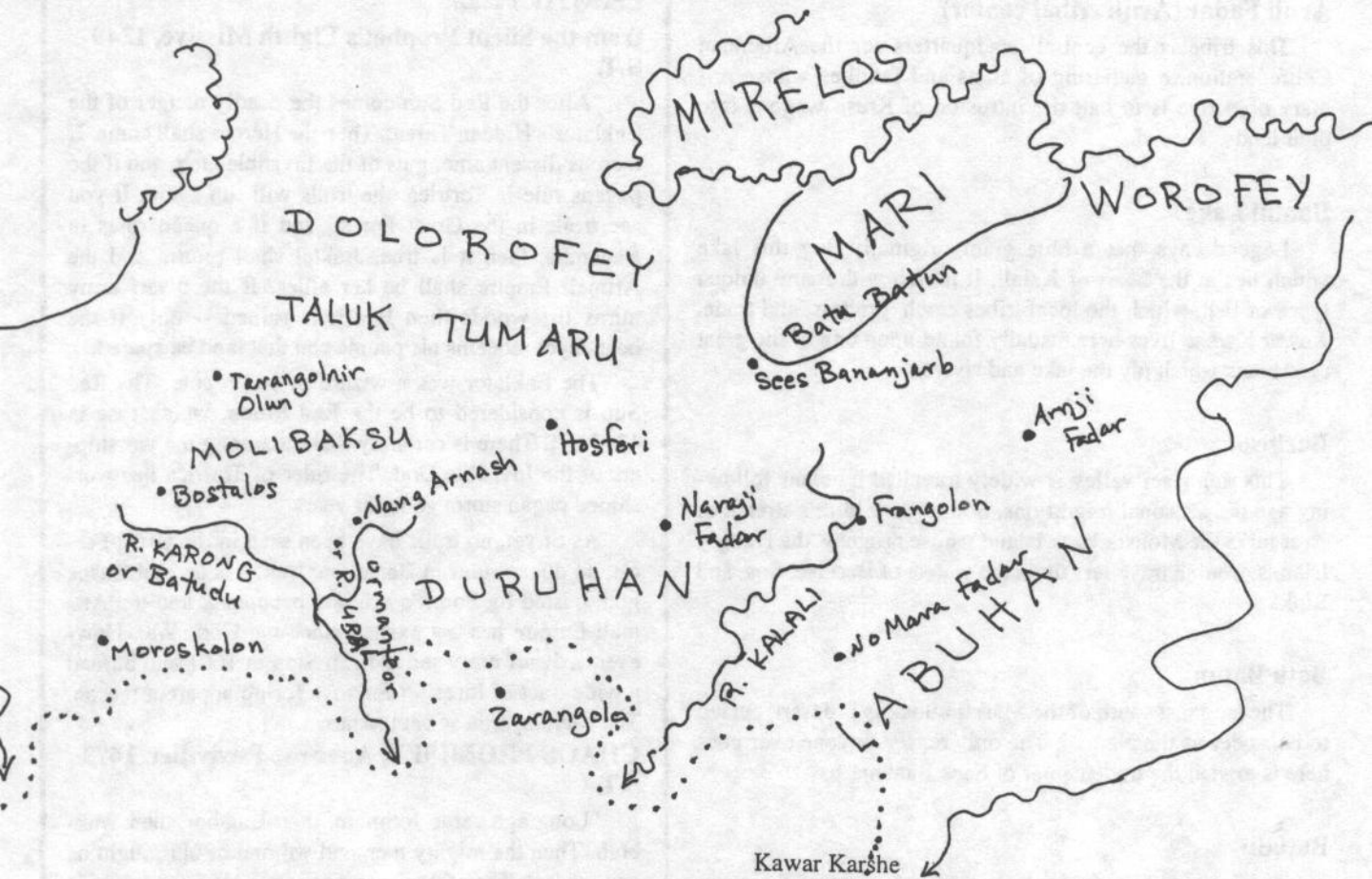
The largest organization in Jolar is the Arbennan Confederation, formed primarily to wage war on the Kresh. Independent tribes and families exist everywhere, as is the Doraddi norm. Membership is voluntary, but many have volunteered, excited by the thought of plundering the strange invaders' wagons.

JOLAR REGIONAL ACTIVITY TABLE

Roll weekly per camp

- 1 All men from nearby settlement are moving out: many items for sale
 - 7 Many men from nearby settlement are moving out
 - 5 Many women are packing their gear to move: guards wanted (?)
 - 2 Entire community packing to leave
 - 16 Bountiful *engivi* harvest: free food for everyone
 - 5 Merchant from the northlands nearby: metal tools available
 - 1 Standing Rainbow sighted: all skills doubled for 1 hour at noon
 - 5 Northern Kareun wind blows bad luck: all skills halved for 1 day
 - 2 ??
 - 39 Big Dance nearby
 - 10 Famous storyteller nearby
 - 2 Shamans contest nearby: your choice of spirit magic available
 - 5 Warrior messenger nearby: see quote elsewhere (?)
- Game animals also in sight 50% of the time

Map of Jolar



Military

Military matters are foreign to Jolar. Doraddi neighbors do not fight one another. Large scale war has, until recently, been forgotten, though combat has always been waged against raiders from other lands or monsters. Most Doraddi men are skilled hunters and can defend their family well. The Vangono warriors maintain a strong tradition. Imijie wanderers, with their incredible running speed, were excellent scouts in the ancient wars of Hon Hoolbiktu.

Religion

Pamalt Pantheon

People of Note

Ivi Kange

Chief of the Arnji tribe, and King of the Arbennan Confederation.

Hawi Kange

The warrior cousin of Ivi Kange, and his right-hand man. He has banded together the warriors from all the member families of the Confederation, and taught them to share their booty with their kinsmen afterwards, even those who did not fight. He has introduced the novelty of organized warfare to the plains, with officers, units of spearmen, etc.

Titled the Great Fisherman, this gentle and wise man is the most honored and respected individual in the entire Lake Bani region. He spends most of his time upon boats sailing the calm sea, and never walks upon the earth, but instead treads on fish placed before him.

History

In the Dawn Age, Taluk Mormadak was a land of dense pinewoods. Elf wars denuded the land and turned it into beautiful green plains. Soon it was settled by Agimori peoples who found the land wild, fertile, and unpopulated by other intelligent creatures. They have striven to maintain that condition, which they consider idyllic.

The Second Age saw the invasion of the Six Legged Empire, so-called because the men rode horses. They seized oases and watering places, built roads, constructed towns, and instituted strict travel laws. But at length their steeds died, their magic failed, and the hero Hon Hoolbiktu drove them out after many struggles. Their few ruins are accursed and shunned.

Recently the intrusion of the rude and strange Wagon People, or Kresh, has disturbed the natives of eastern Jolar. Several tribes have joined together to form the Arbennan Kingdom, ruled by the descendants of Hon Hoolbiktu in Kaioba.

Places of Interest

Arnji Fadar (Arnji tribal center)

This tribe is the central headquarters for the Arbennan Confederation, a gathering of clans and families whose primary objective is to halt the intrusion of Kresh wagons into their lands.

Banini Lake

Legend says that a blue giant originally dug this lake which lies at the heart of Kalali. It is rich with many unique types of fish, which the local tribes catch, process, and trade. Kavar Karshe lives here, usually found upon one of the great reed boats which ply the lake and rivers.

Barinso

This rich river valley is widely travelled by clans following age-old seasonal migrations. Somewhere in this stretch of river lurks the Monsterback Island whose progeny, the Hungry Islands, trouble travellers upon the waters of Barinso, Soe, and Rinka.

Batu Batun

The land just south of the Mari mountains is desert, cursed to be as dry as the Nargan. The only reason anyone ever goes here is to visit the trade center of Sees Bananjarb.

Batudu

The land of Batudu centers upon the river of the same name. The river usually dries up for part of its length, but the clans who migrate through know how to live with it.

Bostolos (Best Oranges)

At this oasis, the shamans of Pamalt can perform the rite of Going Westward for a prescribed fee. Most Doraddi who travel past Molibaksu consider it necessary to have undergone the ritual at least once.

Dolorofey

This hilly region marks the north/south watershed, beyond which to the north lies Laskal, a part of Fonrit. In Dolorfey the migratory Doraddi people mingle among local sedentary settlements. These sedentary people, called Ia Rawthi ("Fort People"), show no loyalty to anyone except the local warlord, who inevitably rides upon a wheezing horse in imitation of northern ways.

Dupax

This region is the transitional zone between Jolar and Zamokil, the land of the Veldang. Migratory Venland and Doraddi meet and share many regions. Raiding is popular between the races, but xenophobia is absent.

PROPHECIES IN NORTHWESTERN PAMALTELA:

from the Silent Prophet's Eighth Missive, 1240 S.T.

"After the Red Sun comes the deadly danger of the Enklator's Hidden Threat. Then the Heroes shall come. If there is dissent among us of the Invisible God, and if the pagans rule in Tortrica, the trolls will run again. If you see trolls in the Great Forest, and if a queen rules in Banamba, then it is true. Jraktal shall return, and the Artmali Empire shall be her allies. If the dwarf army burns the woods then Fonrit is ruined -- only if the bearslayer redeems his people can that land be spared."

The Enklator was a wizard of bad repute. The Red Sun is considered to be the Red Moon, which rose in 1247 S.T. There is certainly dissent among the worshippers of the Invisible God. The ruler of Tortrica has worshiped pagan storm gods for years.

As of yet, no trolls have been seen in the Great Forest, no queen rules in Banamba. Jraktal is an evil Chaos god, ousted by Fonrit's original occupiers, and the Artmali Empire has not existed since the Gods War. However, a dwarf army sailed from Slon in 1601 and burned a wide tract of forest in Enkloso for no apparent reason. The bearslayer is as yet unknown.

CHAOS PROMISES: Acac the Revivifier, 1472 S.T.

"Long ago came Jotimam, then Kajabor, then Wakboth. Then the mighty men and women of old fought us and we lost. Then Gbaji came anyway. Now the world is inside-out. Already has Gbaji come again. Soon will come the mighty men and women. But this time Wakboth and Kajabor will conquer. Then Jotimam destroys all."

Acac the Revivifier was the pen-name of an author claiming to be a broo. His writings entered Fonrit in 1472, mingling horrendous curses upon humanity with enigmatic prophecies of cosmic ruin. Several attempts to seek out and kill Acac failed utterly.

The "mighty men and women" referred to in the prophecy are presumably the combatants of the Hero Wars. Gbaji, of course, is the deity of seductive chaos, Wakboth the chaos god of evil. Kajabor is the destroyer, chaos god of entropy, and Jotimam was the Void at the center of the world, now transformed into Magasta's Pool. The meaning of the prophecy is obscure, but clearly threatening.

Duruhan

The wide rolling land is oen of the Six Lands. Pamalt celebrated his first, third, and twelfth marriages with women from here. Vangono first breathed fire and burnt a charngibber here. An unusual pack of all white hyenas roams here, and is considered to be good luck to see them hunting, especially if the prey is a field elephant.

Fongolon (Deadly Bead)

At this oasis was once made one of the beads for Pamalt's necklace. The site, now ruled by a resident Pamalt chieftain, exports reproductions of that bead made of lions teeth, which have special powers for certain priests. They are sometimes called Kalali beads, especially if they have clover vines binding red flowers to the tooth.

Hosofori (Where Men Always Fart)

This oasis, mentioned in several common Doraddi stories about men who go wrong, is indeed subject to the curse of its name, enforced temporarily upon every male who enters its domain, and permanently on all males born there.

Kalali

This luxurious valley is beloved by hundreds of clans. Here live the two types of men who sing "daa daa" and "bennie bennie" during their meetings, contrasted to Labuhan, where men never sing at night. It is rich and lush, and many people congregate here during the rainy season. The wide valley is dotted by many ancient ruins, choked with the medicine plants which have grown from the graves of the warped peoples that anciently lived here.

Kalali Erok

The river of the lower Kalali valley occasionally dries up for much of its length, leaving a river of sand behind. On the one out of ten years of real drought the Varvachain Diggers perform their miracle and bring the waters up from their deep pits.

Kaioba

This land, between the Soe and Rinca rivers, is troubled by the intrusion of the Kresh wagon peoples. Its residents have formed the Arbennan Confederation to resist and messengers from here often pass through the rest of Jolar to ask for help against the menace. Not all the natives agree, but a frighteningly large army is gathering nearby.

Labuhan

This wide region includes all the land between the Kalali and Soe rivers. Most residents consider it paradise on earth, the result of their living steadfastly upon the Right Footpath of Pamalt. It is one of the two lands in which the blessed vol ini grows in profusion. The Elephant Mountain, striped with two trunks, wanders this region and is worshipped by hundreds of people.

Naraji Fadar (Naraji tribal center)

An important tribal center and meeting place. The Naraji chieftain must come of the obscure zacarana (whitewomb) lineage, which has such extraordinary marriage restrictions that he has not found a suitable wife after six years of searching (his father took sixteen years). Each year, the chief holds a Marriage Festival in which suitable girls are invited to compete to win the honor of marriage to him.

Nang Aranash (Moving Sands)

The sands of this place are wide bends in the river where the current is sluggish in the dry season. It is a favorite contest place and battleground between the men of the regional tribes, even if both live on the same side of the river.

Nargan Desert

This unlivable region was burnt when the sky tipped its fiery contents upon the earth to destroy the Artmali Empire during the War of the Gods. Ever since then its soil has been ashes and poison, the land absorbs the rivers which flow into it, and no natural life can exist.

Mari Mountains

This range of mountains is part of the wall which Lodril made for Pamalt to keep out the terrible northern powers. Now the wall is broken and breached everyplace, though a few bastions like this one remain. The unusual residents of this range are the exigers, combatant tribes who each specialize in a different type of magic battle. In general, this land is a dismal place, full of frozen mountain peaks, unfriendly dwarfs, and fierce warriors.

Molibasku

The plains here are watered from northern winds, making it one of the two lands of vol ini. It is a nice place, except for the occasional dinosaur which comes up from the hidden Home Cave of the Great Monsters. Pamalt's mother-in-law first learned to scold here, so somtimes it is called "Where Men Keep Moving."

Moroskolon (Laughing Bead)

A handsome bead of many colors is made here. Whoever can master its use can make anyone laugh. construction requires men from the Edible Fern clan, women from the Low Warm One or the Swaying Stalks of Yellow clan, and a hyena.

Mohaskolon (Dancing Bead)

Here was first made one of the beads on Pamalt's magical necklace. Now everyone everywhere can meke them to help keep them enlivened during the many long dancing sessions held everywhere. The beads are easy to make hard to keep because the legs keep breaking off.

No Mara Fadar (Charcoal Mara tribal center)

The Charcoal Mara tribe are the only people who can turn the Swiftrover Weeds into long-burning combustables. The efficiency of this fuel is so great that people of this lineage are sought everywhere. At this oasis, a permanent water source even in drought years, every visitor receives a piece for free.

Omathe

Like most large rivers in Doraddi territory, this great hunting ground is frequented by many families, but claimed by none. The trap lines, pits, and annual hunts of each family are respected by all, and have been used since Pamalt's children first came here.

Rinka

This lush region is watered by a permanent river which meanders across the lands. It often changes its course over the rainy season. Several of the lineages in the region require that women shave their heads and that men notch their ears giving rise to the rumor that the people are extremely ugly here. The people can make reed river boats which speak out loud.

Sees Bananjarb (Where Mountain Walkers Gather)

This gathering of colorful tents at the edge of a vast waste is where traders from far-off Fonrit, exigers from the Mari Mountains, and Doraddi from Jolar meet to exchange goods and news.

Soe

This lush river valley is annually visited by hundreds of clans, each arriving in the few weeks allotted to them by tradition. The local peoples call it "The Bed of Pamalt." Hawe Kang has raised the Banner of the Furred Bird in the eastern portion of the river valley, where many warriors have consequently congregated.

Taluk Mormadak

This land is said to be Pamalt's founding ground. From here his children departed in all directions. In the first age, it was covered with pine forests. Huge termite mounds dot the land, and the tops of some are carved into thrones for the Dodraddi chieftains.

Taluk Tumaru

This wide and verdant territory is considered to have been spoiled by the intrusion of the God Learners in the Second Age. Most observers can find any difference in it from other regions of Jolar, but the natives insistently complain of a difference. The sometimes call the region "Pale Clover" in their stories. A curiosity are the two herds of miniature antelopes which have existed ever since the Second Age. These beasts are considered poison by the natives, who hunt them but never eat them or use their pelts.

Tarangolnin Olon (Sees-at-night)

This bead can replace a normal eye and provide the wearer with sight even when no source of light is present. The availability of this bead has fallen since Hon Hoolbiktu's men used up so many several centuries ago. The king of this place wears a crown of salt.

Worofey

The traditional borderlands between the northern jungles and Jolar. The land contains scattered forests, hills, and gullies. The hunting is good, but dangerous, and nobody ever wants to die here because most medicine plants don't grow well in the soil.

Zarangolo (Termite Gathering)

A massive red stone outcrop stands here, parts of its sides crumbled away to reveal millions of tiny ant tunnels. It is the remnants of a meal by the Great Anteater. It has never run out of water.

Pamalt, God of the South



KOTHAR

"I am (name) of the (X) lineage, born into the (Y) family. You are far from your home campgrounds, stranger."

Description

A wide verdant plain, cut by clear rivers and covered with teeming herds. The natives consider it to be paradise. It is well watered, and the oasis centers do not exist here.

Kothar is geographically isolated, and foreign travellers in Jolar rarely travel to their lands. Thus we know some general facts, and a few specifics, but rely mostly upon third-hand information from the Doraddi storytellers

Inhabitants

This is the land of the Kresh and their allies. The Kresh ride huge wains and wander the plains in great multi-year cycles. The Doraddi of Kothar are the allies and minions of the Kresh and live on foot, hunting and gathering in the manner their people have always ever followed.

Cultures

Kresh, Doraddi, Veldang.

Language

Most of the Doraddi people here speak Doraddik. The Kresh also speak Doraddi. The Veldang tribes in Zamokil speak Artmali.

Government

The Doraddi and Veldang of the land have a traditional tribal structure, modified by the presence of the Kresh.

Military

As is the case in most of Pamaltela, real military organization is unknown. Most men are hunters and skilled in repelling raiders and predators. The Vangono cult includes the only organized warrior bodies.

Religion

Pamalt pantheon. The Veldang have their own pantheon of crippled gods which they worship instead.

People of Note

Garvang hostro

The Mother of Wagons is a name given both to a monstrously large vehicle and the individual who fulfills the post of High Priestess of it. She was last reported moving south on the Courageous Trail.

Shaman of note?

Weird monster?

Legendary pirate or outlaw?

History

At the Dawn, the Agimori peoples lived in Kothar, and their great migration began from here. People traveled both north and west to colonize the continent. Kothar has been little changed since the Dawn. Periodic intrusions and withdrawals by the jungle elves from the north are considered normal activity. Beginning around 1200 in the early Third Age, certain nomad tribes, began riding in wagons and calling themselves the Kresh. In 1411 the leading wagonmasters of the Kresh formally organized into the Empire of the Kresh.

Gifts and promises from the Kresh caused most Doraddi chieftains to accept their rule. Those few who refused to join the new Empire were deposed by their own indignant subjects. The Doraddi still pay their tribute faithfully and receive the benefits of the Kresh secrets. About six decades ago, the Kresh

Prophecies of the Hero Wars

CALLS TO WAR: The Vangono Recruitment Speech, currently being heard in Kothar and Jolar.

The Promised Song (The traditional call to war.)

"Now the time has come again. Now the time is come again. Father Vangono breathes across the plains.

"Now the time has come again. Now the time has come again. Sikkanos blows bitter wind in our face.

"Now the time has come again. Now the time has come again. The White Shadow sends terror to children.

"In the beginning of Time the Old Ones fell down and we found these things on the ground. Those days were the time of Clan Makers and Hero Treasures. No one has seen the likes of them since.

"Undying Spear of the Aounde,

Plant of Good Digestion,

Gourd of Tears,

Blanket of Cold Nights,

Red Art-making Tool,

Namoda Command Staff,

Thunder Beast Staff,

Mirror of the Blue Spirits."

[These all refer to great treasures owned by or lineages founded by Vangono and famous warriors during Pamalt's Time. In this part of the Promised Song, the warriors are believed to lament the times of ancient violence when they were more important.]

began to expand into Zamokil. The Veldang they have encountered have become avid supporters.

In 1550, the Kresh began to move into Jolar. Conservative chieftains, fearing and distrusting the new way of the Kresh, have recently formed the Arbennan Confederation -- the first serious opposition to the Kresh expansion.

Now a new problem harasses the Kresh. A mysterious invisible enemy has begun to wipe out entire wagon trains. The first wagon train disappeared in 1613. Since then, more trains have vanished with every year.

Places of Interest

Amontane

Ancient wooden ruins of the capital of the mysterious First Age culture of Chaon Dacca stand here. Highways lined by trees once ran from here to points all across taluk Tatudarang.

Atapupo

The foothills immediately south of the Palarkri are a haven for outlaws. This is the driest part of Kothar, being arid and steeply sloped foothills.

