

Tradetalk

The Chaos Society Magazine

#7

Glorantha
Hero Wars
RuneQuest
Cthulhu
Elric!
Pendragon
Nephilim
Hawkmoon
Elfquest
Mythos



NON HUMANS SPECIAL ISSUE

Undeads • Ducks • Telmori • Aldryami
Beastmen • The Wasp Riders
Scenario: Into the Dragonlands

Tradetalk

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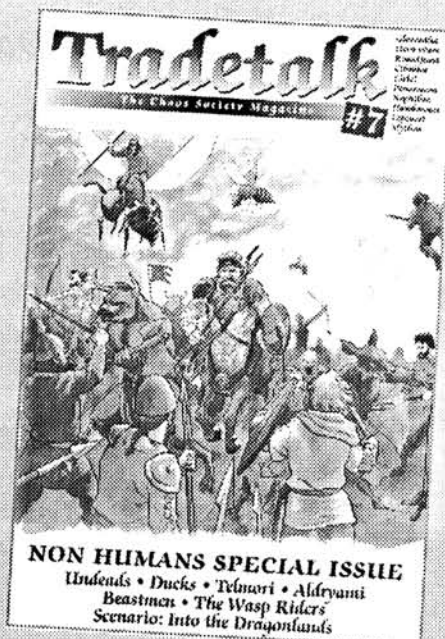
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Editorial

HERE WE ARE AGAIN with our second issue in the year 2000. This issue is a Non Human Special, centering mostly about the non-humans of Dragon Pass. There are some articles which have been published before (like the article by Michael Cule), but the material on the Keets, or Ducks of Glorantha seems so funny, that we decided to re-print it here. The other material is about the Wasp riders, the Beastmen, Telmori and Aldryami. The last article starts a series from Shannon Appel about these gloranthan wood people. At least we hope the adventure "Into the Dragonlands" will give you that *Dragonewt* feeling.

RuneQuest or HeroWars

We will continue to publish RuneQuest II Edition material, we will add stats for RuneQuest adventures to articles on Herowars material and vice versa. Glorantha fans may still be RuneQuest players, or they may have changed to Hero Wars. The important thing for us is to produce and publish material for Glorantha for the use of both rulesets. Some adventures will emphasize storytelling, others will be typical RuneQuest adventures, but it is up to you to use them as you like.

Issaries Inc.

Issaries has much good news. Have a look what Greg has to tell you in "News from the Trader".

Hero Wars in german

Hero Wars and the Glorantha Introduction book will be out in a german translation soon. The french company MultiSim (which has brought us such fine games as Nephilim) will publish the german edition. The Chaos Society was involved in the translation and editing, so that all of our members should be satisfied with it.



New Material

- Ye Booke of Tentacles - Volume 3, is the Fundraiser for the TENTACLES Convention, was published by the Chaos Society a few month ago. If you want to get your hands on a copy of 140 pages of gloranthan lore contact Wizard's Attic or Esidivium Games ASAP, because there is only a limited supply.

- Please make preorders for the companion volume (working title: Pavis & Big Rubble Companion 2), which will contain scenarios / episodes for our beloved Pavis & Big Rubble. It will be a booklet of about 40 pages with Scenarios ONLY!

- Chaosium has published one Scenario book for Cthulhu Now, a Keeper's Screen and two fiction books since we published TT # 6.

- No news for Elric! So far. Both Corum and Hawkmoon are ready to go, but will have to await publication until Chaosium finds the right moment to do so.

- The Book of Knights is the rules lite version of the Pendragon rules, aimed to be of interest for any player of this fine game. Note that it does not provide enough for a gamemaster to run the game...

Enjoy this issue.

Ingo & André

News from the Trader

Issaries News

HERO WARS and its supplements are selling very well. Before launching things I had a least possible forecast, a conservative success forecast, and a good sales forecast. So far **Hero Wars** and its supplements are in the good sales category. Things are good enough that we have hired an administrator for Issaries now, thereby doubling the staff at Issaries to two people. We are proud and very very pleased to announce that Stephen Martin will be working here until he lands that fireman job. I could not ask for a better companion on this task.

I AM MOST HAPPY because we have a regular schedule. I know that many players are frustrated because the players books and the campaign book aren't done now. But as a one-man company we have done very well to have released **Deluxe Hero Wars**, **Glorantha** and **Anaxial's Roster** in our last four months. We expect to release one or two more books before the end of the year, and perhaps two more game books and the first two of the fiction line before our first 12 months of release schedule. That will be a total of one boxed **Deluxe** version, plus ten game and fiction books released by Issaries in our first year. This is something to be very proud of. Also, **Anaxial's Roster** shows the kind of clean layout we will have in all the releases to follow. When the first editions of the **Hero Wars** rules and **Glorantha** are sold out we will release revised editions with improved layout, organization and maps.

THUNDER REBELS has expanded to be two books. We have so much good material that we decided to make two books instead of hack half off. This has naturally required a revised contents. The first book is what all Heortlanders are like (wherein "all" means 85%).

THUNDER REBELS is still The Orlanthi Players's Book. This book tells everything that a beginning player needs to know about Glorantha to play a barbarian character with



confidence. All Orlanthi players begin from this place and attitude explained in **Thunder Rebels**. All Heortlings are like this. They all worship Orlanth and Ernalda, those cults (and subcults) are explained. Given too are maps of the divine Storm Realm and the Hero Planes where all worshippers have been at least once.

THUNDER REBELS is entirely from the perspective of a Heortling barbarian following the ancient, core Orlanth and Ernalda religion and way of life. We don't care to know about outsiders here, except to sort them as to how dangerous to us they are. We don't know anything about outside lands and never expect to get there. John Hughes puts a deep and resonant voice to "who we are". Greg Stafford reveals loads of new mythic and legendary information about the lands, airs and peoples of Sartar. Roderick

Robertson interprets the data into game rules. Stephen Martin shall copy edit. It will have an index.

STORM GODS, **Cults of Sartar** is the new book. It details what the other 15% of the Heortlings are like. This concentrates upon the other gods and goddesses of the pantheon that have initiates and (most of the time) devotees. Humakt, Elmal, Issaries and other widely played deities each have a long cult write up and several myths about them, while the others have at least short cult text and their most significant myth. It also includes other detailed information that is too detailed or complex, or less relevant to mainstream Orlanth and Ernalda material in **Thunder Rebels**. It will have an index.

WE HAVE MOVED **Sartar Rising!** forward in the publication schedule before **Imperial Lunar Handbook**. We feel it is more important to have the scenarios out since we've got the player's handbook out for them.

So much for the new information today!

Greg Stafford

The Upland Marsh

by Simon E. Phipp

Taken from "Areas of Outstanding Natural Beauty Within the Empire", also included in "Holiday Glorantha"

IN THE LAND OF SARTAR, on the border with the Grazelands, lies a phenomenon known as the Upland Marsh. A series of lakes, ponds and rivers lying between the Creek-Stream, the Creek and the Stream rivers, the Upland Marsh is unique in its tranquility and peace.

Created by the Demigod Delecti in the Second Age, the Upland Marsh has survived relatively intact to the present day and retains much of its original character, having been unaffected, in the main part, by drainage and clearances.

One of the most important parts of the Upland Marsh is the variety of wildlife that its waters support. There are hundreds of kinds of birds, amphibians, snakes, rodents and insects which teem throughout its waters and sheltered banks. Delecti discourages hunting within the Upland Marsh, except by the indigenous population of Ducks, Newtlings, Dragonwets and Marsh People, so the wildlife is fairly undisturbed and can live a natural life.



"Delecti, Our Saviour"

This account was given by Spirit Wing, a shaman from one of the Loyal Nests (1) deep within the Upland Marsh.

Many years ago when our friends the Dragons blessed us with their Knowledge, many were jealous of our friendship with the Dragons and came to destroy the Nests. The Infernal Horde came from the North and West and crossed over into our lands and its might was so great that it took a week to cross the Black Eel and nearly drank our sister dry.

Many of the Dragon Lords had retired to the Celestial Nest in order to ponder the Great Mysteries and did not reply to our cries of help. One of the Dragon Lords, Delecti was his name, did heed

our pleas and stayed behind to help us, even though it meant that he would be excluded from the Mysteries.

Delecti spoke with the Creek-Stream and her daughters the Creek and the Stream, where we have made our nests for many years, and agreed a plan that would save the people of the land and defeat the Infernal Horde.

Delecti spoke also with the Earth Nymphs of the land and those who remembered when the Hollow was formed to the north to destroy an earlier Infernal Horde (2). He made bargains and allegiances with all the

folk of the land and began his work.

First, the Earth Nymphs stood around Delecti's Villa and made a Ring of Power. Then they struck the ground and broke it into many pieces, creating holes and cracks and broken areas. Then the Rivers flowed into the broken ground and made many daughter lakes and ponds. Then the Rivers and Earth Nymphs joined to create new daughters, the Mud Spirits. Finally, Delecti joined with the Rivers and created the Pale Maidens who would guard the new Kingdom.

Now, the people were safe, for the land

Another of the surprising things about the Upland Marsh is the relatively small numbers of people and things of a Chaotic Persuasion. One would expect that a large Marsh would be teeming with our Chaotic Brethren, especially considering its proximity to the Forest of First Reward and the SnakePipe Hollow. However, Delecti has recognised that our Chaotic Brethren sometimes can over indulge themselves when feeding and can damage the delicate biosystem of an area. Therefore, his soldiers try to keep down the numbers of Chaos in the Upland Marsh, hunting down dangerous creatures, driving off Broos and Scorpionmen and capturing Walktapi for their masters to take care of. This means that, of all the Marshes and Swamps in the Empire, the Upland Marsh is the least affected by Chaos.

The indigenous population of the Upland Marsh is made up mainly of Ducks, Newtlings, humans (Marsh People) and a few Dragonewts. These were here when the Upland Marsh was created and are Delecti's subjects. However, there are more people within the Marsh than the aboriginal stock. Outlaw Ducks from other areas of Satar and Kaethela have made the Upland Marsh their home, as have terrorists and outlaws from the surrounding tribes. Escaping trollkin from the lands to the South have made their homes here, sheltering in dugouts within the banks. There are even small groups of tame broos who live peacefully within the Upland Marsh, protected from harm. Most of the inhabitants live by fishing the plentiful stocks of the Marsh, gathering the abundant plant life within the Marsh or by hunting the fowl and beasts of the Marsh. Some will trade with outsiders and some bandits prey on visitors, although Delecti's patrols discourage this.

Delecti ensures the safety of the people of the Upland Marsh by mounting patrols each and every day. These are staffed from his army of revenants and are ever vigilant. Recently, Delecti has been creating a unit of Imperial Guards taken from those slain by Outlaws in the service of the

Empire. This ensures that there will always be a number of guards who will understand those from the Empire and who will be sensitive to our needs.

This is an example of the co-operation between the Empire and those within its borders. Travellers should be warned, however, that Delecti may try to recruit them into his service. Although the followers of Delecti may be offered Immortality, they should always consider the consequences carefully before agreeing to join his Legions.

Visitors to the Marsh should travel to Duck Point where they can hire safe passage on one of the many reed boats which ply the waterways of the Upland Marsh. These can be hired for as little as 1 Lunar Piece per day. For those who require more substantial transport, there are dugout canoes, or even small dinghies which can be hired, but they are more expensive. Guides may be hired to take you through the Marsh on foot, but that is slightly more dangerous. Care must be taken when hiring guides on the waterfront, some may be in league with outlaws. It is better to use officially approved guides, ask at the Lunar Garrison.

Hunting permits may be obtained from one of Delecti trading posts surrounding the Upland Marsh, but they are expensive. We recommend simply taking in the scenery and observing the wildlife. Of course, you are always allowed to hunt to eat, so the occasional fish or fowl may be taken for breakfast without a permit.

All in all, we can heartily recommend The Upland Marsh as a place to visit for a well-earned break from the Imperial Grindstone. Look at the beauty, talk to the natives, perhaps even buy some of their folk art. It is a trip you will never regret.



was filled with still, quiet lakes and ponds to hide the Nests and hold off the Infernal Horde and Delecti retired to his Villa.

The Infernal Horde reached the Upland Place and stopped, afraid to enter Delecti's Kingdom. Howling with Rage and Frustration, their leaders strode forward and entered by themselves, finding Delecti's Villa and facing the Dragon Lord. Delecti offered them a choice: fight him and possibly die or spare his people and he would subject himself to their will without a struggle. The Evil Ones were craven and cowardly and were afraid of Delecti's powers of Death, so they took the second way and Delecti sacrificed

himself for our safety, becoming Our Saviour. Later, when the Infernal Horde had passed on and been punished by the Dragon Lords, one of Delecti's chief followers re-enacted his Quest and sacrificed himself to save his Lord. Delecti returned, his Mighty Spirit living in the newly-sacrificed body of his faithful worshipper. Ever since, the faithful followers of Delecti have sacrificed themselves so that he may continue to rule and protect his subjects, keeping them from harm and guarding the land lest the Infernal Horde return.

In order to protect us and guard his Kingdom, Delecti makes soldiers and guards from the bodies of the slain,

making use of what would otherwise be wasted and ignored. His Eternal Guards keep us safe and prepare for when the Monsters come, the Third Infernal Horde when they will fight their last battle and make the world safe forever.

Notes:

- [1] The Loyal Nests are those Duck communities within the Upland Marsh who do not fight Delecti and his forces. They remember the Old Stories and are least influenced by outsiders.
- [2] The Ducks of the Loyal Nests say that there are Three Infernal Hordes, one stopped by the Hollow during the Darkness, one stopped by Delecti the Dragon Lord and a third, to come, who will be stopped by another Dragon Lord.

How I kill UNDEAD

by Simon E. Phipp

An Account by Deathwing, Sword Drake, of Duck Point

THERE ARE MANY WAYS to bring Humakt's Justice to those Perversions of Death which walk the Upland Marsh. As an expert in these things, I have killed Delect's minions for ten years, I have collated the best ways to send these creatures back to their graves.

General Tips

Undead are not affected by Poison, so do not use it. They are also normally not affected by Spears, Arrows or Daggers, apart from Vampires and Ghouls.

If you are allowed to Ambush then do so otherwise you may be slain. Always fight with more than one warrior against each Undead, this will give you the edge. Above all, do not fear them, they have already died once and can easily die again.

Killing Zombies

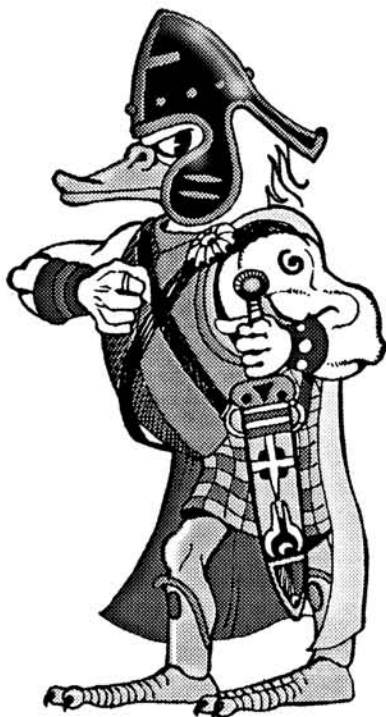
Although Zombies are big and strong, they are also stupid. This is our best defence against them.

When Zombies patrol the Marsh, they do so in single file so that they leave few tracks. This means that we can follow a patrol and take the rearmost Zombie without the others knowing. If we repeat this, we can destroy a whole patrol using only one warrior.

The best way to kill a Zombie is to strike at the head with a Sword. Use a Bastard or Great Sword, that way you may be able to take the head off with a single stroke and will not alert any of its comrades. It may be wise to use Humakt's Powers to make the Sword Sharp and True and ensure victory.

Do not use spears, arrows, short-swords or daggers against Zombies, they just stick in and do not cause any harm. Clubs have little effect as you cannot stun a Zombie. Stick with swords if you can.

One method I have devised is to use a Garrotte, preferably one made of Iron. This will allow you to sneak up behind the Zombie and to remove its head with a minimum of fuss. Do not use a Garrotte made of rope as Zombies cannot be strangled, make sure yours is of metal. This



is also a good tactic if the Zombie falls into the water as you do not want to wrestle with it.

Zombies can easily be caught in Traps as they do not watch out for them.

Pitfalls should not be used as the Zombie will not be hurt by the fall.

When setting traps, use Man Traps to grab hold of limbs and slow the Zombie down. Also, if near a stand of trees, use nooses and ropes to pull the Zombie into the air where it can be safely despatched. A Zombie will almost never be killed by a trap, so you must follow behind and kill the Zombie when it has been trapped.

Sometimes, the Zombies will travel in boats. This means that they will not fall into traps and cannot be picked off one by one. In this case, we need to ambush the boat. Several warriors are needed for this

manoeuvre. Each warrior removes most of his armour and swims underwater until they are all at one side of the boat. If the boat is a reed boat, the warriors can attack the underside of the boat and break it up, causing the Zombies to fall into the water. If the boat is wooden, the warriors must take hold of the boat and overturn it. Either way, the zombies will be floundering in the water and will be simple to pick off. Do not try to take on a Zombie by yourself as you will probably lose. Instead, mob each Zombie in turn, making sure it is dead before attacking the next. Zombies cannot swim and will be disoriented when under water. Obviously, this manoeuvre works best in fairly deep water; one of the lakes or waterways is the best place.

Occasionally, the Zombies will have a Captain in charge who is a Mummy or even a Vampire. In this case, the use of Humakt's powers is encouraged, if you have access to them. Such a captain will be able to organise the Zombies and will make them a far more effective force.

Killing Skeletons

Whilst Zombies are a dangerous force within the Marsh, Skeletons hold few dangers. Yet they are still Perversions and must be dealt with.

Skeletons are weak and may be discommoded by a single blow or by a spell. I recommend the Disruption spell as it will shatter a limb or even the head.

Any sword or club may be used against skeletons as their bones shatter easily. Do not use spears or daggers as they just pass through or beside the bones and cause little damage.

In normal combat, skeletons are faster and more agile than Zombies but they are far more fragile. It is still a good idea to attack them with more than one warrior.

Skeletons may be caught in traps and may well be destroyed by them.

Springing traps which throw boulders or clubs into the skeleton's path are often enough to break them apart. Man traps will break legs. Pitfalls may smash the skeleton



on impact.

When travelling in boats, skeletons may be ambushed in the same way as Zombies. They are more dangerous in water as they are more skilful, although they are not as strong.

I prefer to face a skeleton to a Zombie any day.

Killing Ghouls

For some reason, Delecti does not mount many Ghouls within the Upland Marsh. However, when a Ghoul is met it must be instantly destroyed as they are very dangerous.

The first thing when fighting ghouls is to plug up one's ears with mud. This protects one from the Ghoul's Howl. Use Sword Speech to organise the attack as this need not be spoken.

Beware of the Ghoul's Bite as it is poisonous and will draw you into a deep state of slumber and will kill you. The Ghoul's claws may hurt you but they are not poisoned.

A Ghoul may be killed with a sword, club or spear equally as effectively.

They can also be harmed with spells, but as they are normally magically powerful, this is not the best option.

The best tactic when fighting a Ghoul

is to attack it with many warriors at the same time. In a mixed group, kill the Ghoul before the Zombies or Skeletons as it is truly a Horror.

Ghouls can be caught in Traps but generally Howl when caught and may drive the stalker away. Ghouls have been known to free themselves from a trap by gnawing off their hand or foot. This may slow them down but does not harm them too much.

If you feel that a Ghoul is too powerful to fight by yourself, contact a Humakt Temple and tell them where you saw it and they will send a group of warriors to deal with the threat.

Fighting Mummies

If you ever need to fight a Mummy you must bear several things in mind.

First, a Mummy is fully intelligent and is probably a seasoned warrior and commander.

Second, a Mummy is far stronger than any Duck and is harder to kill.

Third, a Mummy may have powerful magic.

Fourth, a Mummy in the Upland Marsh will be soaked to the skin and will not be able to burn.

Mummies are normally encountered as Captains of a group of Zombies or

Skeletons. In this case, all warriors should try to kill the Mummy while ignoring the other undead. This is because the Mummy will lead and organise the Undead and make them into a more effective team.

Mummies may be killed with Swords and clubs, although they cannot be stunned. Do not use spears, arrows or daggers as they merely stick in.

Use Humakt's Powers when fighting Mummies, make your Swords Sharp and True otherwise you will merely scrape their armour and skin. Make sure you parry or dodge their blows or they will kill you easily.

Sometimes it is necessary to use Humakt's Greater Powers to Turn the Mummy away or even to Slash at its Spirit. Be warned that the Mummy will be powerful itself and your spell may fail. However, it is worth the attempt as this may shorten the combat considerably.

Killing Vampires

These are Delecti's Chosen, the elite of his forces. Whereas faithful soldiers will be made into Mummies, faithful officers will be made Vampires.

If you ever have to fight a Vampire be warned: you may not live to tell the tale. I do not say this to frighten you but merely to make you understand the gravity of the situation. Vampires are the most dangerous of the Undead in the Upland Marsh.

Most Vampires are very old, very wise and very skilful. They will have been trained in Swamp Warfare for many years and will be experts in all forms of combat, including combat underwater. They are very strong and have access to powerful magic and powers. They can run as wolves or fly as bats and can sneak upon you unawares. They can hold you in their eye and simply walk up to you and kill you without you raising a finger to stop them. They are also very weak. Flowing water destroys them. They cannot cross a river or stream unless on a boat, bridge or aided by others, so you can escape them by crossing one of the many streams in the Marsh. They lose their powers in daylight. They can be hurt by Fire and cannot bear the Symbol of Death. Holy Water burns their skin. All these things gives us power against them.

