

Tradetalk

The Chaos Society Magazine

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#12

Glorantha
Hero Wars
RuneQuest
Cthulhu
Stormbringer
Corum
Hawkmoon
Pendragon

HEORTLAND



IN THIS ISSUE: Leonardo the Scientist • The
Esvulari • The House of Black Arkat • Caldvale
Manor • The Dark Doom • Dry Hard • Legends of
Creation
...and much more!

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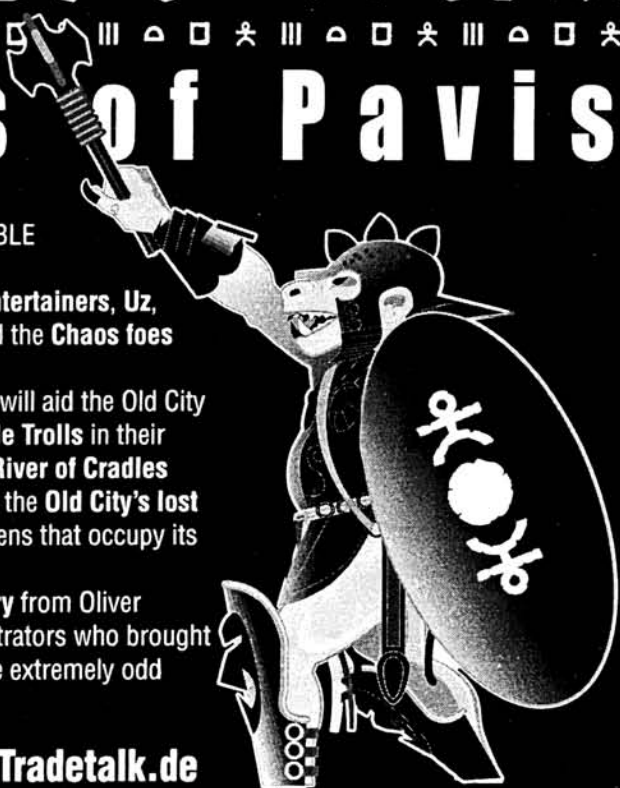
ANOTHER VOLUME OF THE PAVIS & BIG RUBBLE COMPANION WILL SHORTLY BE RELEASED.

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Additional material includes a new **Griselda** story from Oliver Dickinson, a new **Rubble** cartoon by the fine illustrators who brought you the «Path of the Damned», and a piece on the extremely odd local **Dwarf Beverages**.

Available soon this year on www.Tradetalk.de



Tradetalk

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Hi Fellows,

WELCOME to our long-delayed Heortland issue. It was originally planned as the second issue of Tradetalk, but we had to delay it again and again. This issue is not so much about Heortland in general, as about showing certain aspects of it. It has very different contents than we planned THEN, but I think it is still a very good bunch of articles:

Two Heortling short stories, one by Simon Phipp and the other by Michael Cule. A Eural myth and narrator character by Brian Pinch. Two stories about the journeys of a Lhankor Mhy scholar (as well as his Hero Wars statistics for use as a narrator character) by Pete McAvaney. Descriptions of several of Leonardo the Inventor's machines by Ian Thompson. "The Esvulari" (known by everybody as Aeolings) by Mark Galeotti and Greg Stafford (an older draft of material that will appear in HeroQuest). "Introduction to the Hendeiki" by Mark Galeotti. "Caldvale Manor" by Simon Bray. Two hero bands, one by Jamie Trottsky Revell, the other by Stefan Drawert. An adventure by Gian Gero. Finally, an Aldryami Creation Myth and a Pendragon article by Shannon Applecline.

Issaries, Inc. Schedule Update

Hero Wars finally gets a second point of view to counter that of the conservative, rebellious Heortlings: **Imperial Lunar Handbook, Volume 1: The Lunar Empire** will hit the shelves any day now!

Now the Glorantha Tribe is waiting for the release of **HeroQuest!**

Soon after that will follow **Hero's Book**, a guide that includes everything a PLAYER needs to know about HQ: **Kerofinela, Land of Thunder**, a **Gazetteer of Dragon Pass** (with a full-size, color map); and **Hero Bands**, 26 hero bands for players, from Dragon Pass.

Two Work in Progress books are also in the pipeline: **Heroquests** and **Heroquesting** and **The Lunar Army**.

The Chaos Society

We started the new year with four releases: **The Path of the Damned Vol. 2**, the second part of our comic; **Moon Rites**, the GloranthaCon VIII fundraiser, with Lunar content; **The Rough Guide to Pavis City**, a booklet about the big time of Pavis city, in 894 S.T.; and **THIS** issue of Tradetalk.

We had planned to make TT #13 & 14 "First Age" Specials, and TT #15 a "Mature Readers Only" issue, but we had to change our plans. TT #13 will become now the "Mature Readers Only" issue, and TT #14 & 15 the "First Age" Specials.

Also not very far away are **Ye Booke of Tentacles Vol. IV**, an



Editorial

adventure-based issue of our **TENTACLES CONVENTION** fundraiser series; Penelope Love's Glorantha novel **The Widows Tale**; and **Shadows of Pavis**, the next Pavis & Big Rubble Companion. Another, unnamed, **Borderlands Companion** will hit the shelves in the first half of 2003 as well.

Unspoken Word

Mark and Simon, our hardworking colleagues in the UK, have published a reprint of the first issue of **Unspoken Word**, **Tarsh in Flames**; although it has a black and white cover, it is a straight reprint in all other respects.

The next publications are expected to be **Paper Wars-Dragon Pass At War**, Paper miniatures in full colour on a CD ROM; **Imther: Edge of the Empire**, all the details about that Province of the Lunar Empire; **The Far Place**, about, well, the Far Place; an **Esvulari** book, and **Sky Fall Lake**, the second **Uz** book (although this one is not licensed by Issaries, Inc.).

Moon Design Publications

The fourth and final Glorantha Classics book, **Borderlands and More** will be published in 2003. There is also a collection of maps in the works.

Reaching Moon Megacorp

Tales of the Reaching Moon # 20 has finally been published (27 month after Tales # 19!).

With this issue this long time Glorantha magazine will fold. It is the end of an era.

In the future, there might be a Best of Tales of the Reaching Moon.

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Currently available from the website:

- Tradetalk, Ye Booke of Tentacles, Pavis & Big Rubble Companions, Path of the Damned, Moon Rites, Rough Guide to Pavis City, and other publications of The Chaos Society.
- Hero Wars books from Issaries Inc., including the Works in Progress (under license to Unspoken Word; www.tradetalk.de is acting her only as a storefront of Unspoken Word).
- Unspoken Word magazine, the Uz book, the Map of the Lunar Empire, and more from the Unspoken Word.
- The Glorantha Classics series from Moon Design Publications.
- Tales of the Reaching Moon, Tarsh War, Wyrms Footprints, etc. from Reaching Moon Megacorp.

See you in a few month

André and Ingo

News from the Trader

Issaries News

ISSARIES MAKES DISTRIBUTION DEAL WITH STEVE JACKSON GAMES

Austin, TX and Oakland, CA
February 12, 2003

Issaries, Inc. and Steve Jackson Games Incorporated today announced that SJ Games will handle sales and distribution of all Issaries releases, effective immediately.

«We're proud to be associated with a product line as fine as Issaries', and it's a great privilege to work with Greg Stafford» Steve Jackson, founder of Steve Jackson Games, said. «We're a couple of gaming graybeards -- two of the last few to make it this long while remaining independent».

Steve Jackson saw his first game design published in 1976, and started the company that bears his name in 1980. Greg Stafford founded Chaosium, Inc. and published White Bear & Red Moon, a boardgame set in the world of Glorantha, in 1975. «That's 55 years of combined experience,» Jackson said proudly.

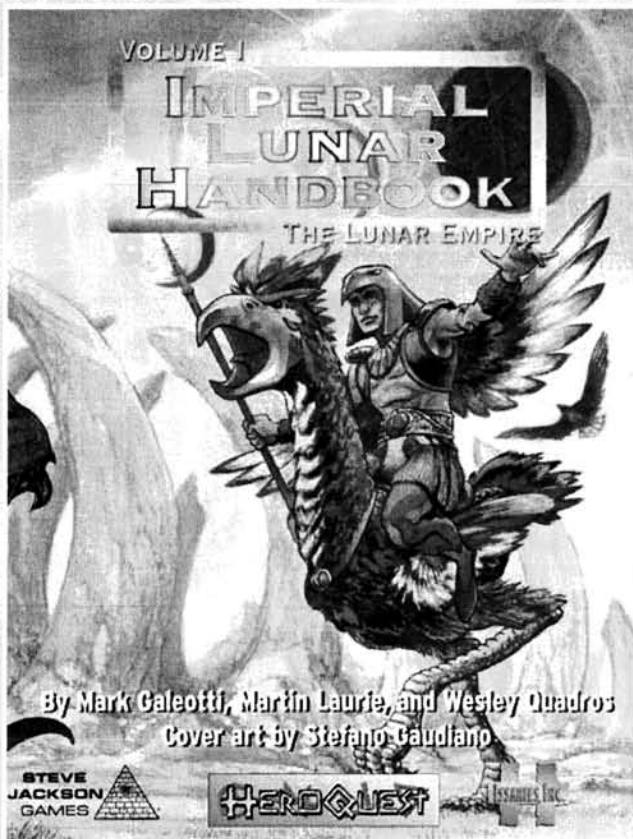
«The opportunity to get our products into more outlets is a win-win situation» Stafford said. «Like Steve and his GURPS, we have a roleplaying game for people who want to move beyond the d20 craze -- we just need to get it in front of more fans. This deal lets us do that. The real winners are gamers everywhere».

Stafford founded Issaries, Inc. four years ago as a company specializing in games set in his mythic world of Glorantha. His RuneQuest roleplaying game was first published in 1978, and legions of Glorantha fans have been devoted to gaming in this rich, distinctive game world ever since.

All existing Issaries back stock will be sold through Steve Jackson Games beginning immediately. Future products will bear both the Issaries and Steve Jackson Games logos, starting with **Imperial Lunar Handbook, Vol. 1** (ISS 1302), and **HeroQuest: Roleplaying in Glorantha** (ISS 1001). New products will be solicited and sold as part of the regular monthly SJ Games releases. SJ Games' Warehouse 23 (www.warehouse23.com) will also become the official online source for all Issaries products.

About Steve Jackson Games

Steve Jackson Games (www.sjgames.com) was founded in 1980 by Steve Jackson, and is currently one of the top five publishers of roleplaying, strategy, and card games and metal miniatures. The company is best known for the INWO trading card game, the GURPS roleplaying system, Car Wars, Illuminati, Ogre and its sequels, and the current card game hits Munchkin and Chez Geek. It also publishes an online magazine, Pyramid, which covers «The Best In Gaming» in all genres and from all companies.



By Mark Galeotti, Martin Laurie, and Wesley Quadros
Cover art by Stefano Gaudiano

About Issaries

Issaries, Inc. (www.glorantha.com) is a publishing house for mythic material. Its flagship game is HeroQuest: Roleplaying in Glorantha. The HeroQuest core rules system, created by noted game designer Robin D. Laws, is an elegant story-telling tool, with scalability and keyword-defined characters that take roleplaying to the next level. Orlanth is Dead!, an epic struggle to liberate the gods and defeat the hated Lunar Empire, is the latest release. Imperial Lunar Handbook, Volume 1, the first release in the new HeroQuest line, is due in early March.

Issaries, Inc. was incorporated in 1998 through the blessings of Issaries, the Gloranthan god of trade and mercantilism; the good graces of the state of California; and, most importantly, with the support of loyal fans around the globe who raised money through the Glorantha Trading Association (GTA).

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Blue Dawn

by Simon Pipp

I AM ROGAR of the Blue Boar Clan, descended from Heler himself. Wind Lord am I, follower of Orlanth the Warrior, defender of the Earth and Protector of my Clan. Many deeds have I performed, including slaying the two-headed broos that plagued our clan for a season and the wooing and abduction of Morella, daughter of the Creek Stream.

We slept poorly last night, with the howls of the Lost Winds roaring around our ears, it is good because sleeping too heavily before a battle is never a good idea. When we awoke, the Sky was the deepest blue, without a cloud in sight. Many thought this was a bad omen, but we are descended from Heler, kin to the Blue Sky and we knew it boded well for us. When I awoke, Eurmals Rod was upon me and I wished that Morella was here to share it with her, but she sleeps with our children, so I walked down to the river's edge for all to see.

The water was cold as I slipped inside, remembering when I first took Morella from her father and Eurmals took his Rod from me so that I could walk again without the eyes of my comrades upon me. I washed carefully, knowing that each step in the ritual was important as the other. When I had finished, I alighted upon the bank and began to cut the hair from my face and chin, leaving my moustache and top-knot the way that Heler had ordained that we wear it. I brushed the blade against my chest and my body, removing the hair that would otherwise hold back the woad. I gasped as I saw the sun reflected in the blue of the obsidian blade and knew that things would go well today. Once shaved, I took a breakfast of boar's flesh and blue-berries, washed down with a single goblet of mead, honouring the Blue Boar, Berry Maid and the Honey Master whom we cherished.

I returned to the river bank with my comrades as they dressed themselves for battle. I watched them don their pants, tunic and armour and burnish the metal so that it shone like the angry clouds and I wondered how they could bear going into battle this hot morning encased in leather and bronze. I said a prayer to Orlanth and opened my jar of woad, taking the jar in my left hand and spreading the woad upon my exposed skin. As the blue spread across my body, the old tattoos caught the colour and seemed to shine once more, their spirals and patterns weaving around my body, showing all who had eyes to see the story of my deeds and my powers. When I was finished, the Blue Sky reflected from the water of the River and from the Blue of my Skin and they all glowed so that all around looked at me in admiration.

I knelt at the river's edge and drank once more, this time drinking the pure water to cleanse me of any taint that may harm me in the fight ahead. A shout sounded and we saw the sun reflecting from the armour and swords of the warriors of the Bramblevine clan as they came around the bend of the river. My comrades jumped up and formed into the groups that we had arranged, the warriors standing in shield-walls and the thanes beside



them. I took up my position upon the flank as our Thunder Priests chanted their prayers, making the clouds boil in and the sound of Orlanth's Voice above us. The Bramblevine warriors marched towards us and took up their position across the river. Now was our chance to avenge the dishonour that their chieftain had caused on the women of our clan. Our shouts matched their cries and the ford was filled with the clashing of sword against shield. My Thunder Voice joined the others and our ears rang with the clamour. Then a bolt of lightning struck the water in front of us and silence filled the air. We mouthed our prayers and prepared our weapons. Those of us who were closer to our gods said our prayers and our shields and swords began to glow. My sword, which Heort himself had given my grandfather on the Other Side glowed with borrowed magic and my shield grew heavy with Ernalda's Earth, the Strength of the Wind filled my sinews and my feet grew swift. When the second lightning bolt struck the river, we roared again and charged the Bramblevine lines as they charged ours. Our warriors ran through the water but I had Morella's magic on my feet and ran on top of the water and was the first to reach their ranks. Now, we could be avenged on the Bramblevines and I could purge the memory of what Morella had told me at last.

...

These words were recorded from a slave spirit of the Kitori clan on the Shadow Plateau. It is not known how it made its way there, but the Bramblevine Clan did trade with the Kitori and we know they returned Heort's Sword to the Kitori.

PUSSPUSS the Scapecat

by Brian Pinch



EURMAL HAD OFTEN been beaten up by Orlanth, and bested by Urox, Humakt and others, and even tricked by Ernalda into taking a sack full of wrath, mistakes, errors, bad luck, tar, feathers and ashes, when she had told him it was a bag of treasures. Since he had been lying when he promised to look after it, he had dived into it, and these things stuck to him and marked him, and so he was punished.

Now Eurmali, by his reckoning, was a wise old fellow. By others, he's often reckoned to be too clever by half for his own good. He had seen how Yinkins' family had been taken into Ernalda's stead, and given milk and given a place by the fire. They ate rats, and mice, but so had Eurmali, and he wasn't too picky provided he had a full belly. And so he turned into an alynx, making sure that Yinkin was looking the other way as he did so (otherwise he was sure that Yinkin would rat on him to Orlanth, or worse such as try to punish Eurmali himself).

Now Eurmali, still a god, turned into a large and impressive alynx, and was able to lord it over Yinkins children. He had Yinkins children bring him mice and rats galore, and his belly was soon full. But he soon grew tired of this food, and started scrounging for something better.

Abandoned near the old stead he came upon an old sack. Astounded at his good fortune, and certain it contained treasures he dove right in, only to find out that it was the sack containing tar, feathers and ashes that Ernalda had given him earlier.

Coming out of the sack, tarred and feathered, Orlanth and Ernalda were able to recognise Eurmali for what he was, even though he had disguised himself as one of Yinkins children.

But the wrath, bad luck, mistakes and errors had all been used up on Eurmali, and Orlanth, Ernalda and their family were happy and so they cleaned the cat (pretending not to know it was Eurmali). And that evening Eurmali got a place by the fire, and some milk, but in alynx form as Orlanth wouldn't yet let him change back. And to this day Eurmali sometimes still curls up in front of the fire burning in Orlanth's hearth.

...

Bess, a godi of Ernalda talking to some children whom she had just seen playing with a plump, though mangy, large but battered Alynx.

"Now be careful, children. You all know that Alynxes are the children of Yinkin, and friendly to the Orlanthi, though are willful as not, and are likely to give you a scratch as a warning hiss." "That one there, though, is PussPuss the scapecat, and although he looks like an alynx is actually a trickster." "A trickster?" exclaims one of the children, waving the hand she had been petting the puss with, as if trying to brush off the

association.

At hearing this, PussPuss gives Bess a hiss, and walks away.

"See, PussPuss is quite clever, and even knows trickster magic. She doesn't even have to feed herself. Ever notice how the other alynxes bring her mice! That isn't a mark of respect, mind you. That's because they know what is going to happen to her, and want her to stay around so they can enjoy the spectacle." "Up until last year, PussPuss even used to have two whole ears, though now she just has one. You can't imagine how grateful we are, that we were saved from that bit of bad luck." At this time, the wind wafts over from where Puss Puss had been standing, and both Bess and the children start gagging from the smell. "See, I told you PussPuss knows trickster magic".

Scenario Cameos

An Eurmali trickster claims that the PC's alynx is actually a scapecat (he's trying to avoid being a scapegoat, by selecting another, or perhaps it actually is a scapegoat).

Holding a scapegoat/scapecat ritual ceremony. Get the cat/trickster into the bag, literally, but willingly (including under duress).

An Eurmali has successfully completed a trickster heroquest to never go hungry, and she's now turned into a scapecat. And she has an attitude.

Scenario Plots/Plot hooks

A scapecat is born into a litter of otherwise normal alynxes. A trickster in our midst.

The scapecat has escaped before the ceremony. It knows what is coming, and if the PCs don't find it, it'll be up to one or all of them to take its place, or find another.

The most recent PussPuss has disappeared/died, and the godis warn that bad luck will hit the players, clan etc unless the players find another. It could be that a scapecat is waiting for them in the village after the players return from a long and wearisome and unsuccessful (at least as far as finding a scapecat goes) journey. Or they suffer trickster magic on the journey back. In either case, their love for tricksters will surely grow.

Storm Tribe describes the Eurmali prescribed role of Hisfault the scapegoat as a means of people and communities to purge mistakes, errors, bad luck and divine wrath and concentrate them in the trickster. Sometimes Eurmali is in one of his animal forms, which they treat in like manner.

PussPuss the Scapecat

PHYSICAL: Claw and Bite 12^A, Ambush 18, Climb 15, Dodge Attack Orlanthi ceremony 10, Dodge Attack Other 18, Move Silently 20, Move Noisily 20, Sprint 20, no Small rating (larger than normal for type), slothful 15
MENTAL: Cunning 2W1, Intimidate Alynx 20, Act affronted 15, Understand Heortling 15, Intelligence 15, Mythology of trickster 12, Mythology of lightbringers 12
Disciple of Trickster Prescribed Role (Herfault the Scapecat)
Innate Magical Abilities:
Resist Magic 20
Unable to change/be changed to human form 18 (add to resist magic)

FEATS: Perfectly Accurate Rock Throwing 12, Furballs of Extraordinary Size 15W1, Intestinal Flora (Fart Smell) 2W1

The Story of Aye and Bee

by Michael Cule

THIS STORY I HEARD from the lips of one Grinty Foulart, a Trickster in the protection of my then Lord, the King of the Kheldon, Loricon. It was in the hall of my Lord at evening feast and I and my fellow Humakti, Ovar Forkbeard had been ordered to bring the Trickster before Loricon from where he had been confined in chains, in the dungpit beneath the stables.

He smelt even more foully than usual that night and Ovar and I prodded him ahead of us with pitchforks to keep from having to touch him. He hobbled along, covered in dung with his ankles and wrists shackled, knowing that his overlord was about to punish him, but still he had a smile on his mad, Trickster's lips and he whistled a little tune.

We halted him before the High Table in the hall. The smell of him filled the air and many of the ladies and not a few of the men turned pale. Loricon turned to him and said: "Well, now have you any reason why I should not put you to death for what you have done?"

What the Trickster had done was this: he had, since coming into my Lord's service the previous year, seduced not my Lord's daughter, the fiery Kallyr, later called Starbrow, who was even then training in the ways of the Red Women of Vinga but my Lord's eldest son, Aoryth. He had persuaded the boy, then only fourteen summers, to lay with him as a woman and had even dressed him up in his sister's skirts (for which she had little use for she preferred even then the touch of armour to silk). It was thus we had found them in the hay loft the previous day. The boy

had been sent hastily away to stay with relatives in Boldhome and the Trickster had been cast bound into the dung pit to await the King's justice.

Foulart stood silent for a while and then the King asked again: "Come, can you give me any excuse for what you have done?"

"No excuse, my Lord," replied the prisoner, "but only a story."

"Let me hear your story," said the King and sat back to listen.



The Tricksters Tale

You ask why I have done as I have, using your son in ways you call unnatural. My reason is a sacred and a spiritual one, hard though you may find it to believe. We Tricksters seek the sacred in what the world rejects and calls folly. And we find it because we know the secrets that lie behind the surface illusions.

This is the secret behind what I have done: You have heard how in the beginning of things, the Gods made the first man and the first woman, Grandfather and Grandmother Mortal, and made them so that they had something of all the gods in them that they and their descendants might choose which gods to serve and honour.

This is true but it is not the whole truth. You see, when they, the most mighty gods decided to make such a creature they rapidly gained the approval of all the Powers, of Truth and Illusion, of War and of Harmony, of Storm, Sun, Darkness, Earth and Water. Grower too gave approval, seeking a gardener that might trim the plants and trees.

But when they went to Maker, to mighty, cunning Mostal, the other Gods were rebuffed. Mostal had seen the plants and the animals that had been made first and found that they were constantly getting into delicate machine parts and damaging them, shitting in alchemical retorts and causing much confusion to Mostal's Schedule. "I'm not having anything to do with it," said Mostal, "It's all nasty living, messy stuff and there is far too much of it around at the moment. We don't want any more."

The Gods pleaded with Mostal to join in the project, pointing out that the new creatures would be far brighter than the animals and could help build and make things if Mostal would only add some of the Making Essence to the project.

Eventually Mostal consented, but with one condition: "I don't like the way you've made the animals reproduce. It's far too messy and glandular. I have in mind a complete redesign of that part of the creatures. Let me take charge of that and I'll give my consent."

Well, the other gods didn't see what was wrong with glands but, anxious to make the new creatures Makers as well as Growers and Truth-seekers and Warriors and all the other things they had already put in they gave in to Mostal.

Mostal got to work and in a while the creatures were completed. "I've called them Aye and Bee," declared Mostal. "Good sensible names. Aren't they lovely pieces of work?"

The other gods had to agree. They were tall and beautiful and absolutely identical, one to the other save that Aye had white hair and Bee had black.

And when they examined the

reproductive parts, it was clear that Mostal had done a major redesign for they were both male and female, capable of both siring and bearing children.

"I've fixed it so that their souls will bring them together when it is time for them to reproduce," said Mostal. "They are perfect mates, one for the other."

The other gods congratulated Mostal on this idea and gave their blessing to the new creatures and sent them off to explore the world.

After a while, Truth, Law and Fertility were sitting around watching Trickster juggle. Trickster wasn't very good at it so Truth said: "Why don't we go and see what is happening to Aye and Bee?" The others thought this a good idea and set off to the woods where Aye and Bee had built a home. Trickster tagged along behind trying (and failing) to juggle.

They came to the house and called out for Aye and Bee to come out. But all they heard was a moaning sound from within and the sound of an axe from the woods behind. So, being gods they went in.

Inside all was confusion. Bee lay around the house in many different bits. Arms here, legs there and guts all over the place. Bee wasn't dead (this was *before* death remember) but all Bee could do was moan and keen.