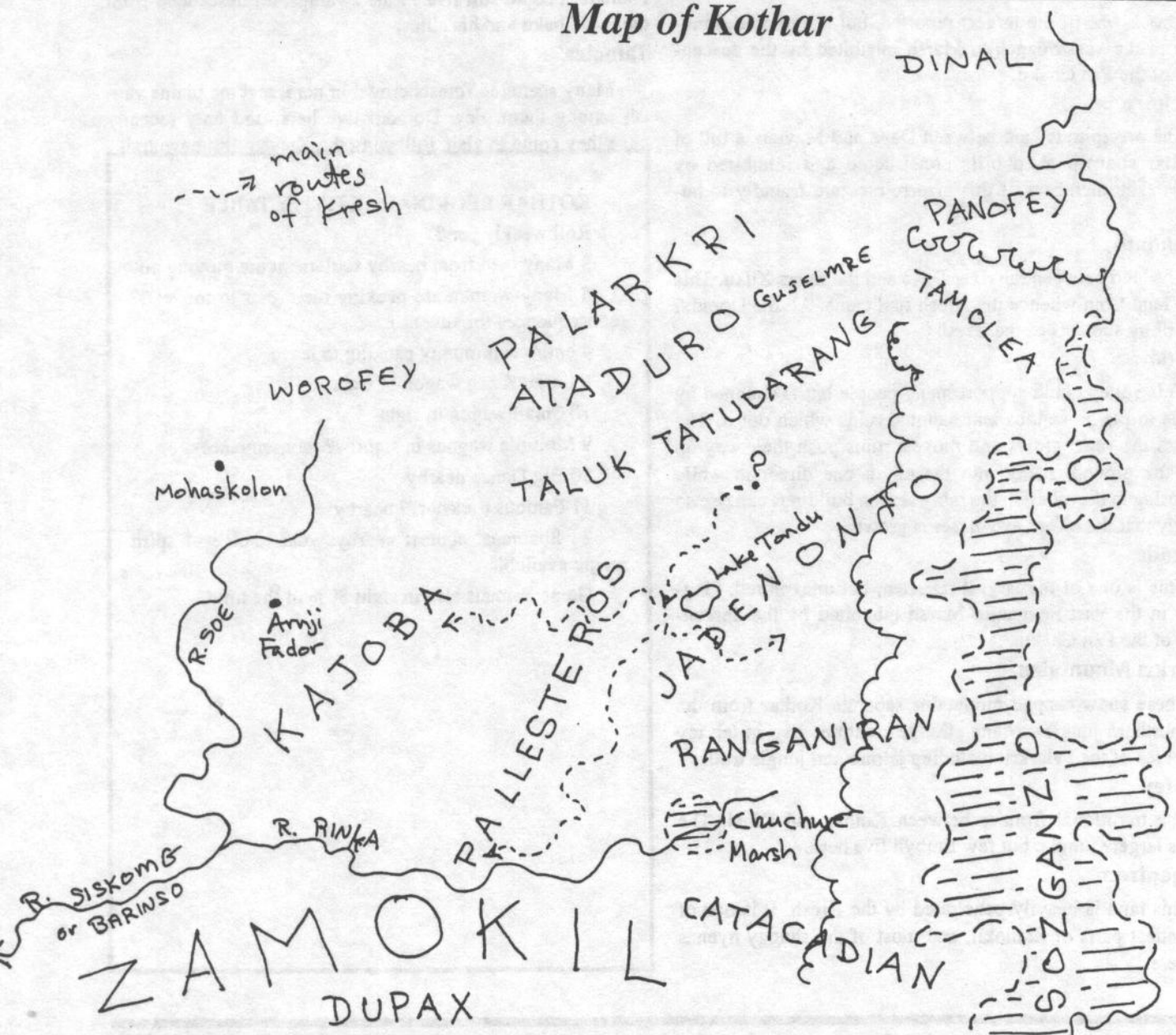
Ballesteros

Kresh wagons are only starting to penetrate this land deeply. The natives include the several Six Fingered Lineages.

Caridad

This rich river valley is popularly called Land of Seven Rhinoceros, four of which are found nowhere else and one of which, the Trihorn, is found only in Tarien. They are said to be made from dirt which Pamalt dug from between his toes and beneath his toe nails. The Veldang here abhor boats and never set foot in them if possible, claiming that fire might fall from the sky anytime that they do. Thus they live only on the south side of the river.

Map of Kothar



Catacadian

Also called the Land of Running Dogs, Catacadian is where live five Holders of Death. Each of these individuals knows a fifth of the prayer and ceremony to summon the Great Killer from Beyond, a legendary being not summoned since the God Age when Pamalt needed help.

Chuchwe Marsh

A large bog separated from the main body of Sozganjio by 200 km of spotty wetlands. The nearby Veldang claim that evil ghosts and brightly-colored demons are the only inhabitants and avoid it. Goblins live there despite rumors.

Daya

Some of the villages here are so big that they begin to look suspiciously like towns. The people are supremely content, sometimes accused of being the most smug folks in the world.

Dupax

A wide land occupied primarily by Veldang. It is often considered to be part of northern Zamokil.

Engure

This is one of the largest reported, but unexplored, kingdoms in the vast Sozganjio Marsh inhabited by the descendants of the Pan Chaku.

Gujelmre

The precipitous land between Daya and Maytan is full of peculiar sharp-peaked hills constructed and inhabited by Jelmre. The members of this bizarre race are friendly to humans.

Jadenonto

The land between the river Daya and the rivers Xuxu. This is the land from whence the Kresh first came. All the Doraddi are willing subjects of the Kresh.

Maytan

This valley could support many people but is shunned by all due to the poisonous and haunted ruins which dot it. The worst of the ruins grows and moves; ruins push their way up from the ground, rising into the air in one direction while collapsing in the other. In the rainy season buildings can rise so quickly that the naked eye discerns growth.

Pabrade

This is one of the largest reported, but unexplored, kingdoms in the vast Sozganjio Marsh inhabited by the descendants of the Pan Chaku.

Palarkri Mountains

These snow-capped mountains separate Kothar from the vast northern jungles. Many strange creatures live in the icy fastnesses of the Palarkri, including jelmre and jungle trolls.

Panofey

The traditional frontier between Kothar and Dinal. The land is largely jungle, but few Embyli live here.

Ranganiran

This land is heavily penetrated by the Kresh. It is one of the wettest parts of Zamokil, and most of the shaggy hyenas live here.

Sinjon

The long Sinjon River provides thousands with rich fish and other foods. They rarely traded their local goods until the coming of the Kresh to the region. The Kresh River Route now runs along the south shore of the valley to propagate trade.

Sircintos

This is one of the largest reported, but unexplored, kingdoms in the vast Sozganjio Marsh inhabited by the descendants of the Pan Chaku.

Sozganjio

A steaming marsh inhabited by dinosaurs and swamp goblins. Huge "islands," sometimes many kilometers across, form havens for dryland flora and fauna and incidentally provide homelands for several different human nations.

The most important event in Sozganjio's history was the invasion of the Pan Chaku in the First Age. He crushed the heads of the Rat King, beat off goblin hordes armed with living poisonous vines, and solved the riddle of the Island of Pabrade. People still live in the swamps, all descended from the Pan Chaku and his allies.

Tamolea

Many scattered forests crowd in here, and the plains vanish among them. Few Doraddi live here, and only recently have they come to visit, following the Kresh pilgrimage trail.

KOTHAR REGIONAL ACTIVITY TABLE

Roll weekly per ?

3 Many men from nearby settlement are moving out

5 Many women are packing their gear to move: ?? (consequences for advent.)

4 entire community packing to leave

6 Large Kresh wagon in sight

10 Small wagon in sight

9 Multiple wagons in sight: ?? (consequences)

50 Big Dance nearby

11 Famous trickster?? nearby

2 Shamans' contest nearby: your choice of spirit magic available

Game animals also in sight 80% of the time

Taluk Tatudarang

This land was the first allied to the Kresh, and is now their stronghold. In the first age, it held the inhuman land of Chaon Dacca.

Telaga

The Kingdom of the Queen of the Prince is a large organization of goblins which has occasionally sent marauding armies upriver into Daya. They stay close to the waters, and cannot be driven back except by Vangono warriors.

Tondu Lake

Wise men say this lake marks one of Pamalt's footprints as he strode from making the Palarkri mountains south towards his divine home of Enmal. His other footprints include Tshukudu Marsh and Chuchwe Marsh.

Torva Island

This is known as the Wicked Island of the Cannibal Witch, a monster of godly proportions which still ends curses against the good lands of Pamaltela.

Tshukudu Marsh

At the end of each year a different gigantic monster rises from this swamp and comes forth to wreak havoc. In the old days a Doraddi champion, but now a Kresh, comes to meet it, matching the monster's brute power against the wagon master and his wagon. The annual battle commemorates the victory of Pamalt over Vovisibor.

Zamokil

The land of the Veldang, though several Doraddi tribes live here, too. Zamokil is hot year-round; its seasonal variations are in precipitation, not temperature.

Zuzu

This long river valley, broken by Lake Tondu in its middle, is a favorite site for the people of Kothar. Fish, game animals, and many types of plants provide for an easy and contented life style.

The Kresh

The Kresh are a nomadic Agimori people. They ride in gigantic wagons across Kothar and northern Zamokil and rule a savannah empire which is based on trust and custom rather than conquest and domination.

When a Kresh caravan encounters a Doraddi tribe, the Kresh, by treaty, can demand meat, information, and protection from the Doraddi. In return, the Kresh give the Doraddi a token. When another wagon train rumbles by, the Doraddi can trade the token for the special Kresh gifts: objects available nowhere else on the plains, such as fine hardwood, gossamer cloth, and fruit out of season.

The Kresh Empire has no single leader. When a number of trains meet together, each wagonlord has a greater or lesser voice dependent on the impressiveness of his wagon, which in turn depends on his age, wealth, and family.

In most other respects, the Kresh are similar to the Doraddi culture from which they grew, worshipping the same gods and maintaining similar customs.

The design of their ponderous wagons is unusual and idiosyncratic, serving purposes of ostentation and comfort rather than efficiency. The Kresh do not use draft animals, preferring to draw the great wains themselves.

MASLO

"I am of the (X), a native of (name) town,"

x = Instiggi, Elamle Aroin, etc.

Description

Many small cities and numerous towns dot this coastal land, and the jungle continually threatens to grow over them. The interiors of the two peninsulas, Elamle and Onlaks, are inhabited by yellow elves and, in Elamle, occasional humans. These jungle areas are discussed under the Errinoru Jungle section and are not considered part of Maslo.

Note that the region of Maslo consisting of the coastal settlements of the Onlaks peninsula is known as Flanch.

Inhabitants

Humans here are of the Agimori physique, but languages and cultures are vastly different from the Doraddi. Furthermore, several distinct groups exist among the Elamle culture.

While not a part of Maslo, the great Errinoru jungle, bordering the coastal regions that make up Maslo, is demographically significant. A vast number of elves of varying types inhabit this jungle. See the Errinoru Jungle section for more information.

A large tribe of Ludoch mermen also populate the Maslo Sea. Related, semi-independent Ludoch tribes live in the Marthino and to the east.

Culture

The Maslo culture is made up of a variety of Agimori peoples living along the coasts of Elamle and Onlaks. They are divided into many independent tribes, but all claim descent from the lost sunken city of Thinobutu.

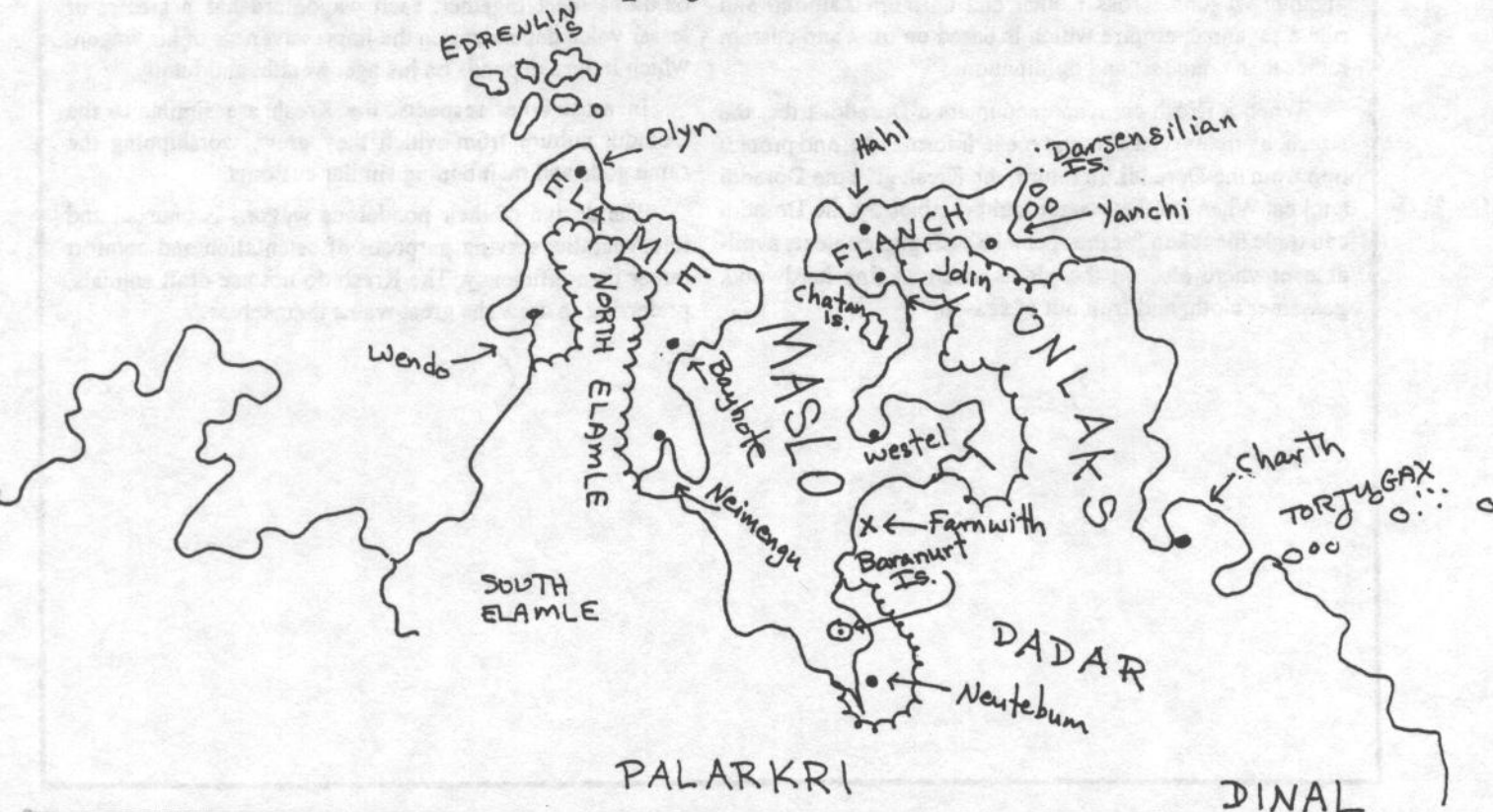
These people are endangered by hostile forces

in Elamle by the Mother of Monsters and in Onlaks (called Flanch by its human inhabitants) by enemy elves. Despite this pressure they are generally friendly and open. They are suspicious of the supernatural, thus intentionally worship weak deities, and import needed sorcerers from Fonrit rather than practice the arcane arts themselves.

The Maslo peoples are organized into loose confederations of kin-based groups whose clans sometimes exhibit widely different customs and manners exhibited most notably in rites of passage and peculiarities of dress and custom.

The largest subculture, called the Elamle Aroin, is noted for its unusual 4-tiered caste system. The children of each class are automatically members of the next higher class. The children of the aristocracy, the highest class, become members of

Map of Maslo



MASLO SAMPLE EVENTS TABLE

Common events

Trade ship appears: unusual food available

Hunters from the interior visit to trade

Elves present: (in Flanch) attack imminent; (in Elamle) trading opportunity

Unusual events

Friendly neighboring clan visiting: feasting for everyone

Rare events

Rivalry feast coming up, with generous gifts for all
Yanchi dust for sale: want to meet your ancestors?

the lowest class. Hence, upward mobility is assured, and the rulers and kings always try to ensure prosperity for the underprivileged.

In Elamle slash and burn horticulture is widespread, but not in Flanch where the elves are hostile.

Language

Elamle dialects.

Government

Clan elders hold the most political control. Even the cities are run by a council of elders. The Flanch confederation is a group of aggressive clans, supported by tribute from around Maslo, which is paid to supply a navy.

Military

In addition to other jobs, the second to the lowest caste makes up the defensive militia. Elamle has never been attacked by other than pirate raiders, nor have its people shown any desire for conquest, so militia is all that is deemed necessary.

The sailors of the Maslo Sea sail in a particular type of double-hulled warship. These are independantly financed by people in either Flanch or Elamle. They maintain their ancient tradition "from before we came up from the sea bottom" of treating all ship captains as equals, of co-operating in fleet actions, and electing fleet leaders from among themselves based upon the captains' popularity and perceived admiralty skill.

Religion

Masdoumari (now usually sleeping) is the Creator, a Trickster called Running Nose (banished long ago) is the Changer, and a monster (destroyed annually) is called the Destroyer. Active worship centers around ancestor worship and hero cults.

People of Note

Hoom Jhis

The Dynast of Flanch is getting old, and seems to have given up his dream of the Empire of Flanch. In his youth he was a famous pirate and has sailed thrice around the entire Homewar Ocean.

Estengitorox

Called "King of the Mermen," Estingitorox claims to be related to the Manthi demigods. He rules the "kingdom" of Ludoch of western Pamaltela, and is loosely acknowledged by those of the Maslo and Marthino.

Master of Tides

This touchy ancient maintains a hermitage on Chatan Island, nursing his afflictions and continuing a dialogue with the Ludoch philosophers.

History

At the Dawn both penninsulas of Maslo were unbroken blankets of virgin rain forest. At that time the western penninsula was called Miirdek.

The first year after the Dawn, a human woman, named Elamle-ata, came to Miirdek and went among the elves. She lived there in peace and befriended all the creatures of the woods.

A century later, more humans arrived in ships. The elves were surprised, for they had supposed that Elamle-ata was the last of her kind. When the humans came, Elamle-ata met with the Novarooplian elf-queen and asked permission for the humans to live in peace on the coasts. The queen wished many things in return, and all that the queen was capable of asking, Elamle-ata provided.

Then Elamle-ata went to the humans and told them that they must live in peace and pay fair use to the elves for their land. They demurred at first, but Elamle-ata brought to pass their hearts' desires, and they agreed to her wishes. When all were satisfied, Elamle-ata brought the humans before the elf-queen and together they swore the Oath of Elamle, which has 592 parts, one for each participant. Shortly after, Elamle-ata vanished forever.

About the second century more human colonists arrived in ships. Many joined the Oath of Elamle. Most sailed east to Onlaks to settle. They chopped down and burned away down part of jungle and built port towns. Although the elves had never seen humans before the soon recognized the threat. Gargulia's dryads toiled to hybridize and graft new types of weeds in their jungle stronghold. Soon, man-eating trees accompanied by house-destroying vines and fungi spewed forth and wiped out all the human intruders.

All the folk of Miirdek saw Elamle-ata's foresight.

In the Second Age, the Novaroopia tribe joined the Elf Empire of Errinoru, but always kept the Oath of Elamle. In 885, the house of Errinoru renamed the peninsula in honor of Elamle. Such honor has ever since been given to a human by an elf king.

At the end of the Second Age, the Elf Empire was blasted and hundreds of thousands of miles of jungle turned brown and died. The Oath of Elamle required the humans to supply the elves with many things, and this support saved the Novaroopia tribe from extinction. In Onlaks the jungle faltered and failed, dying off in only a few years. A new growth, the Garbulia tribe of Yellow Elves, quickly began reclaiming the land, though the process would require 400 years to again reach the most northern coasts.

Before the jungles arrived again humans had claimed the coasts. The many peoples of Onlaks resisted fiercely, but the encroachment of the jungle inexorably pushed onward. Now ruins dot the jungles of Onlaks, and only the strognest of the coastal enclaves persist.

Small boats could sail along the coasts of Elamle and Onlaks during the whole of the Closing. Most of the Maslo was clear. Boating, fishing, and, although originally only ceremonial, a small fleet of warships was maintained.

Eventually the Closing was broken. Rumor spread quickly among the fishermen who covered the coasts. While the Vadeli conquered Umathela and Fonrit, the people of Onlaks and Elamle had time to prepare themselves. Thanks to the strong naval tradition which had survived in the Maslo Sea, they did so effectively, unifying their fleets under the leadership of the Dynast of Flanch. The Dynast saw an opportunity for commercial splendor and sailed west, subjugating all the Marthino coasts. In 1594 he fought the Vadeli at the Battle of Oenriko Rock. The Vadeli fleet was outfought and wrecked on reefs, but the Dynast's fleet was likewise shattered. The Dynast and his merchant navy still dominate the shipping and trading rights of Elamle and Onlaks, and receive benevolent tribute from folks who prefer to avoid war.

The most significant event since the oceans' Opening was the appearance of the Mother of Monsters. This huge creature walks on an endless beat along the shore; one set of legs in the sea and the others firmly on the shore. Its round takes it from the west shore of the mouth of the river Alyss around the coast of Elamle to the fringe of the swamp just north of Wendo, where it turns back. The circuit takes the Mother of Monsters 148 days to complete, traveling about 50 kilometers a day. It stops each night to rest, and births a monster, whose type varies with the height of the tide at the time of birth. All the human cities have been moved several hundred yards back from the high tide line to keep the monster from eating or stepping on their houses, and all ship docks are made to be quickly reconstructed after the monster's periodic visits.

Places of Interest

Baranurt Island

This island is inhabited by a race of invisible immortals. The spires of their castles can be seen for many kilometers and marks the approach to Neutebum. They can sometimes be detected by magic; often can be heard, as if ghostly whispering; but never interacted with.

Bayahote (small city)

The Oath of Elamle requires every person who sets foot in Bayahote for the first time to sever one of his arms and legs and deliver it to the Limmer, an unique elvish functionary who lives in town. The Oath also requires the Limmer to regenerate the severed limb with elvish magic, so nothing is lost but a bit of comfort and several weeks of time. Otherwise, Bayahote is a conventional port town. The Mother of Monsters visits Bayahote on a 78/70 day cycle (i.e., after one visit there are 78 days till the next, then 70 till the one after that, then a 78 day period again, and so on).