If you fight a Vampire, use all Humakt's Powers. Make your Sword Sharp and True, make your armour stronger, try to Turn it away or Break its Spirit.

Use all the powers you have otherwise it will kill you. Strike at its head or chest otherwise it will turn to mist and disappear. Avoid its gaze and do not listen to its voice. Use Fire if you have it and Holy Water to trap it. Attack it with many warriors and you may survive.

Give thanks to Humakt if you survive combat with a Vampire. I have fought a dozen and felt that each one would kill me.

Quack! Glub, Glub, Glub

by Simon E. Phipp

*A Report on the favoured Methods of Killing Outlaw Ducks,
To Gregorius, Ram and Iron Lord, Head of the Imperial Guard*



Brother...

In answer to your query, here are the Favoured Methods of Culling Ducks.

The Stealth Approach

Walk along the bottom of the Pond until you are directly beneath a swimming Duck. Take firm hold of the Duck's legs and pull it beneath the water. Hold the Duck closely to your chest until it stops struggling.

Quack! Glub, Glub, Glub.

If the Duck tries to attack you, grab it by the neck and throttle it or rip its arms and legs off. A Duck will always lose in a trial of strength against one of our soldiers.

It is a good idea to practice on one of our Duck Soldiers as they can be drowned again and again with no ill effects.

The Ambush

Lie down along the side of a Duck Track and wait. Eventually a Duck will pass by. When it does, reach out and attack it, either by grabbing it or by striking it. The element of surprise will be there.

This may take weeks, so use those expendable troops, those missing legs are good.

The Hunt

Set a couple of "Beaters" near a Duck Encampment. These will be large but slow soldiers, heavily armoured but easy to flee from. If you have Ghouls, use them for extra effect. Have them lumber into the encampment. The Ducks will flee into the Swamp. Have a large force of soldiers waiting beneath the water on the other side of the encampment. When the Ducks flee into the water, the soldiers leap up and ambush the Ducks. Often the Ducks will have left their weapons behind in the encampment.

Target Practice

A group of Ducks offers excellent target practice for one of the Brethren. The Brother waits in a stand of grass or of trees with a Arbalest and twenty bolts prepared. For fast kills, use a Composite Bow but ensure that magic is used to increase the number of shots available. If you need to, ensure that the arrows or bolts are coated with poison as Ducks are weak and will easily succumb to that mode of attack. Pick off the leaders first, then the followers. If the Outlaws are in a patrol, they will be in single file. Take the rearmost outlaw first and the leader will be unawares. This has the advantage that even if the Ducks see the Brethren they will not attack, being in fear of their lives.



Upsetting Boats

Have a large number of soldiers lay in wait beneath a waterway. When a Duck Boat comes by, have the soldiers reach up and overturn the boat.

Even though the Ducks are good swimmers, they should be disorganised for a while and should be easily despatched.

Ensure that some soldiers are made to grab the Ducks while others attack the ducks. This should reduce their attempts to flee or fight back.

Using Horrors

One of the best methods to Cull Ducks is to use one of Our Lord's Horrors. These are the special creations, designed to strike fear into the craven Ducks. They include Zombie Giants, The Killer Whale, Walktapus Zombies and Zombie Dragons. Use a Horror by having it charge into an encampment or

patrol of Outlaw Ducks and start to kill those nearby. It does not matter how many it kills as the others will run into the swamp and tell of the Horror they met. This often causes Outlaws to give up their evil ways.

Using Converts

Sometimes it is necessary to use the Converted as a weapon. Attack an Outlaw encampment with those Outlaws who have joined Our Lord's Army.

This will have the effect of demoralising the Outlaws. If the Converted succeed in killing any Outlaws, make them conspicuously pick up the body and march back into the Marsh. This should reinforce the futility of opposing Our Lord.

Drastic Measures

If an Outlaw Group proves particularly difficult to destroy, Drastic Measures may be required.

Poison Bag

This requires one of the soldiers to be especially altered. Bags are inserted within his chest and abdomen and then sewn in place. These bags are filled with a special poison, available only from the Palace.

The soldier sneaks into the Outlaw encampment and submerges in the water supply (most encampments are based around a supply of good, clean water and do not draw from the Marsh itself). The poison will last for a single

day and will ensure that the Ducks are made ill. This is a Drastic Measure because it may injure the wildlife and should only be used as a last resort.

The Brethren

An Outlaw Group which has resisted all attempts to be culled may require the intervention of The Brethren. At the Dead of Night, a group of between 7 and 20 Brethren will move towards the encampment. They will only be wearing their Burial Equipment and will carry no other weapons or armour.

If the encampment is very heavily guarded, The Brethren may turn into bats or mist to evade the guards.

When The Brethren have entered the encampment, they will fall upon the sleeping Outlaws and will kill them quickly.

No attempt will be made to feed, so only those disciplined Brethren should be used.

A back-up force consisting of Captains will be held close by in case the Brethren need assistance. This force will be used to bring the Brethren across water if necessary, although The Brethren may cross the Swamp and Marshes with impunity, as you know well enough yourself.

This is a Drastic Measure as The Brethren should never be endangered needlessly.

Using An Army

It is sometimes necessary to use an army to Cull Outlaws. The army will move into place using boats or marching columns. Each Twenty will be led by a Captain. Each Five Captains will be led by a Constable. Special Forces groups will be made up of Captains and Brethren or Horrors.

The Army will surround the encampment. Special Forces groups will take out the boats and ensure that escape is difficult. Some Captains will lead their Twenties underwater to prevent Outlaws from swimming away. Some Captains will hold their Twenties in reserve in case the Outlaws break through the Army. The other Captains will lead their Twenties in an attack on the encampment when the Ghouls are unleashed.

The Brethren who are unassigned will ensure that the Outlaw Leaders are stopped using Arbalest and poison.

In the event of heavy losses, the Brethren and Captains will retreat, leaving the Soldiers to cover them.

This is a Drastic Measure as organising an Army takes a great deal of planning and ties up a large number of Brethren and Captains.

In conclusion, these are the Authorised Methods of Culling Outlaws.

They have worked quite successfully in the past and we see no reason to change them. We thank you for your enquiry and for your innovative ideas but do not feel that Imperial Tactics will work in the Upland Marsh.

What My Father Told Me

by Vesa Lethinen

A World View of Ducks



Who Are You?

I am Ankar, water thane of Orlanth, the one who fights for the family. I am also your father, toddler, and that is why I am talking to you at all. Your mother says that I have to tell you some realities of life, brat, otherwise I want nothing to do with you.

Who Are We?

We are durulz, or ducks, as most of the world calls us. Elders claim that we were once like other birds, with wings, but Yelm, that shiny ball in the sky, wanted us to join him in Hell and we said no, so he cursed us.

Well, maybe it was for the best. Humakt noticed us and taught us the ways to survive. The strongest of us walked amongst his followers during Long Night, purging False Life

which had leaked into the world. When Orlanth got Old Shinyhead back, we followed his human people and joined the Storm Folk. Those who were not fit for Death gave their pledge to Orlanth and Ernalda. Not that Orlanth's people would have accepted us after that, mind you!

Orlanth gave us a chance of True Life; for that we are grateful. Now we cannot fly, unless we reach high status in Orlanth's cult and learn his magic, but we have learned something else. We are no longer people of the sky, but those of air and earth. Yelm made our life hard, but that made us hard too.

What Makes Us Great?

Great? We were denied flight and even the people of Orlanth treat us as a nuisance. Greatness is for other people, those who wield weapons as a luxury, not for a dire need.

Where Do We Live?

We used to live in Dragon Pass in the land our ancestors took from the undead hordes of Delecti. But that was before Big Starbrow made us scapegoats for her futile fight. To fight would have been useless; why fight when it was sure Humakt would see you too soon?

It was a long trip to come here, to be accepted by the locals. I had to bash in at least two heads before they left us alone. Then our kind allowed us to stay.

There is not much left of our clan. What Orlanthi could not kill, Lunars did. I and my brother are the only ones left, with your mother, of course, and you. There has been talk about founding a new clan by those who reached the sea. Whether we can ever return to Dragon Pass remains to be seen.

How Do We Live?

Best we can. I hope you have learnt to fish, boy, since that's what you are going to do. It is not an easy life, but it's not a False Life either. You have to pry your own from others, from Big People if possible, thought not likely.

What is Important In My Life?

Always remember that you are Durulz; There are not many left to remember that. When you become an adult, your duty is to defend the nest, this or your own if you ever find a mate.

Nothing have we gained as gifts, for free. You have to avoid becoming food for worms, that is the main idea, and not let your family become that either.

Who Do We Follow?

We used to follow Quahar, the durulz chief, but now he is dead. We used to follow the Fair King too, but he has been dead for years now. Who is going to be a chief of ours is yet to be seen, but he cannot be a weak one. He has to earn our respect by deeds.

We also follow Orlanth and his brothers and kin. Though those Big People who harass us worship him too, he does not favor them over us. Storm is not to be blamed. Especially when we can swim better than Big People. If there is a flood, they are more likely to perish than us.

What is the Difference Between Men and Women?

Duty of a man is to fight, to defend the nest. To concentrate on domestic matters would be foolish, an extra moulting would deprive us of fighting power.

Women bring forth more life. Their duty is as heavy as ours, just different. Once you were hatched it was your mother's work to feed you.

Not that women are defenseless, of course. Has your mother ever told you how our courtship begun?

If you ever meet a suitable woman, you have to marry her. Probably she will attempt to break your leg first, but select carefully; she will too. Marrying a woman for a less time than for a life is foolish at best. Sharing the hardships with her is the True Way.

What is Evil?

Chaos is evil because it destroys everything, Big People and us, no matter what Red Moon men say - they tried to destroy us! That just proves that they are like other Big People: not to be trusted.

False Life is evil. It promises life without hardship and struggle, but forgets to tell that it is also a way without life itself. That is the way Delecti, the necromancer near our lands in Dragon Pass, tried to force upon us. Fortunately, Humakt had taught us otherwise.

How Do We Deal With Others?

Listen lad, and listen hard. People in the outside world will constantly try to oppress and abuse us. Why? Because we are smaller than them.

The only effective way to deal with Big People of any kind is force, or at least the pretense of it. Lismelder and Colymar respected us because we fought. They allowed us to become part of Sartar when Fair King lead it. But Fair King is dead, and fairness with him. Rarely we see Big People that give us anything but trouble. There are some mind you, but not many.

We must never give up. If you are smiling to Big People, giving kind words to them, they take it as a sign of weakness. You must show that you are ready to fight and defend yourself. It may not help to avoid a fight or win it, but at least it makes Big People think twice. Especially if your whole family is with you.

Oh yes, they also have a strange concept they call a "Fair Fight". Obviously it was invented for their benefit only, to oppress us. Backstabbing Big People and slashing their balls, that's fair I say.

Don't forget fleeing, either. Unless you one day join Humakt and make holy promises, you'd better learn to use your feet. Go for water, Big People are usually also Dry People, rarely their gods require them to swim. You are at an advantage in the water, water has not forgotten us, though sky has. If they follow you, they are clumsy or unprotected, having taken off their chain mail. But don't forget fleeing. There is always a next time for a fight.

All right, that's all I have to say to you. What are you staring at? GET OUTTA MY SIGHT, BRAT!



• **Vesa "Aku" Lehtinen**
Big, bald, bearded and lives in Tampere, Finland.
Been roleplaying since 1985, running RQ sporadically since 1988, the current RQ campaign(s) begun 1992. All the RQ-related stuff has been published in the Finnish RPG magazine called *Magus*; this includes a 5-part short story series and a bunch of scenarios. Member of Finnish Science Fiction Writer's Association.

A JOURNAL FRAGMENT

by Michael Cule



(Pavis Miscellanea Collection: 12399/838/282. Written in Old Wyrnish. Probably late 9th Cent. Probably the work of Ormelius, LM sage at Pavis.)

...but couldn't get the thick brown sauce out. (Mem: to self try soaking in cold water)

I SPENT TODAY COLLATING THE MATERIAL I gathered from the Jrusteli travellers. Their epic journey across the Wastes must count as one of the great achievements of these times, although Valkaro swore by his Invisible God that he would go by sea if he ever returns to the far isles in the East. (As it seems he intends: his heart, hardened by the rigors of his peculiar faith, has been captured by those far and lovely Islands of the Dawn.)

At dinner I had as guest the Durrulz merchant Jonah. Fortunately Valkaro is less intolerant of non-humans than most of his people and told tales of a people in the lands to

the east identical in body to the avian marsh dwellers. Identical in body but not in spirit: for while the durrulz are a ill-tempered and quarrelsome people, ever aware of the scorn that other races are free to pour on them, the keets (of which he avers there are many other kinds: alking ostriches and others) are an honourable folk who hold their heads up high since they believe that they gave up their ability to fly before Time and thus saved the world.

I laughed and said that many another small and insignificant people has such a tale that makes them the centre of all things. But Valkaro was not angered but told us such tales of the legends of the first Dawn and the separating of the realms of Waking and Dreaming that I must hurry now to put down lest they be lost from my memory. Perhaps even the most insignificant creature has some place in the pattern of the world. Praise be to our Lord of Knowledge who gives us the light to see this by...

NOTES BY ORMELIUS

(1) This is the conventional rendition into human languages. The Ancient Keet term means Place-of-Us-Feathered-Ones.

(2) The primal Bird god and a favourite of Yelm's.

(3) Presumably what is now Maniria and Dragon Pass.

(4) Some legends say that Vrimack died when Orlanth assaulted the throne of Yelm. This is no more than the usual confusion from Godtime accounts.

(5) That is the Mammals who are the order of creatures associated with the Air Rune. Birds are the true creatures of Yelm. The Keets of the East Isles still lay eggs. What would happen if a Duck-Keet and a Durulz were to mate is anyone's guess.

(6) That is near Kero Fin. There persist legends of a Great Lost City sometimes called Duckburg, in the stories of the Durulz. If it ever existed, the Upland Marsh has swallowed it now. How a Mother telling her children this in the East Isles is supposed to know all this history is a mystery.

(7) A reference to the Lost Egg?

(8) Again I don't know how the natives of the East Isles are supposed to know this. By Dreams I suppose!

THIS IS THE STORY OF THE KEETS THAT VALKARO TOLD ME:

It is the tale that the mother Keets tell their young saying:

At the beginning of all things, The Emperor of All, the Mighty Sun sat on his throne at the centre of the world. His light shone down the slopes of the Spike and illumined the Gods and the Peoples of the World at play and in attendance on their lord.

And there lay on the eastern slopes of the Spike, Ganderland (1) where all that was feathered and beautiful lived, the finest children of Vrimack (2) the Lord of the Skies. The Heron, The Flamingo, The Duck, The Magpie and The Nightingale lived there. Some sang, some danced through the skies, some acted as heralds and messengers for the Lord of All, some went about the world as his agents and observers and were privileged to perch on the shoulders of Yelm and whisper reports in his ears.

(No, child, it is not true that the Ducks were Yelm's court jesters. That job went to the Magpies. Hush. We went to and fro on the waters of the world and sought out the doings of the Water Gods for Yelm. Don't believe what the other children say.)

Now, this happy existence came to an end when the Lord of the Storm climbed all the way up to the throne of the Sun and slew Him. Darkness fell upon the world and the Spike fell into confusion. All Harmony went from the doings of the Gods and in the Councils of Ganderland there was no less disorder.

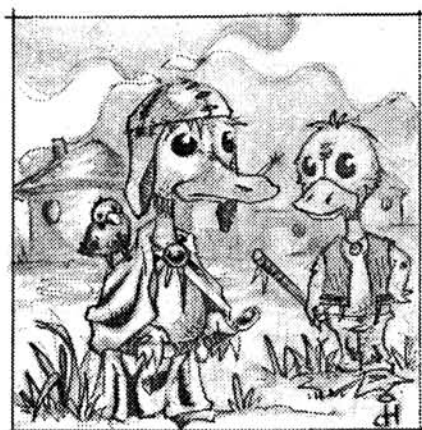
At that time we were ruled by the Daughters of Vrimack, the God-Birds who were our first ancestors. Mother Duck, Mother Heron, Mother Magpie and all gathered to decide what to do.

And some of our kin, foolish Drakes mostly and young Ducks who had not enough wit to stay out in the rain, argued thus before our Mother: "Yelm, who we gave our allegiance to is slain. He who we looked to to protect us was not even able to protect Himself. We should now turn from Him who was slaughtered to the Slaughterer. Orlanth, lord of the wind and rain should be our God".

But Our Mother demurred, saying, "Poor loyalty is that which ends at death and defeat. I see that there will be a Dawning someday. And how should I answer to our Lord the Sun on his return if I have forsaken Him?"

The other Mother Birds cheered to hear her, the youngest and smallest of them, answer so well. But the foolish young ones sneered at her words and left Ganderland, heading north from the Spike to the lands where the Storm Gods held sway. (3) They took with them the Last Egg that Mother Duck had laid, out of spite and hoping to hatch a Goddess of their own. As they went though, Vrimack (4) noted their departures and cursed them saying:

"Since they wish to be Orlanth's Creatures, let them be in this much at least. They shall no longer lay eggs like true birds but shall carry their



burdensome young in their bodies as do the Creatures of Orlanth (5)". And to this day the poor Exiles can be told from true birds by this.

And they built a great city beneath the Mother of Orlanth (6) and laid the Last Egg, which had never hatched, into a temple there. And there they live to this day, if they have not all died.

Now in Ganderland, the flocks and nations of the Feathered Ones watched and waited as things went from bad to worse. At the approach of the Army of Chaos to the Spike some few went to be spies and heralds to the defenders but never returned. When the forces of the Devil entered it and the Spike shuddered, the flocks of Ganderland took flight and fled following the Mother-Bird-Goddesses to the East. We flew and flew until our wings could bear us no more and finally we came to rest in the lands at the edge of the world. There we settled and made our nests and there we have stayed until this day.

Now many and strange and great are the stories from that time. How we met with the peoples of the Isles and their Gods. How we aided them in the fight (Do you remember how Grandma told you the tale of how Flashing High Magpie and his mate stole The Key of Pearl for Vorondokar? Yes, you do!) and became part of the peoples of the East. The other peoples gave us the name of Keet at that time. It is not our name for ourselves but means something like Winged Person, which isn't too bad.

Our proudest part in the legends is this: When we first came all these lands were one, part of the land of Vithela. But the great Chaos Gods sent Beater and Gulper against the land. Beater smashed the land so that it broke into pieces, into the Islands. And Gulper rose up out of the water and swallowed the pieces.

Now Theya, the Goddess of the Dawn, saw this and went to the Council of the Bird Mothers and said: "Little sisters, I have a plan that will end this menace and save the land. But it will need a great sacrifice on your part and that of your people".

The Wolfbrother's bond

by Thomas Gottschall

Listen to my wolfbrother Silkeyes and to me Bloodtooth. We will tell you what it means to have a wolfbrother to us Telmori. Do not interrupt Silkeyes or me.

WHEN WE TWO-LEGGED Telmori are born the wolfsister of our mother also gives birth. Almost always both have the same number of cubs. During the childhood the four-legged and the two-legged Telmori spent all the time together and every two-legged Telmori develops more sympathy for a particular four-legged one. The same is true vice versa. At some point they all choose the other to be their partner in life, this is to be more than just brothers. At this early part in their life the Tergavi takes them for a whole week to see if the two fit together.

Mostly they do and the ritual of brotherhood is begun. It is during this ritual that both of them see Dezak's Path for the first time. It is during this ritual that their lives and their souls become linked forever. And it is also this ritual that makes the two Telmori.

After this ritual sympathy is replaced by real love. While the small boy liked to cuddle his little wolf because he has a soft fur he now likes to cuddle him because he is his brother. From here on both of them do all things together. Both of them take care for the other like a loving husband would do for his wife. When the two-legged Telmori falls ill the four-legged will go to the Tergavi or search for herbs or bring fresh meat or water to his brother. Often this relationship is so powerful than neither the one nor the other feel a need for a female. And sometimes even when one part of the bond dies the other is overwhelmed by grief and dies sometime after.

Often during the long life of both of them the one saves the life of the other. This is natural. A Telmori boldly faces Fer if needed to save his brother's life. This is almost proverbial. There are many tales of us Telmori which recall how a brother was stolen or got lost somehow only to be recovered after an arduous search. The most well-known is called Agrud's tale of joy. It starts when a evil human imprisons



Agrud's wolfbrother as well as Agrud himself. However cunning Agrud can flee his prison and returns to his forest first.

But he finds no joy in life without his wolfbrother whatever he tries. Even when he becomes King of the whole forest he remains sad. Yes, even when he fathers many brave sons and sees how they become wolves he isn't happy. After several years he decides to return to where he former prison was hoping for the best. He leaves all behind and discovers that his wolfbrother still lives. He is still imprisoned being made a mere watchdog for the man.

And as cunning Agrud enters the halls of the human in disguise his wolfbrother starts to bark. Within a few moments the owner of this place arrives and demands to know from Agrud what he wants. He explains that he is deeply in need of a watchdog and the he would like to buy this one. The greedy human replies that it will cost Agrud a fortune. And since

Agrud hasn't got that much he starts to argue that this watchdog is quite old, has one eye blinded, has no more teeth and is not fast enough to catch even a small rat.