Then Aye came in, carrying firewood and an axe. They could see (being gods) the blood on the axe-blade, so Law said to Aye sternly: "Why have you done this?"

Aye flinched slightly at the god's gaze but spoke up boldly saying: "I had no choice. Bee was always doing what I wanted to do and doing it when I wanted to do it. We both liked to cook at the same time, both liked to sleep in the same place, both wanted to chop wood at the same time. When Bee tried to take the axe from me I used it so as to get some peace."

"You get some peace, Bee gets some pieces!" said Trickster and they all agreed that was in Very Bad Taste. Trickster started to gather up the scattered pieces of Bee and to make something out of it while the other gods discussed what to do.

They all realised that Aye and Bee hadn't been the great success they had hoped. "It seems," said Aeos, "that people must be different one from the other if they are to work at all." And because he had said so that was the Law.

"Look what I've got here," said Trickster. And they saw that he had taken the body of Bee and made two new creatures out of it. Fertility used her Essence to heal the still gaping wounds and the two stood up. This was Grandfather and Grandmother Mortal.

"They will always know that they were once part of the same thing and yearn to find their lost other half in the other," said Orenoar. And because she had said so

that was the Truth.

"And as it is for them, so shall it be for their children, who will always have something of male in the most female and female in the most male," said Uleria. And so it has been ever since.

And Trickster said nothing, but smiled for he had seen that at that moment, the Gods, the Great Powers of the Universe had themselves become male and female and different one from the other.

And so all this time later, Tricksters know that we look for our other halves, scattered through the many bodies in the world by the Wheel of Birth and Rebirth no matter where they may be. We are faithless and fickle, not to hurt but to find, going wherever our hearts move us.

Then the King said: "And what happened to Aye?"

"Oh, Aye went off and wandered the world and had many, many adventures. But although Aye sought in all the creatures he met the Essence of Bee, which was made to be her perfect match, he never found it. And everywhere she went all he could see was the peoples made from the corpse of her mate. Aye wandered the world and everywhere Aye went it was among animated corpses."

And the Trickster fell silent again and the hall fell silent.

"I have heard nothing," said the king, "to tell me why I should not end your miserable life. Is there no one in this hall who will speak against this man's death?"

"I will." The voice was soft and yet carried all the way up the hall. From the shadows at the far end, where strangers and travellers were seated, a figure rose. White haired and regal, it was as beautiful as daybreak after night, as deadly as my Lord Death riding on the edge of a blade. It stalked up the hall and every eye there was fixed with longing on its terrible loveliness. I think not one person there looked on it without desire stirring in their loins.

"Death is too good for him. I claim this Trickster as my rightful prey. He has spoken things that should not be spoken and it is my right to deal with it. Will you argue with me my lord King?"

The king shook his head, his face pale as he recognised the stranger. "He is yours, Androgeus. Do with him as you will."

The stranger grabbed hold of the Trickster by the scruff of the neck and snarled in his face, so low that only I could hear: "Damn you to all the hells of all the Gods for telling that tale. I HAD NEARLY FORGOTTEN!"

Then the figure picked up the terrified Trickster and tucked him like a mangy dog under one arm and left the hall for the darkness outside. And I have never seen either of them again.

Saronil Whiteteeth in Chaoswood

by Pete McAvaney



ACCORDING TO LEGEND the price of admission to Lankor Mhy's library was an original contribution to his collection – a bit of knowledge not found in any of his books or scrolls. Making such a contribution was quite a feat, considering that his library holds every book ever written. Many of his temples honor this legend by requiring visiting sages to offer an addition to their collections. Some of their visitor's compendiums are world famous (Jonstown and Nochet, for example.) The logbook at the Karse temple is inferior in quality, but I found this entry from the time of Heortland's civil wars:

On my journey through Heortland I have gathered enough lore to fill my first book; I will not bore the reader by repeating it here. Instead let me discuss my research methods, which may be of some interest to young scholars contemplating their first fieldwork. I believe my expedition can be boiled down to a few useful pointers.

The first is to obtain an interesting assignment. During my brief stay in Nochet I managed to make quite an impression upon the sages of the library. After interviewing survivors

of the Wolf Pirate's sacking of the city I compiled a list of measures which would have minimized the damage to the temple, had they been adopted. I recited the list at an all-temple meeting. It provoked intense discussion among the Sages; to top it off, I added my thoughts about how to fix the Chief Librarian's failed cataloguing effort. He was so impressed that he awarded me an extremely challenging fieldwork assignment – cataloging the chaotic plants of the Foulblood Forest.

Most sages would rightly fear to enter such a place without escort by a band of warriors. However, hiring bodyguards would have been a tragic mistake. Few sane people would enter such a place. Those stout warriors willing to accompany you, such as the Uroxi, would be more of a hindrance than help. I'm afraid that such fierce fighters lack the necessary patience to do good research. It is impossible to study something that your escort is busy destroying. This is my second tip to you – you are far better off with a good native guide than with an army of guards.

Obviously I could not hire a resident of the Footprint to show me around. I had no intention

of consorting with chaotic monsters! However I chanced upon the next best thing. Petronius Agrippi was a young man from Yuthuppa who had accompanied an Irripii Ontor expedition mapping the Footprint. Not only was he familiar with the terrain, he also understood the complex politics of Heortland and helped me avoid trouble with the numerous armies in the countryside (especially important now, with the scorpion men organizing and the Uroxi off chasing Lunars.) He also told me several secrets about imperial activities in the area. Many readers will be offended that I hired a Lunar citizen, but I ask that you judge my actions by their effects. I managed to uncover valuable information about Lunar associations with the forces of chaos that I later relayed to the resistance. I must judge Petronius to be a credible source for reasons that will become clear.

Even with a good guide there are many threats to life and limb in the field, particularly in a chaos nest. However, and this is my third tip, careful planning and outfitting of the expedition can minimize those dangers. The ponies we used to haul equipment to our campsite were slaughtered and preserved to serve as food. Animals often attract unwanted attention from bears, wolves, trolls, and worse things that lurk in the Footprint. The animals' innards were left on the ground, accompanied by a wooden sign: "Eat this instead of us." (Next morning they were gone.) We slept on a treetop platform. These are often used by hunters and are useful to sages for the same reasons: they are inconspicuous and the local fauna will ignore you. Its height gave us a wonderful view.

Not all observations could be made at a distance, of course. I found a clever way to travel about the Footprint without actually setting foot within, minimizing the risk of attack from the residents. While visiting Casino Town to test a new wagering system I purchased a unique piece of gear. It was a complicated set of block and tackle and lead counterweights. Two main ropes were attached to tree trunks above the cliffs of the Footprint; each attached to the harness on one of my legs. The rigging allowed me to raise and lower myself by adjusting one line, and to move horizontally between the trees using another. The counterweights made this movement nearly effortless and I could haul myself thirty strides upward in seconds, allowing me to elude most broo, scorpion men, and even walktapi. Gorp presented a special challenge, though; a tank of lamp oil was strapped to my back and attached to a nozzle. If I pulled a handle the oils were released and I could use magic to ignite them, incinerating whatever lay below me. Wearing the harness was quite comfortable, even dignified. A stick of charcoal solved the problem of taking notes while hanging upside down.

With this device and a pair of favorably placed trees I could examine nearly any spot in the Foulblood Forest. Petronius kept me clear of the most dangerous areas. For instance he warned me away from a camp of brick buildings in the print's midsection on the southern bank of the Syphon. Petronius claimed it was a Lunar

settlement, built on the spot of his expedition's camp. It had been taken over by the Danfive Xaron cult and converted into a prison. Some rumors about the place were frightening: they said the infamous broo regiment was stationed there, preparing to take part in the conquest of Heortland. Another rumor suggested that the wild but persistent talk of the broo regiment's existence had inspired the empire to actually create one. Since they took the blame, why not reap the benefits? (I asked Petronius about the legend of soldiers fed with walktapi wafers, forever regenerating in their stomachs, but he merely shrugged. Beware of any battlefield on which these broo have fallen, though – the next day you may face a horde of tentacled monsters!) According to the story the soldiers were castrated upon induction. Their excised portions are incorporated into the regiment's mantilla, giving it great powers. Those who failed the course of training were marched north and fed to Queen Gagix.

Fields of a very strange crop surrounded the settlement. The ground was covered with tough thorny vines similar to pumpkin or squash. The vines were touched by the powers of chaos, though, and had a skin of bronze. I could see the sunlight glinting off the acres of metal from a mile away. Late one night I descended into the fields and cut a segment of the vine for examination. Clumsily, I almost sliced off my hand. The edges of the leaves were razor sharp, and the thorns that naturally cover the vine were like hundreds of tiny spears. It is not unusual to see chaos features on plants in such areas – the Foulblood Forest mostly consists of such tainted vegetation – but the Lunars had somehow gotten this one to breed true. Not only can the vine supply metal; it also creates a militarily useful barrier. Neither infantry nor cavalry could have crossed that field without the use of magic. Hopefully the crop will fail to thrive outside the polluted realm of the Footprint itself.

Luckily my imperial rivals had not found some of the other plants I examined. One yielded tomato-like fruit, which exploded in a ball of flame when the skin broke. Another was coated with slimy venom that burnt my fingers. By the way, if you have read the works on botany by some of my fine colleagues you may be misinformed about the standard practices of the field botanist. It is not customary or necessary to eat every plant you examine. Certainly if your native sources tell you that the plant is edible, then you should try it, but tasting every bush and shrub will get you killed very quickly. Many plants are poisonous in a normal wilderness. In a chaos nest like the Foulblood such a practice would have been idiotic. Thus, my fifth tip for you is: never let dogma override common sense, particularly where your safety is concerned.

The Footprint is a famous source of magic crystals, but beware of any that have been gathered from the Foulblood Forest. The useful ones were all taken in past ages; those remaining are afflicted with curses. According to the stories Larnste, the god of motion, created the Footprint by stomping upon a monster. His foot was bitten



Saronil Whiteteeth

Devotee of Lhankor Mhy
(Chernan the Seeker subcult)
20

Relationship to Nochet
Temple 12, Relationship to
Teacher, Leik Estavos 19,
Close Combat 17, Mahome's
Hearthstone 1W (a small
chip of stone he carries on a
necklace), Imperturbable 3W,
Pompous 19, Untactful 17,
Optimistic 15, Beginner's
Luck 19, Write Heortlander
7W, Speak with Authority
3W, Talk for Hours 5W,
Academic Debate 2W,
Mechanical Lore 2W, Know
Trivia 12W

Affinities:

Knowledge 19 (Clairvoyance,
Find Obscure Fact, Interpret
Spoken Language, Read
Mind, See Past Events)
Literacy 6W (Duplicate
Document, Reconstruct
Document, Search Library,
Translate Document,
Unfading Letters)
Exploration 8W (Dodge
Falling Objects, Remove Dust,
See In The Dark, Sense
Danger, Waterproof Pack)



and the foul wound never healed, leaving him lame. The black opal shards must be the blood from that wound; after attuning one I grew slow and lethargic, walking with great difficulty. The amber and clear crystals should not be touched at all for they are tainted by chaos.

While I was gathering samples I did notice several groups of shackled prisoners being led upriver. (Sixth tip: to hear you must be quiet.) This did not surprise my guide. Slavers have been supplying large numbers of victims to Queen Gagix, for a purpose I would rather not imagine. I have no idea who is paying for them, either. I did witness one of the caravans suffer an ambush by trolls. Of course the red-clad berserkers ate the prisoners, and I was forced to clear the area without opportunity to interrogate the poor wretches.

Locals sometimes quip that there aren't many trolls in the Troll Woods nowadays, but they have not looked underground. The rock beneath the Footprint is riddled with krashtkid tunnels. The complex stretches several leagues in every direction. While normal people would shun them, the trolls feel differently. They are quite happy to transit the abandoned passages, avoiding scrutiny from elves and broo alike.

I witnessed an ambush sprung from such caves at twilight one day. A scorpion man ventured too close to the cliffs which frame the Footprint and fell to a dozen slingshots. What happened next will haunt my dreams. After

rolling their victim on its back and severing its stinger the trolls healed the monster. The creature was then immobilized; its legs were severed one by one, each wound being sealed immediately. The legs were awarded to the victorious hunters, who cracked open the shells and sucked out the meat from within. Shocked and fascinated, I was compelled to witness the entire meal. Three female trolls emerged from the cave, carrying buckets of yellow oil smelling like clarified butter. The creature's tail and thorax were then cracked open. It squirmed and struggled as huge chunks of fluffy white meat were removed from its tail, dipped in the butter, and served to the matriarchs.

Thankfully my magic concealed me from the trolls. In fact they were still in effect when I returned to camp; no doubt that is why Petronius had not prepared the camp for my return. Instead I discovered my pack opened and my personal effects scattered about the camp. In the middle of this mess my guide was sitting cross-legged, greedily gnawing and sucking on a corner of my field notebook. Unfortunately this brings me to my seventh tip: before employing a guide take the time to verify his cult membership with the local temple, and then discreetly search his baggage for chaotic runes or sigils, garrotes, severed heads, or other evidence of unsuitability for employment.

When I confronted Petronius about his misbehavior he showed no shame or regret; instead, he bared his inch-long fangs and firmly clamped his teeth onto my arm! I quickly detached my belt of lead ballast, lifting me clear of the campsite. Unfortunately Petronius came with me, refusing to unclasp his jaws, hanging from my bloody wrist. Every field researcher will face a situation just like this sooner or later. That is when it is critical to remember my eighth tip: don't panic. Keep your wits about you and your careful preparation will aid you in finding a solution. In this case, I simply pulled the handle of my anti-gorp device. Petronius was instantly drenched in oil and a quick prayer to Mahome was enough to set him aflame. At first he tried to ignore this but in his eyes I could watch the pain intensify. With a scream he lost his dental grip on my arm and plunged three stories to the ground.

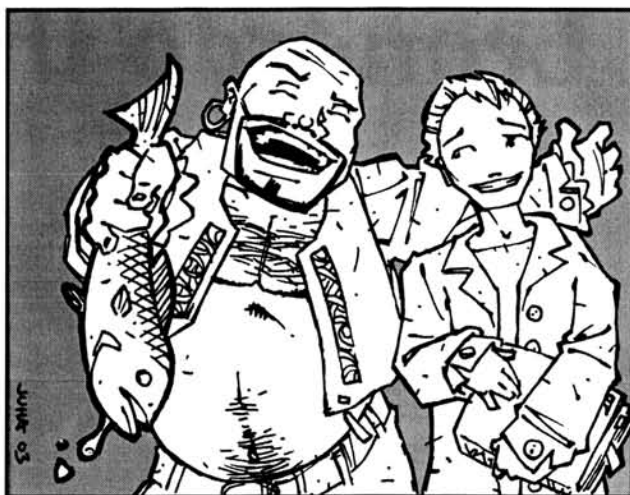
Regrettably neither the burns nor the fall were enough to kill him. He staggered over to my anchor tree and seized one of the counterweights that held me aloft. With a quick slash I was plunging to the ground. Luckily the horizontal controls on the apparatus still worked. Quick thinking allowed me to maneuver to a softer landing. I walked away with only bruises, though Petronius suffered heavy damage from the impact and stopped breathing shortly after I landed on his chest.

With my guide dead and my gear destroyed I declared the expedition a success and headed back to this fair city to record my findings. Which brings me to my ninth and final tip: it is generally better to publish than to perish.

Saronil Whiteteeth,
Grey Sage and Traveler Extraordinaire

Saronil Whiteteeth in Holy Country

by Pete McAveney



To: Sage Leik Estavos

My Dearest Master,

I pray this letter finds you well, warm, and in good spirits; I know in my heart that the love of knowledge keeps you young yet. I write about the paltry details of my journey in hopes that you can glean some bit of wisdom from my travels. This time I have gone to Heortland by sea on instructions from the temple's high priest.

I arrived here from Nochet by a curious route. With only a few guilders for fare I boarded a merchant ship named Lorion's Child. I met the captain, a goldentongue named Rollo Ortosso, over a pint of ale the night before at an inn overlooking the docks. He guaranteed that his indirect route would be just as fast as finding an affordable charter. The ship was a modest two masted sailing barge of a type traditional in the Holy Country.

One of the great differences between Sartar and the Holy Country is the ships. They ply the broad rivers and gentle bay in great numbers, both fishing craft tending their nets and tubby merchant barges. The cargo ships move huge amounts of goods from port to port, trading things that could never be profitable at home. Lorion's Child, for instance, was hauling as much wine as you could

pack in a score of wagons, yet the crew numbered only four.

We sailed on a reach until we sighted Vent Volcano in Caladraland. The natives saw us as well, and the three nearest villages gathered on the shore in a grand celebration. Pits were dug for the roasting of pigs while the villagers drank the wine from our cargo holds. As the food was served the three chiefs led us in toasts of Captain Ortosso, which he returned with praise of the chiefs. These native leaders also exchanged captives and gave each other gifts. They each made a speech forgiving the other two tribes for past offences, each of which was followed by a toast. Their holy men then demonstrated piety by walking across a bed of hot coals. This was celebrated with more drinking, ending only when the holds of Lorion's Child were empty. I was a bit worried about the captain's profits until, in the morning, the hung-over villagers filled the holds of the ship with bags of salt. All of the villages operated large salt pans along the shore. During the night, though, some of the natives spoke of a mountain of salt in the interior, where the precious crystals can be dug right out of the ground with simple tools.

I was amazed when I saw so many tons of salt - for what purpose could so much be used? When I asked the amused captain grabbed a leathery paddle shaped like a fish. Before I could become alarmed he tossed it to the cook, who dropped it in the soup. Both laughed at the look of surprise on my face; they reassured me that I

had eaten these paddles on the first night of the trip. Captain

Ortosso handed another to me. On closer examination I could see that it was actually a fish, split down the middle and dried. "Once they've been salted down they last for months," the captain explained, "That's what they do with the big catches of Sea Season. Lasts 'em right through Dark and Storm seasons when they can't go out, with enough left over to trade in the cities. How do you think we feed all these people in Nochet and Karse?"

Despite the preaching of the Aeolian church many thousands of Heortlanders worship Pelaskos the fisherman; nearly a third of the clans depend on the sea rather than the land for their sustenance. Their sturdy boats range south through the Leftarm Isles and along the coast of Prax, salting their catch as they go so they can stay at sea for days at a time. They come back with enough to trade with the highland clans for grain and cheese; even the most traditional carls eat fish once or twice a week in Heortland.

I later witnessed the salting of fish myself at Backford. Every year when the salmon run up the Syphon river the Uroxi meet to spread great nets over the whole width of the current. It is an odd site, watching the berzerks struggle to bring in the catch, but they insist on getting them all. "Each fish that goes through feeds a brood," they're fond of explaining.

The captain told me he had run this trade route his whole life, learning to sail on his father's ship. After Dormal opened the seas his father and grandfather had helped the Goldentongue temple heroquest to reestablish this trade route. Evidently it had been laid down before time by Issaries himself, though I could not get the full story out of Captain Ortosso. He insisted his business would suffer if he profaned the tale by revealing it to an outsider. I did glean the essentials of the trade, though; the route is a triangle. Wine or oil is hauled from Esrolia to Caladraland, then salt to Karse or Leskos, and finally salted fish back to Nochet. The route can also be run in the other direction, hauling hardwood and bronze to the Rightarm Islands, then salt fish to Nochet, and finally wine back to Heortland.

When I asked about trading other, more valuable items, the captain pointed out the threat of the Wolf Pirates. So far he had been stopped twice, he recounted, and both times they deemed his cargo not worth plundering. I also mentioned the fermented fish sauces of home, but he felt they wouldn't sell in lands where fish had no novelty.

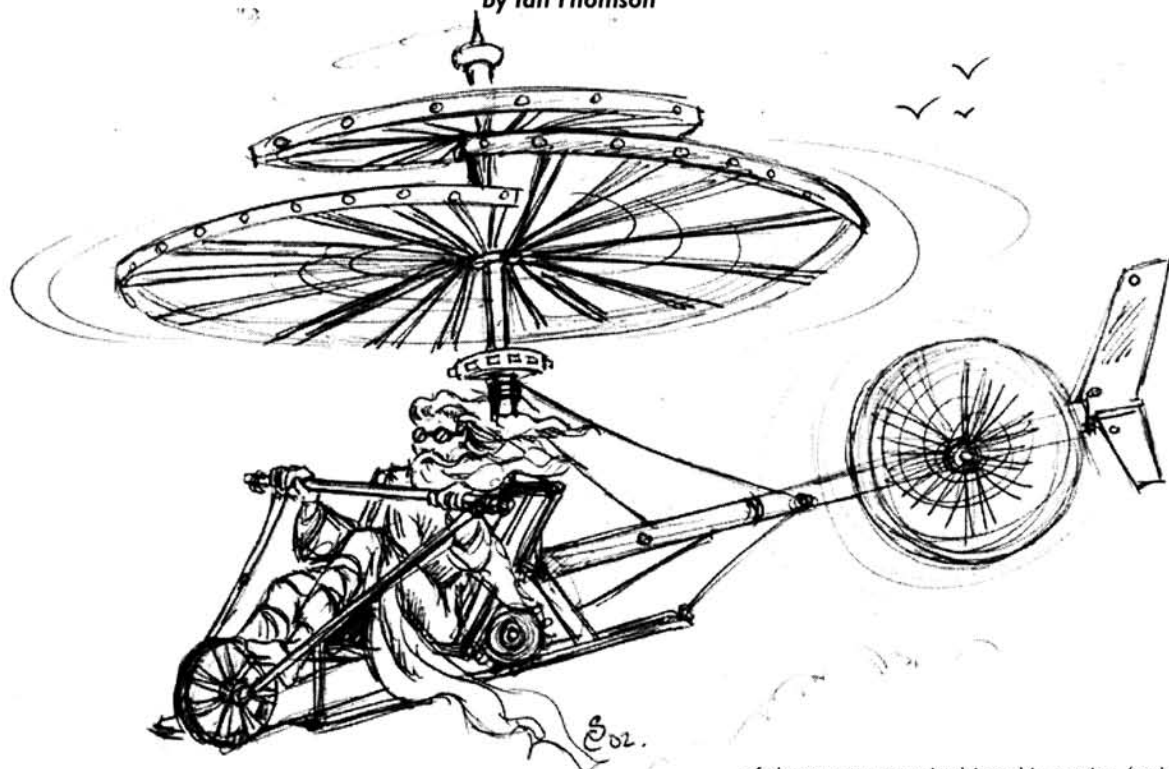
I am eager to tell the tale of my arrival but that must wait for the next letter.

May Inspiration fill your dreams,

Your student,
Saronil Whiteteeth

Leonardo the Scientist

by Ian Thomson



Origins

Whilst rumors abound, nobody other than perhaps Leonardo's closest companions know where he comes from. He arrived on the God Forgot Isles around 1560 aboard a huge metal bird that also carried his five servants (three men and two women). More importantly, he brought with him a land grant that the Pharaoh himself had deeded, and paid in unusual silver and gold coins to have an old fortress restored to his specifications. (This fortress is situated on the northwest coast of the southernmost of the God Forgot Isles)

The term 'Scientist' appears to be a title he has chosen for himself. Although he does not casually discuss such things, in his perception it appears to describe a person who has mastered an unusual blend of sorcery and mechanics, and has no need for the divine assistance of either theist deity or the saints. However, he is by no means a religious (or anti-religious) radical, and spends absolutely no time at all discussing or promoting his own beliefs or lifestyle with outsiders.

Common Knowledge

As soon as Leonardo had settled into his fortress, odd individuals from Heortland and further afield started arriving at his door. A few

of these were recruited into his service (and a skilled staff was gradually built up), but most were allowed only to camp near the fortress for a few days and then encouraged to leave. However, the Scientist had already begun offering refuge to peasants who would work in his gardens and fields, and these days a small town of peasant farmers, fisherfolk, and local crafters surrounds the Fort. The residents of this town are suspicious of outsiders, but permit travellers to stay at their inn. Nonetheless, they will not impart any information about their landlord, and become threatening if the matter is pursued.

The townsfolk supply the basic needs of the fort and live in the shadow of its protection. Any surplus produce they are left with is transported to local markets on the closest other islands. They know nothing of the nature of Leonardo's experiments and hold him in complete awe. All of the villagers hold Leonardo and his companions and employees in the highest respect.

The most well known of Leonardo's companions is Amalfi, a man now in his early sixties who is the settlement's spokesperson, and Leonardo's chief assistant. Leonardo leaves the day to day running of the fort and town to him, and spends the vast majority of his own time researching in his library, or hard at work in his 'Hall of Machinations'. Amalfi is a huge bear of a man, and speaks only in grunts to those he does

Acknowledgements

• Inspiration from the 'Holy Country: People of Note' article in Tradetalk's Kethaela Special

• A discussion with Stephen Martin in 1999 on the possible nature of Leonardo's powers.