Charth (small city)

Sometimes called Furthest East, beyond Charth lies only trackless rain forest and the primitive oophages of the Tortugax Archipelago. Charth is isolated from other civilized

lands by 600 kilometers of jungled coastline. It is rarely visited by outsiders.

Chatan Island

The Master of Tides lives on this wilderness island and controls all the tides of the Maslo Sea. The Dynast of Flanch sends him gifts every day and tries valiantly never to offend him.

Dadar Jungle

Home of the Ytarian elves, who rarely make trouble for the inhabitants of Charth or Neutebum.

Dasensilian Archipelago

The primitive fishermen that live here survive by eating shellfish and tending summer homes for the citizens of Yanchi.

Dinal Jungle

The oldest pristine forest of Glorantha. No outsider has ever penetrated its secrets. The Fonritian poet Satoi Vasek-owned wrote, "Elder jungle. Deep, dripping, dark" in describing Dinal. No humans live here. It is a land of mystery and wonder even to the yellow elves, who call it the Peaceful Woods. Many yellow elves believe that their souls travel to Dinal after death, there to live in temporary bliss among the heroes and demigods of that land before ultimate rebirth.

Dinal is ruled by the fabled Council of Seventeen. Aldrya herself presides there. This land has remained in its primeval state ever since the Dawn. Many of the beings living in its depths do not know of the beginning of Time, and believe themselves to be still in the Gods Age.

Edrenlin Archipelago

The inhabitants of this island group are often green- or blue-skinned, and not uncommonly have webbed fingers. They are Waertagi, descended from the crew of three gigantic dragonships that wrecked on the islands at the start of the Closing. Now their leaders busy themselves in seeking ways to reactivate and repair the ruined dragonships. Many of the archipelago's men and women are officers on one or another of the ships working the Maslo Sea. They have maintained the Waertagi tradition of friendship with the Ludocho.

Elamle

The western peninsula bordering the Maslo Sea.

Farnwith

The ruins of a city destroyed in the First Age by elf war-weeds. Farnwith was built of stone so many ruins are still visible.

Flanch

A human name for the eastern peninsula bordering the Maslo Sea. Also known by its original name of Onlaks. In the

great elf forest that dominates the region, the peninsula is still known as Onlaks.

Hahl (small city)

This city looks most unimpressive at first — simply a grouping of rounded one-room stone hutches. But underground is an extensive network of tunnels and chambers, some quite decorative. The citizens have adopted this peculiar mode of architecture to resist the jungle, and they have survived many Gargualian elf sieges. Only the very poor, transients, and foreigners live aboveground.

Jolin (small city)

This city is surrounded by ninety-two rings of earth-filled walls, separated by alternating bands of farmland, bare pavement, and salt-strewn dirt. The system has proven most successful in resisting the jungle, and no one may enter the city without providing a two-pound bag of salt to reinforce the city defenses.

Neimengu (small city)

This is the last spot that Elamle-ata was ever seen. A life-sized, perfectly detailed and painted picture of her weeps real tears every Sacred Time. Neimengu is famous for its underwater gardens, tended by tame sea elves. The Mother of Monsters visits Neimengu on a 54/94 day cycle.

Neutebum (small city)

A band of secretive jungle traders stop in Neutebum before setting off on their dangerous expeditions up the River Aliss. The successful among them return with trade items from wild human tribes, Feofaxian elves, jungle trolls, and even the mysterious Jelmre of the Palarkri mountains.

North Elamle Jungle

The northern jungle of Elamle is inhabited by the Novarooopia tribe of yellow elves. Somewhere in the jungle is a gigantic tree where the elf-queen holds court, but Elamle-ata is the only human to have seen it. Several clans of unusually shy jungle people live within the dense jungle.

Olyn (small city)

This port is divided into two sections. The Western Half is surrounded by a heavy wall, and only full citizens live there. The Eastern Half is for anyone. Each full citizen has access to a magic secret which prolongs life, but restricts movement. Each citizen lives out his life in a 3-foot-diameter chalk circle, which he never leaves after attaining citizenship. He is tended and fed by elementals, runners, and awakened animals. All the town's labor is performed by the people of the Eastern Half, most of whom are working for the day that they, too, will be given the rights of full citizens. The Mother of Monsters visits Olyn on a 24/124 day cycle.

Onlaks Jungle

This jungle is ruled by the Gargualia tribe of elves, who war persistently with humans. No wild human tribes live here, only elves and their non-human allies.

Palarkri Jungle

This jungle is ruled by the Feofaxia tribe of elves, who seem to care little about humans, though they sink every seventh boat caught sailing up the river Aliss.

South Elamle Jungle

This jungle is ruled by the Zhnaquafian tribe of elves, who have no human cities on their coasts. A few jungle-dwelling human tribes live here — all are close but subservient allies to the Zhnaquafians.

Tortugax Archipelago

These rocky islands are mainly inhabited by the Sofals. These folk subsist mainly on turtle eggs and magic broths. They travel in small saucer-like boats, often pulled by sea turtles.

Wendo (small city)

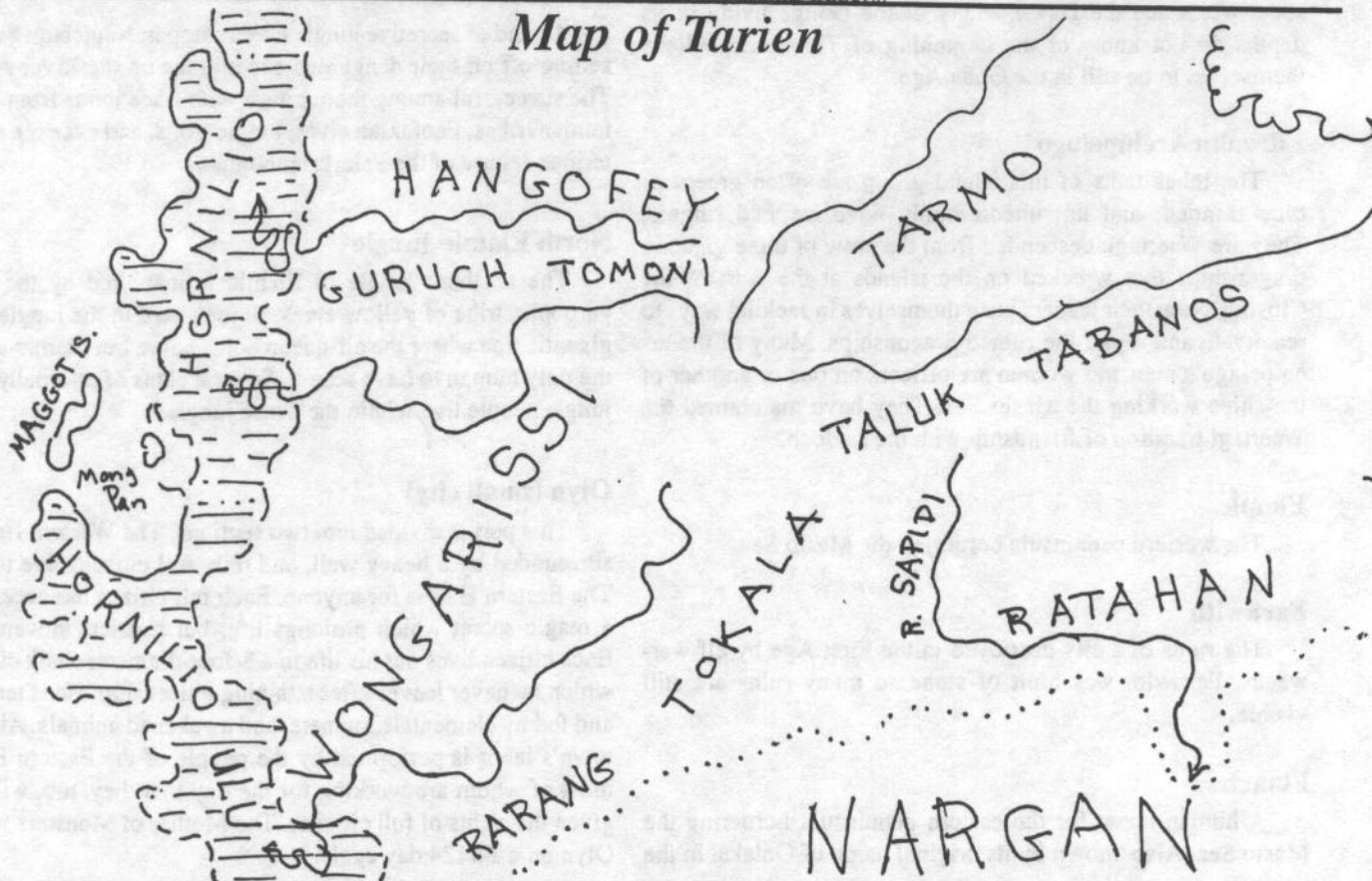
The only port in Glorantha regularly used by elf ships. A special forested dock is set aside for the elves' use, and the town park is home for a team of Novarooonian elf sailors and dock-workers. Wendo is never visited by the Mother of Monsters, but once every 148 days the city militia is mustered to battle the Mother's carnivorous spawn as they come slithering, flying, swimming, or hopping across the north swamp.

Westel (medium city)

The city of the Dynast. He rules all Flanch and his ships dominate the Maslo Sea. Westel easily resists Gargualian elf attacks, since the city site is at the end of a long, sandy peninsula, completely unsuitable for trees.

Yanchi (small city)

This city was completely abandoned during the Closing. Now its inhabitants work hard to make it an important and prosperous port. Every summer, evil trees with lips and teeth sprout up with obscene rapidity in every street and alley. All the citizens migrate to homes in the Dasensilian Archipelago. The trees die off a few weeks later and the humans return to their homes and harvest an unusual product which they sell to the passing traders.

Map of Tarien

TARIEN

"I am (name) of the (X) lineage, born into the (Y) family. Will you share our meal, stranger?"

Description

the wide rolling lands of Tarien are arid, and often troubled by Sikkanos' poison winds from the south. The iachigrous (splinterbramble) bush is ubiquitous. Forage is seasonal, so most animals are migratory. Only the oases provide lush variety of life, and even those are affected by drought. Conditions for life worsen as one travels westward, eventually giving way to the monster-inhabited land of Wongarissi.

Inhabitants

Humans, slarges.

Culture

Doraddi. Living conditions in Tarien rarely allow groups larger than a family to stay in one place for long. The long centuries of isolation have eroded formal clan structure, and the culture has diverged significantly from the old Doraddi form. The old Doraddi custom of generosity is maintained, but, significantly, the people in Tarien sometimes fight one other.

In general, life is difficult and lone. Families migrate throughout their territories, meeting irregularly at oases. Conditions of war are usual, partly due to beasts such as midget slashers, and partly due to incursions of slarges.

Language

Tanglanku

Government

the only social gatherings larger than family size are at oases and festivals. Sometimes a particular family maintains ancient rights, but social custom sorts out any problems which might arise.

Military

none. The human culture is neolithic.

Religion

Pamalt pantheon, with emphasis on Nyanka among the women and Rasout among the men.

People of Note

Queen Kargan Ilargor

ruler of the goblin elves of Hornilio, who claims to have ruled since long before the Dawn.

History

The original settlers was a Doraddi people from Jolar. A few ruins persist, faring poorly in the fierce weather. These are probably remnants of the Artmali empire. Recently the weather has been worsening. Some of the southern oases are known to be dead, and many families are moving northward out of Ratahan.

Places of Interest

Bautan

This river marks the southern boundary of Hangofey. It is said that trolls, elves, and slarges fight to control its hunting grounds.

Guruch Tomoni

The foothills of the western Tarmo mountains is the only passage known to the Tarien hunters for reaching the woodlands of Hangofey. Only far-ranging hunting parties go there, and is reportedly full of lively dinosaurs. Slarges and trolls are often seen here.

Hangofey

This land, the southern edge of Enkloso, is dotted with forests. Tarien hunters have never passed far beyond the Bautan into this land, and Umathelan humans have never penetrated this far south, so the place is glorantha incognita. Occasional hunter legends report meeting green elves there.

Hornilio

A complex concatenation of salt marshes, swamps, marshes, bogs, and mud flats, inhabited by goblins and monsters. The land is less often visited than even the wastes of Porlaso across the sea, mainly because the goblins of Hornilio seem to be organized.

Jostran

A region of rolling hills and low vegetation.

Lath Eskin

This oasis is where Pamalt broke the mask of Trickster and freed him from his own worst trick.

Morkardo

This oasis is called "Green Well" because its water is that color, even when viewed sideways in a glass container. Otherwise it is normal and perfect, and hever has run dry even in the most famous droughts.

Nargan

This desert occasionally sends nasty Sikkanos winds carrying poison gas, ashes, and searing dusts blowing into Tarien. Nothing natural can live there.

Orsalikos

This oasis grows flint arrowheads, much to the delight of the families which visit to collect them for other Doraddi magicians count them as very valuable in storing spells.

Rapang

Only the most desperate families try to eke out a living here. Recently, mobs of feeble, but nonetheless hostile, monsters have been reported wandering about here.

Ratahan

The southern reaches, bordering upon the Nargan desert. Any place where purple saltweed grows is considered part of Ratahan.

Sapidi

This river is fed by most tributaries in Tarien. During the rare rainfalls it becomes a raging torrent, unleashing a cascade of hidden life in its wake. Its bed is uncertain, and writhes about during a flood, often settling in a new one afterwards.

Sosokjenu

This Worian river only flows during the wet season, dwindling into a broad expanse of mudflats dotted with stagnant crocodile-infested ponds for the rest of the year.

Taluk Tabanos

The northern reaches, bordering upon the Tarmo mountains. Outlanders from Jolar visit here quite often, and form a small but significant minority. During the wet season, biting flies are a real plague and most natives worship the spirit Vrop, who teaches a spell rendering one temporarily proof against the little bastards.

Tarmo Mountains

High cold mountains infested by monsters, especially trolls. Sometimes the trolls come down into the fringes of Taluk Tabanos and eat the oasis trees.

TARIEN REGIONAL ACTIVITY TABLE

Roll Weekly

50 Game animals in sight

8 Evil wind blows from the Nargan

10 raid by slarges

3 major slarge attack

17 wandering dinosaur: huge but harmless

3 wandering dinosaur: predator

1 Own Clan festival nearby: gifts for everyone

7 Other clan festival nearby: feasting all around

1 Enemy clan festival nearby: prepare for a raid

Tayana

This Wongorissi river is notable for its width and depth. Sea monsters from Hornilio sometimes swim up and breed in it. Pamalt once led a campaign to kill the monsters, but failed because his spear broke.

Tokala

This range defines the watershed between Wongarissi and the rest of Tarien. It contains a ruined city with giant carved blue statues of a race no one knows. Tokala marks the end of human lands. No one can live in the wastes of Wongarissi beyond, nor is there any reason to try.

Wonggarasi

Slarges and dinosaurs live here. Few humans visit. It is hot, dry, and devoid of the things which people require to live. Everyone in Tarien tells stories of how Pamalt plans to recover the terrain, and what they will do to the slarges when he does.

UMATHELA

"I am from (name) city in Umathela."

OR

"I belong to the (name) tribe."

Description

Umathela consists of seven coastal and river regions and the primeval inland forest regions. The forest is mostly pine woods in Enkloso, deciduous in Vralos. The forest becomes more open as one travels to the east, until the treeless Fonritian uplands are reached.

The lowlands and shore have much farmland, but the forest primeval remains. These forests dominate the entire land in Enkloso, but are much reduced, though still large, in Vralos.

Umathela is the coolest region of Pamaltela. The sea is cool, and mountains shield the land from the worst of the hot savanna winds. It is dry and warm in summer, gradually becoming moister as the year progresses. Heavy fogs roll in from the sea in august. When the wind changes in midwinter, it brings lots of rain and an occasional snowfall. Spring is unpredictable -- sometimes it is calm and warm, but sometimes devastating hurricanes bombard the coast cities.

Inhabitants

Humans in the river valleys usually follow Orlanthi culture, while those in the cities cling to Malkioni ways. Brown and green elves rule the woods. Brown elves have a small majority in Vralos, and green elves predominate in Enkloso.

Culture

Western along the coasts, Theyalan in the interior.

Language

Enklosan and Vralan, Theyalan tongues spoken in the west and east parts of Umathela respectively.

Government

the coast cities are mostly ruled by kings who preside over more-or-less powerful advisory councils. In the interior, the people are organized into barbarian tribes.

Military

?

Religion

both Malkionism and the Orlanth pantheon are accepted here. The coasts emphasize Malkionism, while the interior people are mostly Orlanthi. The elves, of course, follow their own primeval religion.

People of Note

The Patriarch of Nikosdros

he established naval dominance early and has controlled shipping, fleet building, and trade policies since his victories before 1600.

Elf leader

Warlord, King of note?

History

In the Dawn Age these forestlands were inhabited by green elves and a reptilian riverine species known as lascerdans. For reasons mysterious to humans, in the second century after the dawn the elves began fighting among themselves. After several centuries of slow warfare harmony was reached and the fratricidal killing stopped. The last lascerdans were exterminated along the Palau River in 475.

The first humans entered this region from Genertela during the Second Age. The first settlers in 580 came in Waertagi ships in a colonial enterprise financed by King Nepur the Old of Seshnela. In the early seventh century more immigrants came from the nascent Middle Sea Empire. The Empire's God Learners crushed an elf-led revolt and burned out most of Vralos' forests in 654. For the next three centuries the Jrusteli built ports, colonized land, and grew fabulously wealthy. The elves withdrew to their dank woods and became more and more scarce. In 950, a noted Jrusteli scholar wrote a book proving that the elves of Enkloso were extinct.

The revolt of nature against the God Learners brought ruin. The start of the downfall is marked by the False Gods Revolt of 901, when priests of Worlath, Ehilm, and even Jograpur (an imaginary deity invented in a God Learner experiment) displayed effective magic and destroyed the University of Yoranday. In 954, just before the Closing destroyed all port cities, a fleet of dragonships, piloted by old enemies, arrived from the sea, smashing the rest of the hated universities into gravel and pulp. However, the self-styled Lord of the World's Knowledge, ruler of Vralos and Enkloso was not defeated until 1020 when legions of elves marched from secret lairs. Behind them floated a spectral forest. Before them swarmed myriads of trollkin. The Lord's lowland holdings were flooded and drowned as the river gods of the extinct lascerdans rose for the last time, to slaughter every sentient being within their grasp.

The God-Learners defeat was total. What the dragon-ships did not destroy, the river gods wasted. What the river gods could not reach, the trollkin devoured. And what even trollkin

could not stomach, the elves buried. The souls of the God-Learners were trapped within torture trees, and their bodies fertilized the poison bushes and thorn ivy which have blanketed their ruined cities ever after.

One band of elves, the Knowledge Assassins, was a secretive magical group who claimed to be on duty to the Higher Message. They wiped out particular human clans, settlements, and schools, chosen because they knew a secret, now lost thanks to the Knowledge Assassins.

Several human states survived the devastation. All were officially allied to the elves, but most actually feared the woodland race. Several Enkloso peoples became subject to the annual Woodland Judgements, where elves reviewed the humans' behavior for the last year and executed summary judgement for infractions against nature.

In 1129 the Wordless Prophet appeared in Varburch. There, he taught the Path of Silence to any that would listen. With the passage of time, the Cult of Silence strengthened its grip on the land. Some sects were so adamantly opposed to communication that the art of writing was forgotten and books were walled up in special libraries, where they could not contaminate people. Libraries became a symbol of piously refraining from reading, rather than a sign of literacy. The Wordless Prophet established a center of the Cult of Silence where surgeons excised physical and psychic organs to ensure blissful, guaranteed peace. This bizarre practice was occasionally persecuted but persisted. It seemed just another aberrant behavior of mankind until 1237, when Elassi the Stifler, ruler of the city of Emanus, lopped off an ear, declared himself a devoted follower of the cult, and launched a scathing campaign of con-

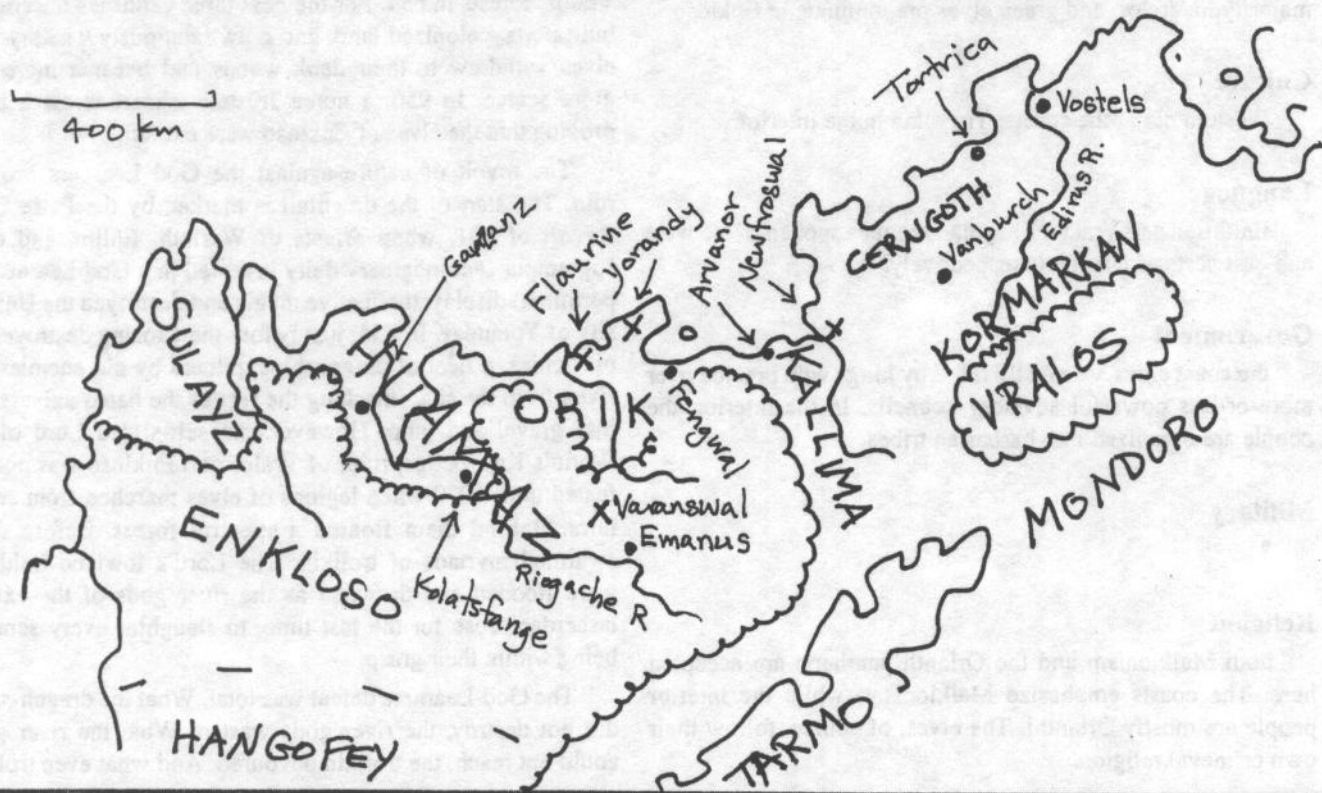
quest, persecuting teachers of other philosophies, forcibly initiating foes into Silence. He popularized a debased form of Silence worship which transformed its practitioners into drug-ridden, fanatical devotees. A widespread region, called the Lands of the Silenced, were turned into wastelands by the conquests.