In the end Agrud gets his wolfbrother nearly for nothing. When they are outside the house Agrud promises his wolfbrother that now they will live in joy and that his wolfbrother will have everything he ever wanted to. But his wolfbrother says that all he want is revenge for his years as a watchdog. Agrud promises that if this what his wolfbrother wishes it should be so. And so both of them go back and kill the man. Then Agrud's wolfbrother says that all he was expecting in his life is fulfilled and that he can die now. And because Agrud know that his life is nothing without his wolfbrother he bids Fer to come quickly and take the two. Only moments later both fall to the ground, dead but joyous at last.

The more the two experience the stronger becomes their bond. Many Telmori can feel

what their brothers feel and some can even talk to their spirit directly. You cannot understand what it feels like to lose a wolfbrother. A Telmori proverb says that you can forget about your wounds but you can never forget a lost wolfbrother. This is more than true and I thank Telmor every night anew that Silkeyes still lives when I regard the things that have happened to him. I can understand those who say that they can't take another wolfbrother. It's like a hole too great to fill or like a wound too deep to heal. I don't know what I would do if Silkeyes dies one day. I pray that we both may die in battle on the same day so the other wouldn't need to feel the pain.

It is too hard to lose the best friend, your partner, your brother and your soul to grief at once.

But enough of that Silkeyes is still lively and I am also. This is no time for sadness but for joy. Come Silkeyes, let's go for some rabbits!

How Dog and Wolf became enemies



Listen carefully what has happened so that Wolf and Dog became the enemies they are. Deadly-tongue will tell you this story from his lands; so don't spoil the magic of his story.

THERE WAS A TIME when everything was good and everyone was happy. There was no war, no hunger and no fear. And everything could be done in different ways and regardless how it was done it would always succeed. Hear my story begins and I bid Telmor to devour those souls who will interrupt.

Wolf and Dog were brothers: they had the same mother. They did everything what they could together since they were also good friends.

Once Wolf got in big trouble because he tried to catch a fiery bird. First the bird flew off every time Wolf came near. After a while Wolf became more cunning and approached it from behind where it could not see him. And thus one time he caught the fiery bird with his teeth and he

was burned terribly. Never again would he hunt fiery birds.

The fiery bird cursed Wolf because he bit some feathers off and so Wolf could not eat for some years. Wolf would have starved for sure but Dog his brother found for him a pool with cool water which wouldn't burn when drunk and would also be enough food to survive. And after several years the curse wore off and wolf could hunt again and eat real food. Thus Dog saved the life of Wolf, not for the first time and also not for the last time.

Another time Dog did a silly thing. He always wanted a pelt like that of Wolf or even that of Bear. So he approached Bear and asked him if he could lend him his fur. Bear was surprised to hear such a request but since he wouldn't need it the next time he gave it to Dog in exchange for the promise that when Bear would need Dog's skin Dog should lend it to him also. Dog agreed and went off with his new warm pelt. But after

by Thomas Gottschall



• **Thomas Gottschall** started roleplaying in 1990 finally got myself RQ3 in 1994 and by sheer luck joined the RuneQuest Gesellschaft at the end of 1994. Made Ingo spend more money on stamps than anybody else. :-)
 Joining the Glorantha Digest which gave me the idea to expand on the Telmori in April 1997.
 Later added my Apple Lane campaign online as well as some more Orlanthi stuff. Since 1998 deserted of players and no longer an active member of the Gloranthan society. :-(

<http://Telmori.Silkeyes.de>
 for Telmori's Forest
<http://Sartar.Silkeyes.de>
 for my Apple Lane Campaign

some time the pelt became too heavy and Dog returned it to Bear. Soon he forgot about all this. When the cold time came Bear demanded Dog's skin for he wanted to seal his stone home with it to protect it from the icy winds. Dog knew that he had no other option and gave it to Bear. Now the cold time was very cold and without his skin Dog would have died for sure but just when Dog mourned the loss of his skin most Wolf came by and asked what was on Dog's mind, and Dog explained all. Wolf ripped his pelt in two with a single bite and gave half to Dog. Through the whole winter both of them were very cold but they survived the winter.

Afterwards Dog never gave his skin away again. Many such things happened to each of them and the other was always there to help. And so Wolf and Dog were happy and content.

Then one day both of them saw something that they wanted for themselves only. This couldn't be shared even among the closest of friends. They saw a female. Both agreed that whoever will win the female's attention first should become her lover.

They tried to hunt down the biggest prey that they could. After several days of preparation both of them started the hunt. They for the first time went hunting not together but alone. And when Wolf was inside his preferred forest he encountered a big elk and when he sneaked so near that he had only to jump and then he would have it he saw a movement right of him. Though he was disturbed he didn't pay more attention to it and ran towards the elk and hit it hard with his teeth. But at the same time someone else did the same. It was a long battle until the elk was on the ground and until Wolf recognised Dog and Dog recognised Wolf. Both of them were happy and both of them congratulated the other for this was a very big elk the biggest both of them had ever seen. They both returned with the elk to the female and presented it before her. She replied that it would need another contest to decide who was more worthy to become hers. And both of

them agreed to present to her the most valuable thing they had.

Again they departed to think about what was most valuable to them. After several days Wolf left for Dog's place. When he had passed half the way he encountered Dog. Both of them shared only a smile and returned to the female again. The female asked what they had brought for she was seeing nothing new. Dog replied that his most valuable thing was Wolf his best friend and Wolf replied that Dog was not only his brother but also his closest friend and he knew of nothing more precious than their friendship. Dog agreed and again this contest ended in a draw.

The female once again proposed a contest. This time the one who would bring the biggest golden leave from the Gold Tree would win. So both of them set off for the Precious Forest. They agreed to help each other inside the Precious Forest because it was a very dangerous place but when they would have reached the Golden Tree they would search themselves for the biggest leaf.

And so it was done together they passed the Emerald Bridge, the Silver Flowers and the Ruby Grass and reached the Golden Tree. As was said both of them searched for the biggest leaf on it. And they found it. It was on the top of the tree and though both of them tried to jump high and reach it no one could. And after a while they realised that once again they needed each other.

Wolf helped Dog to jump even higher by letting him climb on his back. Dog reached the leaf and brought it down from the Golden Tree. They returned to the female to present the leaf.

Dog had the leave in his mouth and thus the female thought him to be the victor. But Wolf told the story of what happened and that they both brought the leaf to her. But Dog who was enticed by the female's beauty said: "But this is not as you say, brother. It was me who jumped high enough and picked the golden leave and not both of us. You were just helping me".

Wolf was very disturbed, He wasn't used to hearing such things from his friend. "But without me you would still be jumping up and down and would never have this leaf".

"Indeed this is so" - replied Dog - "But I was clever enough to be the one who picked the leave not you. So I deserve her and you are not".

Wolf got very angry with this but the female only smiled at Dog and presented her rear to him and so horny Dog got even more excited. He started to tell that he never really needed Wolf and just became his friend to help him out because Wolf could do no thing on his own properly.

This enraged Wolf even more and he started to shout at Dog what a bad friend he was and that he would never again speak to a traitor like him and that they should be no longer be brothers but enemies and that all wolves shall hunt doggy scum off their lands. And indeed from that day on we wolves are enemies to dogs and whenever one enters our lands we hunt him off.

Have you ever faced a lone Telmori with his spear? No? Perhaps that's why you still live.
Learn why to us Telmori the only useful thing is our spear and how it is made.

Spears of the Telmori

by Thomas Gottschall

The Magic of the Wolfpeople

Listen to Eyes-like-blood a Tergavi from the foreign lands of Telmoria, where we wolves are still free to do whatever we like, although there is a lot of chaos.

We wolfpeople know a lot of magic, visible and invisible. Though you humans have heard or even seen us using wolfrunner magic I doubt that you know of the other. We Telmori have a lot of good and powerful magic. Our magic can be seen each year anew when the females give birth to many young healthy cubs. Our magic can be seen around the Tergavir where man is seldom encountered and peace is still known and yes, our magic can be also seen inside our forests, each full of holy groves, sacred springs and sites of victory or woe. This is the magic of which we were never robbed even when the most evil hre-vrr ruled our lands since this is the magic of our souls and our land. Our magic is the magic of life itself. It cannot be directed against us and yet it is not benevolent to us only. If you could ask the land it would reply that it likes our magic of life but dislikes your magic of slavery. We live



WHEN A YOUNG TELMORI has lived for over seven winters his uncle and a Tergavi take him to the sacred grove where the spiritwolves howl all day and night. They spend the night in this grove and the Tergavi tells the story of Deathbringer the first Telmori who used Death...

with these lands, you live off your lands. Each Telmori is content and thankful for all he gets even if it is as little as it was last year but you humans want only more and more. The old sickness hasn't died out in you. Greed is still strong with man. I have seen a lot of humans' eyes shine when they saw the beautiful fur of my wife. It took me often only some moments to heal them from greed. Actually it is not that hard if you know how to do it. You must know that all the human's greed is in his eyes. So you have only to scratch them out and he is cured. Sadly I never managed to do it in a way so the human could live afterwards.

But I am not here to judge you, I am here to tell you of our magic. We Tergavi know a lot of spirits either wolves or others. While our spiritwolves are always helpful other ones must be convinced to help us, yes some even must be forced. These are mostly the spirits of humans and prey animals. They want always to trick us Tergavi into a dangerous deals but Telmori has taught us enough lessons and so we are very cautious when dealing with them.

Then there is the magic of day-to-day life. A Telmori does very few things without using his magic. For example every day when I wash myself inside a lake in Telmoria I bid Telmori to make the water very fresh and cool and it always is. And we have also magic which keeps us healthy. Each time a two-legged Telmori cuddles his four-legged brother magic is evoked. This magic keeps the fur of the brother clean

In those days Death was a long and pointed stick that couldn't be broken. Later Deathbringer was acclaimed King Peace because his weapon had brought peace to all Telmori. It was he who taught all Telmori the Grav-hrug-rihr, the Blood-Spear-Ritual. In its process the spear gains a special bond with its owner and its brother. Thus it becomes part of the owner and is filled with his life force.

And this is how the ritual is done:

When the Tergavi, the young Telmori and his uncle awake they all begin to search for the right wood for the shaft. It must be hard and it must be thick and it must suit the young Telmori as it should suit him when he has grown up. The first to search for the wood is his uncle. The young Telmori stays with the Tergavi who tells stories of many brave Telmori who had nothing but their spears to survive.

The most prominent is the story of King Seven-spears and his wolfbrother who were caught by seven bandits. But the bandits wanted to mock of the King and told him he should live if he could throw three of his spears towards three different directions at the same time and could hit three of the bandits who were standing more than 100 steps away. They laughed a lot until he took all his seven javelins in his hands and threw them.

Everyone hit a bandit's heart and King Seven-spears and his wolfbrother were free.

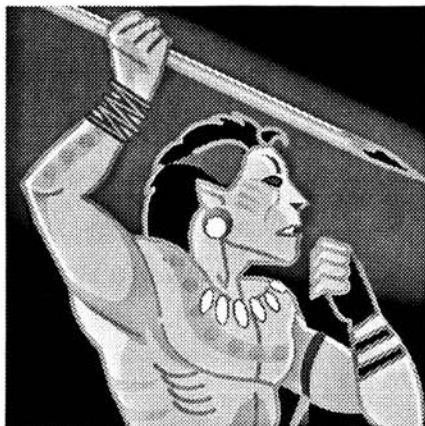
The Tergavi tells these stories until the uncle returns with wood for a spear. Then the youth departs to search for himself. He has until the next day. Then he must present the wood to the Tergavi who decides which one is better, the one of his uncle or his own. If the youth fails to present better wood than his uncle he must wait another winter to try joining the warriors. But if he succeeds he is admitted to join the warriors of Telmori and the ritual continues.

The next step is the search of a good tip. The tip can be made of either stone or bone.

Bones are preferred because stone breaks more easily and is harder to form to the right shape. So usually the youth and his wolfbrother are forced to hunt a beast of an appropriate size: a boar or a bear would be perfect. This hunt is done on Wildday, the traditional day for hunting.

Anything the youth and his wolfbrother bring to the Tergavi that day will be made as the spear's tip. The meat is used for a celebration of the successful youth. After this the Tergavi bids Telmori a full night to make the spear a good and a blessed weapon. The next rithr the youth is supposed to train with his spear as much as he can. And his final test is to be victorious over a warrior. Not before he has done it is he accepted as a warrior himself.

Now you might ask what is so special about this spears we Telmori use. It seems that they are like those you use only made differently. Perhaps



it seems like they are the same, but they are not.

If you use your spear do you feel it as part of you, do you feel pain if it is hit? A Telmori spear is only useful to its owner. Even a relative cannot use it. The best thing about Telmori spears is that they are nearly unbreakable on wilddays.

They can only be broken by poison metal or most evil magic. And the magic must first defeat the spirit of the owner and his wolfbrother.

This is why we Telmori love our spears, because they are parts of our self and of our brothers.

Listen further and learn about the deepest secrets of Telmori spears. I told you already that they are part of our wolves' bodies. But that is only the first link and it is not the most powerful one.

When the young Telmori has passed the Grav-hrug-rihr and defeated a Telmori warrior he himself is admitted to be a warrior. From this day on he is a protector of the pack, respected by all who need his protection and by many more. His spear is like one of his paws, deadly and useful, but it can become much more than a limb. After several winters the warrior has become skilled enough to do the Hrug-hrur-rihr or Soul-spear-ritual. This ritual is very dangerous and must be prepared well else the warrior and his wolfbrother may die.

It begins after a wildday and must be ended before the next. The first task for the Telmori and his wolfbrother is to find a Tergavir, though this may be one they already know. The Tergavi prays for blessings from Telmori for all the warriors and wolfbrothers who are participating in the Hrug-hrur-rihr at the found Tergavir. He stays wake all night and no foreigner is allowed to see this. If one is present he must be hunted down and sacrificed before the ritual may continue.

The next day all the warriors and wolfbrothers awake. The Tergavi's body lies without his spirit near the Tergavir, he is now on Dezak's path. His spirit guides the warriors to the grove where dead Telmori Kings lie. It is full of

spiritwolves and they howl so loud that nothing else is heard. Here the Tergavi invokes the help of all the dead Kings and pleads them to help all participants in the following quest. Then they return to the Tergavir and wait on the next day.

When each warrior awakes he finds himself lonely, lost somewhere in an unknown dense forest with strange plants and paths. It is dusk and before dawn arrives he has to find his wolfbrother. This is a test of his sense of smell.

The whole forest is dead. Only his wolfbrother has a scent of life. When he succeeds he finds his wolfbrother sleeping near the Tergavir with the other wolfbrothers. Everyone who fails will be found by the Tergavi and is to guard the Tergavir for the rest of the ritual. They may try when the next ritual takes place. All the participants sleep and dream of the following tasks.

This next day is the day of the hunting test.

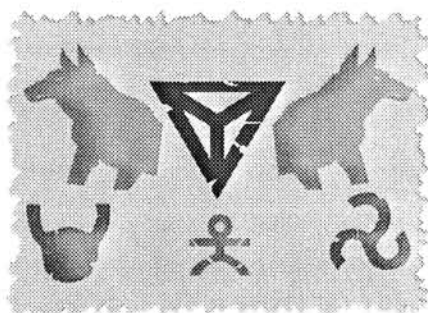
The whole day every Telmori band, i.e. warrior and wolfbrother, try to hunt the most impressive and challenging prey. Most don't get it but this is not a failure. At the end of the day when the sun has gone down every warrior and wolfbrother returns to the Tergavir, even if empty-handed. All the meat is eaten and the Tergavi asks everyone what is it that makes him most inconvenient. And every Telmori say something, e.g. that one is not fast enough or that one is not brave enough or that like. Only fools say that there is nothing for this is a sign of failing the test of hunting which is there to recognize one's weakness. After all had replied the Tergavi nods and explains that tomorrow they will face their greatest weakness and that they must deal with it with honour and defeat it. If they do, it will be banished into their spear and never released but vanishing more and more. And with this promise all go to sleep again.

At dawn all bands awake alone with their

spears. Again they are in the strange unknown forest but it is not night it is bright day. And during this day they will face their greatest weakness. Praise those who know what awaits them and are prepared to deal with it. But many are surprised by their weakness and have a hard time during the whole day. Some that fail are scared that much that they never try this ritual again. Those who succeed are changed. It is this day that is most dangerous. Sometimes less than one in two of them return alive.

After dusk they all meet at the Tergavir which is always only some steps away. They share their scary stories of victory as much as failure and the Tergavi praises all not only the victorious for it is always good to know one's weaknesses even if one cannot overcome them. The dead are mourned and everybody wishes them a safe passage. Those who had mastered their weakness found that their spear somehow is filled with something. It has now its own memory beginning with its birth at the defeat of the Telmori's weakness. From that day on the spear will always remember every battle fought and everything done with it. It will develop an own will always trying to remind his bearer of his greatest weakness. Thus the Telmori and his wolfbrother have formed to final bond with the spear. They share not only their bodies but also their souls.

Finally the Telmori spear is awakened.



Ruthrr is the word Telmori use for seasons. The Telmori count four seasons only. In ancient times there was a plant called the Rutr, which changed colour according to the seasons. Nowadays this plant can only be found within the realm of myth. Still the seasons are called after this strange plant.

Poison metal means Iron, metal which can bring fear to the Telmori and which can even hurt Telmori inside Telmori skin. Its use is equal to evil magic. Some Telmori attack people bearing poison metal on sight.

Tergavir or Tergavi stones or rocks are sacred spots to the Telmori. Many are signs of battles or remarkable events. They are shaped in the art of wolves, i.e. they are covered with blood either of victims or of important heroes. This blood stays always red. Many of these sites are protected by spirits bound by a Tergavi or by Telmori himself.

Dezak's Path is the other side for the Telmori where they can speak to Telmori or where Telmori Kings are made. The first to walk it was Dezak and that is why it is called after him. Most Telmori have walked Dezak's Path more than once.

Scent of Life is something only known to the wolf people. It is best described as a scent every living being emits. The Telmori can tell how powerful a being is only by smell. Dead and Undead have no Scent of Life but sometimes objects of power might have. This scent allows the Telmori to feel people and spirits inside the Telmori Wilds for many 100 steps, even when they don't see them.

and soft. When we go to battle each of us breaks a stick or a bone for this gives us the strength to break the bones of our enemies. Some even crush stones with the fangs for this gives them immense strength. I've once seen another Tergavi devouring spirits before he prepared for battle. Then when the battle was over and he did not return I asked my uncle what has happened. He replied that Bites-spirits as he was called thereafter was killed in battle but his spirit still lived on and chased the spirits of the enemies off the field. All mortals who dared to cross were bitten by him, and he bit into their souls deep wounds, never to be healed... for all time.

But there is also the female magic. This is the magic which makes us protect every cub with all our strength and this is the magic which makes us very vigorous when rutting time comes near. This is also the magic which makes the females look so beautiful. I almost can smell the scent of my wife who is back in Telmoria. This must be her magic reaching for me. Oh, and there is much more to female magic than this but you humans wouldn't understand this anyway since you've got no rutting time, do you?

As you see our magic is very powerful. It gives life to the cubs and gives death to the old wolves. It grants power to Kings and the Tergavi and it protects our forests and lands from evil.

And then it makes us the people we are. It makes our life beautiful and rich. This is what Telmori did for us and we are happy he is our King.

The Wasps Nest of Dragon Pass



By André Jarosch with help of Jörg Baumgartner, and Martin Hawley with help of Simon Bray
Additional material by Robin D. Laws
With special thanks to Stephen Martin

Description

The Wasp Folk of Dragon Pass live between Troll Woods in Heortland, and the Sambari Pass, in the Wasp Wilds of southern Sartar. Sartarite Wilms Church is the nearest town and the old Wind Temple of the Wind Children in the Stormwalk mountains the nearest landmark. The Wasps Nest sits at the highest point of the Wasp Wilds, known as Windtop. Although no visible roads or paths lead towards the Nest, the building is recognisable from afar, and the Observer may notice constant flight from the Nest into the neighbouring valleys and meadows.

The Wasps Nest itself is a gigantic step pyramid overgrown with greenery. It is said that only the top three steps of a much larger complex are visible. Underneath, within Windtop itself, there are rumoured to be more than a dozen levels. It's interior is constructed of wasp paper made of chewed wood, dried mud, grasses and other plant debris, protecting the nest from the elements and conserving heat, producing a spectacular combed structure that would withstand all weathers.

On the levelled-off top of the pyramid, ridden and rider-less wasps take off and a ramp is visible, which seems to lead into the interior and must be the entrance for the insects.

On the front of the top step of the pyramid, there is a great archway: the entrance for the humanoid wasp folk.

A wide stairway leads from the foot of the building to the archway, which is carved with faded runes from the time of the EVWF.

The building itself was not built by the Wasp-riders. These moved in later, during the first age. Based on the structure of the visible part of the complex, the builder, like the builder of the contemporary Ivory Plinth, can be identified as either Sestarto the Artist, a Heortling Silver Age hero, or his great rival and murderer Panaxles the Architect from Esrolia. To identify which of the two was the builder would be a difficult task even for a Sage specialising in Silver Age architecture.

The Waspnest is surrounded by orchards of the log living, but hard to grow olek tree. These orchards are defeated by the Wasp riders with their lives.