• Roger McCarthy for editorial assistance.

not have time for. He is perhaps the only person that Leonardo truly trusts.

Leonardo's personality is that of the dedicated and driven inventor. Many of the God Forgot locals consider Leonardo to be insane at best, but whilst he is certainly eccentric some educated visitors find him to be lucid and intelligent when he has the time and inclination to stop and converse.

If a knowledgeable visitor interests him, or if adventurers arrive selling artifacts that grab his attention, he can certainly be passingly polite. However, it is more usual for him to speak abruptly, act in a distracted fashion, and even to walk out of the room whilst someone is addressing him. If the visitors are notably powerful, Amalfi, or some other spokesperson, may carefully explain that this is just Leonardo's way and not to be taken personally, but otherwise they seem indifferent to bruised egos and affronted sensibilities.

The Scientist's current assistants have no common origins or skills, and indeed appear to have arrived randomly from far and wide to work for him. Jorramock, for example, is a warrior from Caladraland and often acts as Leonardo's bodyguard, whilst the obviously well-educated Yutularr hails originally from the city of Pavis and is a translation expert, and Soltan Gris (a sorcerer) was apparently thrown out of the City of 10,000 Magicians. There are numerous others of equally diverse origins, including a duck named Bigbill who spends most of his time playing dice, and a dwarf with a tin leg.

Leonardo at Work

Leonardo's imagination knows no bounds, and he is never satisfied. No sooner has he completed one creation, than he is back at the drawing board beginning another. It seems that the point of his work is to create for its own sake. Typically, once something has been finished that whole field of endeavor is considered complete, and a new project begun. After some time has gone by, Amalfi quietly organizes the sale or trade of some of the less bizarre creations that are not needed around the fort.

Mechanical construction is not the only hobby that Leonardo has, and several visitors have sat for him whilst he paints their portraits. (Although, the abstract productions that often result are not to the taste of all of the subjects.) Additionally, Leonardo has sometimes been drawn into conversation on the fundamentals of anatomy and botany, and shown his more than adequate familiarity. It truly seems that he has a mind capable of mastering a wide variety of disciplines.

The fortress supports a large number of artisans, including metalworkers, carpenters, jewelers, potters, sculptors, and even alchemists. These are supplied with free food and lodging, and a small stipend, and are permitted to practice their own crafts for profit. However, they must drop whatever they are doing and come running whenever Leonardo requires their services. Normally each crafter works on an isolated

section of an invention, and so none of them learn the secrets of 'science'. Nonetheless, they do learn much to advance their own art, and when they eventually leave they are guaranteed employment for life in any civilized part of Glorantha.

Visiting Leonardo

Despite the Fort's distance from the mainland, personalities from all over Glorantha have visited Leonardo, either with hopes to study under him, or to commission a machine to be built (a privilege rarely granted). Before the Pharaoh's disappearance the Kethaelan leader visited the island several times.

There are no good reasons for simply arriving at the fortress on a casual visit. For one thing, Leonardo's home is very distant to any other major settlement. Even the journey by boat from Casino Town is one of several hours across dangerous waters. Only specialists in one field of knowledge or another are likely to travel across Dragon Pass in order to ask for his assistance on some matter. Whilst he has been helpful on several occasions, other visitors report that he refused to even leave his workshop to hear why they had come to see him.

The fortress is a busy place, as Leonardo's own industrious nature encourages the others. Some are engaged in simple metalwork or other crafts, even labors of pure artistry, whilst others follow more arcane hobbies – such as Soltan's often hazardous experiments in alchemy. The fortress is also a home for families, and happy children run and play, seemingly with no discipline. It is unclear whether Leonardo actively encourages such free expression (although not inside his laboratory, library or any of his studies), or simply does not notice that it is occurring.

New and unexpected arrivals at the town will soon be noticed and questioned by one or more of the mercenaries who work for Leonardo. Newcomers of unknown credentials are not permitted to enter the fort without explaining themselves. Likewise, those rare visitors who merely regard the Scientist as a living curiosity are actively discouraged. Genuine researchers and folk with other good reasons for visiting are often allowed to reside within the fort until such time as Leonardo is free to see them or until they are fed up of waiting and leave the island.

Raw materials, including metals, gems, and special timbers are delivered to the fortress by cargo craft from ports within Mirrorsea Bay. There are no regular runs, but it is possible that travellers might hear of such a supply vessel before it departs, and be able to pay for passage. On more than one occasion Ironwood timbers have even been ferried to the island from as far away as Corflu. Most remarkable are the occasional dwarf stonships that heave to at a distance from the island and offload their well-wrapped cargoes into Leonardo's barge. Rumor indicates that these deliveries are mostly metals suitable for delicate machine parts.

Rumors

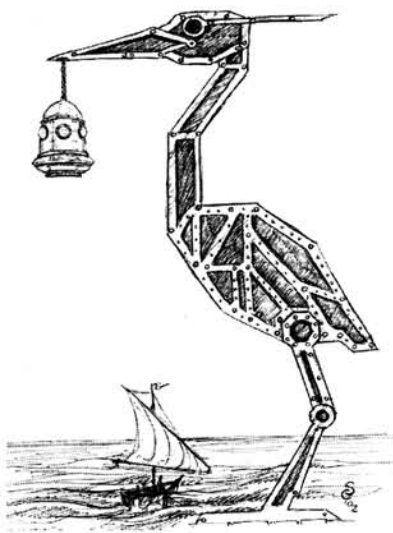
i) *Leonardo sometimes requires adventurers to go on obscure quests seeking magical items he can incorporate into his designs. One such expedition even entered the Machine Ruins on his behalf.*

ii) *Leonardo seems to have harnessed the energies of the base elements, as indicated by his easy mastery of air elementals that assist his flying machines.*

iii) *Some of the books in Leonardo's library (many of which he brought with him when he arrived) are written in languages unknown to even the most learned of those who have had occasion to peruse them.*

iv) *A party of vengeful dwarves arrived at the fort a few years after Leonardo moved in, intent on destroying it. After their initial hostility, and a thorough ransacking of the complex during which several of the Fort's residents were killed, they admitted they had been mistaken in their belief he was using Mostali sorcery.*

Some of Leonardo's Inventions



THE DIVING BELL

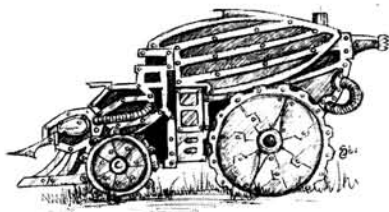
Now owned by the High Admiral of the Boats, and permanently installed in Seapolis, this large bell-shaped object can comfortably hold up to ten people. The center of its base is open to the water, and fish and merfolk can pop in and out with ease. On its sides are round windows of enchanted glass, out of which the passengers can observe the wonders of the deep. The bell is lowered to the sea floor from a crane next to Miradore Lighthouse, and provides its occupants with pure air for several hours at a time during their visit 'Down Below'. Its most common use is when the High Admiral takes honored guests to visit the Ludoch Merchief and other underwater notables. The crane is shaped like a massive, skeletal, wading bird, and lowers the bell from the end of its beak.



THE METAL BIRD

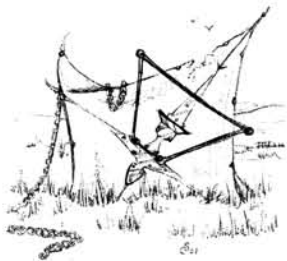
When this creation flies, it slowly flaps its wings. It cannot possibly be supported purely in this way, as the wings do not move as mightily as those of a real bird of comparative size (such as a small Roc). Its appearance is that of a metal avian with a large transparent panel at the front of its head, behind which the 'pilot' sits. Its hollow

interior can easily hold eight or nine passengers, plus their gear. There are unconfirmed reports that this mechanical has been used ferry treasure-hunters and knowledge-seekers in and out of the central part of the Clanking Ruins. If so, it would have to be somehow immune to the defensive magics across the extensive outskirts of these ruins.



THE ARMORED BATTLEWAGON

This was apparently adapted from a simple armored transport machine Leonardo had designed to collect supplies and travel across the often-lawless Isles in safety. In 1613 Wolf Pirates were threatening the coast, and local inhabitants appealed to Leonardo for aid. Apparently the Scientist adapted the original wagon in only three weeks after a marathon effort by his staff and willing local helpers. Shaped like a combination between a wagon and a squat beetle, and able to hold up to nine people and a driver, it is propelled by its wheels which have the capacity to mutate into a variety of shapes as best suit the terrain. It travels as fast as a galloping horse and is amphibious. The best efforts of the wolf pirates' magics and weapons were unable to penetrate its protective enchantments, and it attacked them with bolts of flame that quickly set light to their ships. Once the pirates were driven off, the wagon was abandoned, and it sits a few miles from his fort, apparently in perfect condition even after seven years. Despite several requests, Leonardo has refused to reveal the magical code words that will open the doors and allow it to function again.



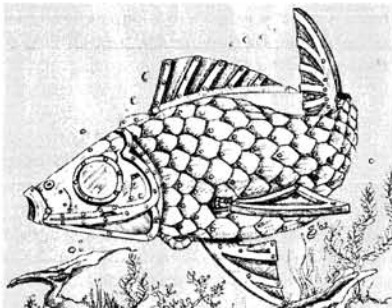
PARACHUTE GLIDER

Iristida, the daughter of one of Leonardo's original companions, most often used this kite-shaped device. It regularly held her aloft in the

great wind currents over the sea cliffs. Tethered by a magical chain several hundred feet long, she would spend hours at a time controlling the glider in swoops and dives. Whilst being used to spot the wolf pirate ships, it was damaged by magic and crash-landed. Iristida was almost killed and, even aided by magic and herbal potions prepared by the best of the fort's healers, took a long time to recover. Leonardo has refused to repair the device as yet, or even to have it brought back into the Fort. It remains embedded in a field, and is surrounded by magic that wards away thieves.

THE PEDALCOPTER

This is the most visible of his inventions, since Leonardo uses it quite regularly for flying about the countryside when he wants to clear his mind for creativity. It is a device that supports a single passenger in a reclining seat under large rotating horizontal blades, powered by pedals. The rear of the device has a smaller vertically rotating blade that has something to do with the steering. Seemingly quite flimsy, the Pedalcopter has shown itself capable of tremendous bursts of speed on the few occasions bandits have tried to attack Leonardo.

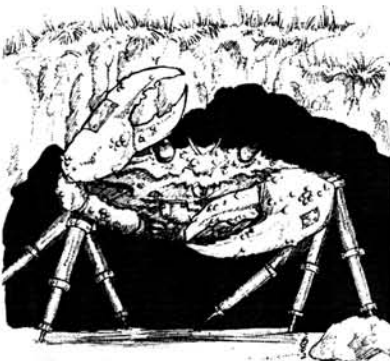


THE METAL FISH

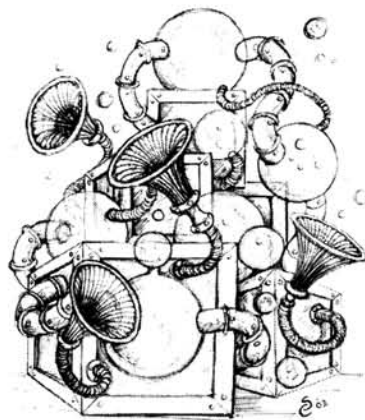
Seating around ten in comfort, and more at a squeeze, this creation took two ox teams and three broken wagons to transport from the Fort to its slipway. It is as big as a small cottage, with sharp triangular stabilizing fins along its sides and back, and great glass eyes that the passengers can view through. This subaquea traveling machine kept Leonardo and his friends entertained for weeks, visiting the undersea world and making Ludoch acquaintances. He wouldn't allow anyone else to pilot it, and after it fell out of favor with him it lay unused in dry dock for more than a year. Recently, Leonardo was persuaded to pass on the secrets of its control to Soltan the sorcerer, who now takes paying passengers on trips about the beautiful undersea reefs.

THE GIANT CRAB

One of Leonardo's more obscure creations, this creature stands as tall as a barn and appears to be made from a blend of metal parts and regular (if giant-sized) crab anatomy. It lives in



prebooked, or hopeful, passengers at a number of stops indicated by tall poles from the top of which fly small blue flags.



THE DEFENDER

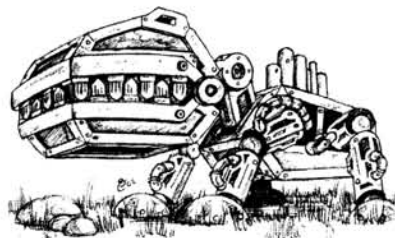
A large metal device formed of several boxes and crystal globes, connected by metal tubes. When activated it rumbles and shudders, and the globes become opaque, revealing a liquid within. This liquid appears to boil for a few minutes, and then the machine emits streams of bubbles out of fluted funnels, which float around an area of several hundred meters radius. Anyone struck by a bubble finds that it bursts releasing a strong soporific gas. This machine is as big as a small haystack and kept in a special shed at Leonardo's Fort. It has been used only twice, on both occasions when the Fort was attacked by bandits in its early days, and was impressively effective both times. Leonardo and his companions and staff were protected by special helms in the shape of the heads of fish. These are also of his design.



FISH-HELMS

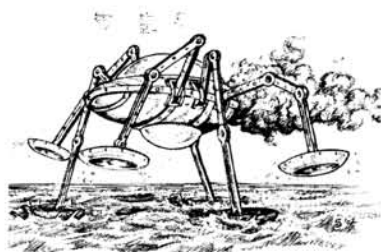
These are almost unique amongst his inventions in that there are several of them. They are large helms that snugly enclose a human head, and have a malleable flap that seals itself airtight around the user's neck. Each helm allows the wearer to survive in toxic or non-air environments for several hours, although they are

cumbersome and the glass eye-plates allow only a limited field of vision. They are incredibly sturdy, and are most useful underwater, where the effects of their heaviness are alleviated. Apparently these were once loaned to a party of adventurers who performed an undersea mission for Leonardo, but nobody at the Fort will relate any specific details of this event to outsiders.



THE STEAM SHOVEL

This item was a rare gift to locals inhabiting his Island, although Leonardo does require its use to be monitored and controlled by someone at his fort, and occasionally vetoes more ambitious projects. As large as a heavy cart, the shovel is supported on squat legs, which can project long spikes into the ground that it uses to anchor itself. When so anchored, it can lean forward and use its huge serrated jaws to chew holes in the ground, an activity useful for many purposes. The shovel is semi-sentient, and when not in use it strolls around the island, occasionally 'munching' on rocky outcrops. Especially when digging holes, it emits irregular clouds of hot steam, accompanied by a high pitched whistle.



THE BOAT SPIDER

This mechanical beast can hold three seated people under its dome, and also their goods in special watertight storage panniers. It is shaped like a flattened egg with a central, transparent observation dome, and has six stubby segmented legs. When operational, its belly clears the surface beneath it by six feet. At the ends of its legs are large pads the size of kite shields, but much thicker. As with the rest of Leonardo's inventions, how it works is unknown. This device can 'run' across the surface of water, faster than a war canoe at full speed, and releases a cloud of noxious gas from its rear as it does so. It has never been seen operating in bad weather, and appears to be only used infrequently, such as when Leonardo makes one of his rare visits to another of the God Forged Islands.



THE TRAVELPEDE

This many-legged and eleven-segmented machine is operated by a driver in the front (head area), and can carry two passengers plus their goods in each of the other ten segments. (Maximum load: 20 passengers.) It travels regularly between Leonardo's Fort and the nearest other significant coastal town, and will transport anyone for 1 silver. (Although those with excessive amounts of belongings may be refused a place if they have not booked in advance.) It moves with a wave-like action rippling through its legs as they cross the ground, and its maximum cruising speed is about the same as a horse's canter. Its usual operator is Bigbill, and Amalfi will drive it when the duck takes time off. The machine is relatively comfortable, and makes good speed at around an hour and a half each way, twice a day without fail. It stops to pick up

Adventure Seeds

Rumors

v) The warehouse attached to Leonardo's workshop, in which his raw materials are stored is protected by deadly sorceries.

vi) Leonardo has some agreement with the Mostali, allowing him to send expeditions into the Machine Ruins.

vii) Several mechanical men complete Leonardo's staff. Apparently they possess interchangeable tools instead of hands, and have used these implements to hideous effect when dealing with intruders.

viii) Leonardo is an old friend of the Pharaoh, and used to reside in the City of Wonders. Perhaps he won some of his abilities in the Masters of Luck and Death Tournament before retiring to the God Forgot Isles to continue his work?

ix) Apparently the Brithini of God Forgot fear Leonardo incredibly, and stay well away from him. It is rumored that the reason for this is that even a short conversational exchange with him is capable of aging a Brithini several years.

x) Leonardo came from the past, or somehow otherwise survived the violent end of the Empire of the Wyrms' Friends. Beneath the Fort, he continues with the most abhorrent experiments, and not all of his visitors go home again!

1) Visiting the Machine Ruins

A group of Heroes are travelling southern Heortland or the Rightarm Islands, when they meet with sorcerer Soltan Gris who is trying unsuccessfully to hire a group of locals to return with him for a dangerous mission. Despite the wealth he is offering them, and the possibility of gifts from the one and only Leonardo the Scientist, the locals are not interested. Perhaps they are even chasing Soltan out of town, or worse are about to stone or burn him as a heretic. Soltan will explain to the Heroes that his master, Leonardo, needs brave mercenaries to go into the Clanking Ruins and recover a certain mechanical device. Apparently Leonardo has both a map and a means of transporting them safely across the deadly outer suburbs of the ruined city. Nonetheless, he cannot predict what other obscure hazards may lay in store, although he can provide some unusually effective safety devices.

2) A Trip to the City of 10,000 Magicians

Soltan, Amalfi and several companions are returning incognito from Sartar (or somewhere even further distant if you need to manufacture a link with your current campaign) when they bump into our Heroes travelling on the same road. Perhaps the Heroes save Amalfi and his friends from bandits, or perhaps Amalfi and the others jump in to assist our Heroes in fending off these vagabonds. Either way, introductions are made, and Soltan explains that they will shortly be looking to hire a trustworthy group of mercenaries to transport a package all the way from the God Forgot Isles to someone in the City of 10,000 Magicians in Aggar. If the Heroes agree to take this job on, they will be offered access to some of Leonardo's lesser inventions on their return, as well as substantial payment. The job itself involves transporting a small metal chest across country without attracting attention to themselves. Perhaps some kind of disguise is in order? The mission will not turn out to be a straightforward one. The chest cannot be opened, and someone is trailing them and makes several attempts to steal the chest or waylay the Heroes by various means, including having them arrested on false charges by a local constabulary. Their enemy is probably a sorcerer from the City of 10,000 Magicians who is an arch rival to the person for whom the chest is actually intended.

3) Crash Landing

Leonardo uses his pedalcopter for a marathon trip to Karse or Jansholm, in order to consult a famous library there. He makes several prearranged stops along the way at major settlements, where a local group has been well paid to look after him. However, during one leg of his return journey an old enemy attacks the 'copter with sorcery, forcing it out of the sky, and Leonardo is almost killed when it crashes. Fortunately our Heroes are close by and go to his aid, managing to drive away the enemy sorcerer and his minions. Leonardo begs the Heroes to take him safely back to his fortress, promising them a boon from amongst any one of his inventions. They must escort the injured Scientist, either to Karse and then by sea, or back through Heortland and across the God Forgot Isles, all the time protecting him from the relentless and devious attacks of his enemy. (Their job is made all the more difficult because Leonardo is a wanted man in parts of New Malkonwall, where he is considered a heretic. He sensibly insists on travelling incognito in case he is recognized and attacked by any crusading knights or agents of that principality.)



The Esvulari: children of St Aeol



by
Mark Galeotti
and
Greg Stafford

«We set out from Durengard at first light, right after tidingwatch. Once through the mighty walls of this frontier city, we raised our voices in joyful song. The peasants were already hard at work in the fields along the way, but they stopped and watched our troop, and truly we were a splendid sight. Our knights wore the finest shirts of iron mail, every ring stamped with the sigil of St Ehilm. At the fore, Count Orvel and his Chief Sacrificier rode beneath the blue and gold banner of his house, which snapped and furled in the wind as Saint Worlath himself blessed our company».

MOST ESVULARI are beginning to make themselves known in Dragon Pass and along the southern coast of Genertela. Their lands are the warm, rich plateau of southern Heortland.

They are distant cousins of the Orlanthi of Dragon Pass. The earliest were Heortlings who moved into the area during the Dawn Age. Their populations were augmented by many migrants in the Imperial Age. Some three hundred years ago the Esvulari kings converted to the Aeolian Church. Since the days of King Andrin the Golden the tribe grew to be a kingdom and was an important Sixth of the Pharaoh's Holy Country.

Once, they were just one more of the Orlanthi tribes. But generations were spent not raiding cattle but harvesting tall, golden wheat; under the light of a gentle sun, not the wind-slashed rainclouds of Dragon Pass; and abiding not in isolated hilltop fastnesses but at a cross-roads, exposed to new ideas and cultures from both land and sea. All have conspired to change them. They have brought a more open-minded perspective, a sedentary and urbanised life style and, ultimately, a new faith that seeks new order and salvation through the old beliefs. Of course, the Heortlings see this differently. Their stories tell old, almost forgotten tales of how the Esvularings always held within them the seeds of this betrayal of their heritage. They never accepted Orlanth's ways and who clustered together under shelter when their cousins laughed and danced skyclad beneath the thundering rains. The Esvulari, of course, laugh at the idiots out dancing in the rain who think they are talking to God. Now, they are the Esvulari, a people of the city and the field, the seashore and the castle.

«Where Duregard is squat and gray, a warrior's holding, the King's City is a monument to royal wealth and power, a place of spires and turrets, colonnades and churches. We Esvulari are a folk of the city, and it is said that our hearts forever ring to the church bells of our birth-town».

Recently the mercenary usurper Richard the Tigerhearted supported them after he seized power in 1617. When the Lunar Empire invaded in 1619 they occupied most of it within a year. They appointed Aeolian noblemen as sheriffs over the entire land, thereby oppressing the traditionalist Orlanthi Hendreiki majority. To an extent, this was because they were playing their usual games of divide and rule, but it also reflected an awareness that the Esvulari virtues of honesty, open-mindedness and efficiency would also make them more effective and acceptable agents than rapacious administrators from Tarsh or the Heartlands.



However, the Esvulari are not united in their responses to the Empire. Some are glad to ally themselves with this new power and use it to extend their authority across Kethaela, and some even seek new converts among the Orlanthi of Dragon Pass. Others are simply not yet ready to take a stand against them. Some reject the Empire out of hand, many of whom have flocked to King Broyan as he defies the Empire, defending Whitewall.

The Esvulari are a sober people, rarely given to flamboyance in dress and manner. While the nobility will wear finery, even this is relatively modest and functional, and imported silks or ostentatious adornment are generally eschewed. Aeolians will often wear the sacred symbols of St Aeol – the sigil of the Church is what the pagans call an 'orlanthi rune' inside a triangle – or their patron saint.

Saints are, after all, central to the faith. The Aeolian Church is a distinctive monotheistic religion native at the Dawn to southern Heortland, which follows the Malkioni precepts of the West. Saint Aeol established the religion here. He either proved that these 'gods' were merely men of great natural power, saints themselves, or else baptised these beings with the three waters and two oils, into the worship of the Invisible God, the Eternal Creator. Aeol himself was a Kachasti, a son of one of the

original tribes of Danmalastan. Theirs was the power of Communication and the right and pleasure of the Speaking Tour, a mission to learn to speak with all the peoples of Glorantha. Even by their standards, Aeol was both gifted with tongues and prone to distant travel. On his wandering, he came upon a people who held within them the seeds of virtue and right-thinking and yet who were also at the mercy of raiders from without and their own pagan superstitions within. He opened their eyes to the Old God and the teachings of Malkion and then used his new faith to defeat the marauding storm barbarians who plagued them. He taught the proper reverence of the Masked Saints. He unmasked them and ended their practices of blood sacrifice, replacing the offerings with bread shaped into the forms of animals. Peaceful and powerful, embodied with the power of the karatch, the Word of the One God, he lived a life of great example, before ascension to the Peaceful Passage, his own Sainly Node. Thus, the Aeolian Church has been active in the region since even before the Great Darkness. At times it was ignored, at other persecuted, but never with any great severity. It never appeared to pose a credible threat to the ruler of the day, and the Aeolians' beliefs in the virtues of honesty, generosity and modesty made them few enemies and many friends. After King Andrin the Golden's open and unflinching support of the Church some three centuries ago, though, their congregations have swelled dramatically. Their festivals, or 'gathermoots', are occasions for families to come together, for faith and community to be celebrated by joyous song.