In 1290 an army from Afadjann invaded eastern Umathela. Unresisting, the Lands of the Silenced were overtaken, colonized, and enslaved. At last a violent protest movement, the Clamorers, erupted to fight the Cult of Silence and the Afadjanni alike. In 1313 the prophet Little Morishdo, later a king, claimed to have destroyed the evil silence with his liberation of Emanus, and though devotees can still be found in some places they are generally objects of pity, not hate.

Troubles with Afadjann continued sporadically through the fourteenth century. A successful invasion led by Faladjje occupied many cities from 1322-1331 and provoked the Season Wars.

The first Season War began in 1340. The eighth and last ended in 1458. Each war threw out Afadjanni rulers from one or more Umathelan colonies. The Season Wars were sponsored by elves, who sent armies of green elves and storm-worshipping barbarians out each winter to devastate the storehouses and forts of their foes. Many cities fell to the Orlanthi priests, who used their storm powers to build snowdrift ramps up the walls. Each summer brought retaliation in the form of armies from the cities which stormed enemy strongholds and burned crops, but were unable to find any enemies who had fled to elf protection. Thus each side alternated in holding the field, fighting a war of attrition which the elves and their allies al-

Map of Umathela



ways won, though sometimes taking as long as nine years to do so.

The Season Wars also ended the period of human subjugation, as Orlanthi humans proved themselves allies and equals to the elves. Though elves remain important to this day, except for the deepest Enkloso woods, humans are now governed and judged by humans, and obey human laws. Royal dynasties established themselves in the human kingdoms and peace prevailed.

Tortrica revolted, without any elf help, in 1478 and threw out the Afadjanni. Since then Umathela has maintained its independence from Afadjann and Kareeshtu.

In 1585 a Vadeli fleet arrived in Umathela. They claimed to be gods, but mundanely established garrisons in key cities, founded fortresses where needed, banned all commerce except through Vadeli agents, and maintained a cruel hold on all coastal settlements, which grew steadily as the Vadeli fleet brought in exotic foreign goods. Generally leaders were glad to treat with the Vadeli overlords, who seemed to offer the only possibility of naval trade. Volunteers manned the Vadeli fleets, and Umathelan crews helped the Vadeli at the Battle of Oenriko Rock in 1594, when the Vadeli were destroyed.

Enkloso is still composed of many independent cities and tribes, but most of Vralos now pays tribute to the Patriarch of Nikosdros, trade-prince of Cerngoth. A few interior tribes, immune to enemy navies, safely ignore his hegemony.

In 1618 Terthinus, Voice of the Deep, a violet-skinned mer-king surfaced at the city of Flaurine and presented the Laws of the Dashomo, levying a great fee on all ships present. The prince resisted, and a week later the sea floor rose, grounding all the ships in silt and muck, and permanently destroying the harbor. When the Voice of the Deep made demands elsewhere they were met, and so now the Patriarch has a new sea-metal tax to impose on his followers.

Since that time, the mermen have become more importunate, and all the ports of Umathela are afflicted with their greed. Trade is costly. But ships willing to take a chance and slip by the mer-king's sea serpents without paying his fees can reap enormous profits.

Places of Interest

Arvanor (Medium City)

Originally settled by Afadjanni colonists, this city is now fanatically vehement against Afadjann and its policies. It is the largest city in Kallima.

Cerngoth

This land, ruled by the Patriarch, is the leading power of the region. Its council of Nikosdros was quickest to build a fleet after Oenriko Rock in 1594, and now dictates naval policy and the numbers of warships built by cities in Umathela. The Patriarch is three-quarters Agimori, and presides over a council of mercantile leaders.

UMATHELA REGIONAL ACTIVITY TABLE

Roll weekly per tribe or city

- 45 Ship arrives with foreign products and news
- 10 Elven magnates (?) arrive to check things out: high anxiety among natives
- 10 Messenger from Terthinus, Voice of the Deep, demands tribute: many choose to pay rather than risk ill luck
- 8 Infestation of bad dreams from ruins
- 5 Ordinary economic or political events??
- 22 No Event

Ediruss

A kingdom in the fertile river valley of the same name, it is underpopulated due to the warfare between Afadjann and Cerngoth.

Emanus (small city)

Home of the Cult of Silence Militant.

Enkloso Forest

This is one of the strongest elf centers in the world, combining green and brown elves into a single powerful political unity. The High Council rules the Woodland Laws with a hand of ironwood.

Flaurine (ruin)

This city was devastated when the prince of this city resisted Terthinus, Voice of the Deep. The Woodland Judgement ruled it be abandoned and that Orik end all nautical interests except fishing.

Garzanz (large city)

Begun in 1588 by the Vadeli as a fortress for tribute collection, it has been maintained to protect the river settlements from raiders. Its admiral is one of the most influential men in the tribe of Huamaz.

Huamaz

This tribe occupies the Riogach River. It is one of those tribes subject to the Woodland Judgements. The region was all towns with temple centers before the Vadeli forced the building of forts.

Kallima

Located along the Dunstarth River, this tribe is still subject to the Woodland Judgments. The Kallima king is assisted by an elf advisor, who can veto his decisions or promise elfen assistance.

Kolatsfange

The Palaces of Wind is one of the few settlements of Huamaz that is still unfortified. It is so beautiful that even elves travel to admire them.

Kormarkan

This tribe populates the upper Ediruss Rier and northern reaches of the Vralos Forest. They are willing subjects of the elves, who help them against every invasion.

Newfroswal (ruin)

A famous center of God Learner activity. Its university graduated fifty thousand fully-qualified God Learner hero-questers before its destruction.

Nikosdros (large city)

The administrative center of Vralos and most important port of all Umathela. This city is also the ruling seat of the Patriarch of Nikosdros whose annual ship blessing has miraculous powers.

Orik

When humans still served elves, the Woodland Judgement ruled that this tribe abandon all nautical pursuits but fishing from shore. The tribe is now quite primitive, having abandoned all agriculture centuries ago. It wanders deeper into the Enklosan Forest than any other tribes.

Riogache River

Large, lazy rier which flows from the Tarmo Mts. to the Dashomo. The Huamaz Tribe occupies the length of its northern half.

Sulayz

This westernmost area is a Blank Land.

Tarmo Mountains

This mountain range is home to trolls of all varieties. Occasionally they send masses of starving trollkin into Enkloso and Vralos.

Tortrica (large City)

This city rules all the humans of the Ediruss River except the upper reaches near the Vralos Forest.

Varanswal (ruin)

A famous center of God Learner activity. Its university conducted a famous experiment in which a nonexistent deity, Jogrampur, was invented and a local human clan fooled into successfully worshipping it. It is now a shunned ruin.

Varburch (small city)

Original home of the Wordless Prophet.

Vostels (small city)

City at the mouth of the Ediruss River; currently subject to Tortrica.

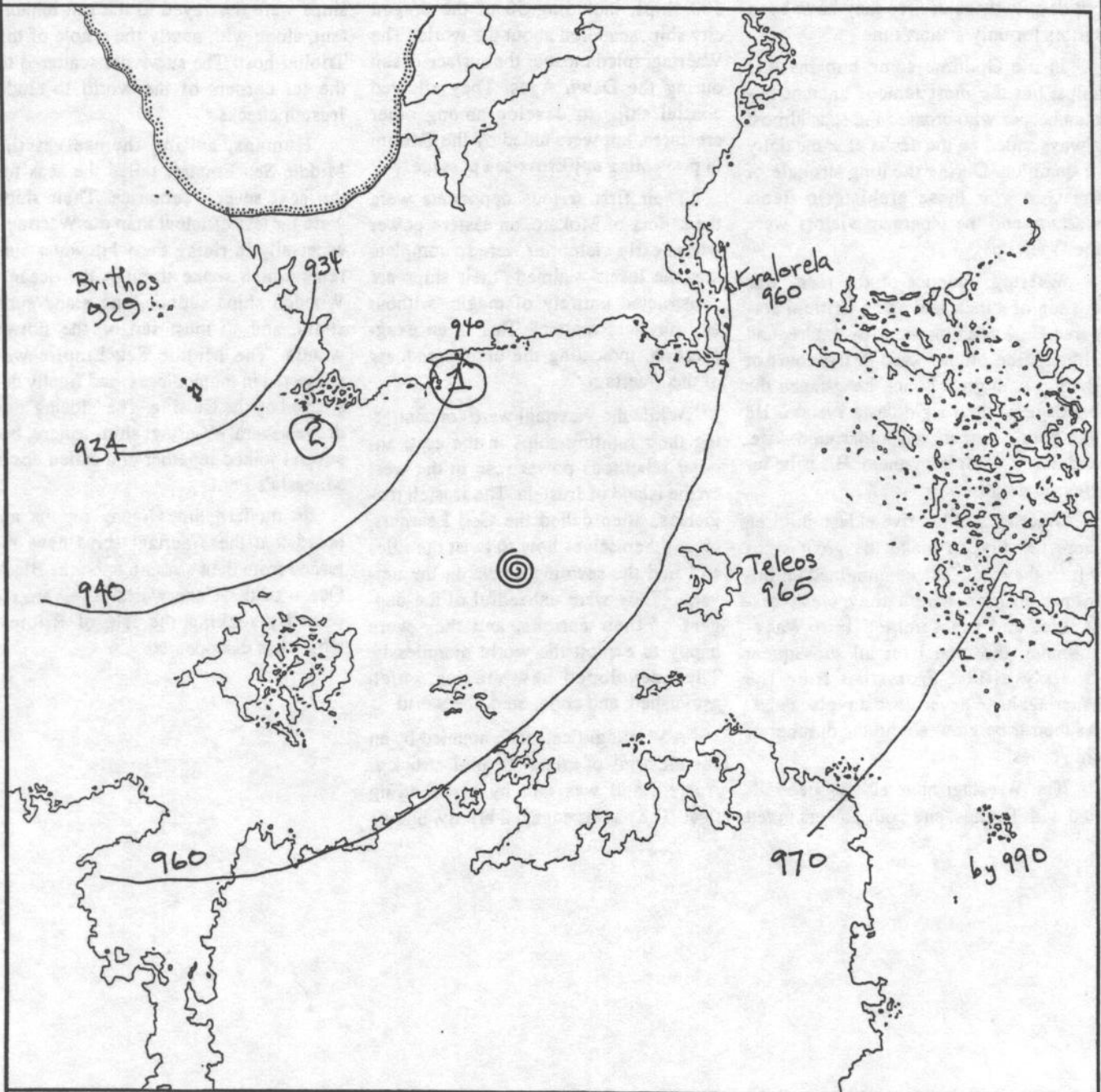
Vralos Forest

This elf wood is noted for its warriors and willingness to fight in league with nearby humans. The rulers are anti-Afadjanni. The Kormarkan tribesmen are human allies of the elves.

Yoranday (ruin)

When the God Learners ruled the land, this was the site of the famous Psychic Zoo, where otherworld creatures were maintained for scientific study. When the city was destroyed, a lava flow covered the Zoo, killing the keepers and freeing the exhibits. Immortal, the entities still inhabit the lava tunnels and buried ruins.

Map of Closing



- ① Slontos Sinks - 1050
 ② Seshmela Sinks 1049

THE WAERTAGI

The seas of Glorantha are wide. They are the roads between continents. Men have always sought to cross them, but despite these desires they have been sailors for only a short time.

In the Godtime some humans had ships, but the most famous ancient human heroes who crossed the seas almost always sailed on the decks of some deity or demigod. During the long struggle of the God War these prehistoric fleets clashed, and the emergant victors were the Waertagi.

Waertag, founder of the race, was the son of a mermaid and a Brithini sorcerer. He was amphibious by nature, and although he often stayed at the court of Brithos with great honor, he escaped the bondage of their rigid caste system. He had both a human and a mermaid wife, and many children by them. His tribe increased greatly.

Waertag and his five eldest children were the first to make the great ships which they sail. They summoned an immense dragon which they slew, dissected, and reassembled into Wave-shimmer, the model for all subsequent floating cities. From that time the Waertagi have never lived anyplace else. As their tribe grew, so did the number of ship cities.

The Waertagi have always been allied with Brithos, and both powers aided

each other during the Great Darkness, so they survived intact into the Dawn. A census done at that time counted almost 500 ships, including 50 of the dragon city ship, scattered about the world. The Waertagi ruled most of the surface ocean during the Dawn Ages. They allowed coastal ships to develop among other creatures, but were aided by the Triolini in preventing any cross-sea passage.

Their first serious opponents were the sailors of Mokato, an eastern power whose early victopries were so complete that the losers claimed "their ships are constructed entirely of magic, without any physical matter." This is an exaggeration, indicating the unpreparedness of the Waertagi.

While the Waertagi were concentrating their fighting ships in the east, another rebellious power rose in the west on the island of Jrustela. The Jrusteli magicians, often called the God Learners, taught themselves how to twist the rules and find the seeming cracks in the universe. They were unheedful of the dangers of their actions, and they were happy to exploit the world mercilessly. They developed new magics which astonished, and conquered, the world.

A Waertagi fleet, accompanied by an aquatic army of mixed Triolini, struck at Jrustela and was met by a defending fleet. The navies engaged briefly, but the

Jrusteli summoned the spirit Tanian, who ignited the waters and burned the unburnable. Most of the Waertagi city ships were destroyed to the last inhabitant, along with nearly the whole of the Triolini host. The survivors scattered to the far corners of the world to elude Jrusteli attacks.

Humans, calling themselves the Middle Sea Empire, sailed the seas for the next several centuries. Their ships were far less efficient than the Waertagi, especially in riding the whitewater currents which snake through the oceans. Wooden ships cannot long stand such strain, and so must sail on the slower waters. The Middle Sea Empire was contested in many places, and finally destroyed by the Closing. The Closing also drove several Waertagi ships ashore, but several joined together and sailed down Magasta's Pool.

In modern times many reports are heard that the Waertagi ships have returned from their sojourn upon the Black Ocean of the Underworld. They are reportedly seeking the Isle of Brithos, which has disappeared.

SHIPS AND SEAFARING

Fleets everywhere are similar in that they are divided into warships and merchant ships. In general merchant ships have more in common than warships: most merchant ships are

round and propelled mainly by sails. Warships are more diverse and seem to reflect the varying natures of the countries which make them.

Warships of Glorantha

There are several major sea powers in Glorantha. Only those which have large war fleets are mentioned here, though many countries own large fishing and merchant fleets. The various types of merchant ships are not detailed in this article.

The major world naval powers of Genertela are: the Kingdom of Lockalm, the Quinpolic League of Pasos, the Holy Country of Kethaela, and the Empire of Kralorela. The Patriarchy of Haragala rules the dominant fleet among the Eastern Isles. The Maslo Naval Confederation and the Unity of Republics of Kareeshtu each have powerful fleets in Pamaltela. Finally, the aquatic Triolini rule the Brown, Jorkars, Worms, and Dashomo Seas with the help of their sea beasts.

The Gloranthan navies have many ships which are unlike those of Earth. Some are quite distinctive. The navies, briefly described are:

LOSKALM -- Nordic longship, knorr

QUINPOLIC -- Triremes, merchants

KETHAELA -- Triremes, merchants

KRALORELA -- War Barges, Junks

HARAGALA -- Tall Ships merchants

MASLO -- Penteconter catamarans, merchants

KAREESHTU -- Warsails, merchants

There are some ships which, although quite rare, are notable. The dwarf kingdom of Slon has a small but formidable fleet of floating cement castles to ply their trade with the dwarves of Jrustela. There are also occasional mythic Waertagi ships reported again which are kilometers long and launch smaller Fastships, which use neither oar nor sail but are propelled by denizens of the deep. There also exist some ancient elf ships, with hulls, decks, and superstructure of a single piece of wood, grown to shape.

SPECIAL SHIPS

The following unusual ships are given stats here for play in Glorantha.

Kralorelan War Barge

Kralorelan naval tactics are largely based on the dangers of the nearby Sea of Fog. The sea is quite calm, but this ominous body of water periodically sends its hovering cloud towards the land, surrounding the fleet with impenetrable gloom wherein lurk dangerous fog creatures which can disorient even a trained homing pigeon. The mist may remain for weeks at a time, making it necessary to heavily provision the motion-less fleet. This necessitated large ships and ancient custom demands barges from which

Kralorelan soldiers can fight as if on land. The example below is a standard size but some have been built which are large enough to house a cavalry contingent. The ships are normally oar-propelled by tireless zombies, with extra oars for the footmen to use in emergencies.

Hull Type: barge

Seaworthiness Max: 15

Length: 90m Beam: 25m

Freeboard: 4m Draft: 4m

Crew: 400 foot, 25 officers, 100 zombies

Hull Quality: 15

Structure Pts: 125

Capacity: 200 tons

Haragalan Tall Ship

Haragalan ships are swift and sleek, but small since they rely upon their magic rather than ramming or boarding. Haragala continues the Eastern Island tradition of ships with tall, masted towers. They command a superior view of the sea and are able to direct their powerful sorcery and sun magic with terrible effect, or run if out-numbered. They have triangular

sails, which reach only halfway up their tall masts, but use only oars in battle.

Hull Type: warship Seaworthiness Max: 15

Length: 20m Beam: 3m Freeboard: 3m Draft: 3m Crew: 35 sailors, 8 officers, 15 holies, 10 servants

Hull Quality: 12

Structure Pts: 40

Capacity: 1 ton

Elf Gallegas

A great fleet of these beautiful ships were grown during the Empire Age, but few are left now. They were grown by master growers so that their hulls, decks, and superstructure are a single piece of wood. The ship is ballasted by a layer of soil which fills the ship's bottom and also serves to root the mast tree. Because of the particular nature of this living mast with nearly fireproof leaf-sails it is relatively clumsy, especially when sailing into the wind. It also has oars which are pulled by elf sailors who double as marines in battles.

Hull Type: merchant Seaworthiness Max: 19

Length: 20m Beam: 5m Freeboard: 2m Draft: 2.5m Crew: 65 sailor/marines, 10 officers,

15 gardeners

Hull Quality: 25

Structure Pts: 90

Capacity: 20 tons*

Kareeshtu Warsail

The people of Kareeshtu inherited a sailing secret from the long-dead culture of the Artmali which has been kept over centuries from everyone except the Jrusteli, who paid dearly for their error in robbing gods whom they thought dead. These are high-prowed sailing vessels with deep keels and special rigging which allows them up to 50% more speed than the usual sailing ship. They sacrifice Capacity and Structure and must be relatively small, hence the Kareeshtu fleet is also very numerous. Their favorite tac-tic is to quickly mass around enemy vessels and board.

Hull Type: warship Seaworthiness Max: 20

Length: 20m Beam: 6m Freeboard: 1m Draft: 2m Crew: 20 sailors, 20 marines, 10 officers Hull Quality: 12

Structure Pts: 40

Capacity: 5 ton

Dwarf Floating Castle

The common dwarf ship is made of cement and reinforced metal, and is used

for both war and commerce. It is big and ungainly, intended for defense, at which it succeeds admirably. It has tall crenelated walls and is topped by turrets fore and aft. The dwarves have crafted their cement into many beautiful shapes though the ships all show some wear from ancient battles.

There are occasional patches of stone on some ships. They are propelled by screws moved by slaves who run along conveyer belts deep inside the ship.

Hull Type: merchant

Seaworthiness Max: 19

Length: 110m Beam: 25m

Freeboard: 7m Draft: 12m

Crew: 300 footmen, 50 sailors, 7 officers Hull Quality: 50

Structure Pts: 25

Capacity: 350 tons

Maslo Catamaran

The dual-hull design of the catamaran has been traditional in northern Pamaltela since the first people reached the sea. The design is so popular that tradition demands it even in warships. The belief is that this design offers both speed and stability. Rowers work from both hulls, which are penteconter-sized but sleeker. Common tactics include much missile fire, boarding, and ramming. The rams are slung below the waterline from between the hulls and, when used in battle, are less likely to ruin the hulls of the ramming ships than on a single hulled vessel.