The Wasp Folk

The Wasp folk, or Vespidae as they call themselves, are pygmy humanoids, but they speak of themselves as a lesser elder race. They are small in stature being rarely larger than small children (2D4+2 StZ). Although they are not strong in human terms (2D8 STR), they are normal in constitution and dexterity. All have dark black hair and soft bright skin, and have a high pitched buzzing form of speech. They appear to be human, but history has shown that not everyone accepts this classification: during the Dragonkill, all other humans were killed, but they were spared. Later, these pygmy humans were classified by Scholars as one of the Little People (cross-check their Myth of Origin for their story). The Vespidae are extremely shy and take pains to keep their distance from strangers; their culture is

practically unknown to their Sartarite and Heortlander neighbours. However, they visit their immediate environment, the Wasp Wilds, very frequently. They are rumoured to be responsible for frequent stealing of Orlanthi cattle to use as fodder for their larvae. The Sambari Tribe has only bad stories about them, and sometimes they are even a threat to the city of Wilmschurch. They consider the Wasps Nest and the olek tree orchards itself holy and they accept no strangers in its vicinity. Most particularly trolls are attacked by the Wasp riders without warning when they approach too near the sacred area.

The Vespidae are extremely primitive and are best described as Wasp Hsunchen, although since the Second Age they have lost many typical characteristics. They live like all Hsunchen in symbiosis with their totem animals: Pygmies and wasps work closely together and the culture is based on the wasps' social patterns.

They speak Wasp Hsunchen, a cult dialect that is understandable by other insect Hsunchen, since it contains much gesture and body language. They are proficient at Javelin, Bola, Shortspear, Plant Lore, Insect Care (Wasp), Breed Insect (Wasp) and Ride (Wasp), according to their specific caste. A few Vespidae such as some of the Foundress Speakers (Traders), charged with contact with the outside world, speak a little Heortlander or Sartarite.

The five-foot wasps can only breed by implanting their eggs in the fruit of the olek. The eggs hatch fist-sized larvae, which are then nurtured by the Foragers.

The wasps themselves are organised in a caste system, these castes being, with one exception, exclusively composed of females: Foragers, subdivided into Nesters and Builders (for the larvae and maintenance of the nest) and Flyers, who gather vegetable nourishment and hunt the prey animals for larvae and human Wasp folk; Warriors, who defend and guard the nest; the male drones, who have no function outside breeding periods; finally the Queen, representing the female incarnation of Isalla, the unforgiving Wasp Mother.

The Wasp Hsunchen are the mirror image of the wasps' castes. Each inhabitant of the Wasps Nest has an allied wasp of the opposite gender. Therefore the Vespidae are composed of: Workers, co-operating with their allied wasp insofar as each species has skills appropriate to the task at hand, to maintain the nest and prepare and distribute food to larvae and human alike; Hunters and Gatherers and Warriors, who ride out on their allied wasps to hunt, find food and defend the nest; Women, like their counterparts the drones, are primarily responsible for breeding, but are at other times pampered and cared for; finally the King, who is the ritual partner of the wasp Queen, and thus the male incarnation of Isalla. Mundanely he is accounted the father of the next generation of humanoid inhabitants. The real power however lies in the hands of the Imagoes (Shaman-Priests) who are responsible for co-ordinating human and insect activities. Since there are no Imagoes remaining in Dragon Pass after the Dragonkill (see History) this task is performed by

Myth

In the God Time Gorakiki gave birth to the insects, one was Isalla the Great Wasp Queen. In turn she birthed the wasps. Yet, she was just one of many and it was not until her valiant role in Gorakiki's and MeeVorala's Battle that she became distinctive amongst insect kind. Isalla and her children fought bravely against the elven invaders and to help them in the fight Gorakiki gifted Isalla with the Venomous Sting. Isalla gave it to her children as they emerged into the surface world to take their place along side the other beings, included the newly created man. At this time both Isalla and her children were black in colour.

During the Golden Age, when Aldrya spread flowers throughout her realm, the Great Wasp Queen and her insect sisters dwelt in harmony. Her vespine children flew far and wide tasting the tempting pleasures of Aldrya's flower children, breeding with them as they collected and ate their nectar and pollen. As they continued to consume the tasty treats of Aldrya the Wasp Queen and the wasps turned a bright golden yellow like the glorious sun in the sky and the flowers of the earth.

In the Storm Age as the Lesser Darkness encroached upon the world, Aldrya called her flower children below ground to sleep with Ernalda. Yet, the wasps survived by eating the insect progeny of the Wasp Queen's insectile sisters. Isalla and the wasps changed their colour too at this time, returning to be black as the Darkness. During the Darkness era the children of Gorakiki each

faired very differently. To obtain protection from the chaos in the world some undertook binding agreements with the Uz, others attempted to survive alone in the chaotic world of pain and suffering. Isalla, Great Wasp Queen was one of these few, and sought to protect herself and her vespine children from the depredations of chaos. Her children proved their worth many times during the Darkness in battles; including I fought, We Won and the Last Defence Against Chaos. She had seen the descendants of Grandfather Mortal survive and prosper in the world, and those they worshipped and served prospered too. She decided that she would create a new race to aid and serve her. Isalla combined the essence of Grandfather Mortal with that of her vespine children and took it within herself, transforming it, magically fashioning it into an egg. At the Dawn, when the egg hatched, the wasps marvelled at the wingless, two-leg nymphling creation. As the first Vespidae hatched, the rays of the rising sun splayed upon the black body of Isalla and cast bright yellow stripes across it. All her vespine children have had these stripes ever since. Isalla repeated her efforts, and became the mother of all Vespidae. When the first Vespidae emerged in the full glorious sun of the Dawn Age they took on a soft golden hue, since then all Vespidae are this colour. Through changes during the struggles in History the Vespidae soon were born only by other Vespidae, and don't hatch from eggs any more. (This fact is most of the times deleted by the leaders of the Wasp riders when they retell this myth).

the Pupae (Acolytes). These leaders communicated most of the time through ceremonies and their special ride-hand man, the Foundress Speakers. Neither Imagoes nor Pupae or Foundress Speaker have an exact equivalent among the wasps, but each individual maintains their personal allied wasp.

The Gatherers, Hunters and Warriors are better known as Wasp riders and are the only military force of the Vespidae. The Gatherers and Hunters are seen by outsiders by far the most frequently, but the most impressive representative of the Folk are the Warriors.

Yearly Life-Cycle of the Wasps

The Wasp Queen overwinters in the inner Vespary Temple. She then builds a layer of hexagonal downward-facing cells radially from the temple. Her new eggs are laid in the first tier of the Vespary during Sacred Time, the eggs being fixed in place and the emerging larvae, which hatch in a few days depending upon temperature, only partially emerge in order to stop them falling from the cells. The fully grown larvae construct silken cocoons and seal themselves into the cells in order to pupate. Four to six weeks after the eggs are laid the first Foragers hatch.

The foragers extend the nesting chambers by adding further radial layers of cells suspended by wasp paper stalks below the first tier. In this way up to eight tiers may be constructed and the whole enveloped in wasp paper. If the Nest overheats the wasps ventilate it by vibrating their wings or even by introducing water droplets which cool it by evaporating. As the foragers develop the nest the Queen devotes her time to egg laying. Each cell may be employed several times to rear larvae and by the end of the summer Wasp Nest may contain 2,000 or more wasps.

The majority of Foragers remain sterile, although some progress to be Nesters, also called Brooders. This rank care for the larvae and eggs and provides for young, wasp and sometimes vespidae alike. In their turn the larvae exude a secretion which contains sugar and essential chemicals. This is taken by the Vespidae and provides a useful food supplement whilst also helping them to break down foods destined for the larvae, a relationship in which both parties gain and which ensures the Vespidae allegiance to the Queen.

The Wasp Nest has a complex symbiotic social structure, mirroring the life cycles and focused around the tending of the giant wasps. Most Wasps are either Foragers or Builders and are associated with the aspects of gathering high protein foodstuffs for the larvae, e.g. flies, caterpillars,

The future of the Wasp riders of Dragon Pass

- From 1620, they begin to build trade relationships with the Orlanthi.
- In 1624 they support King Bryan of Valsaxiland and "Queen" Kallyr of Sartar as mercenaries in a battle against the Lunars.
- In 1625, the dragon of the Stormwalk mountains wakes. The Wasp riders, scared to death, break off all relations with humans. They believe the dragon has woken on account of their breaking their oath, never to have anything to do with humans, and is intent on revenge. All humans in the area around the Wasp Nest (the Wasp Wilds) are hunted down and killed.
- Later, when Argrath rediscovers the banner of the EWF, the Wasp riders no longer feel themselves bound by their oath to the dragons. Although they are helping a human, he obviously possesses draconic power, and therefore it is correct to support him.
- When Argrath summoned forth the strength of Old Sartar as the Sartar Magical Union he dispatched his communicating companion to complete the King Wasp ritual. Saronil Goldentongue became the Wasp King-husband of Isalla, bringing the Vespidae into the alliance. He is surely destined to win the Winter Fight and be revered by all Vespidae.



spiders etc., and maintenance of shelter for wasp and Vespidae. They emerge in Sea Season to feed on stolen or traded honey, a special secretion from Isalla and sap from stored plants.

As the nest develops during Sea Season and early Fire Season the foragers collect insect larvae, scraps of meat and even fish to feed the larvae. The need to collect wood to construct nests means that wasps may damage the wooden fabric of buildings and fences. Wasps are a particular nuisance at the end of Earth Season when they are freed of the need to collect food for the young and can indulge their passion for sweet materials. They cause more than just a nuisance when they raid kitchens, bakeries and Orlanthi brewhouses. Foodstuffs can be contaminated and clanspeople disturbed, stung or even killed.

The wasps and riders are active hunters and foragers, and are known to raid the beetles from the Uz of Troll Woods. Adults feed on prey animals and plants, the young eat prey insects and the young vespidae eat pollen. I, Rider-Warriors form bands in Fire season that will often pounce on stray animals. They attempt to carry most of these captives to the Vespary, where they seal them paralysed in separate wax-covered combs with an egg in an oleg fruit. The hatched larva then feeds first on the oleg fruit and then on the live prey, gaining size (+1D6) and constitution (+1D4). The residual adipocere and carapace strengthen the nest. The Vespidae are not active during Storm Season, preferring to remain in Wasps Nest during the bad flying weather.

The wasp hating Firebull clan of the Sambari claim that their women have been impregnated and clan members have been taken as potential hosts for the wasp progeny. They further claim that their enemies, the Kultain, have even gifted live prisoners to the wasps. Relations with the with the Wind Children are strained, as both compete for the same hunting grounds and prey. The Vespidae regularly raid the Uz of Troll Woods. They raid livestock from the Sylangi, Sambari and Enstalos tribes and venture into Prax to catch impala and other herd animals. There is some trading of captured giant insects, livestock and food, especially for honey with the humans of the surrounding tribes, primarily on their side to keep the wasps away! In return the humans gain

bizarre wasp pottery, incredibly valuable paper, the strange fungal fruits and, on occasion, exotic mercenaries.

Several other smaller groups exist within Vespidae society, being responsible for different tasks, such as the elite Yellow Jacket Riders (2), the Potters, the Fungus Gardeners (3), and the Spider Hunters.

Military

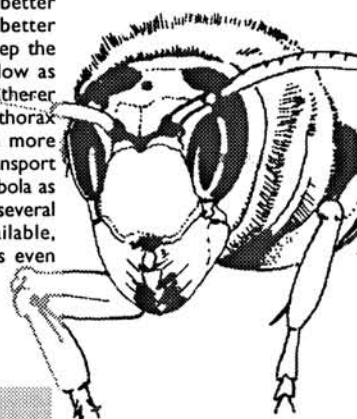
The Wasp riders are the flying cavalry of the Vespidae. A wasp Warrior is covered from head to toe in chitin plate armour, orange and black in colour, made from dead wasps and providing a good level of protection to the warrior. In addition, he carries a Chitin shield, shortspear, javelins and sometimes an atlatl.

In combat the Rider-Warriors usually appear to attack as a swarm, using javelins, often tipped with wasp venom, some use atlatls also. They are also equipped with one handed short spears, which they use to great effect from wasp-back. A few Vespidae use bolas and nets in raids for capturing live prey. They use disruption spells to great effect, to down foes which are then stung by the giant wasps, or en masse to kill more powerful opponents.

The points of the weapons of the Elite-Warriors are made from wasp stingers - when separated from the living body of the wasp, this does not have the deadly effect of a live wasp sting unless special cult magic is used.

The Warrior Wasp riders strap themselves onto their insect comrades and sit in front of the wings between head and thorax: to get better reach for their spears in close combat; better visibility for their distance weapons; to keep the exposure of their mounts to danger as low as possible. They differ in this from their Gatherer and Hunter colleagues, who sit between thorax and abdomen, between the wings, to gain more stability for mounting, dismounting and transport of goods. The hunters use more often the bola as primal weapon. Elite warriors often have several applications of divine magic (I-use) available, which makes them particularly dangerous even without their allied wasps.

SECRET:
The highest social rank is that of Imago, very few of which exist at any one time. There are no Imagoes left in Dragon Pass, and the remaining Pupae took over the command after the Dragon incident. In ancient times, there was always one female Imago or pupae among the ruling class, but that has changed. The pupae communicate with their tribe through special trained Vespidae, called the Foundress Speakers, to avoid that everybody notice that ALL pupa are actually female. These Foundress Daughters, as they call each other, rule hard, but wisely, so nobody will ask any strange questions as long if it remains so. But what holds the Hero Wars for them?



The Giant Wasps

The Giant Wasps that the Vespidae ride are even more vicious than real world wasps or hornets. They are large predators, and their stings are viciously barbed, a good weapon against prey and predators. They are bred by the Vespidae over Generations, and became so mightier and more dangerous than their cousins in Dagori Inkarth or the Vale of Flowers.

STR	3D6+6	Move: 6/12	Armour: 4Pt		
CON	2D6+6	Avg. Hpoints: 18	Avg. Fatigue: 29-30		
SIZ	3D6+12	WEAPON	SR	ATTACK	DAMAGE
POW	2D6+3	Bite*	4	40%	1D6+1D6
DEX	2D6+12	Sting*	4	80%	1D8+1D6!

*A wasp can both bite and sting in the same melee round against the same opponent.
! Plus it injects a poison equal to its CON

• **André Jarosch**
Sixteen years in Roleplaying, about half of the time in Glorantha. Orlanthi in heart, Malioni in mind, Lunar in soul, and always interested in minor gloranthan topics, such as 1st Age Seschneg or Jelmre
Keywords: Nitpicker, Statistician and Collector.

The Avatar of Isalla, the Wasp Queen

Isalla is the semi-divine daughter of Gorakiki. Her Avatar is an ancient and gigantic Queen Wasp that has dwelt in Dragon Pass since before the Dawn and has not left the nest since that time. It would take a great event like the hero wars to dislodge her from her home. The Great Wasp Queen, or Great Mother Wasp is served by her Imago shamans. Her goal is to create a long lived, intelligent Wasp. She is the mother of the other giant wasp queens that dwell in the Pass and the founder of the Vespidae wasp people. She is served loyally by her brood, who will defend her to the death.

Isalla, Great Wasp Queen

STR 53	Move 2/25	D20	Location	Points
CON 40	Hit Points 47	01	R H Leg	12/8
SIZ 54	Fatigue 93	02	L H Leg	12/8
INT 23		03	R M Leg	12/8
POW 39		04	L M Leg	12/8
DEX 19		05-08	Abdomen	21/16
		09-11	Thorax	29/20
		12-13	R Wing	31/8
		14-15	L Wing	27/8
		16	R F Leg	12/12
		17	L F Leg	12/12
		18-20	Head	31/16

Armour: 12 Point Chitin with Armouring Enchantments on head, body and wings.

Weapon	SR	Attk%	Damage
Bite	4	133%	2D8+6D6
Wing Buffet	7	99%	3D6 STR Wwind
Terror Dance (4)	7	100%	Demoralise
Sting (5)	7	149%	2D10+6D6+Venom

Skills: Fly 189, Scan 119, Search 30, Climb 113, Vespinae Lore 235, Insect Care 312, Dodge (ground) 29, Dodge (aerial) 105, Speak Vespinae 100, Orate 103, Sing 109, Listen 78, Craft (Nest Building) 132.

Magic Skills: Ceremony 169, Enchant 88, Summon 106.

Spirit Magic: Armouring Enchantment, Binding Enchantment, Control Insect Spirit, Control King Wasp Spirit, Countermagic 6, Dispel Magic 6, Extinguish, Protection 6.

Divine Magic: Absorption 8, Heal Body 8, Heal Wound 16, Speak with Insects 15, Sanctify 3, Warding 10, Poison Stinger 25, Divination 16, Worship (Isalla) 15.

Magical Abilities

Summon Brood - This causes a magical alarm to sound in the heads of all the progeny of Isalla, the nest will automatically run or fly to her aid.

Divine Heritage - Isalla does not need to pray to get her spells back. Instead she regains 1D6 spells per day of rest.

Divine Fertility - Isalla can lay 20 wasp eggs a day. She also secretes the magic salves that creates the Wasp King, the Black Wasps and the Yellow Jackets.

Devotional Followers - Isalla is able to draw 1 MP from each of her followers once a day, be they humanoid or wasp. This is seen as a great honour among both groups.

Isalla is able to fly, but has not done so for a very long time. It would take her several rounds of careful manoeuvring to get air borne. She is clumsy at first, but soon becomes an accomplished deadly flier. Isalla is around 7 metres in length from head to sting with a wing span of 8m. She resists spells at her POW plus 1 point per 3 members of her nest who are within 100m and is typically surrounded by at least 60 wasp and wasp riders, giving her a defensive POW of 59.

• Size proportions:
An Orlanthi warrior
and a Wasp rider warrior



Religion

Isalla is the Ancestral Mother of the Vespidae, who thus form one of the few societies of non-trollish insect worshippers, having no relation to the Darkness cults at all. The Wasp riders also dispute the connection of Isalla to Gorakiki as a sub-cult. They say that Isalla has cut all connections to her mother long ago. The Isalla cult is headed by a Shaman, the Imago, assisted by Acolytes, the Pupae. The majority of worshippers is formed by the Initiates, the Larvae.

Imagoes and Pupae are also Priests, receiving in addition to common divine magic spells the following specials:

Command Giant Wasp, Sanctify, Speak To Wasps, Heal Body, Poison Stinger, Worship Isalla.

The Isalla cult takes care of the breeding and care of the cults wasps and co-ordinate the entire nest. In addition, they dispense the reward of recreation time, during which a particularly effective Wasp rider may take his ease in the Female Chamber.

When a King died a new elevated Vespidae is transformed into the King Wasp, husband of Isalla, for the summer. Each Dark season the Wasp King ceremonially battles against the coming cold winter. Most years the Wasp King dies during this battle, which often involves fighting trollish spirits. The spirits of the deceased Wasp Kings are bound into an area of the Nest called the Vespiary Temple, where they lie in state during the Sacred Time. The Great Wasp Queen calls upon these spirits as advisors and companions - the greatest kings and Imagoes (now oalso only pupa) of the past.

When a new Wasp King is created he consorts with the former Wasp Kings who bestow gifts and secrets to him in acts of metempsychosis. If the King Wasp succeeds in Winter Fight then half the wasps survive the winter and a Wasp Foundress daughter can be metamorphosed to create a new lesser Queen Wasp (with an INT of 2D6). She is inseminated by the Wasp King to produce the male off-spring needed to found a new colony and sent into the wilds with the King to establish her own Vespiary. One day the Wasp King will become Semi-Divine and immortal, remain with the Great Wasp Queen, and the two will then expand the colonies, returning the world to how it was in the Golden Age.

The King, the women, the Imagoes and Pupae are kept screened from outside contact by workers and by the handful of wasp traders, the Foundress Speakers, who also act as organs of communication between the Pupa and the Vespidae.

History

The history of the Wasp riders and indeed of the entire Vespidae folk began in the Dawn Age, during the First Council, according to the few statements from Wasp folk traders and emissaries that have been recorded.

The Wasp tribe fled from the chaos of the Gbaji wars in Ralios and settled in the abandoned temple building now known as the Wasp Nest. There are indeed illustrations and reports of insect riders reaching back to this time.

In the Dawn Age, there were several Wasp Nests in Genertela, which only lost contact with each other during the Gbaji wars. Tales of the Vespidae tell for example of nests in the Elder Wilds, in Peloria and in Old Pavis, in Prax. Today the existence of only two has been confirmed: the settlement in Dragon Pass, and the Mother Nest of the Dragon Pass Wasp riders in Ralios, over the Rockwood Mountains. There the Wasp Folk are known as Goblins, probably due to their barely human appearance under the effect of Hsunchen magic, in Ralios they are always in effect when they make contact with outsiders. In fact they have no relationship to the Aldryami goblins at all, and the common characteristics between the two Wasp rider cultures makes the assumption that these are different races very uncertain.

In the Dawn Age the Vespidae of Dragon Pass were a normal Hsunchen culture, which moved into the Step Pyramid complex during the time of the first council. Initially they kept themselves to themselves, but had built up a trading relationship with the surrounding Orlanthi by the end of the age. When the Gbaji Wars reached Dragon Pass the various Wasp nests lost contact with one another. Palangio, the Military Commander of the High Council of Dorastor, considered the Wasp folk just as hostile as the trolls and Dragonnewts, and sent the Bee Riders, who had sided with Nysalor, against them. Possibly, it was Palangio who achieved the isolation of the different wasp nests from each other. But the Wasp folk, like those Orlanthi who followed Arkat, survived this turbulent time.