The Church of St Aeol is now followed by almost half the population of the so-called Bluegrass Plateau lands. All of the people of Esvular are now Aeolians. All the rulers and city people of Gardufar are as well, and also all the rulers of Karhend. Their thanes have become knights, their godar priests and sorcerers. Many churches are found in cities around the Choralinthor Bay, such as the Karse, Rhigos and especially in huge Nochet, where Bishop Aeolant the Quiet daily walks amongst the Sartari refugees displaced by the wars in Dragon Pass, dispensing wisdom, hope and the karatch. Other congregations are found in the larger cities and even distant sea ports.

The Great Bishop Heleophant of Sixteen Blues, whose seat is at the Cathedral of St Aeol at Mount Passant, heads the church. Each city has a Bishop, below whom are the Liturgical Sacrificers, who head each individual church. Some are grand magnates with hosts of liturgists and servitors beneath them, like Durith of Vizel Leftside. His church houses the iron spikes with which the henchmen of the Proud

Foreign Bishop nailed the Sainted Bishop Faraneol to a tree, which attracts rich and generous pilgrims from far and wide. Most Liturgical Sacrificers are solitary village priests who live among their congregation in simple poverty. This lack of pretension reflects the relatively egalitarian nature of Aeolian teaching. Unlike many Malkioni, they do not maintain strict caste divisions and it is possible for a peasant to rise to the nobility, although relatively uncommon. Furthermore, while women are generally expected to take a secondary role to men in theory, as the passive sex; exceptions are common so that this is not a male-dominated society as is found in the sorcerous religions farther West. Mount Passant itself was raised by Saint Marasana, and thus every Aeolian service begins with a short hymn thanking her for creating "a pulpit from which Saint Aeol's voice could travel from heart to hope." Male and female clergy wear similar black tabards, and both wear the tonsure (as do especially pious lay members) called the 'karatch cut', a severe bob.



which were often more numerous in membership – they sought to inspire by example and await potential converts to come to them. With their growing prosperity, thanks both to maritime trade across the Mirrorsea and their own artisanal industries, their new political authority and a swelling confidence as the Orlanthi to the north reel under the Lunar challenge, this has changed. Increasingly, Aeolian missionaries and witnesses travel across Maniria, one hand open in friendship and assistance, the other holding high St Aeol's most famous work, The Examples of Karatch. This is the Aeolian's sacred book. They have never accepted The Abiding Book as scripture, but recognise it as a sorcerer's grimoire.

Evangelism is by example, by witness and, if necessary, by intrigue, rather than conversion at the point of a sword. To the Orlanthi view that "Violence is Always an Option", they respond with one of the mottoes of the original Kachasti Communicators: "Dialogue is the First Option, Warfare the Last." The Church therefore encourages a nonmilitant way of life except for those designated by God to so serve. Several military orders provide outlets for those individuals prone to violence (known as the "last optioners") and also for the defence of the Esvulari lands and the people under their protection. The orders maintain forces of armoured knights and footsoldiers. Most famous are the warriors of St Ehilm, the Watchful Sun, whose knights and men-at-arms have been at the forefront of every military action in the region, from the taming of the Marcher Barons in 1576 to the Little Pothelm

Crusade, which finally smashed the Two-Hook Bandits of the Upper Bandori. While relatively heavily-armoured by the standards of the Heortlings, though, these are not the mailed knights of the West. Instead, they will typically wear long coats of chain or ring mail and conical metal caps, bearing swords, spears and kite-shaped or round shields bearing the sigil of their liege or patron saint. The orders also train and drill the spear-armed militias which every town and village must raise.

Most saints and orders are not martial, though. Every village has its windstone, with the sigils of St Earna, the dutiful wife and mother, and St Bartath, the hard-working farmer and father, and each occupation has its own patron saint. The Order of St Chalmr, the patroness of the ill and wounded, maintains several hospices, including the White Hospital in Jansholm, while St Ishaar, the 'Honest Prophet,' encourages and protects traders, shopkeepers and merchant-adventurers. The sorcerers of St

Worlath's Lower Circle plumb the secrets of the winds and the air, while also acting as the defenders of virtue and freedom.

As far as the enterprising and open-minded Esvulari are concerned, it is more than just their natural optimism that makes them look forward to the future. Their honesty and efficiency has earned them a special and privileged place within the political structure of Heortland, one recognised by successive regimes. Their cities are thriving, their trade fleet expanding, their faith unshakeable. They know that they have an historical mission to open the eyes of their cousins in Dragon Pass to their real nature of their deities, but they also know that this is inevitable, and can be done by quiet example and kingly generosity, not imposed by scimitar and guile. Surely, this is the best of times to be alive!

This article is based on development work for the forthcoming HeroQuest book. It accurately reflects the current views on the Esvulari held by Issaries, Inc. as of submission, but what is written here may differ in detail from the final, official version, as we discover more about these hard-working people and their faith. Copyright © 2002 Mark Galeotti and Issaries, Inc. Due credit must also be given to those such as Joerg Baumgartner, who have helped blaze the trail for this exploration

A particular strength of the Church is unique in Glorantha. It can show how worshippers of the Orlanthi gods and goddesses are in error when they follow their customary beliefs. It offers them an alternative, primarily through non-violent teaching. After all, St Aeol showed himself able to bring pagans to an understanding of their saintly selves and baptise 'gods' into the Church. Peaceful Passage itself is not in the Saint's Plane at all, but the Godworld! Saint Aeol's ability to inject a sorcerous node into the theist otherworld – "building a church in an ignorant land" as he put it – is unique, but beyond explaining the Aeolians' success in taming and converting theist Orlanthi, this has not yet been exploited in the Hero Wars. This will not last, and a forthcoming supplement will centre upon this anomaly and its effect upon both mundane and magical realms.

The Aeolians are confident and now active evangelisers. In the past, the Church adopted an essentially passive stance, not least as a survival technique. Instead of openly competing with the local religions -

The House of Black Arkat

by Jamie "Ttrotsky" Revell

The old world is over, but darkness can shelter us from the coming storm

This hero band was a submission for the Issaries' "Hero Bands" book that didn't make it into that book. Part of the reason it isn't in the Hero Bands book is that Greg apparently has his own ideas about this Hero Band, and we don't know what they are (but presumably not identical to these). So if you want to play only canonical Glorantha, you will have to wait until Greg shows us his ideas about this hero band.



Nikotremus, a passionate young sorcerer and follower of Black Arkat

THE HOUSE OF BLACK ARKAT originated in thirteenth century Seshnela as an independent sorcerous order. Its founders believed that the Western hero Arkat had penetrated some of the deepest secrets of the universe when he apparently betrayed his former people and joined the Uz race. In an attempt to emulate him, they conducted research to learn of the new sorcerous arts he had discovered. Their views about Arkat and delving into forbidden knowledge made them increasingly unpopular with the Seshnelan authorities, so that they eventually emigrated en masse to Heortland, then ruled by the Uz. There they established the current House, and were at last able to prosper.

The House remains an independent order, and accepts all those willing to learn their brand of sorcery, regardless of their other beliefs. Following in the example of Arkat, they bear no negative attitude towards theism which they see as an acceptable alternative means of obtaining magical power, albeit less flexible than sorcery. Adepts of the House may be found throughout Dragon Pass, where they may hire out their unusual talents, or seek to further personal agendas of all kinds. They are also constantly on the look out for new sorcerous magics that might manifest within the region, and for non-sorcerous darkness magics that they might be able to utilise or imitate.

Form: Sorcerous Order.

Cultural Origin: Aeolian.

Cultural Context: A heretical non-Malkioni order.

Ideology: 'Darkness is the most ancient and powerful of the elements, and sorcery the most useful and powerful of the forms of magic. Combining the two is only logical.'

Look and Feel: Western sorcerers with a penchant for black robes and makeup, long hair, and silver jewellery; all with pallid complexions.

Purpose: To explore the powers of darkness through the use of carefully controlled sorcery, to teach these magics to those who wish to learn them, and to utilise their powers for the benefit of members.

Headquarters: Jansholm, Heortland.

Reactions: To the Seshnegi, the House of Black Arkat is a hotbed of heresy, exploring magic outside the limits prescribed by the Church, and without the guidance of the true God. To the Esular, and to atheist sorcerers, they are a strange group, to be dealt with on their individual merits, but perhaps with some useful magic. Conservative theist Heortlings will react to them as they would to any other godless meldeks.

Resources

Leader: Hochmeister Vantovar.

Renowned Members: Nikotremus is a young sorcerer of considerable talent, whose family was tragically killed during the Lunar invasion of Heortland. His desire to see the Lunars suffer for their actions is well known, and he seeks to change the House into a more politically active band. The most famed magician in the band, however, is the raven-haired sorceress Serditia Deepshadow, whose skill at commanding darkness elementals is unparalleled in Heortland. Drinek Two-Swords is the House's chief of security.

Membership: Around two hundred sorcerers, and a similar number of support staff.

Other Contacts: The House of Black Arkat is generally self-sufficient, and has few outside contacts willing to risk themselves on its behalf.

Organization

There are five levels of membership within the House. Lowest are the support staff – guards, domestic servants, accountants, physicians and similar employees. These are able to accept Blessings from the Aeolian Church or other appropriate sources, however, they can continue to sacrifice to gods as well. Next are the apprentices, still learning their art, then the adepts who form the bulk of the magically skilled membership. Adepts are free to pursue their own interests outside the House; many can be found as far away as Sartar. The Masters are those senior sorcerers who help teach the apprentices and perform other important functions for the House. These include the Bursar, who acts as treasurer and has charge over the support staff. Finally, the Hochmeister is a single individual elected by the Masters of the House (usually from among their own number) who has both leadership and ceremonial functions.

Membership Keyword

Membership Requirements: Must accept sorcery.

Mental Abilities taught: Inscribe Portal of Power, Symbolic Sight.

Typical Personality Traits: Cunning, Mysterious, Strong Willed.

Magic: Access to the grimoires of the House, including the Ebon Tome (Aid My Teachers, Banish Light, Blind, Boost Shade,

Create Frost, Command Shade, Darksense, Determine Theist's Affinities, Gauge Strength of Theist's Affinities, Illusory Shadows, Induce Terror, Resist Darkness Magic, Sense Animist, Summon Shade).

Guardian Being

Nightspinner, a powerful sentient shade bound into the current House when it was founded in Jansholm.

Method: Manifest.

Form: Most of the time, Nightspinner inhabits the physical structure of the House. However, it can also manifest as a great octopoid shadow, with Dark 10w2 and long, grasping, tentacles.

Awareness Function: Detect Hostile Essences.

Blessing Function: Boost Darksense.

Defense Function: Paralysing Fear.



Serditia, one of the mightiest mortal dark sorcerers in Dragon Pass



«Their views about Arkat and delving into forbidden knowledge made them increasingly unpopular with the Seshnelan authorities, so that they eventually emigrated en masse to Heortland, then ruled by the Uz»

THE DARK DOOM

by Stefan Drawert

An enemy gang for HeroWars
«The old world is wasting away
and we are its disease!»



ONE CANNOT TELL THE STORY of this notorious gang without telling the story of its leader:

Khor'r'rahk Mantroll, the All-And-All-Over-At-Once-Killer

Khor'r'rahk is a human, whose kinship with his ever-changing father Androgeus, combined with some magical side-effects during his birth lead to the strange circumstance that he has been born as twice-a-man, lacking any female part in his body or soul. He got what his twin brother Taniada is lacking in masculinity: the later was born an ever-changing person, constantly switching gender, without any control.

So Khor'r'rahk Mantroll is twice a man in every respect of being.

He is of huge size, almost 2,20 meters high, broad shoulders and strong as an ox. A strong feeling of sexuality and destruction radiates from him. He prefers to show off his naked arms and breast, scarred and full of cruel tattoos, depicting acts of violence and madness.

He very hideous, his ugly face bearing close resemblance to that of a troll or tusker, without the protrusive jaws.

His thunderous voice is driven by hate and scorn, able to frighten peace-loving beings to death. Being an outcast for his repelling nature and appearance, he only found acceptance among the Zorak Zoran worshipping trolls of

the Dagori Inkarth. The god of hatred and violence later actually chose him to be one of his champions, an honor to which Khor'r'rahk lived up to almost every single moment since then.

He is very short-tempered, hates „thoz weak hoomanz“, has a decisive personality, is a master of the double-axe, and very fond of his unmatched torture-skills, which would make even the hard boiled broo faint.

His prime goal in his absurd existence beside spreading fear and sorrow for his mad master, is eliminating his lost twin, for he fears, that one day she may find a way to restore his masculinity, now borne by Khor'r'rahk, in exchange for her surplus of femininity. This „exchange“ would make him a „normal“ man, reducing his might to mere mortal levels, a fate neither Khor'r'rahk nor Zorak Zoran would accept. Unhappily for him, a normal kill won't do the job, for this result in the same consequences. So both twins try to avoid each other until one of them will have found a measure to end their struggle.

He gathered his most loyal followers to form a war band, when he got into bloody conflict with some long-time Zorak Zorani who wouldn't accept a human as leader, especially one of such parentage. His godly master enjoyed the deadly disputes and let them go, curious to watch their further „achievements“. A many of his followers

believe him to be the long promised reincarnation of Arkat Mantroll, that's where he got his nickname from.

Starting in eastern Dagori Inkarth, their way lead them through most of upper Prax, Pavis and eventually the Wastes, serving as escort for the more daring or desperate people seeking protection, being bandits, pillagers and marauders the other time Khor'r'rahk himself is so infamous that his name found entry even to the chants of caring mothers and some vocal wardings among the tribes of the wastes.

Khor'r'rahk's demigodly parentage and his ever-present sexual aura makes him a born leader and person of great destiny, be it for good or bad.

Khor'r'rahks seemingly erratic actions lead him and his follower back to Dragon Pass, where recently the long desired for "Spear Of Ratslaff" has shown up, an ancient artifact, with which he believes to be able to solve his twin problem at last.

Common Names: Doom Troopers =), Dark Arkati, the Abominated, Ragged Doom

Form: A bandit gang of outcast pillagers, haunting Sartar and formerly Prax

Cultural Context: Feared and cursed madmen with no home, in some way close to chaos.

Ideology: "Wee not care for youz cryz,

only cryz louder, please! So master Zorak Zoran can hear cryz too, please!"

Look and Feel: A band of ragged mad and insane pillagers, torturers and killers ravaging everything in their way. There exists little social organization and caring for its members. Their common cause is the spreading of the virtues of Zorak Zoran, but without the cultural context of troll society. Its members slavishly obey their leader, which they believe to be either the reincarnation of Arkat Mantroll, a hero of Zorak Zoran, or simply an avatar of doom and destruction. Since members come from several cultures there's no common look, but members tend to be heavily tattooed, and bear all kinds of exotic and dreadful weapons.

Purpose: There is no common purpose besides that mentioned above. But as leader, Khor'r'rahk uses his followers as useful means to his own ends, which itself are not always clear to himself.

Annihilating his twin is one of them, with the highest priority. Becoming a hero of Zorak Zoran another one. And the taint of Ratslaff is very tempting, too.

Headquarter: None, most often the last burnt down Hamlet will serve for a day or two, but deserted areas are preferred. They get support from many different sources though, for Khor'r'rahk's bad reputation gift him with a small but constant supply of decadent admirers, doomed or bored warriors, desperates and people attracted by his aura from all over the world.

Reactions: Fear from those in their path, hatred and revenge from those few who survived the encounter whole and sane.

Larger organizations such as the Lunar army view as little but nasty thorn. Since the warband doesn't stay in a single area for too long, and their actions seem to be steered by irrationality, the red caps don't feel they are a real threat, but more an annoyance. Single entities and people with an affinity to doom and destruction tend to be attracted by Khor'r'rahk.

Resources

Leader: Khor'r'rahk Mantroll, the All-And-All-Over-At-Once-Killer, sometimes also called "Twice-A-Man".

In contrast to some other hero bands this one is tight-knitted with the person of its leader. He is the sole cause, coherence and purpose of its existence. He is said to be able to fight at several spots at the same time. He can eat shadows and hasn't got one either since birth.

Renowned Members: Kirlat, the Butcher, renegade Death Lord of Zorak Zoran; Marbledawn, a female human, worshipping the mad shadow of the goddess, Jakaleel, who was spared for pleasure and joined in awe of the destruction she witnessed; Brayon Kinslayer, to whom Gagarth's Wolves were too tame; Never-Wake-Again, a dragoon, who chose the

path of retaliating self-destruction as sole possible escape from his endless circle of existence.

Membership: Today, the actual war band consists of about 25-30 members, not all of them are trolls. A handful of mad humans, as well as a couple of non-humans joined the band for various reasons. One common interest is the senseless pillaging, torture and looting. Because of the sheer violence they seed and therefore they equally face, the fluctuation is high and fast.

Other Contacts: While not known to many, Lunar officials tried to make contact to the band, but were eaten both times. Some loose contacts to some troll tribes still exist, but most shun them.

Organization

Despite their savagely appearance, the band is tightly organized when it comes to battle, thanks to Khor'r'rahk's military skills, as several Lunar units won't be able to validate anymore.

Otherwise, there exists near to none organization: members join and leave, sometimes just disappear. They just follow their leader, who actually don't care for them very much. By chance, they all seem to head into the same direction. Without their leader Khor'r'rahk there won't be a band anymore, which is known and respected by anybody. Fights between members are known, but are not common, for they tend to result in massacres, killing 13 members the last time, a fact which is known to all of them.

Most of them joined because the life they've lead before lacked something they are able to act out here: the freedom of senseless destruction and sexual perversity. Some were outcasts before, most for obvious reasons: outraging Uroxi; Humakti, possessed by dealing death; Zorak Zorani, who found the cultural boundaries of troll society irksome; Orlanthi, who couldn't control their hatred for the Lunars anymore; Lunars, seeking the ultimate thrill; Gagarthi, looking for an even wilder ride; madmen; and possessed.

Some are healed from whatever disease their soul was suffering from, and they leave, but most die en route.

Only a few member are able to stay for more than a few seasons, but some make it for several years now, Kirlat being the last from the original band, besides Khor'r'rahk.

Many gods and spirits are worshipped by the members, the mutual basis is death and destruction.

So there will be initiates and devotees of Zorak Zoran, Humakt, Babeester Gor, Maran Gor, Euralm, Jakaleel, Gagarth, or even some of the more sinister aspects of Orlanth, to name just a few.

Chaotic beings and worshippers of chaotic cults have been members, too, but never survived for long.

The worship of Zorak Zoran, forced by Khor'r'rahk is the only common religious duty

for all members, non-initiates acting as some kind of communal worshippers.

Membership Keyword

Membership Requirements: All members are expected to let Khor'r'rahk eat their shadow, which will never return afterwards. Besides this there are few to none, people just come and go. As long as Khor'r'rahk does not object, which he usually doesn't except when in bad mood. In practice seemingly weak members are to soon to be singled out and likely to get killed, either due another member or due to lacking support in one of the many battles to come. While gender doesn't matter, it's uncommon for women to join, maybe because most of them don't share the interests. But all the time several women are present to satisfy the more worldly needs of the leader.

Physical Abilities Taught: Butchery [acts as Mass Combat ability]

Mental Abilities Taught: Conceive Perversity, Endure Horrible Incidents

Typical Personality Traits: Hardened, Indifferent, Cruel, Doomed, Mad, Twisted, Lustful

Magic: since most former worshipped gods and spirits would strongly object what the members of the Drak Doom malpractice, most members will have lost all or most of their former magic. Therefore many have turned to gods that tolerate or support their actions, such as the aforementioned Zorak Zoran and Gagarth. Sometimes it occurs that a devotee of Humakt can keep worshipping his god, as long as he only participates in the battles and not the occurrences before and afterwards. Strange incidents like this have been noticed with other gods, too.

Guardian Being

Golbha-Not is a smart spirit which was sent to Khor'r'rahk during his adolescence by the twisted god Ratslaff. Since then he has taken care of his protégé and his followers. Since it is immaterial, its existence is not very well known among the Dark Doomed but a few trusted long-time companions. Since the most obvious entry requirement is called for by Khor'r'rahk, most members wouldn't suspect any other being behind this ritual.

Khor'r'rahk uses Golbha-Not's abilities mostly to enhance the madness of his followers.

Method: Archetype

Form: n/a

Membership Requirements: let one's shadow irretrievably be devoured by Khor'r'rahk. Behave twisted. Tear reality as it's perceived by others

Awareness Fuction: Sense Unstablenss 2W

Blessing Fuction: Be Twisted 18

Defense Function: Resist Common Sense 4w [which does not only relate to intellectual matters, but laws of physics, and all the rest of it].

BURNT WOOD



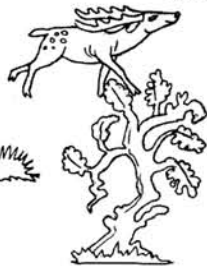
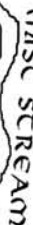
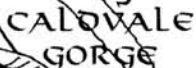
white wattle
FARM



WOOD END
FARM



CALDVAL
MANOR



THE ELM FINGERS



CALDWELL VILLAGE



HOBBS' BRIDGE
FARM



FALLOW
FARM



RICH FIELDS
FARM



RIVER COTTAGE
FARM



BLACK HEDGE
FARM

WATERHOUSE
FARM 

Caldvale Manor

by Simon Bray

Introduction

Caldvale is a setting, for the Narrator to use and abuse as they see fit. It includes an overview of the Manor and environs, and an extensive list of NPC's with complex rationales for their existence. To the outsider and on the surface they seem like simple folk, living a hum-drum life in a small village, but if you choose to delve deeper there are many stories to be told. At the end of the article there are some cameo ideas of how this setting can be used. Despite the southerly location in the heart of Heortland there are plenty of motivations for others to come to the area, be they Lunars, Rebels, Nobles or Serfs.

Overview

Standing on a low hill just above the Kings Crossroads on the Broadway, just north of the Minthos River, Caldvale is typical of an Esvulari Manor. Lord Gaidon Gentharl, rules his lands with fairness, grace and justice, carrying out the letter of the law and maintaining order amongst the people. From the grey stone fort and hall of the manor itself, to as far as the eye can see on a windy day is the land that was given to the Gentharl's family by King Andrin in the days of glory. In addition to the manor itself, the Gentharl's lands encompass Caldvale village and several small farms, to the north a shady oak wood called Burnt Wood is home to a community of charcoal burners, whose produce fuels the forge of Darkin the Smith, a true blacksmith who knows St Gunbrastus's secrets of iron, as well as bronze. The western lands of the manor is a sizeable deer park, filled with red and fallow deer to



Lord Gaidon Gentharl and Lady Elanoya Gentharl

grace Lord Gaidon's table. Ripe orchards and rich dark fields surround the rest of the land, dotted by ash copses and still black pools. Amongst the woods and grove the Hendreiki still maintain their shrines to the godlings of nature. The Caldvale itself is a deep gorge, which cuts deep into the manor hill. The stone of the gorge is ice-blue and glitters with its own light, the air of the gorge is unnaturally cold and chill winds rise up from here in the winter. The Caldvale is sacred to both the Esvulari and the Hendreiki, who gather here at the start of winter to perform rituals in their own

unique ways.

Beneath the ordinary surface of the manor and village is a rich tapestry of secrecy and magic, Caldvale is a little place, but within there is the potential to change the world, it is a place where great events may happen, or perhaps it is just a place where heroes will grow and leave to find greatness.