Hull Type: 2 warship

Seaworthiness Max: 30

Length: 30m Beam 25m

Freeboard: 1m Draft: 1m

The Seafaring Nations

Seven centers of naval power exist at this time, in addition to the roving fleets of Wolf Pirates. These are:

Loskalm

In Fronela, the Kingdom of Loskalm has maintained a naval tradition broken only briefly by the Closing. Their ships are specially designed for their cold rough seas. The native warship is the long ship, and the native merchant vessel is the knorr. Both are navigable on the Janube River and its tributaries, and the same types of ship are used on the distant inland Sweet Sea.

Quinpolic League

centered in the Duchy of Nolos and including many independent cities of the Seshnelan coast, this navy commands the western seas. Its warships are triremes, though quadremes have been built lately in imitation of Kethaelan ships. Its deep-water merchant ships are high-sterned and stout.

Kethaela

the fleet of Kethaela is maintained by the sea-going folks of the Rightarm Islands who have continued without the aid of the Pharaoh since he disappeared. However, significant losses

could be irreplaceable without mainland cooperation, and the sea people try to remain close to the Esrolian queens.

Kralorela

The Kralorelan fleet remained intact throughout the Closing, though confined to the Suam Chow. Their merchant ships are called junks. Their warships are huge oared barges which can be easily linked together to make a floating island where men fight as if on land. In such a manner they may survive for weeks lost in Kahar's Fog. Some war barges use zombies as their oarsmen, with more oars for the foot soldiers to use in case of emergency.

Haragala

This island's navy is the largest of the East Isles and commands the Eastern Sea. The typical East Isles merchant ship is *type. Their warships are swift and sleek with tall towers and masts from which sorcerous magic can be cast at foes. Their triangular sails rise only halfway up the mast.

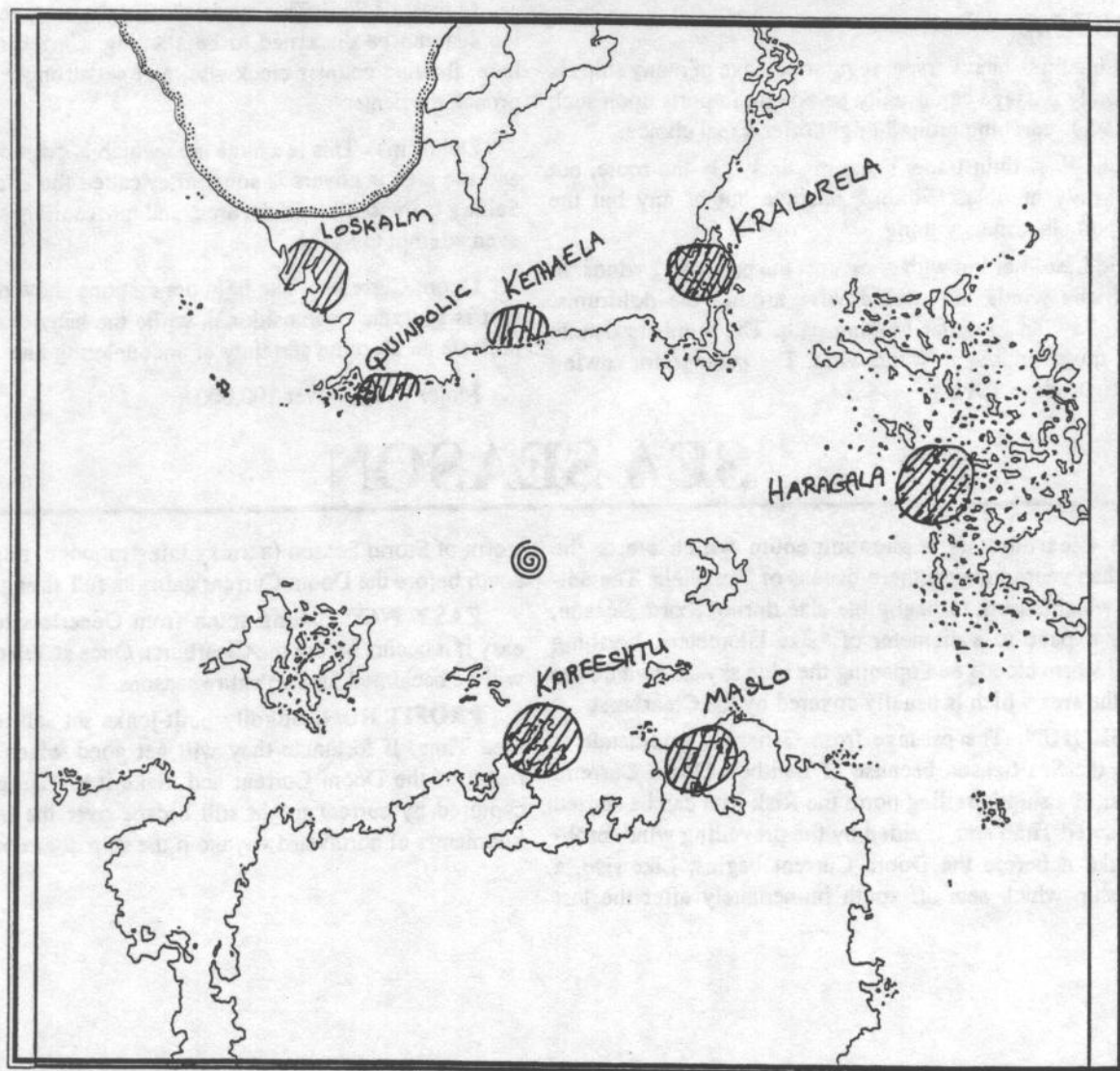
Kareeshtu

The major Fonritian power uses ships traditional since before the Closing. Its merchantmen are similar to dhows and xebecs, and follow the usual merchantman type. For war they prefer small ships called warsails which are faster than any other sailing ship when traveling upwind. They are very numerous and relatively delicate, and the favored tactic is to close and board, using a variety of imaginative means including ladders, grapples, magical leaps, and teleportation.

Maslo

The Maslo people use the same ship style for both merchant vessels and warcraft. They use huge double-hulled catamarans propelled by clumsy sails or banks of oars pulled by well-drilled men. The Maslo sailors have the least to gain by staying home, and these huge catamarans can be seen in any port in the world.

SHIP DISTRIBUTION MAP



SAILING

Seasonal Sailing

Glorantha's weather pattern is determined by Orlanth's Wind, modified by some significant Autonomous Winds over Vithela and the Wastes of Genertela.

Orlanth's Storm

Orlanth's Storm is the body of air which overlies all of Glorantha. It is a circle of moving air whose diameter is several thousand miles, and which has two major movements.

Storm Direction

counterclockwise movement of Orlanth's own great wind-storm,

Wind Direction

clockwise direction.

The center of the storm always has the weakest winds, and the size of the center fluctuates seasonally, starting with the Clearburst of spring and slowly tightening smaller for the rest of the year. At the outer ring are the heroic winds, being hurricane winds over one hundred miles per hour in strength.

TRADE ROUTES

Four maps show the routes commonly used by ships during each season.

Key to Map:

Double line - heavy trade; regular passage of many ships is usual. Daily passage can usually be bought in ports upon such a route, and searching around might offer a real choice.

Single line - light trade; ships regularly ply the route, but not in heavy numbers. Finding passage out of any but the largest ports is a chancy thing.

Solid Line - sailing with or against the prevailing winds. In general, the winds move clockwise around the doldrums, which follow an irregular looping path. The numbers denote days of travel with/against the wind. The passage for rowing can be figured by *Doing.

Broken line - sailing routes which are across the wind. Numbers show average number of days sail.

Magasta's Pool. This marks the approximate region where the sea can be discerned to be slanting. Currents are strong here, flowing counter clockwise, and get stronger as they approach the center.

Doldrums - This is a huge area which is quiet of any wind, and the area is covered is sometimes called the Brastalos Sea. Sailing is impossible in the area, and most sailing ships do not even attempt to travel.

Doom Currents - The light denotations show that the current is sporadic or transitional, while the heavier denotations indicate an absolute certainty of encountering one.

Major Cities - over 100,000

SEA SEASON

The Clearburst is a phenomenon which starts the Gloranthan year in the southern oceans of Pamaltela. The doldrums, which shrink to negligible size during Storm Season, abruptly expand to a diameter of *size kilometers, brushing away all storm clouds and opening the blue sky. Shown on the map is the area which is usually covered by the Clearburst.

RISK RUN: The passage from Genertela to Jrustela is risky in the Sea Season because of Banthe's Doom Current. However, if a ship is sailing north the Risk Run can be started in the Sacred Time and, if aided by the prevailing wind, probably make it before the Doom Current begins. Likewise, a sailing ship which sets off south immediately after the last

storm of Storm Season (a tricky thing to judge) might make it south before the Doom Current gains its full strength.

EASY WAY: Sailing south from Genertela to Teleos is easy if it occurs before the Clearburst. Once at Teleos the ships will be becalmed for two entire seasons.

PROFIT RUN: Sturdily built junks set sail in early Sacred Time. If fortunate they will get good winds before the rising of the Doom Current and make it to Haragala, and if captured by current might still escape over the hundreds of kilometers of northward voyage if the ship does not break up.

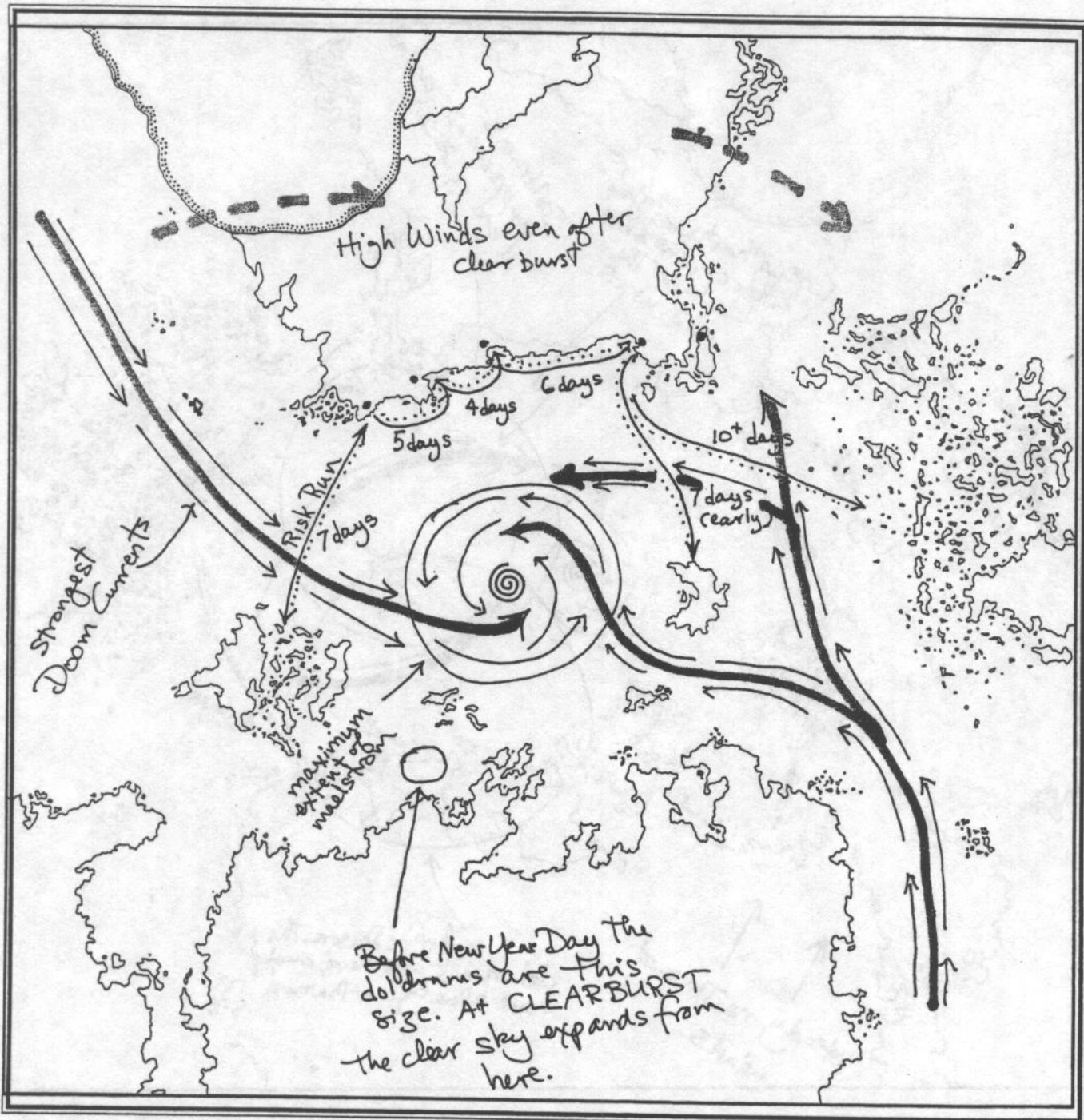
Map of Seasonable Sailing

 Doom Current

BAD FOR SHIPS

 Sailing Times (with Wind)

at Dawn of New Year entire ocean is becalmed by "Clearburst"



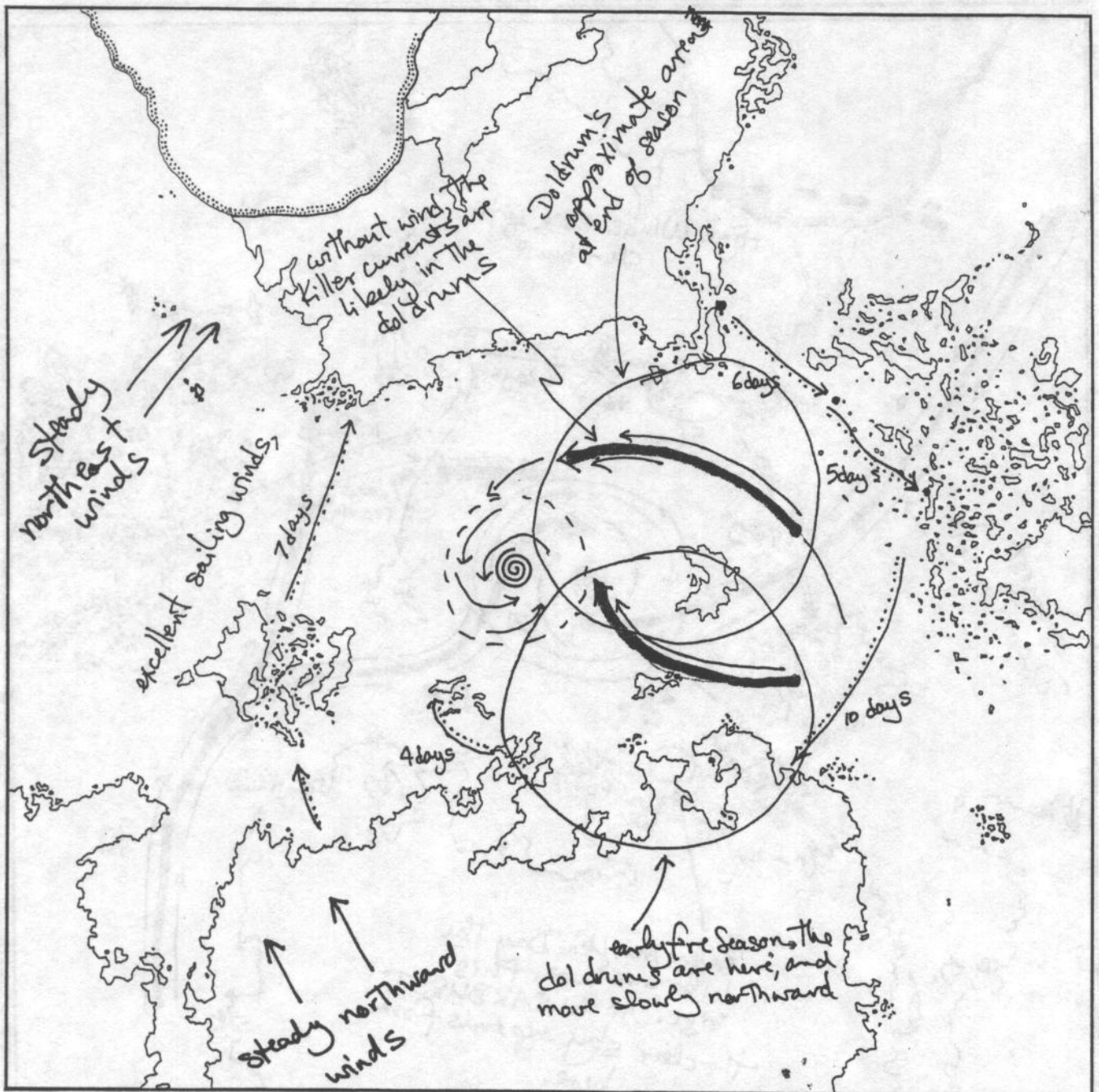
FIRE SEASON

The Sea of Teleos is becalmed at this time. The windless quiet of Brastalos moves from the south to the north, keeping Teleos within itself the whole time. The Doom Currents are at full strength within the calm, and unavoidable.

EAST ROW: Sailors, especially the Maslo folk, often row eastwards or westwards through the doldrums out of Teleos. Curiously, even heading west is called "east row" by the Maslo people.

"Silence on Teleos" season

Map of Seasonable Sailing



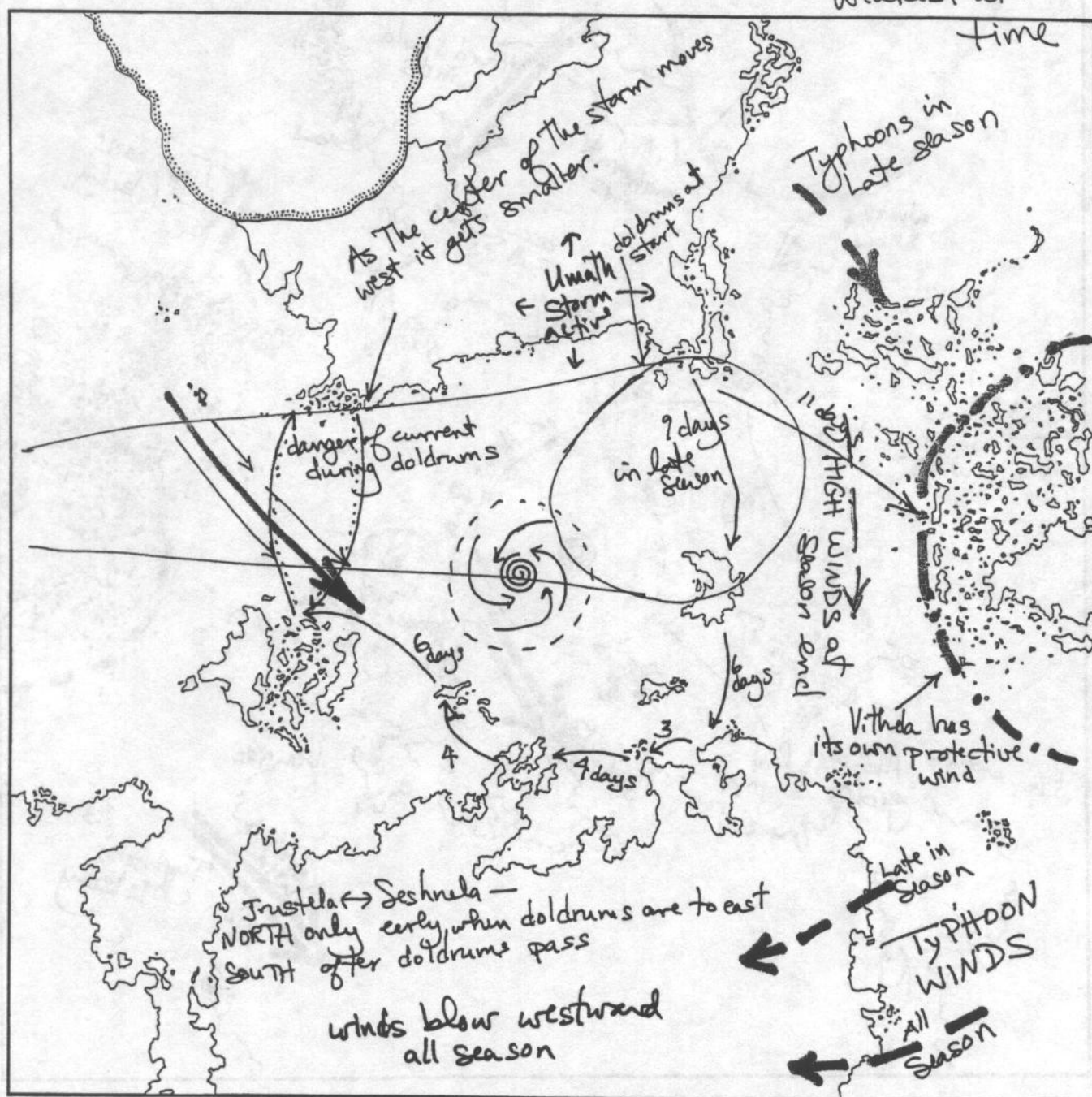
EARTH SEASON

The doldrums of Brastalos move westward along the southern edge of Genertela through this season.

The East Isles typhoon season begins at this time, increasing in severity for another 20 or more weeks until swiftly clearing in Sea Season.

NORTH RUN: A favorite passage of ships in the Jrusteli Isles, especially Fonritian ships, is to ride the prevailing winds northward for a seven day voyage to Nolos where they wait out the passing of the doldrums, usually about 4 weeks, after which they sail south on the shifted winds, arriving back in Jrustela in another week, with plenty of time to sail anywhere they desire in the Dashomo.