In the Second Age the Dragon Pass Wasp Nest was firmly within the territory of the EWF and seems to have maintained regular contact with the Empire, as the runes on the step pyramid attest. From this time dates the Wasp riders' enmity with the Wind Children of the Stormwalk Mountains. To this day Wind Children are hunted by the Wasp riders for sport. This feud is extremely interesting, because the main god of the Windchildren, Kolat, is also one of their gods besides Isalla the Vespidae Mother goddess.

The feud with the Bee Riders of Caladraland also deepened in the Second Age, as both peoples once again found themselves on different sides: the Bee riders of Caladraland lived in the Empire of the God Learners, and lost touch with their Hsunchen roots, becoming normal humans who kept bees as riding animals.

The Vespidae were spared the Dragonkill that followed the downfall of the EWF; scholars categorise them as a group of the "Little People", the aboriginal inhabitants of Dragon Pass. It is in any case certain that they were not categorised as belonging to the

Hero Wars Conversions

By Simon Bray

with advice from Martin Hawley and André Jarosch

Wasp Rider Cultural Keywords

Physical Skills: Small, Ride Wasp, Wasp Care, Spear Combat, Wasp Dances.

Mental Skills: Speak to Wasps, Wasp Wilds Geography, Know Location in Hive, Wasp Breeding, Wasp Rider Customs.

Personality: Insular, Obedient, Hate Bee People.

Relationships: To Hive, To Wasp Queen, To Wasp Ally.

Magic: Isalla Animist Tradition.

Occupational Keywords

Below are detailed those occupations that are most suitable to produce player characters, a variety of worker occupations exist but are not detailed.

Hunter

Physical Skills: Trick Flying, Craft Javelins, Craft Bolas, Bolas Combat, Javelin Combat, Drive Prey, Hand Signals, Load Pack Wasp.

Mental Skills: Know Prey Animals, Scan For Danger, Spot Prey, Scouting.

Personality: Reliable, Inquisitive.

Magic: May only integrate Wasp spirits.

Living Standard: Poor.

Equipment: Riding Wasp (Hunter), Javelins, Bolas.

Warrior

Physical Skills: Trick Flying, Bolas Combat, Javelin Combat, Lance Combat.

Mental Skills: See Great Distance, Disrupt Foes, Know Hive Defences, Coordinate Swarm Attack.

Personality: Courageous, Fanatical.

Magic: May only integrate Isalla spirits.

Living Standard: Poor.

Equipment: Riding Wasp (Warrior), Javelins, Bolas, Spear/Lance, Chitin Armour³.

Isalla Tradition

Isalla is the most powerful spirit of the Wasp Rider Tradition. She is the source of life itself, mother of all. Her spirit dwells within every Wasp and Rider, but is most strongly focused in her queens.

Entry Requirements: Must be a Giant Wasp or Rider

The Spider Hunters

Established by the Vespidae hero Zesna the Vespine after his raid on the Uzko of Queen Gizgak in Troll Woods. During the raid Zesna attacked a group of Uzko worshippers of one of Aranea's spidery daughters. The daring band of riders fought against all the odds and narrowly defeated these Spider Masters and their Tarantulas, Wolf and Lynx spiders. The troop stole the secrets of the net from the Spider Masters, and ever since the members of this hero-cult have been able to use his trophy. Zesna gained much notoriety from the raid, although the retaliation from the trolls was swift and cruel, they used the vengeance of Amanstan to burn minor nests. In an attempt to defeat the spiders of the trolls, Zesna performed the Kropa heroquest and gained the knowledge of Webbing, albeit at a greater cost than Aranea's followers. Since that time the Spider Hunters have had access to this magic. The Spider Hunters ride especially large and vicious wasps, fed on a special secretion of Isalla to become as black as night 6. They actively seek out and attack the giant spiders of the Uzko. Webbing: 4-Point spell, duration 15 minutes, range 80 meters, reusable, non-stackable

Beast People of Beast Valley, even if these two peoples later co-operated closely. The Dragonnewts and Dragons came to the Wasps Nest to smoke it out, but were met there by the Spirit of Isalla, who had possessed the body of the Wasp Queen and manifested as the Dragon Wasp (Dragonfly with Stinger). This manifestation saved the Vespidae, but the Dragon-kin extracted a promise that the Wasp riders would break off all contact with humans forever, or the Dragons would return and destroy them too. This Pact was cemented by the execution of all the Imagoes, who up to this time had maintained contact with outsiders. Thus, the Vespidae of Dragon Pass lost a part of their Hsunchen heritage, including access to the metamorphosing Divine Spells. This has continued to this day. With great effort and loss, the Pupae learnt to sacrifice to Isalla for a new Divine spell, "Poison Stinger".

During the early Third Age, when Dragon Pass was empty of human settlement, the Vespidae frequently allied with the Beast Men against the encroaching Orlanthi as envisaged by their treaty with the Dragonnewts. When the tide of land-hungry Orlanthi could no longer be withstood, later tales tell how the Wasp riders withdrew from contact with the outside world, with two exceptions:

The competition with the trollish Bee Tribe of Dagori Inkarth over the pollen and food resources in the Vale of Flowers is understandable as the economic competition of similar societies (In 1234 they even raided the Uz of Troll Woods and stole secrets from one of Aranea's daughters.); but the deep enmity between Wasp riders and the Bee riders of Caladralland exceeds all rational bounds and is based on events from the Dawn Age. The rivalry nowadays is no longer one of competition between rival Hsunchen tribes (the Bee riders are normal civilised inhabitants of Kethaela, who simply keep and ride tame Bees) but rather of diametrically opposed ways of life. To the Wasp rider, the Bee rider is an unnatural abomination that must be fought at all costs.

Special divine magic of Isalla in Dragon Pass

(as recovered by the Pupae after the Dragonkill)

POISON STINGER

Ritual

By use of this ritual the stinger of a dead animal can be removed and attached to a spear, while maintaining its poisonous effect.

The first victim hit by a spear so treated must make a CON resistance roll against the POW of the poison. A success means the poison only causes a loss of POW / 2 hit points. Should this equal or exceed hit points the victim is rendered unconscious rather than killed. A failed CON resistance roll means the poison has full effect, the victim is in any case rendered unconscious and killed should the POW of the poison exceed hit points.

- DP: 1st hit - flip, 2nd hit, death.

In 1382 they plundered the Bee people of Caladralland, carrying off masses of larvae, honey and the valuable royal jelly. The wasps ate the larvae, the Vespidae ate the honey and Isalla ate the royal jelly of her apian sister (this Honey Theft incident was only one of the major events in this ongoing struggle with the Bee people, but it is recognized well on both sides).

In 1619 ST the Wasp riders began slowly opening trade relations with the outside world. The fear of destruction by the dragons seems to have been outweighed by increasing external pressures and simple pragmatism.

1) The best pollen comes from the Goldenrod Blossoms of the Trollwoods, but riders must be wary of the deadly Shining Flower beetles.

2) These specialists harvest the fruiting bodies of a strange fungus that only grows on the decaying foetal pellets of the giant wasps. These fruits are highly nutritious and tasty.

3) All these Riders are fed from infancy on special secretions to enhance their stature (+1D6 SIZ) and form (+1D4 STR & CON) to form the elite of Vespidae warriors. They are specialists with the use of shortspears, javelins and bolas. The Giant Yellowjacket Wasps that they ride (SIZ 3D6+18) are even more vicious than real world Yellowjackets. In combat, they often go into a killing frenzy (as per fanaticism).

4) The Terror Dance is a special magical attack, it can effect all opponents in a 10m radius. The attack consists of Isalla buzzing her wings loudly and rearing to display her yellow and black warning colours. Those whom the assault is targeted at must resist Isalla's POW divided by 2 or be Demoralised as per the Spirit Magic.

5) Isalla was weakened during the "I Fought, We Won" Battle and now loses vitality each time she stings. She injects poison with her sting equal to her CON. However each sting she inflicts tears at her body causing 2D6 damage to her general HP, curable by magic or first aid.

6) The black wasps of the Spider Hunters have species Maximum STR and SIZ

Special divine magic of Isalla in Ralios

(as known by the Imagoes since the Godtime)

Wasp Stinger (Transform Body)

Mouth Tools (Transform Head)

Claw Hands (Transform Limbs)

Transform self (by Kropa)

Special spirit magic of Isalla in Dragon Pass and in Ralios

Through the Imagoes (in Ralios) and the Foundress Daughters (in Dragon Pass) the Vespidae have access to all Spirit Magic, although they favour Co-ordination, Disruption, Extinguish, Multimissile, Protection and Speedart.

What the trader told me

A PERSONAL VIEW OF WASP RIDER CULTURE

by André Jarosh

"I regret not being able to find out more concerning the Vespidae; their co-operation was however most limited".

(Gordian Survelis the Younger)

Who are you?

I am Gazzk Longtooth, son of King Brazzak, 48th in the line of Kings, the Children of Isalla in the Wasps Nest of Dragon Pass. I am First Trader of the Wasp folk in the name of Isalla Goldtongue.

Who are the Vespidae?

We are the Wasp riders of Windtop; the Dragon Pass tribe of the Wasp Folk of Isalla; last survivors of the Dragonkill. We have always lived here.

What makes you strong?

We are the children of the wasps; no one can stop us leading our peaceful lives. We come from a culture that has survived the centuries unchanged; we are the true Lords of all the insect folk and guardians of the secrets of the Golden Age.

Where do you live?

In the Wasp Wilds. This is Windtop, upon which stands the Wasps Nest. It is the centre of our ancient culture. We live inside the monument in countless chambers made from the finest paper: here are chambers there for the workers; for the Women, for the Larvae; Chambers to work in and Chambers to rest in.

How do you live?

There are several possibilities for us: One may be a Worker and maintain the nest, distribute the food, care for the Larvae and repair walls. To the Workers belong also the Hunters and Gatherers, who fly into the surrounding area to gather fruits and hunt animals. The Warriors too count as workers and defend the nest and fly into battle, as do finally the traders. Furthermore there are our Women (he makes a gesture of respect) and the King (he gives a quick nod). We live on fruit and meat. Meat is actually reserved for the Larvae, but since it is easier to hunt than to gather all the human inhabitants of the nest get to eat it. Our clothing is made of paper and chitin from our wasps, and leather from the hunted animals. Sometimes we trade for cloth - but we wear little clothing, since it is too warm and uncomfortable in the nest for it.

What is important in life?

The survival of the nest is important. Orderly progress of activities is important. We do not marry - that is reserved for the King. Duty is owed to all Women, and to the Pupae and the King. Their happiness is our happiness.

Death comes to all, and the bodies of insects and of men are used for tool making and nourishment. Only wasps eat Vespidae, only Vespidae eat wasps. When the King dies, the Pupae nominate a new King of the people.

What is the difference between men and women?

Men are workers, including hunters, gatherers, warriors and traders. Women are Women. Men do the work, put the food on the table and defend the nest. Women take care of breeding with the help of the King and thus ensure the continued existence of the nest.

Who rules over you?

A group of Pupae (Acolytes) co-ordinate the nest and determine in doubtful cases what is to be done. They decide how much food is to be held in store, and how many children are to be bred each year. The King has only one role.

What makes a man strong?

A task successfully carried out makes us strong: if you make a particularly good trade, gather particularly good fruit, kill a large animal and return it to the nest, bring down many Bee riders; and if your Pupa is satisfied with your performance, then you are strong. He who is favoured by the Pupa receives his reward (he gives a wide grin, which he is not prepared to explain).

What is evil?

Disobedience to the Pupae is evil. Leading a life outside the community is evil. Fire within the nest is evil. Not killing a Bee rider when the chance arises is evil.

What is your destiny in life?

I am a man and not the King, therefore I work as hard as I can to serve the community. If I make great efforts and if the Pupae are satisfied with me I receive a reward for my deeds (he grins again, but I have given up inquiring why). If I can prove myself worthy and capable, I may even myself become a Pupa. Should our King Zhum die then the Pupae will choose another in his place, but I doubt that I will be considered for that.

How do you deal with others?

Our nest is the most important thing in our lives. Other insect people can be friends, but most are either prey or rivals for food. Not all strangers are the same. The inhabitants of Beast Valley are friendly to us and we to them. The Orlanthi in the north (Sambari) are not good friends. They claim we steal their animals, but all animals in Dragon Pass belong to all people of Dragon Pass. The Wind Children of Wintertop make good hunting and are a nuisance. Followers of Light and Fire cults are to be trusted as little as trolls - although for different reasons. When strangers come to us, other traders and I are there to talk with them.

Who are your enemies?

The Bee riders of Volcano-land (Caladraland) are our enemies, for they have enslaved their insects instead of living together with them. For this, they must be swept from the face of the earth. Sun worshippers are our enemies, for they have proven in the First and Second Ages that they cause great evil. Trolls are our opponents because they eat everything there is to be eaten.

Who are your gods?

Isalla, the mighty Wasp, is our Goddess and Ancestor. We honour Kropa, mother of all insects. Kolat, the God of the Winds is friendly to us and Kajakya, the Nalad of Windtop, is our Goddess of healing and comfort.

LEGENDS OF THE WESTWOOD

From the Chronicles of Fethela Fodronu

by Shannon Appelcline



FETHELA SPEAKS: AN INTRODUCTION

Once Glorantha was clothed in green, like an Aldryami bride upon her grafting day. The children of Aldrya stretched across the entire world; they grew until they touched the sky at the edge of time. At the center of the world, on an island, in a sea, beneath the sun, Falamal stood strong and proud. He watched over Aldrya's children. It was a good time: the era which the atheists call the Green Age. It was the Age of Aldrya, the Age of Peace, the Age of Unity, the Age of Song.

It ended.

These chronicles are one vine's attempt to tell of what came after. The Age of Aldrya may be gone, but it has been replaced by another Age: the Age of Aldryami. This is the first great secret of the Aldryami, and one that I share with you on this, the first page of my chronicle. There were no Aldryami in the Green Age. During the Age of Growth, the children of Aldrya cracked the dome of the world, and through this crack oblivion seeped in. This event was such a shock to Aldrya that the heart of the world nearly stopped, and in that moment of shock, that moment of forgetfulness, that moment of trauma, our world was born. In that moment, when the Song of Aldrya stumbled for just an instant, some of Aldrya's children came to full wakefulness. In that moment the Aldryami were born. Some consider that one moment of oblivion to be the greatest tragedy of the Aldryami, but I say we must remember it instead as our greatest triumph, for without that moment we would still be in Aldrya's womb, potential unfilled.

When I say that this chronicle is the story of what came after the Green Age, I mean in truth that this chronicle is the story of the Aldryami. It is our story, written for the people of Glorantha: for the noble storm warriors of Dragon Pass, for the unified peoples of the Holy Country; for the civilized nobles of the Lunar Empire, and for the warring animal riders of the great river valley. This chronicle is my attempt to explain the music of Aldrya to the people of the world.

This chronicle is my song.

FETHELA SPEAKS: THE WESTWOOD

This chronicle can only begin in one place and that is the Westwood, for that place is my home. You know its last remnant by another name, the Stinking Forest; in truth that was its name in my childhood too, but I plead sentimentality. I will call it my the name known only by the tallest of the redwoods.

WESTWOOD

In honesty, the Stinking Forest is an apt name, so taken has the place become, so eaten away by the oblivion-spawned monstrosities of the Hollow and the corrupt half-takers of the Ivory Plinth, but I would prefer to remember the past. Westwood.

Let me tell you here a little bit of the history of Westwood and also let me share with you some of its greatest legends. Let me give the first movement in the song of Fethela, and also one movement in the Song of the Aldryami.

THE HISTORY OF WESTWOOD

THE MYTHIC AGE

In the Age of the Grower there were no divisions.

But then the Taker was grown, to combat oblivion, and the first thing she took was unity. It was the birth of the Aldryami and the death of the one wood. Where before the Song of Aldrya had stretched from dome to dome, now discordant melodies began to appear. The one song (the one forest) became many. For a time, there was chaos in northern Glorantha, as Eron and Gata intermingled, confused, but in time the earth and the sea found their own proper places and a new song emerged in that place. It was a song heard from Genert's Garden to the Trader Taker's Kingdom, from Eron's Sea to the Halamalao humans' empire. It was a song of beauty. It was a song of hope. It was the song of Westwood.

Among all the singers in Westwood, there was one who rose up above them, who led the harmonies of the Song, who fathomed the mysteries of the music. Her name was Frotami Mrelkal, which means Golden Tree who Sings at Dawn. Humans speak of Great Trees without truly understanding what they are. Great Trees are the hearts and minds of the forest. They are the conductors of the Song and the conduits to those melodies that you name our gods. They at once stand in a wood and are the wood.

Frotami Mrelkal was the Great Tree of Westwood.

The Age of the Taker, the Age of Darkness, was a hard time for the children of Aldrya. It was a hard time for all the children of Glorantha. The people of Aldrya fought, as they did everywhere, but they were slowly beat back by the takers of the darkness and the takers beneath the stone and worse of all by the children of oblivion. Jonala Oakheart, a hero of the Tallseed tribe, led the Aldryami of Westwood in the war against oblivion.

It was a hopeless battle that was fought full of hope. Even after Falamal was slain upon his island at the center of the world, he returned to us and planted the great tree Renaa, which gave us shelter during that bad time. Even after the races of Glorantha forgot each other the board-riding followers of Aram came to our aid. Even after the darkness became our enemy and the friend of oblivion, the Dark Witch of the Lake provided us with succor. Together the Aldryami of Westwood and the other peoples of Dragon Pass held oblivion's children off for an eternity, but it was not enough.

One day Halamalao did not rise and where he once had been heard there was instead a discordant melody, and Jonala knew it was the end. The darkness of night hung over the remnants of Westwood for a very long time, and then the world began to darken even more. Of all the Aldryami of Westwood, only Jonala was brave enough to speak, and he said, "It is the dust that follows the light".

And it was true. The dust slowly began to fill the air, darkening the sky till it was black, covering the branches of ancient trees, causing them to bow and break, and filling the eyes, ears, and throats of the Aldryami. The Aldryami tried to struggle against the dust, but it weighed them down, and they fell to the ground, and slept.

Jonala alone fought against the dust that moved and swallowed and devoured. He used all of his skill and knowledge and cunning and soul to try and defeat the dust, but it was not enough, so he remembered those who had helped him before. He went to Renaa, but she had drawn her limbs around her like a cloak and gone to sleep. He went to the warriors of Aram but they were locked in a battle against a demon of darkness. Finally, he went to the Dark Witch of the Lake, and she alone did not turn him away. She offered a fire which would burn the dust, shrivelling it to nothing, but said it must be used at the center of Jonala's world.

Jonala knew that there was only one place that the Dark Witch could mean, only one place where the fire would burn so brightly that it would eat away all the dust that settled over the world, and that was at the heart of the Westwood, so Jonala made his way to Frotami, the Great Tree. He fought against the dust for two whole lifetimes, and finally he saw Frotami before him, some limbs bowed, others broken, but still standing tall. He heard the Song of Westwood again, and it brought new joy to his soul, and he knew that the salvation of his people was in his hands.

But then a wicked wind blew in from the east and out of sheer maliciousness it blew into Jonala's hands. For an instant, Cragspider's flame burned bright, like a newborn star, but then it snuffed out. For a moment Jonala looked down at his hands, ruined by the flame, invisible in the dust, and then he collapsed to the ground in despair. His back fell against Frotami's trunk and the dust fell over them like a shroud.

The world ended.

• **Shannon Appelcline** is no longer working for Chaosium, no longer living in apartments, and no longer single. He's now working for an online gaming company, www.skotos.net; living in a Victorian-era house; and happily married. Shannon is a contributor to numerous Glorantha 'zines, co-producer of *The Broken Council LARP*, and author of an upcoming *Hero Wars* book on elves.

CLEAR CREDITS

Special thanks to John Castellucci who provided a number of details on the Stinking Forest in RQA #6, the last issue of that fun fanzine. Some of those details have been used here.

The quote from Elias Terenikson was drawn from "History of the Council" in

The Broken Council Guidebook, written by myself (under a slightly different name, long ago and far away) and Stephen Martin, with help from Greg Stafford.

THE DAWN AGE

When the Grower and Taker were reborn, both in one, one in both, we Aldryami were reborn too. The Aldryami of Westwood awoke, and they were greeted by something they had never heard before. Silence.

Those must have been awful times, for the Song is our heart, our soul. When you lose it, you cut yourself off from everything you have ever known, from everything you have ever thought, from everything you have ever been. It is worse than death. That is how the Aldryami of the Westwood felt when they awoke on that first day after that last day.

There was no Song.

Frotami Mrelkal was gone. Jonala Oakheart could not be found. There was no trace of them, not a single sliver. It was as if they had never been. The Song, the singers, the melodies, were dead. Westwood was dead. Afterward, Humans began to call the woods the Tallseed, remembering Jonala's tribe. Tallseed was a smaller, sadder place than the Westwood had been. The wars of the Mythic Age had taken their toll.

Though Jonala was gone, one of her descendents lived: Fwafala Oakheart. Though the silence was like a shroud, he braved it to save his people. He traveled to faraway Balazar and brought back a new Song. He was the second great hero of Westwood. He saved his forest and saved his people.

At the same time, in Kethaela the Taker Trader proved himself our friend. We joined with him in Council, striving to bring back the unity of the primal Song of Aldrya.

Tallseed sang a new Song. The Taker Trader promised new unity. There was hope again. There was joy. There was beauty.