The Manor

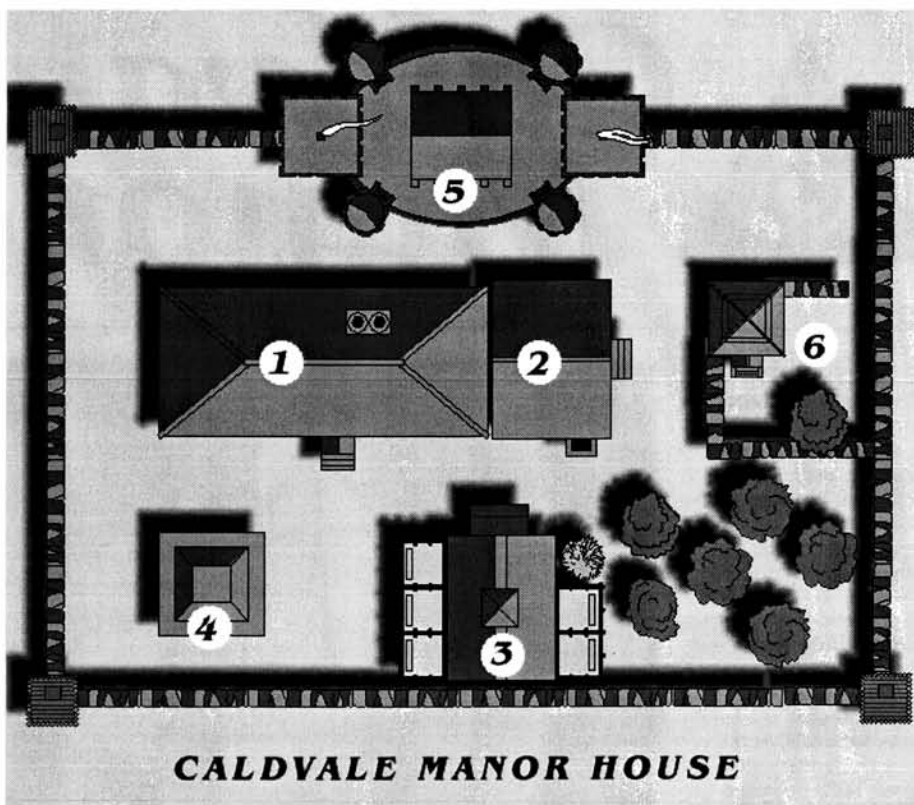
1.) The dark grey walls of the Great Hall, resonate to the song and laughter of the Gentharl family in winter and in summer. This is the beating heart of their lives, here the family and their servants congregate to eat, and some sleep and perform their household duties. Seven great tables stand in the hall all facing a raised dais upon which Lord Gaidon sits. Once a week the hall serves as the local court, where Lord Gaidon dictates the law of the land to felons and resolves disputes amongst his people. At other times the bull rush strewn floor sees the movement of maids, valets and fire boys about their work. The women of the family come here to sew creating the great beautiful

and delicate tapestries that adorn the walls, depicting family history and religious imagery. Sornehan the Illuminator also comes here to embellish his books, and to listen to the gentle tones of Lanval the Bard, who tries to woo the young women of the court. In winter the hall home to horseplay amongst the nobles, who relax their normally rigid airs and graces to drive away the chill, Lord Gaidon has ruled however that no sword play is permitted within the hall, a rule broken weekly by Hareghast and Sulain as they assert their roles within the family.

Secrets of the Gorge

Caldvale Gorge is a strange magical place, closely akin to the Black Cleft in Burnt Wood, it is a point where reality is thin. The gorge was formed when Kanekkerak the Ice Giant cut and wounded the sleeping goddess of the hill, she was instantly slain and cast into Underworld, into the Black Ice Hell, where even fire freezes. The icy blue stone and cold vapours that rise from the hill are pieces of the Black Ice Hell slipping through the God World barrier into the Mundane World. In the Great Darkness this effect was much greater and horrid Himthurs and Holtri leapt from here to ravage the world. However St. Chalam came to the hill and used her powers of healing to suture the wound with magic. She placed at the entrance of the wound one of her servants and angelic being called Darema, who repaired the sutures when they broke and peacefully returned the ice demons to their world. However sometimes she could not stitch fast enough and the monsters and cold slipped into the world causing havoc, which in times past were halted by a number of heroes. With the turbulent changes of the world much of this is forgotten, although both Esvulari and Hendriki know that they must send their power into the gorge to keep the cold away.

Darema is beginning to grow weak, as her myth is being forgotten and the power she receives has less reason behind it she is not able to stitch as fast. If the worshipper of the Caldvale do not come to understand this soon, then the cold will begin to grow and the ice demons will return.



CALDVALE MANOR HOUSE

2.) The twin storied family house that sits behind the Great Hall, is little more than bedrooms and apartments for the Gentharls to sleep in. Family members have their own room, a fact that is strange to most Orlanthi used to communal life. There are also two modestly furnished guest rooms. Each room has a simple cot bed, a chest and a chair. They appear austere and strangely lacking in decoration, only the women's rooms have a simple arrangement of flowers upon their windowsills. The Esvulari, whilst not adhering to vows of poverty, maintain that simplicity and cleanliness aid to clarity of the mind. Beneath this tranquillity is the constant hustle and bustle of the kitchens and servant quarters, a steam and sweat filled cellar with several great fires where the food for the whole mansion is prepared. Larbiastor the Cook and his wife Devlain the House Keep rule the servants with the sharp minds and sharper tongues.

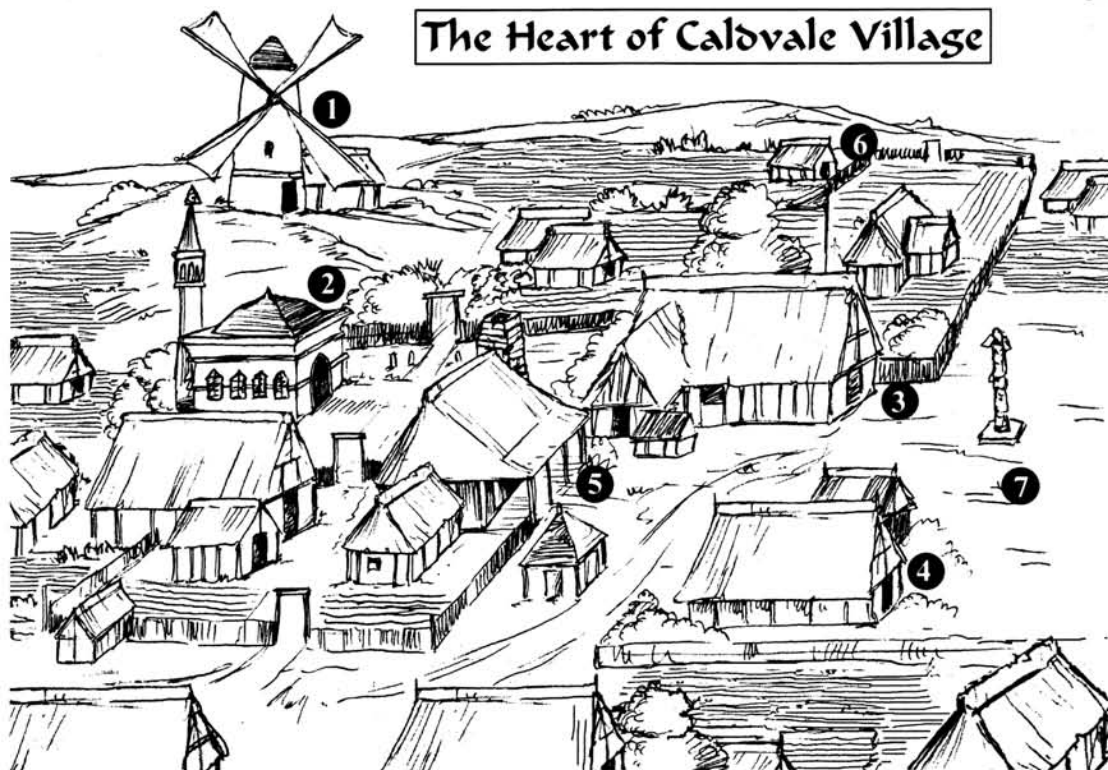
3.) Lord Gaidon maintains a good stable of fine long legged hunters and strong flanked warhorses. As a nobleman, Lord Gaidon rides everywhere, which he delights in, his sons to have their own horses, and Gaidon has sufficient wealth to retain several knights in his service. Amongst the biers and haystacks an ancient and neglected chariot, a vehicle no longer in vogue with Hendreiki or Esvulari it slowly turns to dust. The women of the household do not ride, instead they travel in a simple and uncomfortable carriage, although it is well known that the flighty Felise, Lord Gaidon's youngest daughter steals down to the stable to ride illicitly in the company of Owain

Gwyn-Thales, when he is present at the manor house.

4.) Beside the Great Hall stands the stout walled Tax House. Guarded at all times by chain mail clad warriors the granary contains the tithes collected from the manors populace. This wealth, which consists mainly of grain, with a smattering of coin is collected on a regular basis by the King's Levymen. Since the invasion of the Empire, Lunar Taxmen have collected the taxes. Lord Gaidon does not begrudge the new rulers this tax, it is his duty to collect it and through doing so he retains his manor lands and position. Like all Esvulari, Lord Gaidon is duty bound and never neglects his duties.

5.) The fort is small by comparison to those situated amongst coastal and more northern manors. The strong walls house the Men-at-Arms and Lord Gaidon's company of knights. Security is the main function of the fort, a place to retreat should invaders overrun Heortland, but also there is an element of prestige, the fort was used to symbolise the strength of the Heortland Crown and the Pharaoh, to remind the common man that he had lords to rule him. Lord Gaidon's men now serve as a policing force, in his role as Sheriff of the region, Lord Gaidon is required to hunt down miscreants, ne'er do wells and villains, Sir Guille, Lord Gaidon's most trusted knight does so with great relish. Beneath the fort is a lock-up, a small donjon where felons are detained before facing the judgement of Lord Gaidon.

The Heart of Caldvale Village



6.) The chapel is the final part of the manor house complex. The chapel is small and austere, a small altar sits at one end of the intentionally draughty stone chancel, behind which stand delicate stained glass windows depicting St. Aeol, St. Ehilm and St. Arvanad, the three most favoured saints of the family. Attached to a gilded and heavily ensorcelled lectern stands the Book of Hours, a collection of texts for the liturgical hours of the day, along with a detailed calendar, surrounded in lavish illuminated drawings and prayers. This is the pride of the Gentharl family, and so each night and day a young warrior is commanded to vigilantly guard the book and chapel. The piety and patience of the whole family is challenged daily by the irascible Liturgist Worlev, an ancient man whose temper is worse than any storm. The Liturgists Cell is attached to the rear of the church, a cramped and cold chamber, just to Worlev's liking.

The Village

The Gentharl have long been the rulers of the local Hendreiki clansmen, through legal technicality Lord Gaidon is the Chieftain of the Caldvale Clan, although his title is hereditary and not voted for at some clan moot. Several times a year Lord Gaidon calls together the elders and ring members of the clan to have a moot. The image of Lord Gaidon dressed in his ceremonial cloak, trews and torc attracts

many spectators from across Heortland, some nobles to mock, others to honour this coming together of people. As time has blended the memories of Hendreiki and Esvulari tradition and as more of the local populace have converted to the church of Aeolus, the more westernised the moot has become, now including a small tourney in addition to the traditional boasting contests and drinking feats. Whilst this tourney is fought on pony back with couched and blunted lance it is still a spectacle to behold. There is also a great fair upon these days, with minstrels, moneylenders and charlatans all having their parts to play, it is even known for Bundalini and his Band to travel this far south.

The village remains strongly Hendreiki in appearance, thatched long houses, open hearths and a small shrine to Barntar and Esrola that would not be out of place in a Dragon Pass community. However the encroachment of Western ideals and thought has led to the construction of a large blacksmiths, with a great bellowing chimney, a tavern where weary travellers can rest their heads, a great windmill where corn can be ground and a small church which stands over the weekly farmers market. Most of the farmers lease their lands from Lord Gaidon, others hold traditional clan lands and instead pay the Esvulari as their defenders and in return receive patronage for their goods.

In addition to the Knights and Men at

Arms in the service of Lord Gaidon, the villagers and farmers of the area form a levy of spearmen, training once a week on the village common, under the tutelage of Sir Harvandere. Occasionally young men of great promise are offered the opportunity to become squires or men at arms, but in doing so they must be blessed in the name of St Aeol or St Ehilm, a factor that deters many of the pagan Hendreiki. Occasionally women are allowed to join the levy, but this is rare, even for those dedicated to Vinga, Lord Gaidon frowns upon this and thus these women are given male names on the levy rosters.

The Hendreiki are proud, they adopted the Gentharls as landlords under the reign of King Andrin and have always maintained a relatively harmonious co-existence, but winds of change blow through the village, the Esvulari are now Lunar Imperial servants, and news of Lunar atrocities in the north have filtered down as far as Caldvale, stories of genocide and murder. It is murmured amongst the villagers that one day the Empire will seek to destroy all of Orlanth's servants and Caldvale will not escape. To emphasize the point the Hendreiki have recently adopted two refugees from the fall of Whitewall, Vorbiron and his daughter Eliza, Issaries merchants once accused of aiding the Sartarite Rebellion.

1.) The windmill, is a great creaking and groaning wood and stone affair with

simple cloth sails, however none can dispute the value of this marvel. Gone are the querns and the laborious duty of grinding corn every day, now women have time for other household duties. Engric the Liturgist uses the Wind Mill as a metaphor to explain how the unruly power of the wind is controlled by the guidance of St Aeol into a force of productive energy and life, an example that converted Jarve the Miller within a day.

The Guardian Beings

There are in actuality two guardian beings watching over Caldvale, one is obvious the other is not.

Damina

The angelic servant of St. Chalarn who lives to defend the world from the encroachment of the Ice Demons, she defends the people of Caldvale and they do not know it or know properly how to communicate with her.

METHOD: Manifestation.

FORM: A Pale Glowing Woman in Esvulari Dress, with angelic features, blood soaked hands wrapped in cloth, she wields a magical needle and shivers constantly.

COMMUNICATION METHOD:

Only those who descend into the dark depths of the Caldvale Gorge can talk to Damina, she speaks softly in an echoing alien voice. She does send warnings in the form of strange events but no-one can properly interpret them.

AWARENESS FUNCTION: Sense Ice Demons

BLESSING FUNCTION: Repair Tears in the Black Ice Hell Gate.

DEFENSE FUNCTION: Fight Off Cold

2.) The village chapel is a small, triangular building. At one corner is the tall, thin tower which bears the bells and wind-chimes, and the main entrance is in the wall opposite. Inside is a chamber large enough can hold a congregation of perhaps 30, as well as the lectern and altar. To one side of the chapel are the simple study and bedroom of the liturgist, Engric.

3.) The Moot Hall is an ancient stone long house, which was once thatched, but now supports a stout slate roof, supported by great beams. The hall is a meeting place for the Hendreiki, it is the centre of their social and cultural existence, here are held weddings, funeral wakes, festivities and moots. The chieftain's throne sits empty except when Lord Gaidon descends for one of his moots. However a council still gathers here to deal with matters of daily life. The walls of the Moot Hall hang with the shields of the clansmen alongside the heraldic shields of Lord Gaidon and his knights and above the throne hangs the colours of the Gentharl's.

4.) Argvand's House is the most welcoming home within Caldvale, he and his wife Ulda have always been known as the most hospitable of folk and so it is natural that they turned their home into an inn where weary travellers can come for a bowl of stew, a mug of ale and a pallet beside the fire. Argvand has toyed with the idea of giving his home a name like the Inn's of the west, but everyone calls it Argvan's House and probably always will. Argvand has recently been initiated into the cult of Minlister, his beer is at a very experimental stage, but is well liked when it doesn't make the drinker sick. Vorbiron and Eliza live in a small room at the back of the Inn, Vorbiron is lame and blind, but Eliza helps out in Argvand's House, concealing her beauty behind a heavy veil.

5.) Darkin's Smithy is a large building with a long sloping roof. Within his great forge his two brothers, who are also his apprentices, pump bellows. Darkin is seen as something of a magician amongst the Hendreiki and Esvulari, his soot blackened skin and foul temper add to this belief as he folds and shapes iron with an ease that is impossible to all but the greatest smiths. Darkin is reluctant to make weapons of war with his skills, but can forge anything he wishes.

6.) The Shrine to Barntar and Esrola is a small wooden hut upon the edge of the largest field, within stands an iron plough, a gift from Darkin to his friends and kin. There is a warm cheery, earthy smell about the building. A small statue to each of the gods of the harvest and field

stand in a little alcove, beneath which a wicker basket is filled each week with fruits, vegetable and corn from the land. Isalvan and his wife Dorsia are the Godi of the deities, living in harmony as Barntar and Esrola did (except when Islavan drinks to much).

7.) The village common is the location for the Moot Tourneys and most outdoor ceremonies; there are regular weekly markets here where farmers come to sell their wares such as poultry, vegetables and cheeses. In the centre of the common stands a tall Life Pole, a carved wooden totem that depicts the life and history of Caldvale. In the spring the Life Pole is decorated with flowers and ribbons, in the winter its base is smeared with rabbit's blood and earth, even Engric and Worlev the Aeolian Liturgists nod towards the pole when they walk passed it and before tourney's break bread before upon its foot.

Burnt Wood

This ancient oak wood is the home of the Burnt Wood people or Llon Dath, an ancient folk that have lived here with nature since before time, their origins lost even to themselves. The wood its self is dark and shady, a place rarely travelled by any but the bravest hunters of the Hendreiki. The Llon Dath live at the heart of the wood, their crude heather and sod houses surround their great smouldering charcoal mounds, which must be tended day and night. They gather wood and hunt, living almost completely self sufficiently, only venturing to the edge of their woods to sell their produce. Their only regular visitor is Darkin Smith, who is well loved, for he always knows the proper greetings and brings enough ale for all.

The hunting in the wood is excellent, but even the best hunter must be wary of the vicious black boars that forage under the canopy. The Silver and Mist Streams both run through the heart of the forest, the animistic charcoal burners revere the spirits of both, along with all of nature. There are several deep caves amongst the crag stones that litter the forest, these are the occasional home to trolls, or other dangerous beasts and so are avoided by most. Although there are no Elves present here, there are numerous woodland spirits and the ghosts of the lost, the Llon Dath know the names of most of these entities, but are always wary. One of the most unusual features of the wood is Black Cleft, an extremely deep cut in the earth surrounded by the oldest trees in the wood, this is a weak spot, a point where the Spirit World touches the Middle World and so is best avoided by all but the strongest shamans.

Black Pools and Ancient Copses

There are numerous small black pools that dot the landscape of the manner, some of these are dark and wild places, surrounded by gripping, choking black mud that entraps anyone who approaches, whilst others are favoured spots for catching pike and carp, Poverri's Thumb is the

name of the best fishing spot and a small shrine to the god stands on its edge. It is known for strangers and wanderers to make camps around these pools and there have been several incidents of villains and vagabonds using the sites as hideouts. The Sheriff employs Jaff and Mutt Wutley from the White Wuttle Farm as Keepers whose duty it is to check for such occurrences and report them to Sir Guille. The same is done of the many small copses, which are favoured spots for hunters; Jaff and Mutt make a tidy sideline hunting for pheasant and pigeon whilst performing their duties. One of the Copses known as the Elm Fingers is the home of mischievous sprites, runners and pixies and is avoided by anyone with sense.

The Local Farms

Other than the village eight Esvulari farmsteads occupy the sherifffdom, tenant farmers who pay a sheep tithe to Lord Gentharl every season and give him a quarter of every harvest run six of them. Each farmstead is self contained usually consisting of one long house and several sheds and barns. Pigs, sheep and cattle are all farmed, with an emphasis on sheep, whose wool is sold in Duchamp. The staple grains are wheat and barley, with oats and cabbages for the winter months. Two of the farms are privately owned, purchased of the landlord several generations ago.

Personalities of Caldvale

There are around 800 people in Caldvale and environs, all of them have stories, but these are the most influential folk of the town.

Lord Gaidon Gentharl

Esvulari Sheriff and Lord of the Manor

A man whose name is a byword for honour and justice, he views his position as sheriff and lord of Caldvale with direst sincerity. Although his position is hereditary, Lord Gaidon endeavours to prove that he is worthy of all of his titles, even that of Clan Chieftain, which results in some mockery from his peers, who already view him as something of a country bumpkin. Lord Gaidon encourages trust and honesty in people, although he rarely seems to receive it from his sons, who vie constantly for his attentions. Lord Gaidon tries to be a fair, but strict judge in all matters, his punishments for crimes are rarely disputed, but are irreversible when made. Lord Gaidon relies heavily upon the companionship of his wife and Liturgist, who lift the heavy burden from his hectic lifestyle. Age is beginning to show in his auburn hair is greying at the temples and beard, but he is still strong enough to raise the banner of Heortland if called to do so.

When the Gwyn-Thales first arrived amongst his people Lord Gaidon was apprehensive about them, they were strange wild folk claiming to be his kin, at first he revoked them, then he felt a strange yearning and soon began to invite them into his hall, now these wild

men wander freely in his hall, much to the chagrin of his equals and his wife. When in their presence Lord Gaidon feels alive, he says he can breathe easier and is often heard to laugh out loud in a most unlordly manner.

Abilities:- Esvulari Lord 20w, Heortland Sheriff 1w2, Honourable 15w, Just 5w, Follower of St Ehilm 10w, Legal Knowledge 20w, Commanding Presence 1w, Strict 20, Love Caldvale Folk 5w, No Free Time 10w, Family Concerns 20, Wealthy 10w.

Equipment:- The Sheriff's Seal of Authority 15w, The Staff of Legal Order 5w, Luxurious Clothes, The Caldvale Torc 5w.

Lady Elanoya Gentharl

Lady of the Manor

The fair Elanoya is Lord Gentharl's third wife. His first died of Creeping Chills, his second sadly drowned. Elanoya is twenty years younger than her husband, and while not a comely woman she has a charm that men favour. Lady Elanoya despairs at the behaviour of her daughter Felise and although she tries to love her stepchildren, they regularly undermine her authority. Elanoya is always at her husband's side, dressed in rich oak green, the devoted wife. She acts as her husband's council and supports his every act, except when it comes to the Gwyn-Thales, whom she refuses to talk to, believing them beneath her station. If Elanoya had her way the family would move to Duchamp, her hometown and live a more civilised life.

Abilities:- Esvulari Noblewoman 10w, Devoted Wife 20w, Council Husband 5w, Follower of St. Earna 2w, Support Lord Gaidon 15w, Pay Attention 20, Watch Carefully 20, Hate the Gwyn-Thales 20, Long For the City 5w, Worried by Felise 20.

Equipment:- Fine Clothes

Sir Hareghast Gentharl

Errant Heir to the Manor

Unruly, mouthy, copper haired and freckle-faced Hareghast, child of Dorvella, Lord Gaidon's first wife, and heir to the Manor. Hareghast is a creature of the fields and woods, he loves to hunt, hawk and run with the hounds, preferring the companionship of his squires to that of the court. Hareghast delights in the Orlanthi way of life, often rejecting the aloof ways of the Aeolian Church. Worlev and Sornehan constantly pursue Hareghast, trying to force him to his scriptures and letters. Hareghast has a rivalry with Sulain his younger brother, which is a pure clash of personality that often becomes a clash of blades. Hareghast loves it when the Gwyn-Thales come to visit and has a very close friendship with Wulfric.

Abilities:- Esvulari Nobleman 1w, Hunting 5w, Know the Manor Lands 10w, Carousing 20, Follower of St. Worlath 17, Hawking 5w, Run

The Guardian Beings

Durrith Hand-in-Hand

This being represents the community as a whole, he is formed of the unity and co-operation of the village, two people living together side by side.

Method:Manifestation

FORM: Durrith Hand-in-Hand appears as a red faced farmer dressed in green who wanders amongst the villagers during gatherings. His mood fits that of the clan from joyously happy to somber and moody.

COMMUNICATION METHOD:

Durrih never talks, but instead he emotes loudly, laughing, screaming and moaning as is appropriate. If the village is in danger he swings from the Chapel bells and runs across the roofs of the houses.

UNUSUAL REQUIREMENTS:

The member must be an accepted part of the village, this may be done through a formalized ritual called the 'Belonging Dance' or may simply be through group consensus. Durrith is fond of turnips and a small field must be planted with them so that he can devour them at harvest time.

AWARENESS FUNCTION:

Sense Threat to Village

BLESSING FUNCTION:

Community Harmony

DEFENSE FUNCTION:

Unite Against Outsiders.

The Gwyn-Thales and the Gentharl's Strange Cousins

The arrival of the Gwyn-Thales happened many years ago, when the Lord of the Manor was a young man, it happened one winters eve when the worst winter storms were howling. They arrived as weary travellers, five in total Tathan, Cormac, Gideon, Wulfic and Owain. They made the correct greetings and called themselves kin, reciting the Gentharl's lineage for ten generations and claiming that Patris Gentharl was their brother. Lord Gaidon was a happier man, and well into his cups and he greeted this new kin openly, much to the consternation of Worlev the Novice, Gaidon's closest friend and tutor. As the years have passed the Gwyn-Thales have always shown up from time to time, always bringing with them fun and mischief, which some love and some hate. They never seem to age, but that they claim is due to good food, the mountain air and loving kinfolk. Their arrival always brought light into the hard lives of the Caldvale folk and so few questioned their existence and when Cormac gave up his life to defend innocent villagers from the ravages of scorpion folk then their honour was never again questioned. Strangely no-one has ever visited their halls, or seen their village, nor are there any invites to do so, but such is the nature of Esvulari, who prefer their own hearths than those of their neighbours. Those few that do stop and wonder about these strangely dressed red headed charmers from the mountains are quickly shamed for such ill thoughts by their kin.

Fast Sw, Sword Fighting 7w, Avoid Tutor 10w, Annoy Sulain 10w, Love Father 20, Love Caldvale Folk 20.

Equipment: A fine Iron Sword (+5), An Iron Chain Shirt (+9), Noble Clothes.