Map of Seasonable Sailing - winds are weakest at this time

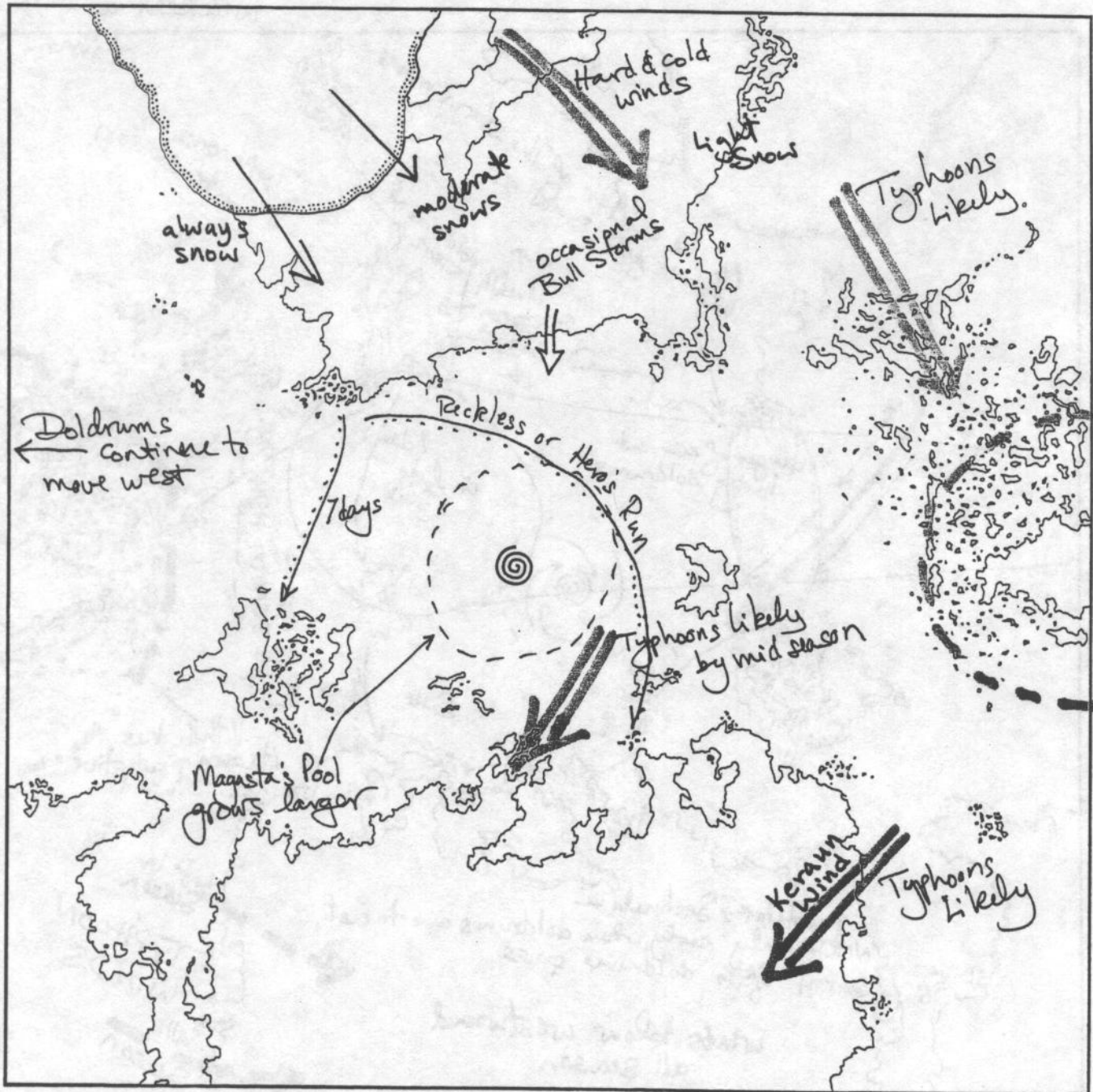


DARK SEASON

Most of eastern Glorantha is swept by typhoon, making long-distance sailing impossible to all but the sturdiest ships. Most of the eastern seas are endangered by the increasing numbers of icebergs which sail southward through the Banthe. Winds are often freezing.

HERO'S RUN: Extraordinarily bold sailors with very good ships have been known to succeed at a reckless voyage in this season. Timing and judgement are essential. The ship cuts down as close to the Homeward Ocean as possible, propelled along by the near-hurricane winds driving it south. It is known that this voyage from Nolos to Kareeshtu or Elamle can be completed in 12 days.

Map of Seasonable Sailing



STORM SEASON

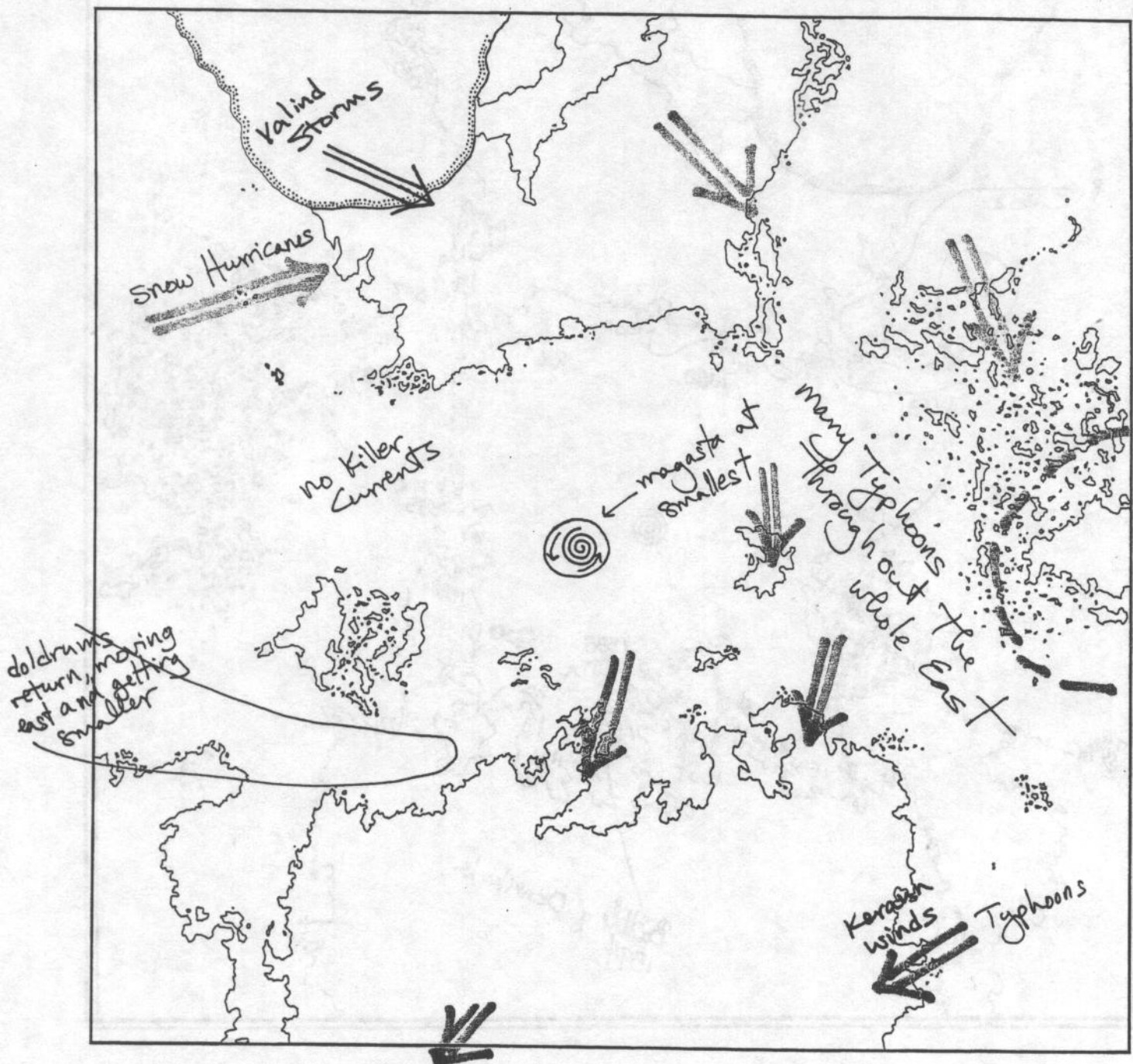
This season only the Vadeli sail. The entire ocean is covered with raging, unpredictable storms. Ice hurricanes are known to have raged south and stopped, then turned north

again. No ship made, save the immortal or Waertagi vessels, can reliably withstand the weather.

Storms in the Storm Season usually diminish in intensity, but not frequency, towards its end.

Map of Seasonable Sailing

BAD/IMPOSSIBLE TO SAIL



Closing and Opening

The Closing was an effect or series of effects which made sailing upon the surface of Glorantha's seas impossible. Only the inland seas were exempt, plus the Luathan ships which sank Old Seshnela. Small boats could be rowed or paddled in the near surf, but since even that was not always safe most coastal peoples simply gave up all boating. The Mraloti folks went so far that they even shunned all contact with the beach and shoreline, even for gathering food.

Effects were various. Sometimes a huge monster or a pack of smaller creatures appeared from below and sank the boat and ate its occupants. Sometimes fierce wind and waves pushed the ship backwards onto land, while other times

the same forces blew so hard that the ship sank close off shore. An invisible force was often reported which was so strong it easily overcame the sailors' own magical winds and waters. Sometimes the ship was simply turned around without anyone on board noticing until they saw themselves sailing back to land.

Dormal was simply the captain of the first ship to successfully use a ceremony which negated the effects of the Closing. A coterie of others had helped to create this. These included Lady Valira, appointed by Belintar and bearing his special knowledge; Martinavo, a powerful sorcerer who had once worshipped Lhankor Mhy; Edro, an ambi-

tious Esrolian merchant anxious to compete with the Trader Princes of Maniria; Mendalan, a bankrupt heir of a ship building family; Fudaru, a mature newtling trying desperately to reach the New Fens to breed; and a castaway Deri half mad with loneliness.

Dormal's ship was not the first attempt which they made to break the curse. A half dozen or so earlier attempts had all failed, most of them fatally, before Dormal risked all and succeeded.

Dormal himself may have been critical to this initial success. He was the child of Valira and an unnamed father [who was later proved to be the Pharaoh in one of his earlier shapes.]

What did Dormal do?

Dormal performed a ceremony which negated the effects of the Closing for the ship upon which it was performed. When others attempted to render the rites they failed.

Dormal taught everyone to pray to him, who was the only person actually capable of creating the protection. The prayer ceremony, or worship, has been infallible when done properly. This suc-

cess is proof that Dormal has been accepted into the realm of gods and heroes, who can receive worship and bless their worshippers thereby.

It did not cancel the effects of the Closing, which are still in effect for every ship which attempts to sail without performing the rites.

Note, too, that these do not cancel out the normal effects of wind, wave, and killer currents. Nor does it negate the occasional random attacks by monsters, nor the concerted raids of angry or hungry triolini. Nor does it reduce the chances of attacks by pirates.

But it does allow ships to sail.



A Pamaltelan Creation Story

Before Time, the land of Pamaltela was a very big, hot waste. The only beings living there were the Bomonoï, the men of fire. The god named Pamalt had seen the Bomonoï, and he had also seen the men which had been created in the north, and he had the idea to create his own race of men who could survive the heat of the land.

So, Pamalt gathered some of Yanmorla's clay and tall made bodies out of it, with four legs each. He then convinced the Bomonoï to give up some of their heat to the bodies. The bodies came to life, but they did not have much in the way of minds; the Heat of Life was not there. Pamalt called them the hoolar.

For a long time Pamalt thought. He wondered why the hoolar were mindless. He decided that too little heat had been used in their creation. He went seeking Bukamba, greatest of the Bomonoï, because he knew that he could trick him into giving up much more heat.

After a long search in the Enmal Mountains, Pamalt finally found Balumbasta. He spoke to him in a friendly fashion, and soon convinced Balumbasta that creating men was a good idea; in fact, he convinced Balumbasta that it was his own idea to do this, not Pamalt's! After Pamalt had agreed to "help" Balumbasta, the two returned to Pamaltela. Pamalt again fashioned bodies out of Yanmorla's clay. These bodies were much smaller, and had only two legs, but they had very long ears, fingers, and toes.

After Pamalt had finished shaping the bodies, Balumbasta gave them heat, so much heat that some of the clay melted away, leaving the bodies quite small. The figures soon rose and walked, and Pamalt called them Jel-mre. Balumbasta was very happy with their work, for the jel-mre were much more intelligent than the hoolar. But Pamalt was still not satisfied, for the jel-mre were very emotional. Pamalt decided that there must still be something missing.

Again Pamalt sat and pondered, but this time he was not alone, because Balumbasta had become just as eager as Pamalt to create life for Pamaltela. They sat together for a long time, and finally Pamalt found the answer. Men needed the Breath of Life in addition to the Heat of Life. So Pamalt asked Balumbasta to go and find his brother Cronisper, who could give the Breath of Life to the creations, for he was the god of the sky.

When Balumbasta returned with Cronisper, Pamalt fashioned a third set of bodies out of Yanmorla's clay. This time Pamalt made each body with large eyes, a gaping mouth, a long tail, and small, nearly useless arms. Then Balumbasta stepped up and gave the bodies the Heat of Life, and Cronisper looked down and gave them the Breath of Life. The creatures rose, and Balumbasta and Cronisper were very happy, and even Pamalt had to admit that these creatures, named the Pel-mre, were good creations. But he was still not satisfied, for the creatures had no awareness of the gods. He convinced Balumbasta and Cronisper to make one more try, but they warned

him that this would be the last one, for they wanted to return to their homes.

Pamalt sat and pondered again. He decided that he needed someone to give the next try Speech and Thought. He asked Balumbasta and Cronisper to find their brother Kendamalanar to supply Thought, so that the creatures would be aware of the gods. Pamalt went himself to find the god who would give Speech to the life that he wanted to create.

Pamalt searched, and finally found the goddess Nyanka. Pamalt had not even considered asking a woman to help, but then he thought that perhaps a female touch might supply what was missing. However, Kendamalanar disliked Nyanka, for their natures were opposed, and Pamalt wondered how he could get the High God to stay when he saw her. He decided that he would play upon Kendamalanar's pride, and so told him that Nyanka had already agreed to take part in the creation of life, but only if Kendamalanar was not invited. Kendamalanar became very upset at this, that a mere woman would be allowed to create life when he could not, and he vowed to show Pamalt how great his powers of Thought and Creation were.

When all of the gods were gathered together, Pamalt made a final set of bodies. He took a very dark clay from Yanmorla this time, thinking that the more he changed, the better the creations would be. This time Pamalt made the bodies simple, with two arms and two legs, and all the body parts in proportion to each other. Again Balumbasta gave the Heat of Life, and Cronisper sent the Breath of Life into the bodies. Then Nyanka and Kendamalanar came forward to give the beings Speech and Thought. Kendamalanar tried to outdo Nyanka as she worked, and gave the beings so much Thought that Pamalt was worried that they would be ruined. He cried for the two gods to stop, and so finally the creatures were completed. Some of them had been given more Thought than the others by Kendamalanar, while others had been blessed by Nyanka with more Speech.

The beings got up and started talking to the gods in their own language. All of the gods were happy with their success, even Kendamalanar. Pamalt was happiest of all, and he named them the Agi. Those who had received more Thought became men, and those who received more Speech became women.

The Agi lived in happiness in Pamaltela, but eventually they grew restless. They went to Pamalt and asked him how they could change the dry land. They wanted there to be plants and animals, as there were in the north. They also wanted to have children, so that they would have someone to take care of. Pamalt told them that they could have all of this, but that they would have to give up their immortality. Most of the Agi were scared by this, and said that they would rather stay as they were, but a few agreed to this deal.

Those that agreed soon found themselves experiencing something new. They went to Pamalt, and he told them that what they were feeling was hunger. He asked Rasout the hunter to come help, and he showed to the Agi the first animals in the land, that he and Pamalt and the other gods had created.

Rasout taught the men how to hunt, and he taught the women how to prepare the food, and the Agi learned to eat.

When they had finished, they felt better, but they said that they felt something else new. Pamalt told them that this was thirst. He asked Nyanka to come help, and she showed the Agi how to drink water from the small oasis of life she created. The Agi drank.

The Agi who had given up their immortality were very happy after this, but soon went to Pamalt again with a new feeling for him to explain. This one was even stronger than the others, and Pamalt told them that it was the desire for children that they felt. He called on Aleshmara, and together Pamalt and Aleshmara taught the people how to make children. The Agi were very happy after this, and soon they all had many children.

But then the children started growing up, and the Agi became worried that all of the animals would have to be eaten to feed them, until none were left. They went back to Pamalt and told him that they were happy to have children, but there were still no plants, and they were worried that the only food they had to eat was the animals they hunted. Pamalt agreed that they should not eat all the animals, and said that from now on only certain of the men could hunt. He called Rasout back, who chose the best of the hunters to follow his ways, and provide food to their families.

The Agi were frightened by this, for they had never before seen Pamalt do anything which did not help them, and they couldn't see how this would feed their children. Pamalt said that they should not worry, for he had arranged it so that plants would start growing soon. The Agi believed Pamalt, and so they returned to their homes and waited. While they waited the first man among them died. His name was Dorad, and his children and wife buried him. Soon a plant grew from the ground where he had been buried, and from the graves of the others who had died after him. All of the Agi who died turned into plants, and soon all of Pamaltela was covered in plants.

Until this time, both the Agi who kept immortality and the Agi who had given it up lived together. But when Dorad died the Agi who kept their immortality left, fearing that they would be taken by it as well. They were called the Agi-tor after that, and the other Agi, who were now much more numerous, were called the Agi-mor. The Agi-tor moved to the south, where the land was still hot and dry, but the Agi-mor spread across Pamaltela, to the north and the east. Over the years, the children of the Agi-mor became a little smaller and weaker. The people were upset at this, but Pamalt explained to them that their immortal part had been lost, and so they were smaller than before. The people decided that they were still happier to have children than to have immortality.

For many years the Agi-mor wandered across the land, never settling in one place for very long, or until they were too old to travel easily. They were not prepared when Kendamalanar, the Sun, left the sky to return to his home in the far south, where he was needed to join his brothers in fighting an evil god which had come. The Agi-mor were very afraid of the

darkness, and were worried that all of the other gods would leave them as well, so that they would have no food or water or children. But then Pamalt came and led them through the time of darkness.

When cold, evil things came from the lands to the north, Pamalt defended the Agi-mor from the trolls and darkness demons. Balumbasta raised a great wall to protect the Agi-mor, but the trolls ate the tops off of it, and it eventually wore down to become a series of mountain ranges. Finally, Pamalt used the spear of Balumbasta to give the enemy goddess a great wound. So hurt was Kwalyorni that she fell to the ground, and her children gathered around her body in fear. The Spear of the Burner had driven away her cold, and so Pamalt was content to let her trolls live in the northern jungles, where the Agi-mor did not live anyways.

When things of pure evil came up through the hot lands of the south, Pamalt protected the Agi-mor from chaos as well. When the evil became too great even for Pamalt to defeat, he called on all of the gods who had helped him before and some others, Yanmorla and her daughter Aleshmara, Cronisper and his wife Enjata-Mo, Balumbasta and his sons Vangono and Varama, Nyanka and her brother Jmijie, Rasout and his sister Faranar, Pamalt's brother Noruma, the foreigner Keraun,

and even empty Bolongo. Pamalt taught them how to be more than what they were, how to be a family, a single unit. They formed the Necklace of Pamalt, and together they were able to destroy Vovisibor, the Filth Which Walks. Only Sikkanos refused to help, and so he was killed with the chaos, and cursed to forever haunt the southern wastes, a Lost Wind.

During the war against chaos, everyone joined in to save the world. A new race of men came down to the earth from the sky. They were blue people, and called themselves after the name of their leader, Artmal. They had defeated chaos in the sky, and came down to earth to destroy chaos there as well. But they did not help Pamalt, and when the battles were over they took part of the land in the north for themselves, and created the Artmali Empire.

The shape of the world had been changed, and the lands in the far north were destroyed or cut off by hostile oceans. Pamalt left the Agi-mor, saying that the world was going to change to protect the Agi-mor from chaos. The Agi-mor chose a new leader, Talja of the Nele lineage, and Pamalt taught him the secrets of being a Chief. Then he and the other gods walked south to the Enmal Mountains, where it is so hot that even the Agi-mor cannot go. The Agi-mor spread across all of Pamaltela, and eventually drove the Pel-mre far to the west, and the jel-mre into a small jungle in the mountains. And this is the way the world is now.

In Service of Her Ladyship

My worst moment among the gentle people was at the oasis they call Ralfal Markadian, or Well of the Mother of Markad. After weeks of placid travel among them, our guides were abruptly called away, we were surrounded by flame-breathing men, and abruptly circled by women who blew at us, then placed shawls over their faces and ran away, shrieking. None of us dared move, or perhaps we were enspelled.

One of them came forward and the spell was broken. He came almost among us despite our drawn weapons and cast spells. His scars I recognized as of the Hawk Ivy people, who own green parrots which sometimes die in droves without apparent reason. His garb I recognized as that of a devotee of the war god, while the ostrich feathers showed him to also belong to the Pamalt cult.

"Check him out," hissed Egor. "Don't waste anything." The Doraddi were already casting spells and making threatening gestures so we did, too. I found out he was protected by a magic spell and bore no silver or iron. I also thought he was issuing a ritual challenge to us, though I did not understand most of the words.

"He is an initiate of something," reported Egor, "and he is more powerful than I am, and has extra energy too. He has some spirit near him, and one in a little animal nearby. He has eight points of defensive magic on him."

"His eight points are spirit magic, and he has more on his spear and knife and shield," said our shamaness. "He has no iron."