A thousand years ago Elias Terenikson, the historian of the Trader Taker's council wrote of the world, and he said this of the Tallseed Forest:

"Today, Tallseed is a small elf wood which lies West of Cliffhome, across the Heortling lands. Its Great Tree is far away, in the Elder Wilds, and Tallseed is peopled only sparsely. The elves of Tallseed are friends with the trolls of Cliffhome and give respect to Cragspider, who help them survive the darkness".

"Once, Tallseed was part of the great Westwood, which covered Central Genertela. Its people were among those who fought at the Unity Battle, and Fwafala Oakheart, the High King Elf of Tallseed, was the first to sit in the Earth chair of the Unity Council. However, the years of the Darkness and the increasing inhabitation of Kerofinela by humans both took their toll upon Tallseed, and now only the legends tell of its former greatness."

"The elven people of Tallseed regularly

sing thanks to the boar riders of the Ivory Plinth, who they name among the protectors of the world."

Terenikson writes of what Tallseed had lost, but the Aldryami of Tallseed instead celebrated what they had gained. From death, they had returned, and they had found music and unity. They had found hope and joy. The Aldryami of Tallseed did not know that yet another Taking was on its way.

It was a slow but inevitable fall. The Takers were voted out of the Council and they rebelled. They brought their heroes from the west and raised great armies. They marched through Dragon Pass and almost incidentally decimated the Tallseed forest once more. Then they went to the city of the Council and committed their worst atrocity.

They killed the newly born singer Osentalka, whose voice was so pure that it turned the air to gold, whose music was so beautiful that it made oblivion melt before it. They killed Osentalka. They killed The Singer.

They killed the Song.

THE SECOND AGE

By the beginning of the Second Age, the last remnant of Westwood had become but a footnote in the history of the world. It was still called the Tallseed Forest, but it was a shadow of what it had once been.

The world again looked upon Dragon Pass in that age, with the birth of the dragon friends. Many elders of Tallseed Forest, including Seshnomal Oakheart, became members of the dragon friends. Somehow, they hoped to find the primal Song in draconic coils.

If they had been wiser, the tall trees of the Tallseed Forest would have watched what had become of the boar riders of the Tallseed, who joined the dragon friends even before we. They would have seen how they had given up their souls, allowed half of themselves to be eaten, and so become partially the Taker. It was a dark deed, the dark deed that has caused the downfall of Tallseed, and it went almost unnoticed.

In the end, what had to happen happened. War erupted between the dragon friends and the atheists. Armies surged across Dragon Pass and we became their fuel. Years without summer slew all but the strongest trees. The land of the boar riders became poisoned with blood, and even the strong fell to that disease. In the end the humans descended from the north, then the dragons, and all was dust and fire and smoke and death.

The last of the Oakhearts was snatched up by a dragon and never seen again.

THE THIRD AGE

At first it seemed like the Third Age might see a rebirth of the Aldryami in Tallseed, for many Aldryami from the Arstolan forest joined in our Song, but it was a short lived gain. In this Third Age, the half-taker boar riders have made our wood their own. They took even our name away from us. No longer was our home the Westwood or even the Tallseed. The half-takers made it the Stinking Forest, a place of Taking, a place of death, a place of horror.

The half-takers corrupted the last remnant of Westwood. You can no longer see the glory that once was ours. You cannot hear the Song of Frotami, long gone, or the primal Song which it echoed. Even the Song of Balazar is but a murmur in the distance. Westwood has its own song once more, but it is a song that is quiet and somber and slow.

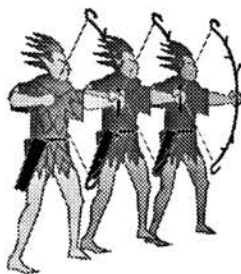
There are still Aldryami in Tallseed in the Third Age. I was born there, as were many more, but I fear we are born crippled, that we are toned deaf and do not respect the Song as we should, do not realize its power and its beauty.

The Aldryami of the Stinking Forest are divided into three tribes. The Tallseed tribe remembers the glory of the Oakhearts. The Newbloom tribe was born of the Arstolan exiles who came to Tallseed at the start of the Third Age. Lastly, the Web Valley tribe offers a warning to all of this, for they have gone to seed and grown wild. They are all that remains, a mere measure in the song of Westwood.

In the Stinking Forest, there are still remnants, reminders of what was, of what shall never be again. Renna still blooms as a token of Falamal's love. Halamalao's pure light, gone forever from the world, leaks from the Evergreen Elm, and sings ever so quietly of the Green Age. The dryad priest of the Web Valley sees into the Mythic Age through blind eyes and speaks of it to those who would listen.

But these reminders are not truly symbols of victory against adversity, but rather symbols of loss. So much has been lost from the Tallseed, and that too is written across the landscape. The ghost trees, the Gnarlwood, and the Bloodvale are all symbols of loss. They are reminders of the truth.

Westwood is dead.



Fethela's chronicles tell of the Aldryami scattered across Glorantha. Relevant game statistics will usually be included with each installment. Included below is the first: two templates for the Aldryami of the Stinking Forest, suitable for play in Hero Wars

THE ELVES OF THE STINKING FOREST

THE ELVES OF THE STINKING FOREST form one of the most wild elf communities in Glorantha. They have been subjected to numerous cullings over the years, with every Age thus far resulting in another disaster for them. They lost their Great Tree in the Mythic Age, were devastated by Arkatis army in the First Age, were attacked by the Golden Horde and dragons in the Second Age, and have been poisoned by the Tusk Riders in the Third Age. As a result, the elves of the Stinking Forest are quick to anger and on occasion seem irrational to outsiders.

The society of the elves of the Stinking Forest is tribe based. The Web Valley elves live west of that locale; the Newbloom elves live in the Brownlands to the southwest of the Stinking Forest; and the Tallseed elves live along the base of the Rockwoods. Elves of the Stinking Forest have loyalties both to their tribes and to the Forest as a whole. However, the Web Valley elves are considered outcasts by the other tribes of the Forest.

Much of elven society is incomprehensible to humans. They are often self-sacrificing to an extreme, speaking of the "cycle" and the "inevitable Taking". Groups of elves will sometimes reach decisions without discussion, claiming that they have been guided by the "Song". In most places elves who leave their forests behind are extreme exceptions; their numbers are slightly higher in the Stinking Forest. Local Humakti and Stormbulls have both accepted these strange tree people into their ranks.

Stinking Forest Aldryami Cultural Keyword

Physical Skills: Be Invisible in Forest, Sing

Mental Skills: Hear Stinking Forest Song, Stinking Forest Geography, Westwood History

Relationships: to Tribe, to Forest

Magic: Most Aldryami find their magic in the Song of their forest, but a few instead specialize in a certain melody [Fethela writes about the "gods" of the Aldryami in a later chronicle].



Tallseed Warrior

You are a warrior of the Tallseed tribe. You remember the legends of the Oakhearts and hope to do their memories justice. You are one of the strong hardwoods who protects the forest from invaders. The worst are the storm barbarians from the Heortling lands, the sun humans from the north, and the oblivion children from the nearby Hollow. You also must occasionally war against the ancient boar riders.

Physical Skills: Acute Hearing, Archery, Two-handed Spear, Set Traps for Enemies, Stalk in Forest

Mental Skills: Be Unbending & Unyielding, Stay Awake

Personality: Sad, Stoic

Relationships: to Warrior band

Magic: Most listen only to the Song of the Stinking Forest. Some specialize in warrior melodies. Most rootless elves come from among the Tallseed warriors, and they have been known to adopt warrior gods including Humakt and Stormbull; however, they lose their ability to "Hear Stinking Forest Song" [see a future article for Aldryami gods].

Living Standard: Common

Equipment: Bow, quiver of arrows, large spear

Web Valley Hunters

You are a hunter of the Web Valley tribe. Like your fellows, you have grown wild. The Song of the Stinking Forest seems far away to you, and unlike most Aldryami you live mostly within your own trunk. Like your fellows, you are small and lean. When you hunt through the woods, you are not looking for food, but rather for intruders. Traders are welcomed into your lands, but others are driven off or worse.

Physical Skills: Acute Hearing, Acute Sight, Blowgun, Climb Through Trees, Find Spoor, Stalk Silently, Spring down from Above, Whip-vine

Mental Skills: Endure Pain, Know Value of Rare Plants, Recognize Lie, Trade

Personality: Cruel, Patient, Unpredictable

Relationships: to Traders, to Spiders of Web Valley

Magic: The Web Valley Aldryami only hear the faintest echo of the Song of the Stinking Forest, and thus are not well skilled in magic.

Living Standard: Common

Equipment: Blowgun, whip-vine, rare seeds and leaves for trade goods

Beastmen

by Peter Metcalfe

"Beastmen are a fusion of man and beast. Their human portions are virtually indistinguishable from that of any human, more so than can be said for the elf, dwarf or troll. Their beast portion is likewise the same of the corresponding beasts. Beastmen with human brains can understand human concepts.

However their thoughts and actions must accord with their bestial half. If they do not do so, then they experience pain as though they are tearing themselves apart.

Centaurs, for example, are capable of civilized life and concepts but they generally disdain material luxuries (such as clothing, houses, pottery, or art) and are content with the simplest tools such as weapon, axes or carrying bags. The males dominate centaur life, reflecting their natural affinity with the horse. They group together in strong herds, with the strongest male dominating. When male centaurs mature, they are expelled from their tribe and roam in bachelor bands until they can find a herd that will take them in. Female centaurs generally remain with their herd for life although a few are seen in bachelor bands.

All Beastmen recognize their common natures and meet each other in a friendly spirit (although our colleagues in the Quinpollic league with their pretensions to learning deny this). This friendship does not extend to chaos-tainted man-beast fusions, such as the Walktapi, the Broos or the Scorpionmen. This apparently is because the Beastmen can feel their unnatural state, at least according to the Centaurs that we spoke".

Simodolphus of Nochet



What are our origins?

In the beginning was the Green Age. It was a time of peace and plenty, a time of innocence and no fear. In its innocence, the Green Age began to destroy itself as the Two coalesced and separated. The Two have many names, but we know them as Man and Beast.

Man was all-knowing and he knew the Beast as all-powerful. Because he knew the full power of the Beast, he feared it. In his fear, he no longer walked in the Green Age for there could be no fear there. Man unleashed the First War to enslave the Beast so he would no longer be afraid and walk again in the Green Age.

Whenever the Two fought, they tore each other to pieces. This did not kill them for Cutter had not yet come. Instead the torn pieces would gather together and heal. In many battles, the pieces were scattered so far and wide that they could not all gather together. In this way, many pieces healed separately and thus sprang lesser versions of the Two. Man and Beast became men and beasts.

Men won the First War. They enslaved many beasts and forced the rest into the wild places. But they were no longer innocent and knew even less about the Green Age. Peace vanished as the First War which Man intended to be the Only War was followed by a Second War and then a Third.

Cutter still had not come and the torn pieces still healed in these wars. But they could no longer heal by themselves but had to heal with others if they were to grow at all. From this, man and beast finally came together to become the first beastmen, us. Because we had the knowledge of men and the power of beasts, we could find the way to the lost Green Age.

Men were jealous of our ways and tore to pieces every Beastman they could find. To prevent our return, they forged Cutter to kill us. Their understanding of the Green Age was now so dim that they saw nothing wrong in using Cutter against each other. After many years of this, some saw nothing wrong in turning themselves into things that were neither men or beasts.

As the world died around them, the few survivors realized they had lost something through all their wars. The enslaved beasts could not tell them for men had made them dumb. The beasts in the wild places would not be found. So the last men began to look for the last of the Beastmen.

The last of the Beastmen was the Spiderwoman. She knew the last men would need her and so she went to hell for the last men would be there. When they met, the last men alive begged the Spiderwoman to restore the Green Age to them. She said she was too weak and could only be made



strong if she ate them. Having no choice, they agreed whereupon she devoured them. From their sacrifice, she was strong enough to be able to devour the invading things that were neither men or beasts. From devouring those creatures, she was able to devour the dying husk of the world. Then she laid the Egg, which men call Time, in which everything she devoured was reborn.

Men were reborn into this world but they had been changed. They now understood their loss and were shown the way to recover it. Since that time, men have struggled to sense the Green Age. But because they are so remote from that time, their many attempts have been tragic failures. You need only listen to what they say about the Friends of the World, the Empire of the Sun and the Learning Gods.

Their best success was when some tried to understand the nature of the Beast. They invented ways of talking to Dragons and asked them for guidance. The Dragons gave them EWF. Men tried to puzzle out what EWF was but it was a trap for the Dragons were still smarting over the loss of the First War.

To understand EWF, Delecti and his Remakers brought back the beastmen, us. As they were only men, they did this by cutting men and beasts to pieces and stitching up the remains. Delecti questioned us about EWF and was enraged by our answers. In his fury, he condemned us to the torture of the Stitched Zoo.

Others discovered the meaning of EWF and it was nothing. Those who delved

into the EWF vanished or were killed by us as their powers disappeared [1042 ST]. Only Delecti survived as he had prepared a sanctuary in a swamp in case our words were true.

Other men thought the people who had studied EWF had gone to the Green Age and demanded that we reveal to them its secrets. When we gave them the same answers as we did to the Remakers, they raised the True Golden Horde to kill us all. The Spiderwoman would not allow her kindred to be slain and she ordered the Dragons to devour them. Thereafter a great fear kept men away from our valley.

Ironhoof then came among us. He had been our leader in the Old Days before Cutter was forged. He showed us that we too had been alive in those days and taught us our purpose. Such was his wisdom that the inhumans acknowledged him as Chief of the Valley and the dragons did not molest us.

Harfrafos then solved the torments of the Pain Centaurs. Their union had been forced and this barred them from the Green Age. Yet without their union, the Green Age was also barred. After speaking to the Gods of the Pain Centaurs, Harfrafos used Cutter to split them in two. He then ordered the separate pieces to dedicate themselves to each other. In this way, they still had two natures and could feel the Green Age. So wise was Harfrafos's solution that even men and beasts who had never been united could follow it.

To mark his benevolence, Ironhoof attempted to bless the Inhumans with the Green Age. But he stumbled when blessing the Trolls, whereupon they fought amongst themselves [1180 ST]. The fighting got so bad that the trolls lost all knowledge of the Green Age and attempted to destroy us just as men did in the old day. With the aid of the elves and the dragons, we crushed them and burnt their corpses at the Smoking Ruins [1222 ST].

After the defeat of the trolls, humans began to lose their fear of our valley and attempted to enter it. The first men took care to submit to our authority whereupon they settled in lands that had been allocated to them. Thus were the nations of the Quivini and Tarsh founded. But their descendants have ignored us. Soon they will start a New War...

Who are the inhabitants of our valley?

We Centaurs are the most noble of the Beastmen. We have the wisdom of men and the elegance of horses. These virtues make us the natural leaders of the Beastmen whenever leadership is necessary. We are true to both of our selves and for this reason live in herds following the best stallion.

Minotaurs have the might of bulls

and the barbarity of men. Because they have the heads of bulls, they lack the clarity of thought that we have and so defer to us in many matters.

Satyrs have the skill of music and the lusts of goats. They know the Seven Old Songs of the Green Age but lack the Eighth Song, the Song of Symmetry. Because of this, their thoughts are overwhelmed by their bestial self such they can never think of anything else and have no capacity for social life.

Manticores are a fusion of noble lion, human warriors and loyal scorpions. Their two beasts selves make them more stupid than the Minotaur and force them into a solitary life. They can balance their natures by feasting upon men, but such equilibrium along with its consequential intelligence is fleeting. Yet even in their unthinking state, they recognize us as kindred.

Ducks contain the worst features of both Man and Beast, such that none of us believe they know the Green Age. Nevertheless they are still Beastmen and worthy of our protection against Men.

Men are normally of two kinds, although others exist. The Orlanthi come from the south and worship one of the Spiderwoman's victims. They fearfully respect us but sometimes seek our destruction as their ancestors did. The Lunars preach the unity of all Men. In their ignorance, they know not the beast, condemning themselves to destruction in a new War.

Tusk Riders were men who desired the secret of EVF. They tore themselves and their boars apart, hoping to be reformed as beastmen. But at the height of their ritual, a shadow entered hearts and filled them with fear and hatred, barring them from the Green Age. They still lust after the EVF and seek to torture us for its supposed knowledge.

Although the **Grazers** are men, they are our kin for they were once Centaurs like us. As they treat their beasts as equals and not slaves, they are close to the Green Age. The Telmori wolfmen and the Wasp Riders are also close to that time, although we see little.

In the wars, many pieces were so weak that they grew upon inanimate substances to live again. We call these creatures Inhumans. Although they have the form of men, their substance is mostly stone, plant or shadow. We are friendly to the **Elves** and the **Trolls**, since both plants and shadows existed in the Green Age (although the trolls are prone to fear). The same cannot be said for unliving stone and so we avoid the **Dwarves**.

Dragonewts are unknowing descendants of the unconquered dragons that fought in the First War and scions of the original beasts. Although they can enter



the Green Age anytime, they have no knowledge of how to do this and so remain outside the Green Age.

How should I live?

As a Beastman, you should live according to your natures. Only in doing so, will you be able to reach the Green Age in our hecatombs. As a man, you should cultivate the arts of archery, poetry and the lyre. As a horse, you should be fleet of foot and noble in poise. You should not deny your natures. Thinking as a beast does is most wrong, while living as men do is also wrong.

The Green Age

The Green Age is the source of all magic. We reach it through our hecatombs in which we celebrate the glorious destruction of our making. It is an exhilarating time, free of the Cutter, and many of us can bring portions of it back into the now.

In our visits to the Green Age, we can meet those who live there, whether they be Wingkoalad, the lord of the clouds, or Orest, the Earth Mother. We regularly contact some to deepen our knowledge of that time so that we may also live there.

The **Spiderwoman**, known to humans as Arachne Solara, is the greatest of our gods. She is our savior and protector and even the Men acknowledge her supremacy.

Arandayla is the goddess of our lower selves. We contact her to become better horses and so know the Green Age better.

Tamar is Lord of the Wild Beasts. Because Arandayla was enslaved by men, they shy away from us. Only by worshipping Odayla, can we overcome the beasts of the wild for food and for the sacrifices in the hecatombs.

Tara, Lady of the Wild, knows the way to the Green Age that we do not know. The bravest of us seek her for this knowledge. Such a quest is dangerous for the heads of failures decorate her necklace.

Ironhoof is our founder. He was our leader in the old days before our destruction and when we came back, he was among us and taught us what had happened to us.

Cutter is Death. He bars prevents us from knowing the Green Age by sundering our natures and preventing their return. When he slew us all in the Old Days, our extinction was complete. But it was not permanent for the Remakers brought us back. Even though the Remakers did terrible things to us then and afterwards, we learned from them how to come back.

Whenever we celebrate a hecatomb, we are torn to pieces in a moment of savage joy in which we truly know the Green Age. While the gore-daubed stones are alive with the sound of the polonki, our pieces grow together just as they did in the Old Days. If you are true to your natures, then you will come back to life. Not all those who enter the hecatomb leave it but these are mostly old, crippled or those tired of life.

Those who enter for first time often come out with memories of events that happened before their birth. Only Ironhoof can remember everything with clarity and he has shown us that these are our memories of those events proving that we have lived in a previous life. Sometimes these memories are of the Old Days before Cutter slew us and so we know that if you die in a strange land, you shall be reborn among us, be it the next day or a century from now. Some heroes are so great that they need not be reborn but can return directly through a hecatomb.

Foreign Gods

Many gods and spirits live outside the Green Age. Worshipping them is foolish for it will only lead to new wars.

• Peter Metcalfe is a denizen of Christchurch, New Zealand and audits fearsome machines for his day job. He has already written Glorantha: Introduction to the Hero Wars and is somewhat perturbed by the lack of controversy about it. He is hoping for some hate mail about this article.

Elurae

By Jamie Revell and Greg Stafford.

A creature description
that fell out of "Anaxial's Roster"
because of space restrictions.
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The foxwomen of Dragon Pass

Elura
Nyctereutes elura

Ages: Storm, Darkness, Historical (rare).

Distribution: Dragon Pass, Kralorela.

Habitat: Forest.

Elurae are magical shape-changers native to Kralorela, where they are known as vuskarasas. A small group lives in Dragon Pass, and are associated with the beast-men of Beast Valley. They spend most of their time in their animal form, which resembles a fluffy, raccoon-like canine often mistaken for a fox. They are omnivorous, and mainly eat fruit and insects. In addition to their growling speech, elurae communicate by leaving scent marks in favored locations.

These marks are sophisticated; they can express a form of poetry, which all elurae take pride in their ability to compose.

Occasionally, a elura changes into her human form, which has exotic (vulpine) features. In this form, she hunts larger prey and interacts with nymphs, "beast-men", and, when necessary, humans.

Elurae are legendary for their beauty and lust, and often seduce lone human males, although children never result from such matings.

Most elurae can assume intermediate forms, and some are very whimsical about their shape, often appearing as a human with an animal head, an animal with a human head, or a form that combines features of both animal and human. Some have been known to transform into their vixen form during sex with human males, as a cruel joke. No matter how they transform, however, they always retain their tail, and so are easily discovered by one who suspects them. All elurae are female; they reproduce by mating with satyrs, beast-men, or similar entities. They live in communal dens, which are too small for them to enter except in animal form.

The toughest among them is the leader, and bullies the others into submission, until one becomes strong enough to challenge her for the position.

Unlike foxes they hibernate through Dark Season, and place powerful wards on their dens to wake them if danger threatens. Vuskarasa was a daimon who desired to marry a master of draconic lore. She used many tricks and wiles, and mated with many men, but in the end was only a creature scurrying through garbage and eating rats. Although the humans of Dragon Pass dismiss them as just another form of beast-man, in truth the elurae have little to do with the other inhabitants of Beast Valley except during their mating season. They are theists, not animists, and are not members of the Beast Valley Tradition.