Sir Sulain Gentharl
The Model Son



Sulain is the model son, a true Esvulari, intelligent, compassionate and level headed. He is attentive to his tutors, hard working and filled with good manners. His mother Adrina, who drowned when he was eight, instilled all this into him. Sulain only loses his cool around Hareghast, who he sees as flippant and foolish, unfit to inherit the manor. Sulain is determined to beat some sense into his elder sibling, much to his father's annoyance, on several occasions Lord Gaidon has been forced to manacle his son to curb his temper. Sulain tries to ignore the Gwyn-Thales when they are around, but never succeeds and always finds himself being led into trouble by Owain or the scurrilous old Tathan.

Abilities: Esvulari Nobleman 5w, Level Heady 20, Smart 1w, Compassionate 20, Hard Working 20, Learned 1w, Good Manners 20, Sword Fighting 3w, Jealous of Hareghast 15w, Love Father 5w.

Equipment: A sturdy Iron Sword (+6), An Iron Shield (+4), An Iron Chain Shirt (+9)

Lady Felise Gentharl
The Wild Daughter

Flippant and wild, Felise is a romantic, she dreams of being swept into the arms of her beloved Owain Gwyn-Thales. Whenever the reckless black sheep of the family are near her visage of dignity fades and she launches into dangerous escapades that infuriate her parents. One day she is going to get hurt.

Abilities: Esvulari Noblewoman 1w, Incurable Romantic 10w, Reckless 5w, Ride like the Wind

20, Adventurous 20, Flippant 5w, Ignore Parents Warnings 5w, Amore Owain Gwyn-Thales 10w.

Equipment: Star Fire (Riding Horse 10w, Fast 13w), Beautiful (but often torn) dresses.

Agnessa
The Loyal Nurse Maid

Agnessa is a large rounded powerhouse of affection and sentimentality. She has served as the Gentharl family nurse for twenty years and is devoted to them all. She is exasperated by Felise, and is forever trying to keep the girl out of trouble, but she knows that a young woman needs to experience the world. Agnessa fusses over anyone she meets, especially if they are wounded or sick.

Abilities: Esvulari Nurse 10w, Caring 12w, Devoted 5w, Large 17, Mothering 10w, Smothering 20, Member of the Order of St. Chalarin 10w, First Aid 10w, Magical Healing Blessings 15w, Restrain Patient 20, Prepare Healing Draught 20.

Equipment: Bandages and Splints, Salves and Ointments, a clean handkerchief.

Larbiastor the Cook
Lord of the Kitchens

A tall, well-built and jovial man, he runs a happy kitchen, but an efficient one. However if any servant makes a slip they are quickly chided by the cook, or receive a quick clip to the ear. Whenever the Gwyn-Thales arrive they insist on visiting the kitchen, tasting the food and disrupting Larbiastor's organisation. What is worse always play tricks upon him and it is well known that Gideon Gwyn-Thales lusts after his wife Devlain.

Abilities: Esvulari Servant 20, Superb Cook 15w, Maintain Order 2w, Great Belly Laugh 20, Chide Servants 5w, Easily Tricked 20, Distrust the Gwyn-Thales 5w, Big 20.

Devlain the Housekeeper
Matriarch of the Chambers

Small, pretty and sharp, Devlain is the total opposite to her husband. She maintains a clean, respectable house and keeps the servants in order, cracking her apron like a whip after any that step out of line. Her duties are extensive, and she misses the freedom of her youth, Gideon Gwyn-Thales reminds her of those lost moments, she cannot resist his charms and seldom does when he is around. She respects Larbiastor her husband, but he bores her and their love has died.

Abilities: Esvulari Servant 5w, Housekeeper 20w, Sharp Mind 5w, Dream of Lost Youth 20, Adore Gideon Gwyn-Thales 10w, Follower of St. Earna 20

Sornehan the Illuminator
The Dreaming Scribe

A very distant cousin of the Gentharls, Sornehan is the family scribe. He trained in

ANEMVOS

The Anemvos look like tall red haired youthful humans, with wild piercing blue eyes and boisterous and meddlesome temperaments, they claim descent from an illicit affair between the

Mountain Breeze Goddess Hurridala and the prophet St. Aeolus via their son Thales, a heritage that is declared blasphemous by the Esvulari.

The Anemvos are magical creatures able to fly upon a breeze, commune with the winds and have exceptional long lives. They breed by mating with human women, stealing away the children to their lofty hall, which hangs from an inaccessible cliff in the Stormwalk Mountains.

Anemvos typically follow either the theistic mother Hurridala or Thales of the Mountain Gales who serves as a Wizardly Order; others worship Storm Gods, yet no Anemvos has ever followed St. Aeolus. In fact they cannot enter any shrine or temple dedicated to their forebear and avoid handling anything bearing his symbol.

Weapons and Armour –

Any that they choose, although they prefer swords.

Significant Abilities –

Close Combat 5w, Tall 17, Handsome 20, Boisterous 5w, Quick Tempered 20, Lustful 20, Seduce 5w, Disguise Magical Nature 1w. Innate Magical Abilities - Fly Upon Breeze 10w, Long Lived 10w, Speak to Winds 5w, Blow Foe Down 10w.



Criminals 20, **Tough** 10w, **Sense Wrongoers** 17, **Over Zealous in Duty** 5w, **Cover up Mistakes** 6w, **Overconfident** 10w, **Abrasive** 20, **Desire Lady Felise** 5w, **Loathe Hendreiki** 5w, **Black Hearted** 10w.

Equipment- A Sturdy Iron Sword (+6), A Stout Oak Shield (+3), Bronze Chain (+6), A Huge War Horse 15w.

Sir Harvandere

The Aging Master at Arms

An aging knight who is has the daunting responsibility of training the local muster. He enjoys the challenge of it all, but is becoming more absent minded as time goes by. The men are fond of him so cover up his errors.

Abilities: - Esvulari Knight 10w, Train Muster 1w, Aging 20, Pleasant Fellow 5w, Make Mistake 17, Forgetful 20

Equipment- A Sturdy Iron Axe (+6), A Fine Iron Shield which is Blessed with Steadfastness 2w (+4), A Bronze Chain Shirt (+6)

Worley the Liturgist

The Tempestuous Cleric

A foul tempered man, who thunders and rattles worse than any storm. He appears eternally annoyed with all around him. His loyalty to the family is beyond question, he would die for them, but he would never tell them so. Worley tries to maintain piety within the family, bellowing out sermons at the most inopportune moments, bursting into tirades at banquets. His favoured preaching ground is the Caldvale Fayre where he verbally assaults his parishioners and visitors alike.

Duchamp, and is a master illuminator. It is his duty to document any legal cases dealt with by Lord Genthals, he is however a little prone to over embellishment of these documents, adding exciting details and illustrations do these extremely formal ledgers, however he is one of the few literates amongst the family, so no-one has noticed. Sornehan dreams of venturing across the world documenting its history, peoples and places, he is also a budding playwright, a fact frowned upon by his family, seniors in Duchamp and culture as a whole.

Abilities: - Esvulari Scholar 16w, Illuminate Text 1w2, Creative Prose 5w2, Illustrate 20w, Playwright 10w, Day Dreamer 7w, Follower of St. Ankormy 1w.

Lnalval the Bard

The Bitter-Sweet Musician

Lnalval is a sacred bard, responsible for the recording of Caldvale history and turning it into poem, ballad and chant. He takes his duty very seriously, it is an ancient profession that is becoming weakened by the spread of literacy. Lnalval spends many hours composing his music, which while pleasant is often and well played is cold and soulless. Lnalval lost his muse when his wife died of Chills seven years ago, he mourns her daily, tending her grave religiously. Lnalval dislikes Sornehan, but conceals it extremely well, however it is notable that the scholar is never included in any of his songs. Lnalval envies the natural talent of the Gwyn-Thales, all sing well, but Owain is possessed of an angelic voice.

Abilities:- Esvulari Bard 9w, Play Flute 6w, Play Lute 15w, Follower of St. Donandar, Mourn Wife 20w, Listen Intently 6w, Create Ballads and Poems 15w, Chant Hymn 5w, Bitter 20, Traditional 5w, Envious 20.

Equipment:- The Harmonious Lute 5w

Sir Guille de Brut

The Black Knight

A tough and burly warrior, victor of many tournaments and duels. Sir Guille believes himself to be the epitome of honour and chivalry, invested by his lord in hunting down criminals and ne'er do wells, however his overconfidence has lead him to make wrong arrests on several occasions, rather than admit his error he has used less than reputable means to cover up his mistakes. Sir Guille is abrasive, with a harsh tone that only garners respect from soldiers, his heart is truly black and he will stop at nothing to get what he wants. Sir Guille as aspirations that he will one day tame and marry Lady Felise. Sir Guille is very anti-Hendreiki who he views as scum, potential criminals all. The only thing worse than a Hendreiki is a Gwyn-Thales in his opinion, if they weren't blood relatives of his lord he would have the lot locked away.

Abilities: - Esvulari Knight 15w, Lance and Shield 5w2, Sword and Shield 1w2, Hunt Down

He visits daily with his friend Engric, whose camomile tea is the only thing that seems to make Worlev smile. Worlev is especially distrustful of the Gwyn-Thales, he suspects something strange about them and has made several trips to Duchamp to examine the family records in the Cathedral of St Ehlum.

Abilities:- Esvulari Liturgist of St Aeol and Worlath 15w, Thunderous Temper 20w, Lightning Quick Retort 5w, Room Shaking Bellow 5w, Preach Like a Mad Man 20w, Set Sinners Straight 10w, Spot Sin Everywhere 20w, Loyal to the Gehtharls 1w2, Distrust Gwyn-Thales.

Equipment:- Copies of the Abiding Book, the First and second Disquisitions on Virtuous Air, Robes (+2), and Staff capped with a silver Aeolus and Worlath Rune.

Engric the Liturgist The Kindly, but Troubled Gentleman

A mild tempered man, who believes that converts come to the faith through gentle persuasion. He sees the world as a metaphor to explain the great goodness of St. Aeol, and delights in pointing these out to people, often at inopportune moments, often to the confusion or embarrassment of those involved. Engric is popular amongst the Caldvale folk, partly because of his kind nature, but also because of his ability to calm Worlev. Engric is somewhat over enthusiastic in his approaches, delighting in organising committees, social activities and community events. These are rarely successful. However there is something else about Engric, something which people cannot place, occasionally his moods change rapidly and he will storm away seeking solitude, he calls these his 'Tests of Faith' but no-one knows why.

Abilities:- Esvulari Liturgist of St Aeol 10w, Kind Hearted 1w, Pleasant 5w, See Metaphor 10w, Organise Events 13, Cheery Smile 20, Troubled Soul 5w, Disguise Troubles 10w.

Equipment:- Copies of the The Examples of Karatch, the Abiding Book and The Book of Community Togetherness (Bless Meeting, Make Peace Between Villagers, Calm Crowd, Cheerful Countenance, Make Bonds of Friendship, Community Presence).

Jarve the Miller The New Thinker

Jarve is a well-respected and wealthy man, his mill is the pride of the village. A convert to the Esvulari faith he actively spreads the word to all his customers. Jarve has strong links with several trade guilds in the cities and has begun to sell his excellent flour to a wider market. This has begun to influence his view of the social hierarchy and he has been heard to question the role of

nobles within the order of faith and society. Jarst regularly entertains merchants and 'modern' thinkers from the cities, he has become an opening for the guilds to enter into the sherriffdom, and he himself was recently initiated into upper ranks of the Guild of Flour and Crust in Duchamp. As such all guildsmen travelling the Broadway must stop by and pay him a small tithe, which is only making him richer and more influential in the village. He has recently made several large loans to townsfolk and it is rumoured a local noble.

Abilities:- Hendreiki Miller 13w, Follower of St. Bartath 1w, Proselytise the Aeolian Way 20, Question Social Hierarchy 5w, Wealthy 1w2, Guildsman 10w, Influential 10w, Mercantile Minded 10w.

Argvand the Hospitable A Simple and Hospitable Man

A jubilant dipsomaniac is one way to describe Argvand, he is highly hospitable and enjoys the company of others, when he was lamed in a farming accident he turned his hand to brewing, a skill which he is slowly developing. He lives by bartering his ale for goods he needs although as the night progresses he will accept almost anything for a drink. He deeply loves his wife Ulda, but mourns that they can never have children, but still they are happy in their lot. Some people think that Argvand is a simple man, and they are probably correct in many ways, but he is also capable of bizarrely profound statements.

Abilities:- Hendreiki Farmer 1w, Initiate of Minlister 20, Brew Ale 17, Hospitable 10w, Alcoholic 20, Sociable 7w, Simple 20, Surprisingly Profound Statement 20, Severe Limp 20.

Ulda Open-Arms The Brewers 'Wife'

Ulda is far from a comely woman, the fact that she was born a man being the greatest factor in this. As a worshipper of Nandan Ulda is accepted by the whole of Caldvale society as the spouse of Argvand, she is capable of performing every duty that a woman would and nobody within the village would even think to comment. However outsiders and foreigner are often cruel enough or just plain foolish enough to comment, which breaks Ulda's heart, sending her into fits of uncontrollable tears. She has never been sure that turning her house into an inn was such a good idea, but she dutifully listens to her husbands ideas.

Abilities:- Hendreiki Steadwife 10w, Devotee of Nandan 5w, Strong 20, Tall 17, Deep Voice 13, Easily Hurt 10w, Cry Uncontrollably 20, Adore Husband 10w.

Vorbiron the Astute The Hunted Messenger

Vorbiron is a hunted man, he lives in fear of his life, although he does so for reasons that are long forgotten by most. Vorbiron is a worshipper of Issaries, one of the so called High King's Heralds, an organisation that used their understanding of travel and communication to pass messages amongst the rebellious tribes of Sartar. Like the more famous Household of Death they were loyal servants to the King of Sartar, and they were similarly hunted and persecuted during the siege of Boldhome. Vorbiron is the last of his kind, however he still retains within his memory a message, which he can only convey to the true King of Sartar. This message was given to Vorbiron by Prince Salinarg, and is of major importance to any who would be king. Euglyptus tortured Vorbiron breaking his legs, gouging out his eyes and sawing off his hand, but the messenger still managed to escape by magical means, leaving him drained but safe. Vorbiron is incredibly wealthy despite outward appearances, he would more than gladly give loans to any who sort to depose the Lunars, and several rebellious chieftains have already sort his aid. He recently fled Whitewall, not wishing to become entrapped in another besieged city. Vorbiron is extremely cautious, he feigns poor hearing and looks feeble, but the power of Issaries is still strong in him.

Abilities:- Sartarite Herald 16w, Devotee of Gultha Goldtongue (Herald Goodword Herocult) 17w, Communication Affinity 1w2 (Protect Message, Repaeat Message Precisely), Travel Affinity 20w (Surprising Escape, Detect Enemies Approaching), Keep A Secret 5w2, Stubborn 10w, Secretive 15w, Wealthy 20w, Diplomat 10w, Member of the High King's Heralds 15w, Wanted Criminal 18w, Cunning 10w, Crippled 10w.

Equipment:- The Seal of Boldhome 15w, The Ring of Mastakos 10w.

Eliza Vorbironsdotter The Dutiful Daughter

The beautiful Eliza is all too aware of her father's situation, she is devoted to him so much that she has sworn to Vinga the Protectress to defend him. She is a formidable warrior, but plays the part of the dutiful daughter, tending to his needs and working hard for Argvand and Ulda. She hides her beauty and her red hair beneath thick scarves and veils. She longs to join Kallyr in the North, but knows her place is at her fathers side. She only leaves him to practice her sword swings in the secrecy of Argvan's beer filled root cellar. Eliza enjoys the company of Darkin, he talks endlessly about weapons, which greatly interests her,

but she has to feign boredom and disinterest to maintain her cover.

Abilities:- Sartarite Warrior 13w, Devotee of Vingan 10w, Loyal Daughter 17w, Beautiful 20, Secretive 8w, Close Combat (Sword and Shield) 14w, Ranged Combat (Javelin) 5w, Hard Working 5w, Acting 5w, Wanted Criminal 1w.

Equipment:- The Sword of the Protectress 7w (+6), Ring Hauberk (+4)

Darkin Smith

The Wizard of Iron and Fire

If he washed he would be tall, blonde and handsome, instead the dark sweaty and soot covered Blacksmith avoids cleanliness as best he can. It is rare for any smith to know the secrets of Iron, Darkin learned them long ago, when the Pharoah was still alive and rare magic was available to normal folk. He once dwelt amongst the glittering spires of the City of Wonders, happy and content in his industry. He forged the blades of for Pharoah's Constant Guard, alongside his wife Angelca, who could forge a blade as fine as any man. But she was shattered and broken by a Wolf Pirate just like the city he loved. He keeps those days quiet, there are those that want every remnant of the Pharoah's glory eradicating so he sees no point in agitating them. Darkin is capable of forging any weapon, and can imbue them with blessings of resistance and steadfastness, but rarely does. He has become fond of Eliza, she is a strong woman and in his own simple way he tries to woo her and so if he is not in his Smithy he is Argvand's House. He has a reputation for his poor temper, but in truth he is just lonely. Once a week Darkin goes to the Llan Dath to trade for charcoal, he likes these people and is revered amongst them.

Abilities:- Esvulari Blacksmith 2w2, Great Smith (Wizard) of St Gunbrastus's 19w, The Tome of Iron and Fire (Bless Iron, Forge Iron Weapon, Forge Iron Armour, Blazing Furnace, Maintain Constant Heat, Blessing of Iron Bending Strength, Bless Armour with Steadfastness, Bless Armour with Resilience) 20w, The Hammered Ledger (Forge Metal, Bless Plow, Bless Hammer, Bless Tools, Bless Anvil, Light Fire, Resist Heat and Flame) 15w, Dirty 5w, Lonely 5w, Tall 1w, Strong 5w, Handsome 20, Industrious 15w, Grumpy 1w, Close Combat (Sword or Hammer) 20, Friend to the Llan Dath 1w.

Equipment:- Copies of The Abiding Book and all grimoires, an Iron Breast Plate and Helm (+10) (Blessed with Resilience, Steadfastness and Resist Heat and Flame 20w), an Excellent Iron Sword (+7)



Black Garnath

The Leader of the Burnt Wood Folk

Black Garnath is a charcoal burner, like his father and grandfather before him. The life of his people is hard, dirty and short, but it is the only life he knows. Even as a leader of his people his station is little higher than a Stickpicker in Hendreiki society. He knows the wood well, and with his wife and eight sons they hunt, snare and trap all the animals of the wild to fill their bellies. The Burnt Wood people respect Garnath and speak through him when they trade, he is devoted to his people, and knows never to trust outsiders, who are distrustful of Burnt Wood Ways. The Charcoal Burners are all Animists, descended from a foreign folk whose history was lost before Time, they worship wild things, the trees, the earth, their fires and the ghosts of their home, they came to this land and were offered shelter by the First Clan and have remained here since. Black Garnath is their Spirit-Talker, his magic is not strong, but it is greater than any that his kin possess, he carries an oak staff decorated with bird skulls and wings to denote his status, he knows magic of curing, of cleansing and survival, but little else.

Abilities:- Llan Dath Chieftain 10w, Spirit-Talker (Burnt Wood Tradition / Feathered Staff Practitioner) 20, (Fetishes Include Safe in the Wood 19, Run Like Deer 1w, Hide Amongst Trees 18, Chase Away Ghosts 17, Lure Animals Closer 20), Charcoal Burner 10w, Hunter 1w, Know Burnt Wood 12w, Hide 20, Close Combat (Spear) 17, Ranged Combat (Self Bow) 5w.

Equipment:- The Feathered Staff of the Llan Dath 10w, Snare and Traps

The secret of the Gwyn-Thales.

The clan of Gwyn-Thales are in truth a strange magical folk called the Anemvos, their father was Thales, allegedly the bastard son of Aeolus, born of the Saints lust for Hurridala, a goddess of sweet breezes that dwelt high in the Stormwalk Mountains. The Anemvos appear human they are marked with their divine heritage, blessed with strange powers, long lives and a natural affinity for wind magic. All Anemvos are excessive in their natures, they are boastful, lusty, loud and boisterously friendly to the extreme but they can be explosively violent and dangerous if provoked, they can speak to the winds and can fly as easily as a man walks. The Anemvos look like tall strong men, often with rich red hair and piercing blue eyes, if angered the wind swirls about them and they can knock their foes flat with a breath.

Never populous they dwell in one great clan hall, which sits amongst the eyries of the Wind Children, with whom they consort. They live upon the edge of worlds, neither sorcerous nor divine, neither god nor mortal. Thales was born of lust, and he and his children desire contact with the human world and so they descend their mountain homes, and move amongst the people of the land. There are no females amongst the Anemvos so they lie with mortal women, and spirit away their children to join their clan. This is not always the case, some of the Anemvos have allowed their sons to grow amongst the humans, often becoming great leaders and it is not until later in life that they reveal their true natures, in other cases the Anemvos father of a child dies and his son never learns his true nature, such is the case with Patris Gentharl's the great grandfather of Lord Gaidon, and so there is Anemvos blood flowing through the Gentharls line just as they claim.

Amongst the Hendreiki the Anemvos are revered as holy creatures if they are identified and for a woman to lie with one is a blessing and any children born of such a

union as not mourned when they disappear in the night, however amongst the Esvulari they are feared and reviled, their name and that of their lewd Goddess are scratch from the scriptures and their heritage denied as blasphemous, if they are encountered and recognised then the wizards are called to banish them, but with their human looks it is a difficult task to accomplish. The motivations of the Anemvos are strange, they like to interfere, causing trouble wherever they appear, but they always defending the under dog, their presence always results in change, and some say they are heralds of catastrophe. It is the Lunar presence that has aroused their ardour this time, but what part will they play in the Hero Wars?

When using the Anemvos remember that they are trying to be human, they could easily be monsters destroying everything, they are powerful, but should be used gently, adding colour and humour. They are meddlers not destroyers.

Tathan Gwyn-Thales *Eldest of the Gwyn-Thales*

Tathan is the oldest of the Gwyn-Thales, he is over 400 years old and his red hair is greying at the temples. His brother Cordos fathered Patris Gentharl and was then slain in combat against Foulblood Monsters, Tathan has sworn to watch over the Gentarls in memory of his lost brother. Like all Anemvos he is wild and lusty, but he knows humans well and has learned courtesy and the laws of hospitality. He is fond of the Caldvale humans, seeing them as good entertainment. His arrival is always greeted with pleasure by the common folk, who enjoy his bawdy songs, practical jokes and lewd stories, the majority of the Esvulari do not! His presence at the last three tourneys has been of great embarrassment to the nobles, however the Gentarls are unaware that Tathan has used his magic on many occasions to aid their knights to victory. Tathan is always vigilant watching his brothers in case they reveal their true natures.

Abilities:- Anemvos Noble 1w2, Sing Bawdy Song 20w, Practical Jokes 7w, Tell Lewd Story 2w, Handsome 5w, Dutiful 10w, Courteous 1w, Human Culture 10w, Charming 10w, Seductive 3w, Watch Brother's Like a Hawk 5w, Deception 12w, Close Combat (Sword and Shield) 10w, Ranged Combat (Javelin) 12w, Relationship Gentharls 15w.
Innate Abilities:- Fly Upon Breeze 20w,



Long Lived 20w, Speak to Winds 15w,
Blow Foe Down 1w2.

Owain Gwyn-Thales *The Daydreamer and Lover*

Owain is a dreamer; he feels great passion for the Caldvale humans, especially for Lady Felise, towards whom he has developed an almost human attraction. His fellows tease and jibe him about this, Anemvos are not supposed to love, only seduce, but Owain cannot help himself. He has also developed a strong passion for the plight of the Orlanthi and listens eagerly to any news of the rebellion. Owain is a close friend to an eyrie of Wind Children, who bring him news of the Northern Conflicts, he has petitioned Tathan several times begging for his kin to go and 'interfere' with the Lunars, but Tathan refuses. Owain knows that Gideon has already been north, and envies him for it.

Abilities:- Anemvos Warrior 10w, Passionate 20w, Feel for the Orlanthi Plight 10w, Amore Lady Felise 10w, Reckless 5w, Handsome 10w, Seductive 7w, Charming 5w, Deceptive 10w, Boisterous 20, Sing 20w, Allies Amongst the Wind Children 1w, Close Combat (Spear and Shield) 20, Ranged Combat (Javelin) 20.
Innate Abilities:- Fly Upon Breeze 12w,

Long Lived 10w, Speak to Winds 15w, Blow Foe Down 5w, Fly High 1w.

Gideon Gwyn-Thales *The Scoundrel and Rogue*

Gideon is a true cad, his behaviour is always scandalous, whether he be picking a fight, initiating almost fatal drinking contests or seducing every woman he meets. He cannot bear to conceal his devilishly wicked nature and despises Tathan for trying to restrain him. Gideon has flown north several times, consorting with the Rebel leaders, especially Elmalanti Bluespruce and causing trouble amongst the Lunars, he recently assisted King Broyan's escape from Whitewall. The rebel leaders all know his true nature, a fact that would cause Tathan's wrath to fall on Gideon's head should it be revealed. Thankfully Gideon rarely visits Caldvale, but when he does lock up your daughters!