"He is alive," said Koli, "has no silver, gold, or copper. He wants to fight one of us for the ritual stakes."

"Ask him what they want," snapped Egor. Koli stepped forward and spoke his best Doraddi dialect, complete with his merchant's flourishes.

"Skybreather," implored @, "who is this guy?"

"A powerful chieftain of the Hawk Ivy lineage who commands a band of warriors, all struck by the magic of Jhimjee. He wears the symbols of Pamalt, so knows some of that magic, and has three rat skulls on his left arm so knows the thunderbolt. If you count the teeth on that necklace you can tell how many men he killed in his greatest fight. I think he might be Yamandarstos, who was raised in a gopher hole."

"Yamandarstos who never lost a riddling contest?" Skybreather nodded, pleased to know I remembered. "Let me go, then," I said, "this guy doesn't want to fight." Skybreather nodded again, no longer smiling. He made the sign of blessing, then one of transport to the spirit world. He was saying goodbye. Egor hesitated a moment, then nodded. Koli's bluster and bravado ran out just then, and I strode forward, trying to imitate the warrior's swagger. In my best Doraddi dialect I growled, "Me make trouble bad hang my neck take your jerky and knife."

Mindread certainly helped me get past the worst answers. He had no such advantage. Finally, tired of following a dan-

gerous ritual I only half-understood, I asked questions about Orlanth which were outside his ritual context. He answered some, then was wrong when asked why the north wind is cold. Hell broke loose then, but I sat motionless and demanded that I could prove it. Their fine sense of justice allowed us to try, and when Egor called down the sylphs, then loosed the voice of the wind, with one of Brindle's illusory lightning riders, the challenger was convinced and we won.

Egor: Orlanthi Brindle: Eurmial Koli: Issaries
I: Lhankor Mhy shamaness: knows spirit magic
Skybreather: some sort of battle-spirit

"We Tried That Already."

The universal response of any Arbennan to any suggestions that they change their ways is to say "We tried that once." If the subject is known to the Arbennan they will add reference to the story. Finally, if they know a location, either mythical or geographic, they will tell you where to find first hand experience to prove it. Three examples follow:

1. Why don't you ever work in the fields?

We tried that once. Son of the Hawk did better than all the women together, but all the men got gas from the food. You can go to the Place Where Men Always Fart and see for yourself.

2. Why don't you admit that so-and-so is your son? He looks like you, and no other man has touched your wife since you moved into her house. You and your wife admit that no child is born without mutual effort.

We tried that once. Broken Pot Boy claimed that Hard Shield was one of those, but everyone went hungry when no one could cook in a shield, and Hard Shield is still not himself, which is why the *society has to enchant their shields. Go to the river crossing called Place of Sands and see for yourself.

3. Why don't you ride horses?

We tried that once. Sed Seddi rode on them whe he fought against the Six Leggeds, but they all died anyway because Pamalt said so. You can hear it for yourself from the harooli clan, north of Banini Lake.

Some Arbennen Heroes

Son of the Hawk is a hero of many stories throughout the whole Arbennen region. Broken Pot Boy is a loser in all his stories, experimenting with many taboos and always suffering miserably for it. Hard Shield is the three-horned rhinoceros, whose freshly flayed hide is used by warriors, but is always better when made by the *society. *name is a historic figure, now enshrined as the latest of a series of warriors resisting northern corruption.

The Doraddi

Who are we?

The plains tribes of Pamaltela are called the Doraddi. Three major divisions exist, different primarily in their marriage customs, dialect, and diet, but generally similar in life-style. The groups are called after their regions: Jolar, Kothar, and Tarien.

Doraddi culture is primitive and mobile. The people eschew cities and demonstrate moral and social superiority through an array of anecdotes which conclusively demonstrate the folly of civilization. They practice horticultural gardening, concentrating on root vegetables and abandoning gardens every year. They domesticate dogs for hunting and companionship and a variety of birds to eat (fowl), work (hunting hawks, carrier pigeons), and entertainment (songbirds and fighting birds). They move often, usually abandoning a site and moving everything.

What makes us great?

Our ability to live easily and with pleasure.

Where do we live?

In Pamaltela, the Land of the great Chief.

How do we live?

Our lifestyle combines gathering and hunting as is necessary. In general, the wetter east is slightly more horticultural, the west more hunter-oriented. Living structures are usually made of grass on wood frames, are conical or circular, and average ten meters wide. Four to eight people inhabit such a dwelling, and an extended family has several close to each other. A typical family can raise a dwelling in two days. In some places the huts are replaced often, and in most places burned and replaced after three years of inhabitation by sedentary families.

Travel is common among all the peoples. Families leave when kings anger them, gardens fail, or a celebration beckons from afar. Men travel from household to household seeking permanent employment or placement. Ancient routes across expanses are traversed seasonally by many families. A wandering sickness, with its own deity, is known to be powerful.

Storytellers, special artisans, and shamans travel from hearth to hearth plying their trades.

Material wealth is simple. The people move too often to accumulate a lot. Clay vessels are unknown and, when encountered, admired but never sought. They are too heavy to carry. Baskets of every description fill most container needs, supplemented by gourds and leather pouches. Clothing is leather and woven grasses.

Political and ceremonial positions are denoted by elaborate costumes using both native materials and those traded over many miles.

The ritual use of midget conch shells among the Pamalt priesthood has made the shells into a type of currency. The shells come from the river mouths of Laskal, pass overland to Jolar, and thence further inland.

No beasts are used as burden animals. No roads, except the sacred pathways, cross the land -- only waterflows mark natural movement patterns. Domesticated animals include dogs, flightless chickens, a small short-legged pig, the Tanuku -- a milk-antelope, and several species of birds.

Objects of art, even ceremonial art, are usually light and functional. For instance, in a common form of the adulthood initiation the gods are summoned into their statues set about a perimeter. Most of the idols used are of wood about knee tall. Some are baskets, a bronze key, an iron knife, and so on.

Where most items are practical, they are also beautiful, as if to make up with art what is lacking in bulk. Spoons, bowls, combs, and most other practical items are carved with geometric designs, inlaid with metal or semiprecious stone, or carved into eye-pleasing or symbolic shapes. Nothing escapes handling by artists, and everyone has an opinion of quality.

Shelter is usually provided by tents which can be unlaced into portions suitable for carrying by family members. So wonderful is the design of these panels that many families, meeting again for a festival or by accident, can lace their tents into one larger structure, held aloft by a forest of poles which double as drags while on the move. At the rich oases which dot the plains reed huts, sometimes of startling size, are often used. They are avoided by visitors, who fear the vermin which inhabit old straw, and so the local kings sometimes have special hideaways, often set right over the waterhole, which have entryways like mazes of old hay.

The Doraddi wear light clothing, often going half-naked. In the east wild cotton is carefully combed, in the northern area imported cloth is used, and in the west leather skins are most common. Since the weather is generally pleasant clothing is functional on the job, being covered against sun or rain and uncovered whenever not needed.

The oases which dot the plains are a significant part of their world. When the rivers dry up, sometimes for years, the oases continue. They are centers of life, each ruled by its traditional "king," which contain ancient religious secrets and sites.

food
clothing

shelter
property

What is important in my life?

Doraddi tribes people become adults around the age of 13-17 through secret initiations conducted by their lineage elders. All members of a lineage treat each other as close kin, and thus have responsibilities towards utter strangers of the same lineage. Orphans are unknown. Elders are respected and maintained even through travail. Each person is of a specific hereditary "lineage", signified by ritual scars and tattoos. It is forbidden to marry a person of one's own lineage, and usually other lineage restrictions exist as well. A child is always of his mother's lineage.

The marriage customs of the Arbennan are of interest. They are strictly monogamous, but the custom is for a young man to marry a middle-aged woman. They live together until the woman retires to one of the oasis settlements. The man, who is now middle-aged, marries a young woman, who begins the cycle anew, but with reversed roles.

birth
adulthood
marriage
death

Who rules us?

Society is primitive, with relatively minor differences in material wealth distinguishing the upper classes -- the King of the Arbennen makes decisions which influence thousands of followers, but he still wears native dress, eats native food, and lives in a grass hut. Class lines are indistinguishable, except to separate slaves from all others.

The Arbennan live in large extended families, usually consisting of an elderly woman, her sisters, daughters and granddaughters, and their husbands. A family may either travel on its own or as part of a tribe. Tribes are ruled by male chieftains who must be of one of the special king lineages. The chieftain rules as he pleases, but the old women of the tribe can replace him with another chieftain, who must be of the same king lineage. By far the majority of the people associated with a tribe are viators, folk with no sworn loyalty to the chieftain. The viators help out the tribe and give a traditional portion of their prey to the chieftain. In return they are permitted to stay with the tribe and receive its benefits. They can leave the tribe whenever they please.

The basic social unit is the extended matriarchal family. Women own most property, control all stored foodstuffs, and wield magical powers over the political leaders. Most important, the family grandmother determines where they will live, and more than one king has fallen when all his followers moved away from his command.

Doraddi culture begins with the family. Each family is centered upon a group of women, usually related by blood, who collectively own all the tents or huts in the village, the livestock, and so on. Their children, husbands, and paramours

live in the household, usually remaining with sisters and mothers until they marry or join a men's society.

Beyond the family is the Lineage. Each family traces its lineage through the female line to an ancestral mother of the line, called "First Drinker," who later died and was transformed into a special type of plant. Each lineage has its rites and rituals to follow in dealing with the critical times of life: birth, adulthood, marriage, and death. Most mark themselves with a scar, tatoo, or other distinctive mark. Descendants have special relationships with those plants and can use them in unique ways, and after the death of a person the same plants sprout from the grave.

Members of each lineage are marked by a scar or tattoo pattern. Some designs are simple, others quite complex. Members of a common lineage always recognize blood relationships with each other in terms of mutual support, friendship, and exogamous sex and marriages. In many cases lineage affects which cults a member may join.

When many families gather the innate political forces unify into the local Pamalt's Kingdom to co-ordinate life among so many people. Several lineages are dedicated to producing only royal members to command such groups. The Avarasco river basin has been ruled by members of a lineage since Pamalt's time.

Kingdom organization is centered upon the royal family. Influence over local affairs radiates outward to the king's lineage, then to the general membership of the peoples. The followers were of three types: full citizens, with clearly defined obligations to and rights from the king; visitors, with partial rights; and slaves, generally war captives, with no citizenry rights. Only half the Doraddi of Pamaltela acknowledge any permanent political overlord. The rest wander the wilds or drift among the kingdoms which try to hold the oases and river beds.

Only the women of the tribe can name a chieftain, though they must choose from the requisite lineage. No men may vote, though all may speak if they wish. The chieftain can be dismissed at any time by the women, except in Tarien, where the appointment is for life.

The Kresh people of Kothar, and more recently in Zamokil and Jolar, are a new type of Doraddi. Outsiders sometimes consider them as a huge expanding empire but the truth is simpler. Sometime, probably about three or four centuries ago, someone discovered some powerful magic which has been kept secret since. Only the Kresh matriarchs know how to generate one of their awesome wagons, dragged on solid wheels over the broken plain by dozens or hundreds of people. They usually awe the residents, receive or extort food, sell unusual magic and trinkets, promise that others like them will come later, then move on after five to thirty days. Often they do not stop, but conduct all business while on the move day and night.

why do they rule
society organization

What makes a man great?

virtues

What is evil?

taboos

vices

What is my lot in life?

education

advancement

goals

What is the object of life?

To enjoy oneself with those who we live with.

How do we protect ourselves?

Fighting among the Doraddi is of two types: ritual combat, sometimes not including arms of any type; and plunder war, often including fights to the death, the latter more common between kingdoms. In ritual combat most possible outcomes have victory conditions and prizes rigidly defined.

Warfare among the various peoples is known. Combat is usually between tribes, whose residents may include several families and lineages. Common reasons for fighting include transgressing sacred rites, stealing food, or tradition. Some combat is called "Old Men's War," wherein the tribes gather on a prechosen field for combat, match man against man, shout abuse at each other, and whichever side has more men wins without a blow being struck. The "Hero's War" pits individuals against each other, sometimes with team mates, to determine winners and losers. Finally "Ancient Warfare," which includes warriors arming and attempting to kill each other with raids, ambushes, and set battles, is frowned upon and avoided whenever possible.

Religion is shamanic, but with occasional hereditary priesthoods at certain sites or to specific deities. They worship the Pamalt pantheon, which is ruled by Pamalt and a council which varies in membership.

health

war

religion

society

How do we deal with others?

family

friends

strangers (from our culture)

folk from other cultures

Who are our enemies?

Who are my gods?

What is there to do around here?

entertainment, sports

What is the difference between men and women?

Women in the Doraddi have the privilege and responsibility for owning almost all material goods and wielding considerable political power. The men own certain men-things, like weapons, ritual clothing, and a traditional "anything carried on his back." Men fill political positions as administrators and caretakers.

Elves in Pamaltela, fragment

At the Dawn the elves woke. Voria, bright young goddess, walked the world awakening the life forces of all the earth. The Age of Sleep ended. The Green Elves rejoiced to find their brethren once again whole, and Aldrya danced from forest to forest carrying the message of love and elvish unity.

At the end of the long winter of the Darkness the Green Elves were dominant, for only they had the power to remain awake, and they had worked hard to spread their domain. Mighty conifer forests rose wherever there were living trees. It was the green elves who danced the Dance of Rebirth with Voria and renewed the sleeping life. Thus, at first, the green elves were the acknowledged leaders of all elfdom.

The whole world sprang back to life in Glorantha's first years after the Dawn, radiating from the nuclei of life which had survived the ravages of the Darkness. In some places whole races awoke. The bountiful Life Force knew no unhappiness in those days. Every living thing was refreshed by bliss from the harmony of the Great Compromise. No enemies existed. The Elder Races worked together during the First Age. Their gods had surrendered to each other -- given up their inbred hostilities in favor of co-operation.

The longest lasting unity the Theyalan Council, afterwards called the First Council, which did not disintegrate for centuries. The harmony of those idyllic years did not last. Personal enemies from before the darkness began to quarrel again, like "Panaxles and Hyalor," in Kethaela. Interspecies hatreds erupted, like when the dwarves cheated and shamed the elves at the Ixtilian Fields. But worst of all, even species fell into internal conflict, such as the humans warring so mightily in Peloria.

The elves call the First Age the "Sorrow of Aldrya." The mobile children of the forest goddess fell to war against each other, as if unable to control some great passion. It seemed a crime that the victims were the courageous Green Elves, who had preserved elfdom so it could be reborn.

The Seven Siblings of Naranyo ruled the Greenwood of Jolar, a forest which had fought off the ravages of the ice storms and Uzuz during the Lesser Darkness and withstood the mutating chaos of the Greater Darkness. Each of the seven led a bustling force from their inner woods, bursting with new life. They strode along the surface world, spearheading the regrowth. Where they walked grass grew, and where they sat they left great forests. The world was replanted. Elves rewoke, and they would meet each holy date in the Jolar Greenwood for their great dance.

The Five Traitors of Grown felt more affinity for some other creatures than they did for their guardians. They allied with Yelm, Lodril, even gained the help of a tribe of men. On the holiest day of their cycle the traitors released their new powers, stripping the ancient conifers of their magic and instilling a process which left them all dead within a cycle. No trees grew there afterwards, except in some riverbottoms where the troublesome cottonwoods remain.

Unfinished Fiction Exerpt

AFTAL THE WAERTAG

This was written in the mid 60's or so. The "little people" of Jrustela have changed since then, as I discovered more about them. The Deri, by the way, are the same creatures as the one who appears in the "Slime Deer" story.

Cast of Characters

- Aftal - Prince-Admiral of Benel-Kaium.
- Welor - Former Prince-Admiral and Aftal's father.
- Denet - Brother of Aftal.
- Leka - Cousin of Aftal and his betrothed.
- Jeder - Second-in-command of Denet's boat.
- Bagor - Captain of the Crikli flotilla
- Yemor - Head Priest of Benel-Kaium.
- Mlur - Deri of Benel-Kaium.
- Jarb - Deri of Jeted-Kaium.
- Ulher - Cousin of Aftal. Dives overboard and disappears while drifting.
- Rekard - A Waertagi.
- Oma - A woman.
- Ulera - A woman.
- Isela - A woman.
- Helfa - A woman.
- Lonemn - Duke of Ofthal.
- Jaktarm - Rebel from jungle.
- Lapadal - High priest of Ofthal.
- Gamalt - Army chief of Ofthal.

AFTAL THE WAERTAGI

Aftal gazed proudly upon his city. Anchored far out to sea it dominated the entire horizon, the only jutting structure. It measured nearly two miles in length, and nearly one and a half in width. The towering spires, once built around the unused masts of the old ships which started the city rose nearly two hundred feet and ended in the flat-topped lookout towers. Aftal

turned and searched the horizon for sea dragons, as he knew the sentries were doing atop the tower. Seeing none he went along the deck, past the green and blue and brown booths covered with dyed cloth painfully hammered from the innards of slain sea dragons. He descended a staircase into the depths of the city, traveling down corridors made of dried and treated dragon hide supported by their bones.

Everywhere he looked he noted the remnants of the dragons whose importance to the city could never be over-emphasized. Ever since the closing of the oceans generations ago the cities of ships remained motionless rather than be driven towards land had grown more and more dependent on the dragons.

The Triolini visited the city less and less, and so fewer of the deep seas reaches came to the ship city. The blood of the race thus also ran thinner than of old when the sea god Triolini race had bred more with their relatives the Waertagi. But the gods, even lower races like the Triolini had more important things to do than dote on ship bound cousins. And the city had gotten along without their help.

Aftal stopped as he neared the smithy. He could hear the clank of metal as the smiths pounded their ancient metals saved over generations into newer and more useful implements. The gradual decline of metal was one of the major factors in the leaving of the Triolini which affected the city. More and more they had become used to bone implements, saving the precious metal for harpoons. But the smiths too were to some fault.

No longer could they hew out good weapons or tools with the powerful charms of their fathers. The tools dulled quicker, broke sooner. They did more beating of the metals to make them bend into the tools so sorely needed. It was this reason that brought Aftal to the smithy. He had come to speak with old Mlur, the only foreigner on the ship and an all-important member.

Aftal shivered slightly about going to see the man. The color of Mlur's burning red eyes set deeply into his hairless, green-skinned head shook most men. The green skin which

both Aftal's race and Mlur's shared showed their kinship somewhere along the line, even though Aftal's was quite pale in comparison. But skin color was the end of resemblance.

Aftal knew well the history of his own hybrid race. How Malkion the Father had been half Triolin and had taken a Triolin to mate. Their son was Waertag, and he too took to mate a Triolin, their numerous offspring becoming the Waertagi race, close cousins of their landed relatives the Brithini who were descendants of Malkion and other wives. The Waertagi lived upon the sea rather than the land, since their blood ran thick with the blood of sea gods, and in their ships they ranged over the entire ocean before its closing generations ago. Rather than be driven to land the ships came together and anchored in the middle of the sea, away from the un-missed land. Once together and immobile the ships had built connecting decks, and expanded the structures until the original hulls were lost in the maze of floating buildings.

There were many such floating cities. Aftal knew the names of those closest to his own, which was named Benel-Kaium and named after the first prince of the city and whose title Aftal now carried.

There was Jeted-Kaium, Eenora-Kaium, and Fos-Kaium which were close enough to communicate without delay. Those farther out were too far away to be of use, although Aftal knew there were at least seven others, and possibly a large colony living on land somewhere in the east. But all that mattered were those three in direct contact.

Which was another reason for his visit to Mlur. Mlur was of the race of the Deri, a strange race apart from the world whose origins were known only to themselves. They were master smiths, and Mlur had taught the city smiths spells for forging from before the closing. Aftal wanted to test the old man's ability, for surely he was old by any mortal standards, having been captured in some raid long before the closing. It was standard for every raiding fleet to have one of the Deri aboard, not for smithing then, for they captured any weapons needed or bartered for them where raiding was unnecessary or unprofitable, but for communication. The entire race of the Deri was telepathic. By capturing one of them and forcing him to work for the fleets the raiding parties could keep in communication even over large distances. Eventually the Deri had done services for the captains more easily, even voluntarily, after several generations at sea without hope of rescue by their non-sea-going brothers.

The city of Benel-Kaium had been fortunate in having three of the race with them when they consolidated to form the stable city. The first had died long ago, slain by a sea-dragon who lived long enough to attack the city and nearly sink it. After that a new policy of hunting the dragons had started. The second Deri died during the reign of Aftal's father, Welor. The smiths woke to find their master dead, his body having been reduced to a dried husk completely devoid of moisture. since it wasn't an ordinary death Welor suspected sorcery, and especially sorcery coming from Mlur who had long hated his brethren. But because Mlur was now indispensable nothing was done. The rest of the ship was still unharmed, although some-

what leery of the old green man, and he still communicated any messages and helped in any particularly difficult smithing task, so soon life regained normalcy. but now again things had changed. Slightly, it was true, but enough to cause concern to the prince of Benel-Kaium. there had been no message in months, not even when a herd of sea-dragons came from the direction of one of the nearby cities who would normally send a message ahead of the coming dragons. And the quality of the metal craft had gone down. Aftal thought the old man was becoming senile and decided to check.

He knocked on the door of the smith's private chamber, for although the Deri was still a slave his importance had been rewarded with both some personal comforts and respect.

"Come in," crackled the voice behind the door. Aftal pushed the lockless door open, facing the red-eyed man directly. Mlur bowed slightly from the waist, his pudgy body seeming to crack with the effort. His burning, unblinking eyes remained at all times on Aftal, making Aftal think that if the old man was senile his eyes surely weren't. Aftal, as highest noble on the city didn't return the bow, but simply began the conversation.