Elura - Animal Form

Weapons and Armor: Claw and Bite 12^0.

Significant Abilities: Cautious 15, Dig 12, Dodge Attack 15, Elurae Customs 16, Forage 18, Hide in Cover 2w, Initiate of Vuskarasa 16, Know Local Area 18, Night Vision 18, Poetry 12, Read Scent Marks 5w, Run Fast 15, Scent Food 18, Small 12, Sneak 5w.

Tactics: In animal form, a Elura will flee from humans, nimbly



dodging if attacked. If cornered, she lashes out with her bite and claws, and flees as soon as possible.

Elura - Human Form

Weapons and Armor: Bow ^3, Claws ^0, Knife ^1.

Significant Abilities: Acute Sense of Smell 12, Beautiful 2w, Cautious 15, Climb Tree 15, Close Combat 12, Initiate of Vuskarasa 16, Elurae Customs 16, Hide in Cover 2w, Know Local Area 18, Night Vision 18, Ranged Combat 18, Read Scent Marks 18, Run Fast 15, Seduce Male 16, Sneak 18.

The natural instinct of a vuskarasas is to flee and hide. If necessary, she will try to distract pursuers using her magic. If cornered, she lashes out with a hunting knife or her clawed hands, and flees as soon as possible. If she meets a lone human male that she finds attractive, she may attempt to seduce him, or at least distract him with her flirting until she can take animal shape and flee.

VUSKARASA

from Stephen Martin

VUSKARASA FORMED at the end of the Green Age, one of many entities that refused to become either fully human or fully animal. For this she was rejected by both tribes, and she wandered alone for many years. In the Storm Age the world became cold, and she sought a mate to keep her warm and give her children. She became adept at assuming the form most pleasing to any potential husband, and mated with many men. She stayed warm, but the matings produced only daughters, no sons, and so no man would become her husband. Vuskarasa searched for a master of draconic powers, hoping that such a one would accept her dual nature, give her a son, and make her his wife.

When Vuskarasa finally found her perfect mate, however, she was shocked when Emperor Thalurzni rejected her. She used all of her tricks and wiles, but the emperor saw through them all, even recognizing her when she came in the form of his current Empress. Without her perfect mate, Vuskarasa was ashamed, and refused to leave her burrow again. Her daughters were forced to live off of the scraps of the Perfect Empire of Kralorela, hiding from the hunters and predators that came to eat them, and mating with whatever male they could attract, as their mother had.

In the Imperial Age, during the time of the EWF, one of Vuskarasa's daughters named Elura sought to succeed where her mother had failed. With her sisters, she traveled to the magical land of Dragon Pass, and there sought to marry a master of draconic wisdom. Alas, the humans of that land were false masters, with little more understanding of the true mysteries than Elura herself had. However, Elura and her sisters found that the beast-men of the land provided them with readily-available mates, and so they adopted the strange land as their home. They have flourished in the centuries since, and no longer miss the isolated parts of Kralorela that are their ancestral home.

Entry Requirements: Be a vuskarasas.

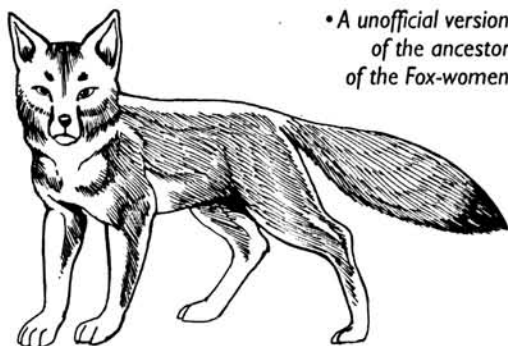
Physical Skills: Claw and Bite, Forage, Scent Food, Sneak.

Mental Skills: Mythology of Vuskarasa, Seduce Male.

Virtues: Cautious.

Affinities: Fox (Dig Quickly, Hear Silent Prey, Run Through Trees, Scent Predator). Woman (Change Appearance, Distract Male, Lead Male On, Scent Male).

Secret: Heroform Vuskarasa (Incarnation ability).



• A unofficial version of the ancestor of the Fox-women



Sacrifices: The vuskarasa always dedicate the first catch of their hunt to their ancestress, usually by feeding it to their young. Rarely, a seduced male may be sacrificed to Vuskarasa in a frenzied, bloody orgy.

Worshippers: The vuskarasas (also known as eluræ, fox-women, and raccoon-dogs).

Manifestations: Vuskarasa is the Fox-Woman, and is embodied in all of her descendants. For them, a swift kill, quick escape, or pleasurable mating indicates the presence of their ancestress.

Other Side: Vuskarasa's burrow lies in the Wild Mountains on the outskirts of the Kralori Realm in the God Plane. From the burrow her worshippers can enter into the Green Age, Golden Age, Storm Age, or Darkness Age.

Other Connections: Vuskarasa is a loner, with no connections to other deities, even her many mates. She cares only for her children, and is all that they need to survive.

Disadvantages: None significant.

Vuskarasa - Animal Form

Weapons and Armor: Claw and Bite 12:0.

Significant Abilities: Cautious 5w, Fox 10w2, Forage 1w3, Poetry 18, Read Scent Marks 5w2, Woman 10w.

Vuskarasa - Human Form

Weapons and Armor: Bow :3, Claws :0, Knife :1.

Significant Abilities: Cautious 5w, Close Combat 18, Fox 10w, Ranged Combat 18, Read Scent Marks 5w2, Seduce Male 1w3, Woman 10w2.

Note that the abilities of Fox and Woman, as possessed by Vuskarasa, include not only the specific feats listed in her keyword above, but also all of the standard abilities possessed by her daughters in such form, such as Beautiful, Dig, Night Vision, and Run Quickly.

• **Stephen Martin** has been playing Runequest since Christmas of 1980, when he received the game as a gift. He became active in Glorantha almost 10 years ago after finding copies of Wyrms Footnotes 1-10 and meeting Greg Stafford. He has been a contributor to most Gloranthan publications of the last seven years.

Into the Dragonland



Based on an idea from Ingo Tschinke
Written by Jörg Baumgartner
Reworked and extended by Helge Reuter
Translated by Richard Bourke

HeroWars for "Into the Dragonlands"

• This adventure has a more or less storytelling character, so it should be easy to converting it to the use with Hero Wars. The different dice rolls asked for in the adventure could be used also in HeroWars. Therefore we are giving only the Brontosaurus stat for the use with HeroWars.

BRONTOSAURUS
Weapons and Armor
 Bash 5w:4, Thick Hide :8.
Significant Abilities
 Forage 15, Large 18w2, Spot
 Intruder 12, Strong 10w2.
Tactics:
 When annoyed, brotard lash
 out with their tails,
 augmenting the
 attack with their Strong
 ability. This will normally
 knock their opponent
 over so it can be trampled
 on, if the force of the blow
 does not incapacitate
 it immediately.

For the Referee

This scenario has an unusual Plot, which should underline the alien nature of the dragonewts. In the course of the adventure the PCs will find themselves invading the Dragon's Eye. The further the PCs advance, the more alien and eerie appears the surrounding terrain. Try to give the players the feeling that they are moving through a primeval landscape to encourage this sense of strangeness.

A dragonewt Ruler committed ritual suicide, but left his spirit to watch over his remains. This spirit has possessed one of a group of cattle-rustlers from the Dinacoli tribe, who were returning from Malani Land over the Donalf plain. The five rustlers from the Dinacoli stole a herd of cattle from Ornsford (or one of the other Malani Clans south of the Creek-Stream), in the course of which they killed one cattleherd and wounded another. In order to avoid the Malani, they have driven the herd (a bull, 15 cows, 9 calves) over a ford onto the Donalf plain (the land around the Dragon's Eye).

The Cattleraid

Normally Ornsford lies so far away from the territory of other tribes that its herds are not bothered by rustlers from the neighboring tribes; the nearest clans pose no threat, as cattle-rustling on this scale breaks tribal law. This lack of preparation is what Intagarn and Korlmarl relied on when planning their raid: they rode over the Donalf Plain, crossed the Creek-Stream in secret and took the herdsmen by surprise. They intended to get most of the way back to Dinacoli tribal territory under cover of the approaching storm.

Should pursuers overtake them, the plan was to separate out the weaker beasts from the herd and leave them behind to delay pursuit.

Their route home lay along the Trianglepeak, bordering the Dragons Eye. They were even prepared to risk a cut across DRAGONEWT territory. At the foot of the Angerpeak hills waited a group of seven young Dinacoli warriors led by Hyalanti Goldhoof, Intagarn's brother, together with Korlmarl's brothers Ketil and Annmak.

Old Bones

When the storm hit, the rustlers had just reached a group of strange ruins, which abound in the Dragons Eye. They drove the cattle between two domed buildings and took shelter. Inside the dome, they found a dragonewt skeleton, with an obsidian-edged sword (a Klanth) across its knees and a long dagger (an Utuma) in its left hand, with its point jutting into the skeletal chest.

These are the remains of a dragonewt Ruler called Zigeni Ezsorris (*First-Lord-Master-Wisdom's-Wing*), who committed ritual suicide here, in order to quickly integrate his recently-won knowledge into his next stage in the dragonewt lifecycle. To protect his bones from

desecration, he left behind a dream spirit; just as true dragons can create dream dragons, so Zigeni Ezsorris put himself into a trance and made his dream of watchfulness reality. This spirit contains part of the Ruler's personality, which guarded the swords. His plan was to return after a year and reunite himself with the dream spirit. The year was nearly over when the rustlers took shelter in the ruins.

When Korlmarl by chance picked up the swords in the correct order he triggered the response of the spirit, which reacted by uniting with (possessing) its re-activator, only to discover that it was now stuck in the wrong body!

The dream spirit now had control of Korlmarl's body, and used it to make himself leader of the group. However the spirit is only a fragment of the Ruler's personality and only commands a small amount of dragon magic. With one such spell (a ritual carried out quietly during his watch, which only works on members of his own nest, in this case, fellow tribe members) the spirit bound the others to his service, so that they now follow him as if they were scout dragonewts.

The other Dinacoli are still human but the spell lets them understand and carry out orders in Auld Wyrmsish. For this reason the rustlers are now traveling northwest, towards the Dragon's Eye, instead of their original route eastward towards Dinacoli lands.

The Pursuit I

The Malani victims of the raid gather into pursuit groups, one of which is formed by the PCs, either as guests of the Malani or as tribe members. The pursuit is made more difficult by a heavy thunderstorm which formed over Skyfall Lake. Rain and the gale force both pursuers and pursued to take cover. When the storm is past, the tracks are no longer recognizable. Not even Manda and Jarul, the best hunters of Ornsford, can find the tracks again. Therefore Aran Stonebelly, the chief of Ornsford, orders the groups to spread out and search.

The majority of the groups search along the direct route towards Dinacoli territory, but the PC group receive the task of searching towards the Dragon's Eye, although no-one in their right mind would try and drive a herd of cows through dragonewt territory.

The Pursuit II Into Dragonland

Searching along the edge of dragonewt territory the group see several ancient monuments, covered with draconic symbols. Characters who succeed in special Human Lore, or a simple success in dragonewt Lore, can identify them as remains from the EWF, the Era when dragonewts and humans spoke one language. Apart from columns, that may have marked roads or borders, they can make out, mostly collapsed, buildings shaped like an egg.

From one of these ruins a swathe of trampled grass leads to the northwest. No tracking roll is necessary, for closer inspection shows many hoofprints of cattle and horses.

Should the PCs search the ruin from which the tracks originate, they find large numbers of cowpats and horse spoor between the two best preserved domes. In one of these, they find the still-smoldering remains of a campfire, between four sleeping mats and various personal effects, amongst them simple pieces of jewelry and a richly embellished dagger; all typical decoration of satarite men (the Dinacoli have only taken with them those things their new master considered useful).

A curving corridor leads further into the dome. Three further rooms open onto this corridor: one room is completely collapsed (room B); one in imminent danger of collapse (room C); the last contains a well-preserved dragonewt skeleton, in front of which many runes have been scratched onto the damp floor. (Tracking: the symbols are only a few hours old. Read Satarite: with a special success some symbols can be recognized: "Clan" and "chief". Read Pavic: the symbols seem to be an oath of homage to a king. Read Auld Wymish: "Nest brethren, your Lord commands; his will is your will, his way your way").

Other than the symbols on the floor, the dragonewt runes with odd flourishes on the walls catch the eye; the skeleton sits leaning slightly forward before the wall, only the bones of the two hands lie separated from the rest on the floor.

The trail to the northwest can be followed easily and leads directly into the Dragon's Eye. The tracks are only a few hours old, and the quicker the group catch up with the rustlers, the less chance the herd will fall into the claws of the dragonewts.

The Pursuit III An unusual herd

After about a half an hours canter or fast trot, or around an hours fast march, a serious threat approaches from the west. A herd of brontosauri cows and calves run (inasmuch as they can run) at full speed eastwards, coming diagonally towards the group about a bow-shot (120 meters) away. Characters on horseback must make a Riding roll or lose control of their mounts, which flee in panic until a further Riding roll brings them under control. Failure at the first Riding roll requires a DX x 4 roll for each rider to prevent being thrown off, at full gallop. Riderless horses gallop for about a quarter of an hour, before exhaustion brings them to a halt. They may then be recaptured without resistance, but are too shattered for the rest of the day to manage more than a light trot, unless characters use the spirit magic spell Endurance or similar.

Any other animals with the characters will react with similar panic, the trampling of a stampeding herd of brontosauri causes the same tremors as an earthquake!

When the characters have calmed or reined in their horses, they see the reason for the haste of the dinosaur cows: an enormous brontosaur bull is galloping after the herd, and

stamps on everything which lies between him and one of the cows in the herd, which is in heat. The bull's route leads from behind a hill directly towards the PCs.

Thrown characters have only a few combat rounds to get out of the way. The horses panic again (see above for procedure). Should a fallen character be unable to escape the dinosaur bull, his/her companions can attempt to distract it. Missile weapons, even should they inflict damage, do not distract it, indeed it already bleeds from a wound, where a meter long splinter from a broken tree sticks out. Melee weapon attacks from the side do however attract its attention if they inflict damage. The dinosaur attempts to trample opponents. Attacks from horseback require one extra riding roll per round, since the monster instills such fear in them.

After this earth-shaking encounter, it will take some time before the valley floor can safely be moved over. The entire hollow is one complete sea of destruction, even the little stream that ran through the hollow can no longer be seen, let alone the tracks of the cattle herd.

The pounding has caused a land-slide from the overhang above, and periodically more pieces of earth tumble down. In the distance, a series of trumpeting bellows suggest the brontosaur bull has got what it came for (always assuming the group hasn't killed it). The unstable overhang on the other side of the hollow is extremely dangerous, the shaken up clay soil reacts to vibration of any sort. Every person or riding animal that approaches the area of the land-slide needs to make a DX check every round. If this fails, a further piece of the overhang starts to slide down.

Should any one of these checks fail three rounds in a row, the persons whose roll failed and all within 2 meters radius will be covered in one and a half meters of flowing mud and small rocks. The first time such a land-slide happens the victims are in luck, a head and perhaps an arm remain free of the mud, but the attempts to dig companions out can cause further slides, and most likely shoes and other small articles will be lost in the mud.

If the party after all this still insists on traveling the direct route, they have received enough warning (after 2 hours the ground will have settled somewhat, and the risk of land-slides reduces. Even after an hour one can move across the valley slowly).

The sensible alternative is to detour round the hollow and to pick up the, unmissable, trail of the cattle herd on the other side of the hill.

Pursuit IV The settlement

Scarcely has the group picked up the trail again, when a group of scout dragonewts runs past the group, paying them no heed. (They are following a parallel track along the chain of hills). Just as at the border, along the Creek-Stream, oddly inscribed buildings and rock formations start to multiply. In addition groups of domed

The Rustlers



• Intagarn Goldhelm

Thain of the Dinacoli, leader of the rustlers, initiate of Yelmalo and Orlan Rex. Due to his geas, "Never seek shelter from Storm", he remained on watch outside while Korlmarl found the skeleton. Since he was the only one of the group not asleep when the Dream Spirit completed its ritual, he has retained a measure of free will. He can understand the commands of the spirit, but must only follow them if the spirit overcomes his magic points. Intagarn wishes to free his companions from Korlmarl's control, and he will continue to work towards this goal, so long as the spirit has not been explicitly ordered him to the contrary (and he then failed his resistance roll against this command).

• Korlmarl Kesvensson

Carl of the Dinacoli, initiate of Yanafal Tarnils.

The Dream Spirit of the dragonewt Ruler has possessed him, he therefore behaves and moves as if he were a dragonewt. Amongst other things he fights with the left hand, runs on tiptoe and only speaks Auld Wymish and some Pavic.

• Ashart, Jarang and Gustand

These three Warriors and farmers of the tribe are all under the full control of Korlmarl, and follow his orders blindly.

The Brontosaurus

STR 62 Move5
CON 41 HP 57
SIZ 72 Fat; 103
INT 3

D20 Ap/Hp

Tail	01-02	14/19
RHind Leg	03-04	14/19
LHind Leg	05-06	14/19
Hindquarters	07-10	14/23
Forequarters	11-14	14/23
RFore Leg	15-16	14/19
LFore Leg	17-18	14/19
Head & Neck	19-20	14/19

Note: Creatures under SIZ 24 do not roll for hit location, they automatically hit the body part nearest them.

Weapon	SR	A%	Dmg
Tail	5	65	7D6
Trample	7	75	14D6

The Brontosaurus can attack once per round. The tail is an area-affecting weapon, with the damage amounting to half the damage bonus.

The trample attack is allowed against opponents under SIZ 24 as if it were a normal attack. Against opponents with SIZ 24+, it is only allowed when they are on the ground.

Skills: Scan: 26%
Armor: 14 pt skin.



building in enclosures start to appear, in which dragonewts (mostly scouts, but some warriors) stand around and carry out unrecognizable activities. Around these enclosures newtlings gather plants, stones and small animals, guarded by scouts. The domes seem to be made of brick or wattle. The surface is part blue-white, part golden-yellow plaster and wooden beams jut from some buildings.

Shortly before the sun sinks behind Wintertop, the PCs catch their first glimpse of the cattle herd. The five rustlers drive the cattle to one of the groups of domes. As Rausa, Goddess of Evening, opens the door of the underworld in the far west to her father Yelm, the PCs see in the last rays of the sunset how two warrior dragonewts decapitate one of the cows then cut it up with a few blows. The rest of the herd are shepherded into a stone corral on the other side of the domes, in which some two dozen newtlings already crouch.

Two of the rustlers (Intagarn and Jarang) stay with the cows, the others go into one of the domes. Now the PCs have a difficult decision to make: dragonewts are a species that any sane Sartarite stays well away from. But the stolen cattle represent a significant portion of the wealth of Ornsford, and bringing them back to the village is the mission which Chief Aran gave them.

Should they return to Ornsford for reinforcements, the dragonewts may have slaughtered all the cattle by the time they return.

Moreover the rustlers have killed one cattle herd and sorely wounded another, and thus brought about a blood debt, which should be made good against the rustlers.

Nevertheless, the PCs should see the recovery of the herd as their primary goal, since the murderers can always be punished by Clan Bloodfeud. Tonight offers the best chance to drive the cattle away from the dragonewt settlement and back towards Ornsford. To capture the two guards for ransom would even make good the ignominy of the raid. Besides this, hostages offer a guarantee against payment of Weregeld for the dead. The presence of the newtlings slaves in the corral represents a special problem.

Up to now however all these have done is sit apathetically in one corner and rest. (NB: the newtlings are quite used to things being driven into and out of the corral in the middle of the night, although the PCs don't know that).

Anyway, newtlings are not exactly warlike, and might flee to the dragonewts.

The newtlings work for the dragonewts in the hope of being allowed to learn some Dragon Magic (see Elder Secrets) and to work through their bachelorhood in this manner. The two Dinacoli on watch are still under the effects of the Dream Spirit's spell. It has commanded them to not let the cattle out of their sight, and that is literally what Jarang will do all night long. Intagarn, who retains a measure of free will, also pays most

attention to the herd, but also checks the corral's surroundings. So Jarang is very easy to overpower; he won't even look round if touched from behind, and can be knocked unconscious with one blow on the head.

Intagarn however will fight, when he sees the herd threatened. The newlings simply cower in their corner of the pen and do not raise the alarm as long as they are not directly attacked. Intagarn does not fight to the death, but rather will surrender to superior numbers when one hit location is reduced below 0 HPs.

If he is interrogated he gives weird answers: "my Nest-Lord ordered me to watch over the herd. I have brought shame onto my nest. Give me my Utuma". "May the Eye of the Ancestors absorb you". "Ouroboros bites his tail and closes the world. I am part of the Whole. My egg awaits me". However in clearer moments he will implore the characters to free him and his companions from this curse, and explain the background to the cattle-raid.

NB: the Enchantment of the Dream Spirit can be neutralized as if it were a 5 point spell (for each person). The strength of the charm can be determined exactly with Soul Sight, in the area 1-10 MP with Aura Sight. Second Sight only gives information about the charmed Dinacoli. The caster of the Dispel Magic must overcome the victims MP's.

What now ?