Abilities:- Anemvos Warrior 20w, Roguish 5w, Sly 8w, Reckless 10w, Cad 15w, Devilish 1w, Rebellious 15w, Seductive 19w, Handsome 10w, Conceal Secret 20, Aggressive 10w, Sing Drinking Songs 5w, Drink Heavily 10w, Friends amongst the Orlanthi Rebels 10w, Close Combat (Sword and Shield, Brawling, Spear and Shield) 1w2, Ranged Combat (Javelin) 20w.
Innate Abilities:- Fly Upon Breeze 15w, Long Lived 12w, Speak to Winds 5w, Blow Foe Down 18w.

Wulfric Gwyn-Thales *The Wild Runner*

Wulfric is strange, even for a Gwyn-Thales, he loves to roam the wild places, and can commune with the animals and adores their company. He has an innate ability to heal animals as well, which none of his kin can explain, however it is his movement that is the most unusual, Wulfric is fast, he can run like the wind, he can run over anything be it ploughed field or water without being slowed. He can run up cliffs and through fire, but unlike his kin he cannot fly. Wulfric claims that his mother wasn't human, but a wilderness goddess, which no one can find any reason to refute. The humans know he is different and yet accept him more readily than the Anemvos, they call him 'blessed' and treat him with friendship. Of all the Gwyn-Thales it is Wulfric that is most likely to be encountered, he always seems to be there at just the right time, just when you need him.

Abilities: Anemvos Warrior 5w, Running 10w2, Understand Animals 20w, Survive in the Wilds 10w, Lusty 17, Handsome 20, Sing Wild Songs 1w, Mimic Animal Calls 10w, Tall 19, Dutiful 20, Friendly 10w, Boisterous 5w, Disguise Magical Nature 15.

Innate Abilities: Run over Any Surface 1w2, Run Like the Wind 10w, Run without Tiring 5w2, Heal Animals 10w, Long Lived 10w, Speak to Winds 1w, Blow Foo Down 5w.

Plot Hooks

What follows are a few plot ideas for the village, they are left open and vague for the Narrator to fill in the details, they do not all have to be played nor do they necessarily have to be played in any particular order. They could be used throughout a campaign or linked together to make a campaign. In most cases they would make one off adventures for visiting characters.

The Fraudulent Tax Collector

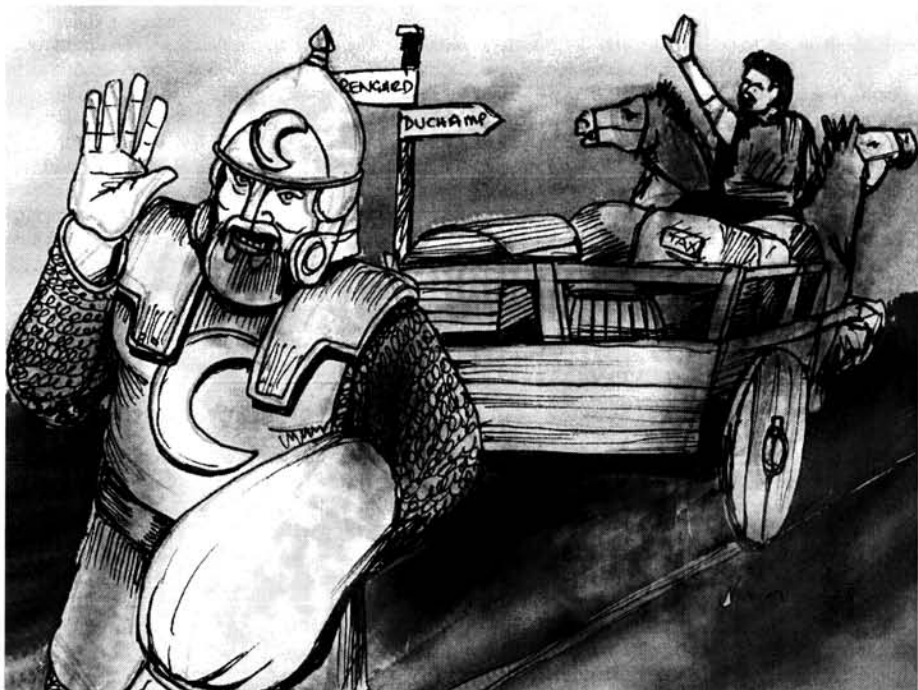
A fake Lunar Tax Collector comes with stolen ID and empties the Tax House, a week later the real tax collectors come, demanding the cash. If Caldvale won't pay then they face the wrath of the Empire and Lord Gaidon loses face. The Players are hired to join in the search for the thieves – They can be tracked by their expenditure, masquerading as a wandering Knight and retinue – Finally meet at a Duchamp tourney, they haven't got all the money, so the players must enter the tourney to raise the missing funds and win.

Trouble at the Caldvale Tourney

What begins as a typical tourney turns to mayhem. First there is the theft of Lord Genthari's circlet, then Sulain and Hareghast get drunk and begin to duel upon the tourney field. Worlev's preaching leads to an assault by an angry Lunar soldier. The Rich Esvulari nobles from Duchamp turn up to laugh at their strange country relatives. There strange merchants around selling some rather dubiously acquired goods and a man with a Brass Mule. A strange troubadour challenges all comers to a magical musical contest and someone comments that the Barkeep's wife looks like a man with disastrous results. Add to this the arrival of the mysterious Red Knight at the event and that is only half the fun.

Sornehan's Great Adventure

Sornehan is tired of listening to people's tales of the world beyond Caldvale



and asks the heroes to act as guards while he wanders the world, seeking inspiration for his play. In a tragic comedy the naïve Sornehan blunders into all manner of trouble, he marvels at the (apparent) hedonism of Duchamp society, and instantly falls in love with an inaccessible woman, he begs the hero to aid him to capture her heart, after a series of romantic blunders and a confrontation with her jealous husband Sornehan decides to go home having seen enough of the world. However he returns and actually writes a great play, leaving Caldvale to make his fortune, heroes with an inclination to acting may get to go along and earn fame and fortune in the theatre.

The Spiritual Trials of Master Engric

Engric's old demons come to haunt him and he needs help to defeat them. He barricades himself in the chapel and refuses to come out, consequently he fails to bless the harvest and a dose of Blue Corn Blight hits Caldvale. All attempts to get him out fail and from inside can be heard inhuman screams and laughs. Worlev shows the heroes a secret entrance into the Chapel through the catacombs beneath. What manner of creatures are they that haunt Engric? Are they Lusty Succubi come to test his chastity? Are they in fact demons that he has summoned to do his bidding? Are they the vengeful ghosts of his Hendreiki ancestors who he turned against to become an Esvulari? Perhaps they are demons testing his purity, monsters that have raised the dead to prevent the heroes rescue of the pious priest.

Lady Felise Flies

After several tempestuous family argument Lady Felise runs away, the Gwyn-Thales turn up unexpectedly, Owain too has gone missing – The heroes need to find them – clues suggest magical intervention from some of Owain's Wind Children friends. Can anyone climb up the Needle Spire to convince Wind Children to help them? Will the Gwyn-Thales reveal their true nature and aid the heroes to fly? Can the heroes convince the two to come home and placate their families. Can an Anemvos truly be in love? Could this lead to marriage?

The Burnt Wood Witches

Lady Felise falls sick, a strange malaise that leaves her with black finger print like marks all over her body, the Liturgists say that she has been cursed by a witch. Sir Guille goes on a quest to kill the witch and her coven. He hires the PC's to join him in his hunt. He finds several strange clues, which are extremely vague, and quickly comes to the conclusion that the Witch dwells amongst the Charcoal Burners of Burnt Wood. He makes demands that the PC's join him in hunting down the felons, Sir Guille captures three of the charcoal burners (who put up a good fight) but in the process kills a woman and child. He drags them before Lord Genthari, the Charcoal Burners swear, curse and threaten the noble in such a way that he can do nothing other than call them Witches, to add to his evidence Sir Guille produces sticks and drums marked with evil chaotic symbols, which he claims to have seized from the

Witches, the PC's did not see these. Will they defend the Charcoal Burners? Will they aid Sir Guille to have them sentenced to death? Are they the cause of the illness? What will Darkin Smith do?

If the Charcoal Burners are killed, then their kin gather to watch the execution, carrying with them the body of the woman and child killed by Guille. They walk silently away, never to be seen again. This has an instant effect, Darkin Smith has no charcoal, he can make no iron, he has lost his friends and turns his back on the Manor. Sir Guille Becomes tormented by the ghosts of the woman and child. Lady Felise does not recover and dies.

If the Charcoal Burners are redeemed, then the PC's have made an enemy of Sir Guille, who promptly covers up the death of the Woman and Child. Lady Felise remains ill, but perhaps the PC's could quest to bring back special healing for her.

If the Charcoal Burners are redeemed and Sir Guille is accused of the murder of innocents, then Sir Guille is brought to trial. However he escapes the jail, becoming a great enemy of the PC's. Lady Felise remains ill, but the Charcoal Burners tell the court that they know the location of a Mallia Wich who is causing the malady. The PC's may quest to defeat the witch. Perhaps finding her to be in league with Sir Guille.

Prayers to the plough

While the magical iron plough is being used in the Barntar rituals it cracks after hitting a piece of ice-blue stone. The Godi and Liturgists say that this is a bad omen and

the crops will fail unless something is done – they need some sort of ritual placation at the Caldvale Gorge if this is not done unexpected frosts freeze the land and kill the crops. However when the sacrifices are made, Ice Demons appear from the holy spot and attack the villagers, is there anyone brave enough to venture into the Gorge and discover the truth, will they discover the Damina dead slain by a monstrous Hollri? Will they instead be able to aid the holy being to fight back the demons of ice? Is the increasing strength of the Ice Demons tied in to the Death of Orlanth in the north?

Gideon Gwyn-Thales is Murdered!

Gideon is found dead at the entrance to Caldvale Gorge, his body is frozen to the ground and a great shard of ice is rammed through his heart, who killed him? Was it Larbiastor the Cook, jealous of Gideon's dalliance with his wife? Was it the Daimon of Caldvale seeking to revenge some ancient wrongs? Was it Sir Guille, whose guilty secrets only Gideon knew? Was it Owain Gwyn-Thales, as everyone thinks? Will the true nature of the Gwyn-Thales be discovered? How would this effect the position of Lord Gentarl? What secrets does Worlev know about the Gwyn-Thales, Is he a suspect?

A Noble in Debt

Jarve the Miller loaned someone a huge amount of money recently and he wants it back, but they are refusing. Instead they frame Jarve for a crime (perhaps

Gideon's murder) and Jarve faces the death penalty. Jarve calls upon the players to contact his friends in Duchamp, soon Guild agitators begin to appear discreetly amongst the folk of Caldvale, they are all anti-nobility, anti-lunars and are seeking trouble. They begin to disrupt Lord Gentarl's power and turn the people against their lord. The over pious Worlev and peasant hating attitudes of Sir Guille lead to further problems, could this be the lead to the Revolt of Caldvale? Will the Gwyn-Thales turn against their blood relatives to support the peasants or will they seek revenge for the death of Gideon?

The Kings Message

Kallyr sends heroes to Caldvale seeking Vorbiron, but he disappears into a secret hiding place to find him the heroes must question to villagers and track him down, however they are very tight lipped. Just to further agitate the broth, a group of Lunars arrive, amongst their numbers is a Spoken Word Agent, seeking to recapture the treacherous Issaries. Can the heroes get to him first? Will they be able to defend him and get him back to Kallyr? Will he co-operate or does he resist Kallyr's cause? What is the message he holds? The Lunars can of course insist that the sheriff deal a group of villainous Orlanthi rebels and the heroes are allied to Lord Gentarl, how would Esvalri deal with the situation, especially if Vorbiron and Eliza explain the truth of Lunar oppression?

The Caldvale Calendar



Caldvale follows a farming calendar of planting, growth and harvest and so most of its events are centred around these activities. Within the chapel there is a beautifully decorated and painted book called the Almanac of Seasons, this book illuminated by Sornehan's Great-grandfather explains pictorial what the villages must do each week of the year, Engric announces the duties for the coming week at the end of each Godsdays. Here are some of the more unusual local festivals.

Sea Season

St. Bartath's Wedding / Barntar's Wooing

Both Hendreiki and Esvalri celebrate this event. In this holy ceremony unmarried young men and women come to the chapel, here they are blessed before they begin a series of marriage contests, which involve feats of strength, industry, farming and housekeeping. The Bride Hunt is the most popular part of the ceremony with prospective husbands having to search the village for their bride to be, whilst being gently thwarted by the married folk of the town who chase them around with hazel switches. A great feast marks the end of the ceremony.

Fire Season

The Caldvale Moot and Tourney

Lord Gaidon descends to attend the Caldvale Moot in all his finery, matters of law are discussed and then a great feast

proceeds two days of jousting, horsemanship, archery and duelling. All comers are welcome. Many Duchamp nobles attend to gawk at their country cousins. The Gwyn-Thales never miss a Moot.

Earth Season

The Harvest Clout

This moot is marked by the large amount of cider drunk and the horrendous hangovers every man woman and child suffer. To over come the hangovers the Clout Men hunt around the village to drive off any evil spirits or demons with their yew staffs, lest they take advantage of the villages condition and spoil the grain stores. On almost every occasion real troublemakers have been apprehended and beaten, last year for example trollkin were found hiding in the Wind Mill rafters.

Dark Season

The Caldvale Sanctification

This strange ceremony finds the whole village under the leadership of Worlev climbing in slow procession to the Caldvale Gorge. The people dress in ashes and furs and sing a long slow dirge, most people no longer remember the correct words so just moan a lot. At the top Worlev speaks loud prayers in Storm Speech (which he doesn't understand) and then the villagers throw cups of boiled water down the whole. Finally a fire is lit and kept vigil over for the next two nights by Worlev and Engric.

Dry Hard

The Ritual of the Fury Wind

A HeroWars Glorantha Scenario, inspired from the film with Bruce Willis

by Gian Gero

Level of play: from easy to master level (depending on the Campaign style); recommended high risk, fast action, heavy irony (as the above mentioned film). I.e.: Many simple contests and just a few extended contests (in the last scene).

Location: Northern Heortland (or preferably Volsaxar), where Heortlanders fight against the overwhelming and encircling forces of the Lunar provincial Army: the Army sieges Whitewall while warbands terrorize the countryside and destroy the social and logistical network sorely-needed by King Broyan of Volsaxar.

Players' Heroes: Strictly Heortling or Heortland allies or mercenaries; recommended: Lightbringers/Seven Stars of Orlanth's Ring representatives.

Level of Heroes: Any (but enemies should be suited to overcome the average skills of the Heroes by at least an average of 5 TN); recommended: low mastery in some skills (1W to 10W) and magic in proportion.

Type of Heroes: assorted team: 2 battle specialists, 1 or 2 leaders; 1 magic/cult specialist; 1 or 2 talking specialists; total number from 4 to 8, including followers and bodyguards (the leader/s should be a specialist of any sort).

Scene I

The Heroes are summoned by the local Chieftain. Orlanth is looking for heroes to avenge and stop the crimes committed by a squad of pillagers who are sacking a nearby, little populated (due to war losses and famine), weakly defended area of small farming communities. An emissary from the King or from the harassed area speaks passionately at the heortling moot describing the atrocities committed by the raiders and asking for immediate, quick, professional help (but accommodations for any help is available or the Chieftain agrees to allow, considered the harsh times his own community is facing). An antagonist (a Godi or an Issaries, not well-connected with the heroes) speaks against the emissary, lest the community is left undefended, and the heroes can argue

that they should go. Debate against the antagonist 20 (but more AP given by his/her supporters: 40AP).

One of the Heroes (presumably that one with more Hero Points or with the highest rating in combat/orate abilities) is designated the "Orlanth Fury Wind" for the main responsibility of the mission: the clan's Lore Master should point out that when Orlanth needed to avenge his clan he summoned the Fury Wind to aid him. The Lore Master then performs the ritual with the heroes, provided that they agree on it, and in this way bestows on the Leader Hero the following benefits (for the duration of the episode):

According to the results of a simple contest against the Fury Wind Ritual 5W, using abilities like Initiate to Orlanth or Mythology of Orlanth, assign:

Permanent augments (+1 margin victory/ 2 / 3 / 4 compl victory) in abilities like Orlanth's feats and affinities, Boldness and Military Tactics.

How to stage the Fury Wind Ritual: It's a sort of Mythic taking of responsibility against a foreign threat. So it should involve evoking (with chants) all the typical enemies of the Heortling culture, plus one or two specific foes of the heroes or the community they belong to and for each symbolic enemy the ritualist paints a war-drawing on the naked skin or on the shield of the Leader Hero, so enforcing him with the power and duty of the Fury Wind. At the end, the Hero must swear an oath to follow the Seven Virtues of Orlanth and to protect Orlanth's people or avenge the harms the people has suffered, or be blighted (see optional scene below).

Scene II

The Heroes travel to the area. They search in the local communities and ask roaming characters (traders, hunters, war refugees, pilgrims, bards) for traces and news of the pillagers. This is a long but easy task: make 2 or 3 rolls against a suitable resistance such as "suspicion toward strangers" or "unfamiliar dialect" or

"fleeing scared travelers" of 14-16 range.

The problem is that the heroes have to convince the locals that they are here to help and are not raiders themselves. They will be greeted at the edge of the local tula/farming area and escorted to the Chief. They can question the Chief and his advisers on what they know and who they can ask who would know.

They learn that the pillagers are foreign demon worshippers and that they are destroying and "defiling the religious and corporeal integrity" of any Heortling folk they meet.

During the scene, it could be dramatically appropriate to stage a straggling patrol of the clan they are visiting return with many empty saddles, have the Chief change from initial suspect to begging the heroes for immediate relief. Maybe a fine (and single) woman has been kidnapped and have her brother or father (left for dead in the ruins but having overheard the raider's boasting) report that she is to be sacrificed to the demon Yaranis. Maybe her father offers her hand in marriage and a healthy dowry to the man who rescues her. Suit these encounter to the taste of your players (staging either a diplomatic/official or a personal/emotional scene).

Anyway, at the end of the scene, the heroes should catch the track of the raiders or got enough information to discover Old's Well..

Scene III

The Heroes track the invaders to the last hamlet that they pillaged. It is called Old's Well. There are few survivors (old people, mainly).

The Heroes can question the survivors (easy talking task opposed by a babbling resistance of 12), examine tracks searching for evidences of the raiders (medium task, concealment gives resistance of 16) or conduct divination at Orlanth's local (defiled) shrine (sibylline response resistance is 20W; apply modifiers according to place, holy day, Fury Wind

Examples of Raiders tactics

If the Heroes are discovered outside the village, the Raiders could try to use hostages to force them to come in the open and then charge and trample them; or (if the heroes entrench themselves in a building or on the Wood Tower) they could try to use fire and smoke to force a confused retreat, easily routable;

or they could try to bargain and deceive them in order to approach them (see Eleikeinios stats) and then betray their ill-placed trust;

or they could free some hostages to actually hinder (crying babies and hysterical women) the Heroes;

or they could attack with hostages as shields;

or they could use magic to panic the Heroes or their mounts;

or they could even try to convert the Heroes, showing their obvious strength and putting at stake the lives of the prisoners and the threatened Heroes' against their loyalty to Orlanth's virtues.

If any Hero is captured, he could be kept in the pits near the latrines (mild disease risk) like in many 'Nam movies.

Ritual previous results; do not use high divination resistance 10W3 as prescribed by the rules because the heroes are following the hero-path of the Ritual). The group's loremaster can point them that the Fury Wind Ritual instructs them to conduct a divination at that moment; avoid telling them that the shrine was defiled and this way the omens collected here are more vague. They may learn the following:

The pillagers ride sable antelopes and worship Yara Aranis and come from the Hungry Plateau (though I would only make this info available on the divination or if a Lhankor Mhy witnessed the attacks as he could recognise the runes; on a fumble/mistake the riders could be mistaken for Praxians); Y.A. is a demon goddess of the Evil Empire. They torture and mercilessly slaughter the Heortlings with all the fervour of the fanatic. They are lead by a dark mage, a cruel warlord and a blind madwoman. They need to be stopped as quickly as possible before more people die. They moved to an isolated (10 miles from Old's Well) village called Wind Hollow, because they need to rest, and shelter for the upcoming bad weather (Storm Season), and there they slaughtered cruelly the famed thriving children of Wind Hollow (a small model community among the Heortling)! A sage or well-travelled hero could remember hearing that Wind Hollow's children are famous for their long and beautiful black hairs which turn to ordinary hair during the ritual of initiation, but no one knows why.

Optional event: Thundering storms and cloudy skies guide the Heroes to their goal, but if they (up to this point) befriended any Etyries trader or betrayed the Orlanthi Virtues (see Thunder Rebels pag. 136), the weather still leads them, but blows against them (riding abilities or suffocation rules could apply against a Opposing Wind resistance of 3W).

Scene IV

The Heroes approach Wind Hollow and start to apply their own devised tactics (concealed progress by day or night; using horses or not; using magic to inspect or not; foreboding lengthy negotiations or violence option; frontal attack to reduce children losses out of just wind-fury or not, et cetera). See the map.

In other terms, how the Heroes reduce the raiders is up to them. Show them the map and see what they do. Note that the guard post (4) cannot see over the 20m slope and so any approach from that direction is invisible to the raiders unless there is a sentry in the wooden tower (6). When the Heroes are within a raider's sight line then the raider's vigilance (default 17) should be rolled against their stealth.

See the Raiders stats (suited for the recommended average skill of the Heroes). The Narrator should encourage the players to use secrecy tactics (because the Raiders should be plainly described as more numerous than the heroes) as opposed to awareness, reactivity and professional battle tactics (well known by the

Raiders' leaders).

If the Heroes are discovered, the pace of action should increase quickly and force them to act.

The Hostages

Fifty or so survivors, half are children, twenty women and the rest old people. They are of no help, except for confused information, and could even impede some options of the Heroes (such as the one of firing the houses to rout the Raiders).

The End

In the end, the Heroes should prevail, defeat the Raiders, rescue the hostages and win the field after a climactic contest against Eleikeinios's and Fortax's might. Use the Carse character and the inner rivalries among the Raiders to balance the situation whether the Heroes were losing badly and they would not deserve so. E.g. The mad influence of Carse over Fortax could force him to spare a defeated and dying Hero due to obscure prophecies of hers.

If he is dealt a mortal wound, Fortax could appeal to his dark goddess and throw a suitable curse on the killing him (like the hidden ability of spreading a slow but incapacitating disease to any horse he touches, with a long incubation so that the cause of the horse's death is not obviously evident).

Try not to use last hour saviours from nowhere (7th Cavalrymen style is not recommended): this option could be used, instead, in case of (unlikely) easy victory by the Heroes, in order to throw some dust in their eyes and possibly giving an advantage (in the confusion) to the cunning Raiders. Neither have the Raiders flee unscathed: they are proud and malicious but maybe over-confident and should try obstinately to slay the Heroes unless utterly outmatched. The Yara Arani are on a crusade-style mission, so they are unlikely to simply turn their backs and flee.