"Old Mlur, necessity brings me to speak with you." It was the ancient traditional opening phrase. Mlur finished the formula.

"I am pleased and humbled that our prince seeks me."

"We have had no word from any of the neighboring Kaium for many months. Have you been withholding messages?" He got right to the point, seeing that tact would be useless between himself and a slave nearly useless and thus expendable.

"No, gracious prince. I have passed on all messages to date."

"You have had no messages from any of the other cities concerning dragon herds coming our way?"

"No, prince. In fact, I have received no thoughts at all from Jarb of Jeted-Kaium in the north and believe he is dead."

"Why have you not told me this?"

"I could be wrong. I am old, as is Jarb, and to send any but the usual answers which we are attuned to through years of practice is a strain on our minds. Besides, there has been but one dragon herd from the north recently, and that was small enough to have passed the city during the night so no message would be sent."

"And the other cities nearly?"

"Simply no messages."

"Mlur, you know that we still have the old means of forcing the truth from you. I can still see the scars on your body, and am sure you can still feel the scars on your mind." He stared at the old Deri, surprised slightly that his eyes were closed since it was the first time he had ever seen it during his infrequent visits to him.

"Mlur. Are you listening?" Senile old man he thought. Torture then, for the truth. He turned and stomped out of the room, knowing that it would be useless to try any further. He would have the few sorcerers on the city to find and practice the old

spells to make Mlur speak the truth. It should be easy enough for them since close records were kept by the sect in their secret writing and language. But he had other things to do before worrying about a now useless old man whose torture and probable death would mean nothing to the colony.

He strode onto the deck, going towards the central section where his betrothed cousin, Leka, lived. The closeness had long revealed the necessity of close breeding to survive, and it had been done carefully with consultations with gods by the priests to assure the success of the marriage. Often people were put together unwillingly as had happened to Aftal's brother, Denet, who had married at the priests' command to a girl named Wesola. Although they seemed to get along, especially since the birth of their son, Madon, five years ago. Aftal, because of his higher position as youngest son and inheritor of his father's title was given a better choice and fortunately for him, he liked the match. Thinking that she would calm his edginess he sought her now.

Suddenly a cry rang from above. "Dragons, ho. to the north." Aftal hurried to the northern rail to watch. a boat crew was hurriedly climbing down the norther stairway into the waiting craft. Aftal noticed that it was commanded by his brother and felt more assured. Denet was a good captain. There would be at least one dragon this time, maybe more. And not too soon at all. Supplies were low. Although the faithful prayers and fishermen kept fish enough to live on, the city needed new building stuffs. the hide of the dragon would serve as planking after it was treated. Its bones would make stout outer boards and beams, as well as sorely needed utensils. and tonight he would feast on dragon-brain in a banquet to celebrate the kill after so many week of not even sighting a dragon.

Denet's boat pulled away from the city. It was always the first one out and made the first kill. The others would follow shortly. Aftal watched the stroking of the long-bladed paddles as the crew furiously beat the long canoe through the waves without help of cadence or drum. In the bow stood Denet, hefting the long bone harpoon with the metal tip. He peered ahead towards the herd, pointing the direction to his assistant, Jeder who passed the command on to the crew. It was Jeder's duty also to keep the canoe within range of the ship city. If it passed too far out it would be seized by the strange and powerful spell of the closing and be driven to the nearest land. Aftal watched and envied his older brother's skill and precision.

But something was wrong. Denet stood upright, lowering the pointing harpoon. Jeder too turned to stare. The crew slowed its rhythm and the other boats caught up, also slowing. Aftal cursed.

"What are they doing?" he bellowed to the nearest lookout.

The lookout's voice was barely intelligible from excitement.

"Ships! Ships, Prince." His cry was bringing others to look.

Aftal turned and ran to the tower, running up the spiraling staircase for a better look. He reached the top and shoved the lookout aside. Sure enough, ships. But no ship could sail the ocean since the Closing.

Barely able to suppress his own excitement Aftal hurried down the

tower and into the central building where he and other top royalty lived.

As he burst through the door he was met by Leka.

"What is all the excitement, Aftal?"

"ships. Ships approaching the city." He didn't need to explain any more to her.

"Order the servants to ready the best meal yet made here." she hurried away, leaving Aftal alone to get back to the deck. He watched as the closest ship halted by Denet's boat and the boat captain climbed aboard with Jeder. The other canoes rested as more ships pulled up. So, thought Aftal, finally the Closing is over. He thought of the legends and ballads of former sea captains. Of glorious raids, of prisoners and ransom. Of the clank of weapons and running of blood in the reflection of burning buildings. slowly the ship again began its approach. The canoes darted forward to the ship, Denet's without any officers but still leading the pack.

The banquet that night sent the entire city rocking. At the head table sat Aftal, on his left Leka, and on his right the commander of the visiting ships, Bagor of the Cirkli. Aftal had at first been taken by surprise by the crews of the ships. they were not at all of the race of Waertagi, since their skin was not pale green but bronzed. They were thus not even of the Brithini race, and so not related in any way to the Waertagi. this heartened Aftal, for only Waertagi were masters at sea and he could easily crush this small band of ships, seize their ships and weapons and begin his glorious campaign of plunder without the slightest hint of kinship slaughter which could bring the wrath of the gods upon a person easier than anything else. Tonight he would learn the captain's story, and tomorrow seize his ships. He was not so foolish that he would go on plundering raids without some knowledge of the mainland.

Bagor spoke with a thick accent. He said he had learned the language from a single Waertagi who had been cast ashore in his lands. Then the Waertagi had assisted in helping the leader of Bagor's tribe, Dormal, to build a ship. Dormal had also been assisted by a powerful wizard named Xeunat, so they began clearing of the seas of dragons so that peaceful trade could begin again, and his ships were on a dual trading and hunting mission, as well as exploring the long unsailed seas. Growing heady with wine and thoughts Aftal asked of he had visited any other floating city. Bagor then told of his visit to the city of Jeted-Kaium in the north. Aftal suddenly had a thought.

"Tell me, Bagor, did you happen to see a strange looking man there? Green skin and red eyes."

Bagor smiled. "a Deri. yes I did, although I didn't speak with him." He smiled slightly.

The torture for Mlur, then, thought Aftal. He's unneeded now anyway. Bagor continued the conversation.

"Strange people, those Deri. Did you know that only one person in the whole of the Closing time has escaped their lands alive, although whole armies have entered during invasions. They are a formidable foe, and dangerous. They don't even allow traders into their land."

"You have been there?"

"Oh, no. But the prince of Jeted-Kaium says that his Deri told him of the fate of one of his boat-crews who was lost."

"What happened?"

"Oh, the boat landed in the lands of the Deri. Every crew member was slain in battle or tortured to death."

"How did the Deri learn of this?"

"Telepathy."

Aftal drank deeply from his wine. "With the mainland?"

"Oh, yes. These Deri have quite a wide range, you know. Don't you have one here?"

"An old fellow, too senile to be of much help."

Bagor thought a moment, then turned to Aftal. "do you think we could see this old fellow? I'm really quite intrigued with the race, and would appreciate a chance to speak with one."

Aftal thought a moment, then realizing that it would be an excellent chance to both accuse and taunt Mlur, he agreed. The two leaders descended to the floor, weaving their way through the half-drunken crowd of mixed crew members. They went through the door to the deck and walked along the rail. The ships of Bagor's flotilla were held fast to the city by lines. Under the torchlight Aftal looked them over. Small, he thought, and some badly scarred from punishment by the elements. but its only natural that they suffer, for it is the Waertagi who rightfully rule the oceans and the gods would frown upon others.

Suddenly Bogar stopped and drew his sword. Aftal halted.

"What is this?"

Bogar smiled. "Excuse me captain, but I am taking over this ship."

Aftal looked back, drawing his own sword. From all around him he heard the grunts and cries of his men as the deck exploded into weapons and blood. Bogar rushed upon him, Aftal barely parrying the blow. Although he had been trained in sword fighting he had no actual use for it and was much inferior to his opponent. He slowly was driven backward along the edge of the rail. Suddenly a surge of struggling bodies swept upon him. The mixed mass of Waertagi and foreigners clubbed their way backwards into the dueling captains, forcing them apart and upon their enemies. Although the Waertagi outnumbered the invaders it was plain that they were losing. they had neither the practice nor the weapons, for their bone swords quickly fell under the quick iron of the attackers. Denet appeared from the faces.

"Aftal, quickly don your armor and get to the higher deck to rally the men. I've sent Jeder for the magicians."

Aftal protested, but the older man pushed him towards a door and turned to face two new opponents. Aftal didn't see the outcome as he turned into the winding corridors towards his cabin and armor. He hurried inside and was lacing the iron hard dragon skin chest plate in place when the door opened. Aftal spun, sword ready.

In strode Mlur, smiling. His two fists were clenched tightly, red light seeping from between his fingers. Before Aftal had time to move across the room in attack another Deri entered. He looked so much like Mlur that Aftal had trouble believing it wasn't a spell. The four glaring red eyes stared at him, Mlur spoke.

"Prince, here is payment for the years of imprisonment"...

"aboard your cursed ships," picked up the second Deri without pause.

Their monologue continued,

"Generations have we slaved aboard your ships,"

"forced to desecrate our Power for your selfish means,"

"and forced to pass on information sacred to our race,"

"but the messages got to be fewer,"

"and the dragons slain fewer,"

"and the harpoons poorer,"

"and the swords fewer,"

"and now we gain revenge."

Mlur opened his fist, gently lobbing the red sphere at Aftal. He dodged it, hurling himself to the deck. behind him an explosion tore the room into a maelstrom of solid flame blotting out everything. The clothes on Aftal's back were singed off and the skin blistered in the explosion which hurled him forward within range of the Deri. He thrust his sword at the first one, who was too intrigued by the flame to move. Aftal wrenched his sword from the bloodless body as it shriveled and dried into a husk before his eyes. He jumped up and away as Mlur lobbed the second sphere, not a t Aftal as he had expected, but onto the corpse of his friend. He didn't speak as the sphere expanded to fill half the room and engulf him. The second explosion was farther away from the prince and he ducked behind a table which immediately flared, singeing his hair and hands. Painfully but desperately he sought an exit, knowing full well that they were blocked by flame, the entire room burning save his corner which was growing swiftly smaller. Desperately he struck headfirst into the flames in the direction of the door hoping to reach it before he died. Under him the burnt deck crumbled, sending him crashing to another deck already aflame. Blinded by the flames he stumbled forward, through the decks and corridors he knew so well. The heat receded behind him, while before him he could hear the sounds of fighting grow louder. Suddenly a hand grabbed him. He struck out, but other arms held him.

"Prince. It's Jeder and the priests."

Aftal halted, blinking his eyes trying to regain sight. He could discern blurred dark figures now, but no details. But he knew Jeder's voice. He spoke to the priests.

"Can you halt this?"

Aftal recognized Yemor's voice, the head priest. "Sire, it is too late. We must flee the ship. We can take a canoe which Jeder has prepared. Come."

Aftal halted, pulling off the grip on his arm. "What about the others? Leka and Denet?"

"They're coming. Now quickly." He was pulled, stumbling down the deck. the sounds of fighting had receded slightly, but already he could feel the growing heat at his blistered back. He went down the stairs to the waiting canoe, stumbling blindly over the gunwales and cursing. Above him he heard the sound of a struggle and splash of a body hitting the water.

Jeder's voice panted, "Hurry. Cast off." The canoe slipped away to the ragged panicky strokes of the crew. Aftal rose, straining his sight along the canoe.

"Where are Leka and Denet?"

Yemor spoke. Softly. The sounds of battle were receding behind

the canoe.

"They are gone. they could not come with us."

Aftal turned quietly, facing the stern of the canoe. His slowly clearing vision watched as the central tower crumbled in flames. It crashed to the deck with an evaporation of sparks into the night sky. He could see Bogar's men scurrying about the deck, laden with plunder and scurrying for their ships. Aftal could see the raging red flame creeping the length of his city, and watched as it split, then shattered, spreading out over the deserted sea.

AFTAL AFOOT

The food in the canoe was nearly gone by now. The emergency rations which Jeder had grabbed hadn't lasted long, and the craft had none of its own since it was never meant to go far from the floating city. They hadn't lasted nearly as long as they would have if the canoe hadn't been joined by a second. The other craft had left in panic, too, not even having time to gather supplies. Aftal had stared long at the other canoe, hoping that it contained his brother, Denet, and his betrothed, Leka, but neither had been there.

It was nearly a week since their city had burned and sank. The canoes drifted more or less aimlessly since then, heading in the general direction of Eenora in the west. The hope of finding it was small since no one had ever been there and the necessity of having to learn its exact location had been abolished during the reign of Welor. Since they had left their burning city they hadn't sighted any other object on the horizon. Yemor still led the thirty seven people in the two canoes in their now nightly prayers to their ancestors and gods, but even they did not respond.

There was no more food and except for the Waertagi ability to

drink any kind of water they all would have been long dead. the men who were wounded in the battle had died, save one named Ulher, a cousin of Aftal's on his mother's side, and

he was nearly gone, his green skin stretched tightly against his gaunt bones, unhealed wounds festering and brewing in the sun. there was talk of eating him when he died, but Aftal couldn't yet take that. fortunately the man was in the other canoe and Aftal didn't have to live with the stench.

Aftal scowled at Jeder once, causing the man to jump out of his way as the narezem (Prince-Admiral) strode along the canoe to the stern's highest point to once again scan the unbroken horizon for signs of the unseen city. Suddenly a cry came from the other boat. It was Yemor who had gone there to tend Uhler and stay out of Aftal's way. Under his command Aftal's canoe began to swing around towards the other craft. Now he could hear the priest's voice.

"Narezem, the near dead one speaks with the tongue of a god."

"What does he say?" scowled Aftal. He had heard gods speak from nearly dead men's lips before. Usually babble.

"To turn and head north. that is the direction of safety."

"Damn," swore Aftal. Now if I don't turn I'll be blamed by all these people. If I do and we still miss it I'll be a fool. But, what the hell. they'll all probably die soon anyway. Aftal muttered commands to Jeder who swung the boat about to the north. the second craft followed.

They sailed north through the day and following night. The next day was quiet save when the other canoe suddenly went into an uproar as Uhler suddenly sat up with the words "Yes. I'm coming," and bolted for the side, nearly upsetting the craft as half a dozen people grabbed for him as he plunged over the side and dove into the water, never surfacing. Aftal thought nothing of it but that he was glad the menace was gone. They waited while the other crew bailed their craft and then went on.

At the dawn of the third day they noticed the bump on the horizon. by noon Aftal could see the rising towers of the city. Aftal cursed and spat, driving the weakened crew, including the four women aboard, into nearly frenzied labor to reach the city before nightfall. But long distances at sea are tricky and even Aftal misjudged the effort. That night they all slept, exhausted at the effort, and even Aftal fell into an unnatural slumber.

They awoke the next morning on shore. Both boats were rudely awakened by the crashing, a terrible sound and feeling to all of them, save the experienced hunters who had seen the white froth and crash of a wounded sea dragon close. Before they could ready themselves they were shattered in the surf, forced to swim ashore.

Underfoot the ground felt strange. The Waertagi hadn't set foot on land for generations since the Closing, and before that it was only for raiding. The green plants waved in the wind, as if in mock compensation for the unmoving land. Colored fruits hung on the trees, hurting their eyes with the colors not seen for generations. At first too stunned to do anything, the people lay scattered about the shore until Jeder came up to Aftal and spoke in a loud voice.

"Narezem, don't you think we should take this time to thank the gods for our rescue?"

"Rescue? Being thrown here on land without boats or food. Prey to anything that crawls in that," he faltered for a word "tangle." He put all the contempt in his voice he could manage.

"We shan't starve. We can gather clams and plants from the rocks off shore just as we gathered them from the hulls of the kaium before."

Aftal hadn't known that was where the food had come from. He had never bothered to ask, being too bothered with problems of being a Narezem.

He could see that he had lost face before his people to a mere second boat man. They wouldn't starve and they could build a boat somehow from the trees. He covered his emotions with a yell for Yemor. The priest scurried up.

"Prepare a Thanksgiving for the gods. While he does that, I want," he fumbled for a name, "Rekerd to take a party of men and gather food."

Jeder smiled and turned. Rekerd was choosing a party of men and Jeder volunteered to dive for clams underwater, the hardest job. Aftal turned and wandered down the beach. By the time he returned everyone was waiting for him so the service could begin. He joined and while others prayed, he plotted to humble Jeder before the others.

It wasn't the place of any man to embarrass his leader before others. He wished Denet was there to help him, but dismissed that thought quickly.

Construction of the boat was slow. Only one of the men was a fitter by profession, and one a smith, although both were new and had no tools to work with. Aftal left them to improvise while he commanded the entire operation from the top of his rock which he had claimed as throne. During his spare time he watched the women string fish guts into thread and make needles from bones and stitch the tattered clothing as best they could. He knew their every little quirk now, Oma's particular twitch when she sewed, Isela's shake of her head when a fish escaped, Ulerea's funny way of twining gut and long-haired Helfa's bosom rising quickly when she caught some particularly large fish. He liked to watch Helfa's bosom. He was about to call her over for some reason or other when there was shouting behind him. He scowled and turned. Coming down the beach was a group of men, more than had left that morning to find materials to build the boat. Aftal slid down, readying himself to meet the strangers. He was only too conscious of how he had blown it last time.

The group numbered some thirty men, only half of them Waertagi. The others were white-skinned and light-haired. Their eyes shone blue, although Aftal couldn't see them yet, and they wore metal armor and carried long swords and a few had spears. The leader was an old man with a well-trimmed beard. Beside the leader walked Jeder, talking happily and prompting the cautious man forward. The other Waertagi on the beach drew back slightly, some reaching for weapons although it was obvious this wasn't an attack. Yet.

Aftal stood while the group drew up. Jeder stepped forward.

"Narezem, this is Duke Lenemn of the city Ofthal."

Aftal nodded. "Greetings Duke. We are pleased to meet other inhabitants of the island."

Lenemn nodded. "And I too am glad to meet you. Jeder tells me you were shipwrecked here, driven ashore by pirates. It would be my honor to have you stay at my castle until you have formed definite plans for revenge."

Aftal smiled. "That would be most kind of you, sir, and most mannerly." So far the only word spoken out of the usual introductory phrases was revenge. Aftal had picked this up immediately, but he knew he must not be too hasty. They would have plenty of time at the city.

"When could you be ready to return to Ofthal" I apologize for rushing you, but recently we have had trouble with Justli raiders from inland and fear for your safety. It's a wonder you haven't been attacked."

"Immediately, Duke. We have few possessions with us and agree on the need for safety if raiders lie about."

"Good, we'll move at your command."

Shortly the party set out. The two peoples formed into rough groups, the Waertagi along the sea and the others along the wooded fringe. Occasionally an officer would order scouting parties into the forest, but the trip was, overall, uneventful.

While they walked, Lenemn talked long. "It is good to see other people after all these years. It was in my mind that I would die on this island without seeing the seas opened as so many before me had, and it is a gift of the gods that they would send to us our kinsmen from the sea."

Thank the gods we were ship less, thought Aftal.

"We have had problems here recently with the natives. The little people think that we're imposing on their rightful domain. The gods know we're only doing what comes naturally. But they're slippery bastards. And quick. Not strong enough to fight an all-out battle, so they raid here and there in the outlying districts. We would've stopped even that had we been up to full strength."

"You are weakened? Plague?"

"Desertion. A whole group of soldiers deserted recently when a rebel named Jaktarm showed up out of the jungle claiming that he was the rightful heir to the throne and that my crown was just a usurpation by my ancestor, Karten, who returned here from the southern lands. We can only hope that the rebels don't get organized enough to assist the Justli. Then we'd be hard pressed. Unless, of course, we had our own tricks." He glanced sideways at Aftal.

Aftal nodded. "I see." It would be too easy. Within a year he would have his own fleet and plunder the world. Starting with Ofthal.

The city was huge. Aftal was hard pressed to conceal his wonder at the tall walls and towers, the Huge buildings which caused stares and gawks among most of the people from Benel-Kaium. It especially irritated him to see Helfa stop and

look along the height of one tower. She should have had more sense than that.

The bright colors were more prominent here. Aftal walked along without looking. He could feel the stares of the crowds, however, but ignored the pale-skinned crowds. Let them gawk. They would learn soon enough.

The banquet that night was crowded and hot. Aftal went through the usual boring meetings with the court, from Lapadal the High Priest to Gamalt, the chief of the army, second only to Lenemn. Aftal ignored the rich red meats and green vegetables, concentrating on his more usual fare of fish and other sea foods. He quickly found the red wines of the city to be much headier than his own green liquors from the sea. That night he discussed the building of a ship with Lenemn, skirting the embarrassing questions of what materials would he need and how many men. The first he said his ship-fitter would know more about. The second he said he could manage alone as soon as he could contact the nearest Kaium.

"You mean there are others like you still out there?"

"Oh, yes. Why, we can man an entire fleet for you once we get organized.

"How soon can these others get here?"

"As soon as we contact them."

"When will that be?"

"As soon as we get a ship."

The talk drifted towards the peoples of the island. The Jrustli, Aftal learned, were a diminutive people, the tallest only three feet in height. They needed no sleep, it was said, and they lived their entire life within a year. On their quick little mounts, called Quane, they were practically uncatchable.

"Have you no mounts to keep up with these little creatures?"

"A few horses, but these are becoming fewer each year. We lost most of them when our cavalry rode into an ambush in the forest in pursuit of the little raiders."

"A shame. Maybe when we get a fleet we can bring more from overseas."

The rest of the night passed in a quickening drunk where Aftal found himself looking more and more at the ladies around him. He even paused more than once to think what it would be to bed with one of the Brithini women, but dismissed the thought quickly when Helfa passed into view. But in the end he staggered into bed alone.

unfinished...