The PCs now have several choices: They can take the herd back immediately towards Malani territory and Ornsford. The blood debt would still be open, but with the two prisoners as security a wergeld is negotiable. (If one of the Dinacoli was killed, the blood debt begins

to balance out. Intagarn's wergeld for example is much higher than the herdsman's, since he is a thane. Bringing the herd back to the village is not an easy task, but for Ornsford makes the difference between modest prosperity and bitterest poverty.

The PCs could also try and capture the other Dinacoli, to do this they must either enter the domed building or lie in wait for them until morning. It is much more difficult to drive the herd across the plain of the Dragon's Eye in full daylight, without being bothered by the dragonewts.

Return with the Herd

The PCs, as Orlanthi, should have some background knowledge in how to drive cattle in normal conditions. In case of doubt, take the PC with the best Animal Lore skill or the leader (if he needs to establish his authority), and make an Animal Lore roll. If this fumbles or fails by more than 20, then the herd goes partly out of control: 1D6 cattle break away. Each can be driven back to the herd once overtaken by either two successive Riding rolls, or if on foot two successive Dodge rolls. Assuming normal conditions make two Animal Lore rolls per day. In theory the journey to Ornsford takes two days, but straying cattle or one of the encounters below could stretch this out, or even end the journey completely.

Troubles don't come singly

Throw any or all of these encounters below at the PCs, depending on how much of a challenge you want to set them.

a) Triceratops in Training

Six Scout dragonewts under the command of a warrior attempt to persuade a half-trained triceratops to charge the PCs and their herd.

Depending on the condition of herd and characters this could be either a serious episode causing a stampede and loss of cattle, or a bit of slapstick with confused dragonewt mahouts and their part peaceful, part excited monster, who will bother its tormentors more than the herd.

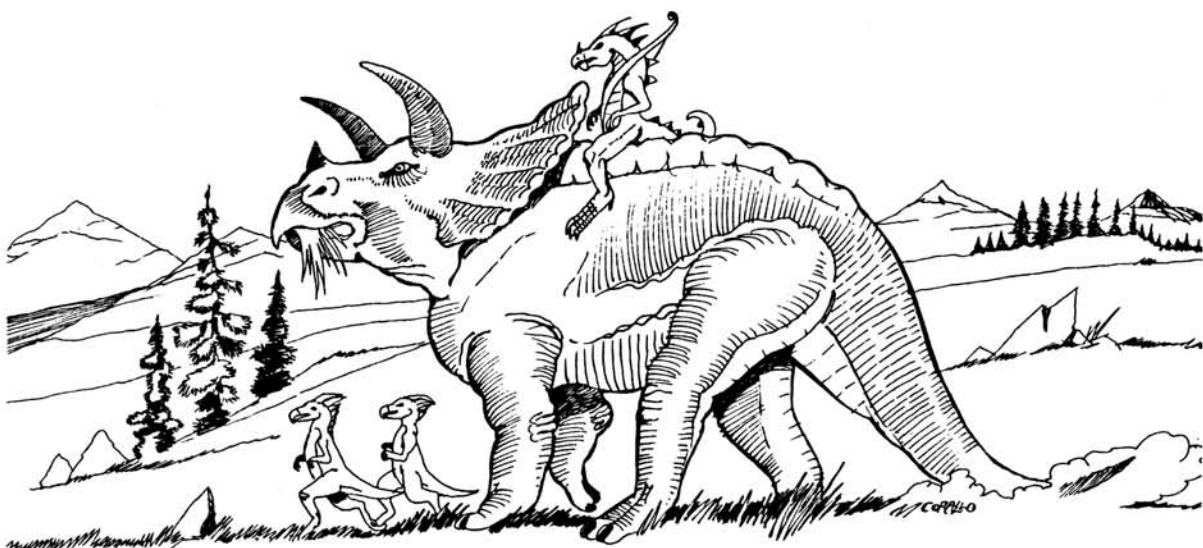
b) A troop of scouts

Four scout dragonewts run at top speed after the herd. As soon as they reach one and a half bowshots range, one turns back while the others spread out and follow the herd from a safe distance. They are a scouting party for a hunting group and will not attack but rather wait for the fourth scout to return with the hunters (warrior dragonewts). Since a group of warrior dragonewts will most likely be able to take the herd, run this event near the border of Malani territory to allow the group an escape route. Have them spot the hunters from a great distance. An alternative is that, once the PCs have given up trying to drive away the scouts, these simply turn and run away. Give no explanation, dragonewts are simply alien!

c) Stampede

A real or imagined fright gets the herd in a panic. The cattle run wildly in a half-random direction, away from the threat. The cause could either be one of the other encounters (e.g. the Triceratops), the scent of a dinosaur, or the sudden eruption of a geyser from a nearby hole.

The cattle are only halted by some



massive barrier, or by being deflected off course from the side. They run in a wide formation, roughly eight cattle wide and two to four deep. PCs who find themselves in the way of the stampede roll 1D8 to see which animal would overrun them should they stay still. The trample attack of the cattle may not be parried, but Dodge, Jump and possibly Climb are useful here. Running directly away from the herd, unless magic is used, is pointless.

Moving diagonally is not: the outside edges of the stampede (places 1 and 8) are only two cattle deep, where two to four run behind each other in the middle. A human with Movement 3 can change his/her position relative to the front of the stampede every 3 phases. Successful use of Jump gains up to three places, but brings the risk of falling (DX x 2 roll if jump failed). Those on horseback need to make two Riding rolls: the first to keep control of the horse (failure means the horse runs directly in front of the stampede until exhausted, or until a special Riding roll is made); the second is either to stay in the saddle, if the first roll failed, or to get the horse out of the line of the stampede (same rules as for those on foot). If a tree or dragonewt column is in the area, Climbing can be used to save oneself. A POW roll decides whether this is the case, at that number of phases distant from current position, as the multiple of POW actually rolled. (e.g. PC with POW 13 has a luck roll of 65%, makes it with 45%. $45 / 13 = 4$ rounded up. He needs to run four phases to reach the tree or column. Should the stampede reach him in this time, he can only dodge. Each Climbing attempt lasts two phases). To get the herd under control again, the cattle on the outside need to be either pushed aside or entangled. Apart from special weapons (lassos, bolas) specially made for this purpose, blankets could be thrown over the eyes, fighting nets or similar could be used to catch individual animals. To turn the whole herd, or cut out one animal from the rest, a PC must outmaneuver an animal at the front and flank of the herd, by successful use of Riding or Dodge. If this succeeds five times in total, or three times in succession, the herd has been brought under control. Each round of the stampede, 1D3 animals separate themselves from the herd and must be recaptured separately.

d) Mounted warrior dragonewts

Two warriors and three scouts on demi-birds gallop towards the PCs and herd. The referee decides whether they: attack immediately; rein in their mounts directly in front of the PCs and demand the surrender of 1D3 cattle; simply greet the PCs; or simply ride straight through the herd (possibly causing a stampede). The same group can appear more than once, and react quite differently from how they behaved last time. If the dragonewts are attacked defense or flight are equally likely reactions. One exotic possible reaction is that a warrior, apparently full of fascination, lets the PCs fill him full of arrows, until he slowly falls off his demi-bird.

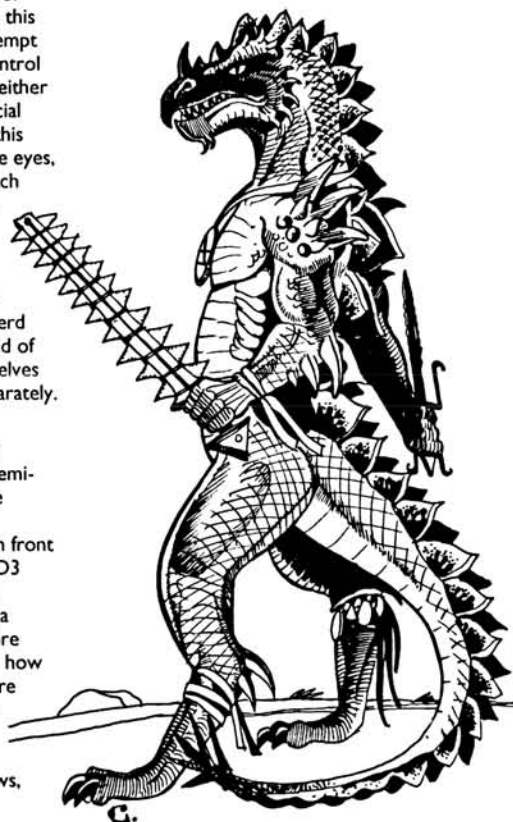
e) A troop of dragonewts hunters on foot

Two to five warrior dragonewts and three to six scouts approach the herd. Depending on the reaction of the characters they could: pick out and kill a cow, paying no attention to the PCs unless attacked; in broken tradetalk bargain with the PCs for an animal; attack immediately; or (morbidly) demand a human as a toll! How they react towards a refusal is decided by the referee: fight to the death; shrug their shoulders and leave; shadow the herd for some time; simply disappear into the nearest plinth.

f) A single scout dragonewt

This scout is on the brink of abandoning the dragonewt way. He approaches the group cautiously and follows them for some time before trying to make contact. He speaks only Auld Wyrnish and some Tarshite.

He has lost his old dragon name, and is searching either for it, or for a new identity. If the PCs are friendly, he will pilot guide them past one danger or another and accompany them in the future. The scout will loyally follow anyone who gives him a new name for a time. He is very curious about anything to do with humans, and will stick his nose into everything new he comes across. In human civilization this behavior will cause trouble on a daily basis.



Denizens of the Depths

by Shannon Appelcline

The following is a study of the deep ones. They live in the seas and may be the most populous of all the mythos races upon Earth.



HISTORY

The precise origin of the deep ones is shrouded in mystery. What is known without doubt is that they were present 350 million years ago, shortly after Cthulhu and his Xothic kin descended upon Earth, and at that time were servitors of Cthulhu. Some speculate that the deep ones may have come from Xoth, but this seems unlikely given their terrestrial biology. Two other origin hypotheses seem more probable. First, it is possible that the deep ones already lived upon Earth, in their current form, when Cthulhu first descended upon our world. Second, it might be that the deep ones were a different people when Cthulhu first descended, probably not amphibian, and that He manipulated their species especially to create a servitor race for His own use. Whichever the case might be, if the deep ones did originate on Earth, it is likely that their first home was Ckrtl, a one-time surface city, now sunken far beneath the waves.

In ancient times the deep ones knew an age of plenty, a time of unbounded expansion; their cities spread across the oceans of the world. For a time they fought against the elder things, at first with the help

of Cthulhu's star spawn. By the time Cthulhu and his spawn were imprisoned in R'lyeh, three hundred million years ago, the deep ones had grown strong. It was deep one priests who helped to incite the shoggoths to rebellion 250 million, and this was one of their greatest victories against the elder things.

250 million years ago the deep ones were perched on the edge of greatness, ready to take the world in their scaly and clawed hands. But, something prevented them. What stopped them is unknown: a new elder thing ploy, a disease run rampant, loss of contact with Cthulhu, or the innate conservatism of deep one society are all possibilities. What is sure is this: deep one expansion largely ceased and for long millennia the deep ones fell into an age of endless dreams.

It is only in more modern times, since the rise of human civilization, that the deep ones have slowly shook themselves awake from their long slumber. Some of the earliest human records tell of how the "sea people" invaded Egypt. That was not the only instance of deep one incursion into the modern world.

The nineteenth century resettlement of Y'ha-nthlei, near Insmouth, and the twentieth century construction of the city of Ahu-Y'hloa, near Cornwell, speak for



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themselves. What has caused this renewal of deep one activity is not entirely known, but the rise of R'lyeh in 1928 and the rise of Surtsey in 1963 speak poorly for the future of the human race.

Deep Ones in the Modern World

In the twentieth century the deep ones plot their long plans from numerous cities scattered across the oceans of the world. A number are listed below. Other deep ones cities doubtless exist, in the Mediterranean (where the deep ones gave rise to the Phoenicians long ago), along Africa's Ivory Coast, near the Cook Islands, and in many other places, all hidden from mankind's eyes, waiting.

AHU-Y'HLOA is a deep one under construction near Cornwall. It is to be the companion to Y'ha-nthlei, and together the twin shall control the Atlantic Ocean.

G'LL-HOO lies north of Scotland near the volcanic island of Surtsey, which rose on November 15, 1963. It is the home to certain deep one sorcerers who have perfected the magic of mind transfer, and it is also very active in preparations for the End Times.

RHA'THYLLA is a deep one city that lies in the Puerto Rico trench of the Bermuda Triangle. It is said to have once been Ckrtl, a surface city where the deep one's ancestors lived. Before the coming of Columbus, Rha'thylla had great influence in the Americas. Today there are still isolated islands in the Caribbean where the inhabitants bear the taint of the deep ones.

THE PACIFIC ISLANDS are the special home of the deep ones, particularly those islands far removed from most civilization. Near the Otaheite dwell those deep ones first contacted by Obed Marsh over a century ago. Below Ponape the god Zoth-Ommog is imprisoned and some deep ones make their home there as well. The names of the deep ones cities scattered about the Pacific Islands are not known, but their importance is self evident.

R'LYEH is not properly a deep one city; it is the home of Cthulhu and his star-spawn, who came with him down from the stars. However, many deep ones live here and pray here so they may serve their dark lord. R'lyeh is in the South Pacific.

Y'HA-NTHLEI is the best known of the deep one's cities because of its betrayal by Robert Olmstead. It is located near Devil's Reef, just off the coast of Innsmouth, Massachusetts. Although it is apparently an ancient city of the deep ones, for some reason it was abandoned and not resettled until recently. Prior to 1928 the deep ones of this city held Innsmouth in their scaly grip. Now their brood have been scattered and detained, and the deep ones are hidden; the government of the United States thinks it destroyed Y'ha-nthlei by a submarine attack, but it is very wrong.

BIOLOGY

The deep ones are a race of humanoid amphibians, equally able to dwell above and beneath the seas; the latter is clearly their preferred environment, for all known deep one cities are hidden under the oceans of the world.

The most notable characteristic of the deep ones is their immortality. Barring accidental death, deep ones can live forever. As they age they grow larger and larger, shedding their skins as they go. Dagon and Hydra, two huge deep ones, are said to be the oldest of the species. Conversely, deep ones can shrink if they are denied food and water, wasting away to, literally, nothing. The fact that the deep ones can interbreed with humans again suggests the theory that they are an Earthly species. Hybrids born of such unions tend to appear human. However, as they age most slowly take on the characteristics of deep ones (large eyes, flat noses, gills, and scales primary among them) until the dreams of Cthulhu finally call them to the sea. Because of the longevity of the race, deep one mothers tend to kill their children; it is suggested that this is why deep ones interbreed with humans: to preserve the species. Some tales suggest that deep ones can also interbreed with dolphins.

Deep one children, purebreds and hybrids alike, seem to be highly prone to genetic mutation, often bizarre and horrible mutations. These monstrosities are called the Blessed of Cthulhu, and are protected and revered by deep ones.

Sometimes deep ones appear to be unemotional, but this is largely a reflection of their increased intellect; humanity should beware, for the deep ones represent a species that is both more versatile and more intelligent than it.

TECHNOLOGY

Much deep one technological development has been stymied by the fact that they live beneath the waves. In a world of water, fire can not exist, and without fire technology is scarce. The deep ones have largely overcome this inadequacy by falling back upon the skills of magic and sorcery, no doubt taught to them by Cthulhu's spawn. In the cities of the deep ones, sorcerers and priests hold real power.

However, some deep one technology does exist, primarily biological. Using techniques doubtless stolen from the elder things, the deep ones modify other inhabitants of the depths to create tools, messengers, weapons, and more.

The deep ones also have access to certain materials unknown to man, among them a strange black material which is impervious to acid and fire and certain golds and gems utterly unknown to the surface world.



SOCIETY

Deep one society is very controlled and hierarchical: a civilization created by the elite to last, literally, through the aeons. Deep ones are taught the importance of the society and its leaders, and so they are willing to throw their lives away by the hundreds in order to preserve those things. The deep ones who travel the surface world are frequently more free willed and independent, but that is because they are chosen for those traits; independent deep ones are the exceptions, not the norm.

Tied intrinsically with the deep one's controlled society is a deep sense of conservatism. It is likely that this is the prime reason for the deep ones' failure to claim the world 250 million years ago. It is likely that this is the prime reason that the deep ones do not make a frontal assault on humanity today.

The primary language of the deep ones is R'lyehian, though most deep ones also learn the languages of nearby human civilizations. R'lyehian also has a written form made up of strange inhuman hieroglyphics which can be found on certain ancient monuments, once located far beneath the sea.

CULTS

Deep one religion is almost entirely centered around the worship of Cthulhu, though some hint that He Himself may act as high priest for the worship of the Outer Gods. Few stories emerge of deep ones worshiping other entities, hinting either that their loyalty to Cthulhu is genetic or that deep one society falls heavy upon those who turn from their true god.

Sometime Cthulhu is worshiped through intermediaries, among them the ancient deep ones, Dagon and Hydra, and the great old one, Othuum.

Since the rise of human civilization, the deep ones have tried to corrupt humanity to the worship of their god. This has been done through programs of religion of interbreeding, as can be witnessed in Innsmouth. Such religious communities are all bound together by the swearing of three vows of loyalty--the three

Oaths of Dagon. Many Mythos tomes tell of the religion of the deep ones, among them "Unter Zee Kulten" and the "Cthaat Aquadingsen".

ADVENTURE SEEDS

1. Da'citi Rising - A volcanic eruption brings a city of the deep ones up above the waves. The deep ones were warned of the catastrophe and escaped, but what has surfaced is still of great interest, for it shows evidence of a modern society living under the oceans. How will the investigators react to this? Will they seek to investigate the risen island or cover it up from the general public? What will they do when the deep ones emerge from the ocean to reclaim what is theirs?

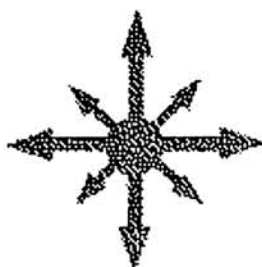
2. A Fishy Situation - A small coastal city disappears, all communication with it abruptly ending. If no steps are taken this seeming plague spreads up and down the coast, with one town cutting off communication after another. Investigation reveals that the inhabitants of the towns have become strangely zombielike, and that they have begun erecting temples to certain fish gods. The deep ones are at the heart of the problem, destroying the will of the townsfolk through a breed of fish they have specially grown, then sending priests among the villagers to spread the True Word. How will the investigators deal with the villagers who are being led onto dark paths through no fault of their own? How will they deal with the hidden deep ones that are at the heart of the problem?

3. Undercity Excursions - Strange sounds beneath the streets of a certain city, tied with a pair of murders, lead the investigators into the sewers of an urban center. Eventually they will discover a large band of deep ones engaging in nocturnal diggings. They are trying to uncover an ancient deep one city, left behind by the ocean a million years ago, now covered by a modern metropolis. Will the investigators confront the deep ones? What mysteries might they uncover exploring a million-year-old deep-one city? How will they react when the deep ones come into conflict with a pack of ghouls, marking their own territory?

SOURCES

- The Bermuda Triangle* by Justin Schmid (G)
- Escape from Innsmouth* - Second Edition - by Kevin Ross, et. al. (G)
- The Innsmouth Cycle*, by Robert Price, ed.
- The Return of the Deep Ones*, by Brian Lumley
- Rising with Surtsey*, by Brian Lumley
- Shadows Over Innsmouth* by Stephen Jones, ed.
- Tales Out of Innsmouth* by Robert Price, ed. (forthcoming)





Products of the Chaos Society

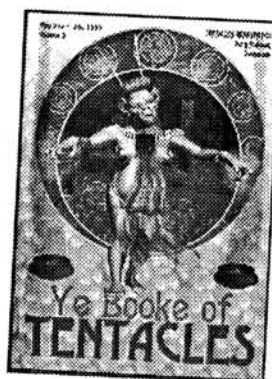
TRADE TALK
THE MAGAZINE OF CHAOS SOCIETY

- Tradetalk # 2** - Safelster issue
- Tradetalk # 3** - Eastern Wilds
- Tradetalk # 4** - Kethaela issue
- Tradetalk # 5** - Kethaela issue II
- Tradetalk # 6** - Catch up issue

YE BOOKE OF TENTACLES (YBOT 2)

Fundraiser for the X. RuneQuest Con "Tentacles Reanimated" at Whitsun

1999. This 136 pages book contains Shaman Rules by Sandy Petersen, The Great Temple of Rufdayen Raibanth by Greg Stafford, The Culbrea Tribe by Martin Laurie & Patrik Sandberg, Holiday Glorantha: The Men with the Golden Gun by MOB, The Legacy of Ranyart Finn & Significant Trees by Lawrence Whitaker, The Adventure of the Reluctant Bride by Shannon Apple and some more material about Cthulhu as well as Nephilim.



YE BOOKE OF TENTACLES (YBOT 3)

Fundraiser for the XI. RuneQuest Con "Tentacles Millennium" at Whitsun

2000. This 136 pages book contains the Pavis and Big Rubble Companion Volume I by Ian Thomson, Alkoithi Timeline, We hate Darjiini Usurpers & The Cult of Eusibus by Martin Laurie, Glorantha stories from the unpublished Heroes of the King collection, Lookamaydon Becomes Herald by Greg Stafford, Creators of Life by Shannon Apple, Meliadus - My Part in his Downfall by Lawrence Whitaker and some more material about Cthulhu.



All these material are available through the Chaos Society round the world and the Reaching Moon Megacorp