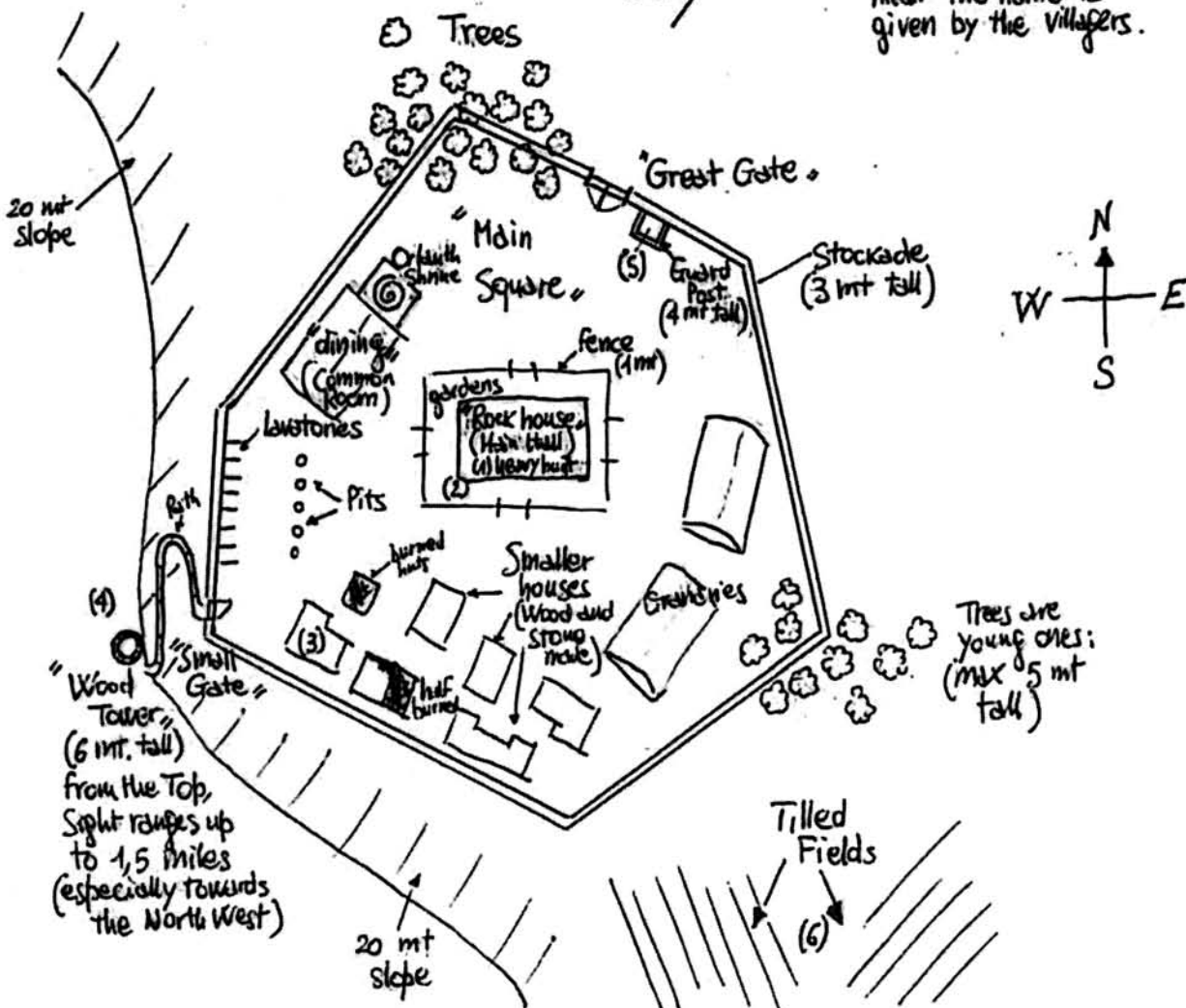
Suit rewards for the Heroes, on behalf of the Rescued people, according to their Heroism but also to their Orlanthi virtuosism. They could receive prizes and thanksgiving both from the survivors of Wind Hollow and Old's Well and the king's official that sent them the original emissary with the request of aid. A set of magical ropes made with the exceptional hairs of the children of Wind Hollow (obtained from each one of the boys and girls during their initiation) could be a peculiar reminder of this adventure. Also they should receive a big (moral) reward by their own clansmen.

WIND HOLLOW

0 10 20 30 40 50 mt.

To
Old's
Well

Note:
Hyphens: "
as in "Main Square,"
mean the name is
given by the villagers.



- (1) Here Fortax, Eleixenos, Garse, Hux and Totum dwell
- (2) Here the Sable Antelopes (Raiders' mounts) are kept
- (3) Here the other Raiders sleep (half their number are constantly close by)
- (4) 2 Raiders keep daily watch (by night: none)
- (5) 2 Raiders keep nightly watch (by day none)
- (6) Every day 4 Raiders escort the surviving women of Wind Hollow to collect vegetables and small game from the fields.

Raiders Stats: The Reaching Arms

THE RAIDERS have two Leaders and some Independent members. The two Leaders are Eleikeinos and Fortax, the Independent are Carse and the last three Raider warriors (see below). The Band as a collective is self-calling «The Reaching Arms». The bulk of the Raiders are 10 average Sable Riders. They all have suitable skills (such as Ride sable, Close Combat with Lance, Scimitar and Shield, Archery 15 and little animistic magic: they have been outlawed by their clans so they didn't develop a complete magic gear; give them an average of 14 as magical protection. Each one should be adjusted to match the non-battle-specialist Heroes and to be much less experienced than the FuryWind Hero. Any female has a personal flaw: adore Fortax 16; any male: be opportunistic 16. Languages: Hungry Plateau 15; New Pelorian 12.

Each Raider (except for Fortax) rides an ordinary sable and they have 5 more to spare; total number of antelopes (with Batdaughter) is 18.



Fortax Lunitari (male, 26)

Contest Synopsis: Close combat (Fortax): 6W^3 (+71 AP); armor ^8 Mounted Close Combat (Fortax): 8W^7 (+71 AP) Ranged Combat (Fortax): 6W^2 (+36 AP) Escape foes (Fortax): 10W. Devotee of Yara Aranis the Horse Eater 1W;

Affinities: Combat 1W (Cause Fear in Pentan, Long Reach Spear, Moon Carapace, Heal Self); Horse Eater 1W (Smell Horse, Cause Terror in Horse, Sicken Horse); Moon Beam 1W (See Moonbeam, Weave Moonbeam, Weave Protective Enclosures from Moonbeams) War Khan from the Hungry Plateau (relationship to his Clan, the Black Ivories 18) 1W Leader of the Yara Aranis Raiders «The Reaching Arms» 3W.

Other significant abilities: Dextrous 18, Skirmish Tactics 10W, Close Combat 6w (Spear and Shield, Scimitar and Shield, Lance, Sword, Dagger, Paired dagger), Bow 3W, Verbal Abilities (provoking, intimidate, rally, scold) 5W, Discover by hearing 18, Scout Area 19, Ride Sable 5W.



Flaws: Tainted by chaos 15: Gaseous Form, Reflect Feat (Chaos Features), Sadistic Torturer 19, Visionary 18, Edonist 18.

Personal Augments: Gaseous Form C.F. +1 to disengage, Reflect Feat C.F. +1 to resist enemy magic, Weave protective beams +2 to resist enemy magic, Long Reach Spear feat +4 to close combat Rank, Moon Carapace feat +4 to armor Rank, Skirmish tactics +3 to Ranged Combat or to disengage

Equipment: Ringmail armor and Lance + Small Shield, or Scimitar, 2 daggers, Composite Bow. He also owns the concealed 14 (on his body) Band Hoard: about 2000 Lunars in coins and jewellery (useful for Bribing at 1W).

Fortax' Follower: Batdaughter (Black Sable Antelope, not awakened); trained for war 2W; impressive look 18; grants +2 to close combat if Fortax is mounted.

Fortax' Sword: KUTRA SABLE RIDER (female); sister to Biara, she hates and fears Eleikeinos 13; she is more adept than the average raider at Lance and SelfBow attacks; Ride sable 1w, Close Combat 19 (Lance^3, Scimitar^3 and Shield; armor ^3), Archery 17^2.

Fortax' Spear: BIARA SABLE RIDER (female); sister to Kutra, very shy 17 and this makes her more violent 16; she is quick 15 and skilled with her bow; Ride sable 2w, Close Combat 17 (Lance^3, Scimitar^3 and Shield; armor ^3), Archery 19^2.

Fortax' Shield: TATUM SABLE RIDER (female); She is the bodyguard of Miux (Loyalty 13); she has a spirit festish with a Fire blade spirit (might of 13 and bound to serve 1/day); she is strong 14; she is also adept with scimitar and shield and knows how to intimidate 17. Ride sable 20, Close Combat 19 (Scimitar^3 and Shield; armor ^3; given time to prepare she has C.C. 2W and 35 AP).

Fortax' Backboy: MIUX SABLE RIDER (female); she is the favourite of Fortax 20;

Raiders Stats: The Reaching Arms

she feels superior to other women 18 and could either despise them or scar them; she is less adept with sword and shield and usually stands back in a fight; Ride sable 1w, Close Combat 14 (Lance³, Scimitar³ and Shield; armor ³), Archery 15².

Eleikeinos

(male 28)

Contest Synopsis: Close Combat (Neal): 1W³ (+ 53 AP), Ranged Combat (Larisse): 17² (+ 33 AP), Cheat foe: 12W, Blast with Magic: 7W (+ 23 AP)

Son of a minor Dara Happan noble who joined the Lunar Way: 18

Magical College in Henjarl: 5W, Imperial Citizen 14.

Lunar Sorcerer of the Makabean Order: Doctrine of the Order 1W

Read Tomes:

Bleak Despair 1W (Heat Rock, Warm Body, Slow Wind, Shatter Ice Demon, Resist Valind)

Grim Vengeance 1W (Curse of Catastrophe, Curse of Impotence, Curse of Discord, Curse of Frail Iron, Curse of Rotted Food, Suck Soul Strength, Tap Hope)

Humility 1W (Ease Suffering, Touch with Joy, Enhance Understanding, Comprehend Rufeza's Love, Shrive Pride)

Other significant abilities: Disdainful 15, Cunning 6W, Speak (local language) 17, Speak New Pelorian 5W, Read and Write New Pelorian 5W, Bargaining 12, Act 17, Strong Willed 20, Duelist 18, Wrestler 13, Imperial Citizen 13.

Flaws: hated by the Raiders (except for his partners and Fortax) 15

Personal Augments: Strong Willed +2 to magic and cheating; Follower +2 to magic attacks and + 23 AP; Bargaining + 1 to cheating; Act + 1 to cheating; Curse of Discord + 2 to cheating;

Equipment: leather armor and scimitar³ + dagger (main gauche); armor². Eleikeinos has bound all of his spells to his moon-rock amulet talisman.

Follower: Seducer, Lunar demon (might 3W) bound to a bronze female mask with the ability to Enthrall the victim and to consume his/her body on sight.

Eleikeinos' Sword: Neal Sable Rider (male); he never speaks, obeys blindly Eleikeinos 20, screams in battle 14; Ride sable 1w, Close Combat 18 (Lance³, Scimitar³ and Shield; armor ³), Archery 16²

Eleikeinos' Spear: Larisse Sable Rider (female); she often lays with Lester

(courtesan 12) in order to induce him to kill Miux, whom she envies 16; she possesses an integrated spirit: detect enemies 14. Ride sable 1W, Close Combat 17 (Lance³, Scimitar³ and Shield; armor ³), Archery 18².

Eleikeinos' Shield: Lester Sable Rider (male): he is a sort of sex maniac 15; he desires Larisse 18 in particular; he is tainted by chaos and possesses three abilities at 12: chameleon; protect self (+2 ranks of armor); flammable if ignited. Ride sable 1w, Close Combat 17 (Lance³, Scimitar³ and Shield; armor³), Archery 17².

Eleikeinos' Backboy: none.

Independent Raiders

Carse Illuminate Madwoman, 18 y.o.; initiate and Riddler of Sedenya 5W; blind; small size 12, dancing 20, passivity to any violence 5W; hate of mounts 18; babbling/prophecizing randomly in New Pelorian 1W, unable to think sensibly 1W. Equipment: non, except for Crazy Whirl (Madness Spirit) who randomly possesses her (detectable, but merged with Carse 20W so that it is not possible to ban except at her death); when she is possessed her prophecizing incoherently ability raises to 10W and can be used to force Fortax or other Raiders to listen to her.

Folda Sable Rider (male); he has befriended Tutsos 12; never risks his life 20 and easily could betray anyone 17 (even Fortax). Ride sable 3W, Close Combat 17 (Lance³, Scimitar³ and Shield; armor³), Archery 17².

Tutsos Sable Rider (male) he owns a fetish with a reusable protect self spirit bound within (might 14); he is friendly with Folda 14 and would follow his lead. Ride sable 2W, Close Combat 17 (Lance³, Scimitar³ and Shield; armor⁴), Archery 17².

Suliver Sable Rider (male); he is strong 14 and dexterous 16; he is adept with his daggers; he is a killer and sports a big scar on his bald skull: he is rather ugly 12; intimidate 16. Ride sable 1W, Close Combat 20 (dagger¹; armor ²), throw dagger 20 ¹; given time to augment, he goes for C.C. 3W¹ and R.C. 1W¹.



LEGENDS OF CREATION

From the Chronicles of Fethela Fodronu

by Shannon Appelcline

Perhaps too often in these chronicles I speak of the many different Aldryami forests, and their unique myths, legends and histories. Perhaps too often I speak of our separated peoples, broken apart by the terrors of Oblivion, as if they had never been one.

There is truth in the statement that we are now many peoples, that we are the seeds upon the wind who have been blown to the corners of the world. But there is also truth in the statement that we were once one people, united together, a strong tree pushing up to the skies. And there is a secret truth that sometimes, when we dream, we become one people again, a sole spirit united under the Earth.

So I have decided to extend my chronicle not by following my instincts to speak of Heortland and the ragged elves living near the Footprint, nor by returning to Arstola and telling my newly uncovered stories of The Light that Faded and The Birth of Sarana. Instead I wish to speak of the common tales held by all Aldryami, the stories of the creation of our world and of our brethren.

Perhaps these stories are not told exactly the same in all the forests across Glorantha, but at the least they are all variations of the same song.

The Ages of the Aldryami

A STORY OF THE AGES
WRIT BY FETHELA FODRONU

It seems that every people in Glorantha insists on dividing up the world into ages, that it is the only way to make sense of history, to make it a group of stories, each with a clear beginning, middle, and end. At heart this practice is alien to the Aldryami, for we see history as a continuum without beginning or end. It is a story of middle alone.

And yet, somehow, the practice of dividing history into ages has come to our own teachings too. Our wise oaks divide the world up into five ages, though we realize that they are all parts of the cycle,



that any seemingly clear division was actually the result of hundreds of years that had come before. Perhaps we do it because the power of stories is stronger than reality, because fiction ultimately obscures fact.

I can not say, I can but report that when the Aldryami speak of ages they talk of colors: green, red, black, brown, and white.

The Green Age was the first age of the Aldryami. It was the time before time when forests reached from dome to dome when there was nothing in the world but we the first born of Ga. It was the time of the Grower and it ended, in the end, only when unbounded growth cracked the sky dome and Oblivion snuck in. It ended only when we Aldryami were truly awakened.

The Red Age was the second age of the Aldryami. Others call it the Golden Age or the Storm Age, but we remember it as the age of pain, the age of separation, the age of meat, and the age of ferns and spores. This was the time when the Grower and the Taker contested for the world and Oblivion revelled in the chaos it had wrought.

The Black Age was the third age of the Aldryami. This was the Darkness to others. It was the time when the Taker grew ascendent and in the end took all until they was nothing left in all the worlds. It was the time when we were forced to make the ultimate sacrifice that we might undo the great harm that we had done at the beginning of the world, when we cracked the dome. It was the end of the beginning, and afterward all was different.

The Brown Age was the fourth age of the Aldryami. It was the Shadow Age or the Silver Age to others, a time when unity had finally been found in the world and when we attempted to rebuild. It was the time when we truly looked upon the losses that had been wrought by meat, by Oblivion, and by the Taker, and despaired for we realized that the lost could never be found again, that Eron could never be healed to his past vitality, that Halamalao could never be reignited to his old

brightness, and that Gata could never be woken to her past strength. It was the time when we gazed upon our poor, shrivelled brown brethren and knew that they could never be greened again.

The White Age is the current age of the Aldryami, the time following the Awakenings when we all struggled forth onto a new world. It is a white age, for it is an age of possibilities, when that which was forever lost could be found, if we but have the hope within our hearts. Thus far it has been an unsettled age, a time when we have tried to find history in the present day, but failed. But there are still travails ahead, in the time that many are coming to call the Hero Wars.

The Division of the World

A STORY OF THE GREEN AGE
TOLD IN ARSTOLA

In the beginning the world was all made of one substance. It was called potential, and it is an element now entirely gone from existence. It was like a wood that was harder than hickory, yet softer than balsa. It was like a rock that was harder than diamond, yet softer than lead. It was brighter than the sun and darker than the darkness. It was the entire universe, and it was the body of the Grower.

Potential is not enough, however, and it could have set in the center of the universe forever, and been wasted. But fortunately the Grower understood this, and when the day came he sacrificed himself, so that potential could become life.

Grower knew that life would require warmth and intelligence so he removed his head and let it fill the top of the world, where it became Halamalao, who watches over us from above.

Grower knew that life would require water and nurture so he let the sap pour from his neck down to fill the bottom of the world, where it became Eron, who heals us from below.

And finally Grower knew that life would require soil and protection so he let his now empty corpse fall between the sky and the ocean, where it became Gata, who protects us, here and now.

Thus the Grower died, so that we may all live, and in doing so he showed us the path that we too must follow. Just as we children of Aldrya browned in the Black Age; just as Halamalao gave his life to save the universe; just as Bebestor gave way to Sarana; so too we must die to give way to other life in the universe.

And so shall that other life die to fuel our own rebirth.

The First Planting

A STORY OF THE GREEN AGE
TOLD BY ARHIL OAKLIMB OF THE GARDEN

In the beginning the universe was a seed, and from that seed sprang Potential.

In the beginning the universe was Potential, and from that seed sprang the Grower.

In the beginning the universe was the Grower, and from that seed sprang earth, water, and light.

They were Gata, Eron, and Halamalao. They are our loam, our life, and our light. We remember them as the roots of our tree, our strong body, and our ever-upreaching limbs. They were Potential Awakened.

In the beginning the universe was Potential Awakened, and from that seed sprang Falamal.

He was the first plant and the father of us all. And from Falamal there fell many seeds that spread far and wide. It was the time before the bad winds, when all breezes were soft and protective, the sons of the sun. They took Falamal's seeds, held them tightly, and delivered them far.

The first seeds fell upon Gata. They sprouted up into firs and pines that reached up to the skies. They were the green elves.

The second seeds fell upon Eron. They sprouted into kelps and mosses that drifted in the waves. They were the blue elves.

The third seeds fell upon Halamalao. They sprouted into lightelms and goldenbarks the looked down upon the earth. They were the white elves.

And so was the first cycle begun, with the first plants growing within the world, and the seed that was Potential having become that which was its fate.

The Descent of Plants

A Story of the Red Age told in Arstola

When we look up in the sky today we see bright Halamalao. He is the son of the Grower. He is one of the three who divided the world. He is the luminous twin to the invisible orb that emanates darkness in the night.

We think of him as unchanging. Year after year his warmth beats down upon us and gives us sustenance, as does Gata's loam, as does Eron's rain.

Yet, Halamalao does change. Every day he crosses the sky; every night he dwells in the Underworld. Every season he grows more distant or more close, and so his warmth waxes and wanes.

Halamalao is always changing and always has changed and always will change. He, like we, lives by the cycles.

In the most ancient days Eron dwelled at the bottom of a bottomless ocean and Halamalao dwelled impossibly distant in the sky. Halamalao was small then, scarcely larger than the stars we see far above, and his warmth was scant upon Gata, who dwelt between the water and the light.

Thus, it was our tallest brethren who blossomed up in those ages—the redwoods, the oaks, the white pines, the hemlocks, and the tuliptrees all grew hundreds of feet in height in their attempt to touch the sun.

But then, something very bad happened. The sky filled until it was full of green from dome to dome and continued to grow afterward until finally the dome cracked. The green tried to push right through the dome, to grow outside because all else was filled.

Instead, something came in.

We all know about how oblivion seeped into the world, and what it did here, but that was not the only disaster that was caused by our growth. The sky dome had been cracked and knocked askew. Once, Halamalao had carefully balanced at his peak, but now he began to spiral slowly downward, in ever increasing circles. This was the Red Age.

As Halamalao slipped down toward the ground new species of plants began to appear. At first it was the maples and the walnuts, who were just a little shorter than the redwoods and the white pines; they did not have to reach as high for warmth because Halamalao was just a little lower in the sky. And then it was the mulberries and the dogwoods, who weren't even half as tall as their towering ancestors. Halamalao continued to fall and we eventually began to see shrubs and bushes.

When Halamalao had slipped fully halfway down the sky, after many, many seasons, our great mother Aldrya began to worry that he was leaving the beauty of the sky realm behind him and decided that what she should prepare a beautiful welcome for him as he approached Gata's sweet loam.

By this time vines had begun to grow, for plants scarcely had to leave the ground to enjoy Halamalao's warmth then. So, Aldrya poured her beauty into these vines, and they began to blossom into roses and irises and tulips and even sunflowers. Thus the earth became as beautiful as the sky, and the first flowers were born upon Gata.

This is how plants descended as Halamalao did.

Villains of Logres

by Shannon Appelcline



In the spirit of "Knights of Arthur" (Tradetalk #4) and "Ghosts of Britain" (Tradetalk #8) this article details a set of NPCs for use in King Arthur Pendragon. Whether a continuing villain or a dastard who has managed to worm his way into the community of Arthurian knights, Sir Swyno, blackheart and coward, unfit to wear the mantle of knight, can be a fun foe for your players to encounter.

Sir Swyno the Blackheart

As a child, Swyno never got a fair shake. His dad was a black knight, as was his dad before him. When he finally came of age, ready to take up the knightly profession, there was only one color armor in the entire keep. Thus, he donned his first suit of ebony chain, and his future was writ.

Alas, Swyno soon learned one of the axioms of Arthur's Britain: bad guys always finish last. There was to be no armor of chivalry for Swyno, no blessings from the gods, so he despaired of ever being able to compete with Arthur's goody-goody-knights. But, in a moment of revelation, Swyno realized how he could equal Arthur's knights, perhaps even surpass them. He decided to become the greatest of the black knights by using his animal cunning and his lightning-quick INTelligence. To a certain degree, he has been successful.

Sir Swyno, the Robber Knight

Cymric/Christian

Glory: 4,312

SIZ 16	Move 3	Major Wound 13
DEX 13	Damage 5d6	Unconscious 7
STR 15	Heal Rate 3	Knock Down 16
CON 13	Hit Points 29	Armor 12
APP 8		(reinforced chain + shield)

Combat Skills: Sword 22, Lance 18, Dagger 20, Battle 18, Horsemanship 18

Significant Traits: Arbitrary 15, Deceitful 19, Prudent 17, Selfish 13, Suspicious 14

Significant Passions: Honor 6

Significant Skills: Awareness 19, Folk Lore 12, Intrigue 16, Orate 12

Heraldry: A black crescent upon a golden background. (Frowned upon by proper heralds.)

Arms & Armor: a well-used sword; ebony black reinforced Norman chain, with silver showing on the dinged edges; a hastily painted shield; and six daggers hidden upon his person and his horse.

Horse: a dingy grey charger, often sad looking. Damage 6D6, Move 8, CON 14.

Appearance: A big, burly fellow, with a pug nose and several interesting scars. Swyno never looks quite the same twice. During one encounter he might be dressed in a peasant's filthy rags, while during another he might be wearing the fine silks of a noble. Swyno is a social chameleon, able to blend into many different social groups (usually depending on the clothes he has most recently

stolen). The only static bits of Swyno's appearance are: his shield, his arms & armor, and his horse.

Demeanor: Swyno is a cunning, plotting blackheart. He never says an honest word, and is always eager to turn any situation to his advantage. Swyno is willing to put on a hundred different masks, as appropriate to a myriad of situations. He might seem Honest, Generous, Just, or Trusting, depending on the face he is trying to present.

Plays: Swyno depends solely upon his quick and cunning intelligence for survival. Detailed here are just a few of the stratagems which he might use.

Occasionally, Swyno has been known to rise into high circles of society. By stealing, lying and cheating, he is able to convince lords and nobles that he belongs there, and is sometimes able to turn their power against truly good and honorable knights.

Swyno is not above stealing from churches, orphanages, and poor houses. He lies to them, and acts like a noble knight, and thus reaps the rewards.

When encountered on the road, Swyno may do any number of things to confuse and confound knights, among them: convince them to join him on some villainous task, allegedly in the name of good; fool them into fighting against another knight who has made himself an enemy of Swyno; or simply con them into going upon a very, very dangerous adventure.

If things turn bad, Swyno will be happy to turn to Deceit to get himself out of harm's way (roll on the RANDOM LIE TABLE, below). Award player knights appropriate checks, based upon how they react to Swyno's lies.

RANDOM LIE TABLE

(1D6)

1. "I hang my head in shame, good knights. The villainy that I have done was only to feed my hungry family." [Just/Arbitrary]
2. "I must admit, good knight, I am not displeased you have brought me low. I was but an innocent pawn in the plans of Sir [Victim]. He threatened me, and I feared for my life if I did not obey him." [Merciful/Cruel]
3. "Yes, sir knight, I have done foul deeds here, but it was in the name of vengeance against the blackheart, Sir [Victim], who slew my family!" [Vengeful/Forbearing]
4. "Please, grant me mercy. I swear by my sword that I shall give up my black deeds, and instead turn wholeheartedly to Arthur's good ways." [Forgiving/Vengeful]
5. "I have been poor all my life, and this is all that drives me to evil. If a kind and beneficent knight could only see fit to drag me out of my poverty, I could become an upstanding member of the community." [Generous/Selfish]
6. "Things do look ill, I agree, but you must trust me. I am on a most secret mission for our liege, and must blend in. I can say no more! Be off, or all will be ruined!" [Trusting/Suspicious]

Swyno will usually be able to produce some evidence of his lie, if given a few days to work.

His Pig, Percy

Swyno has a pet, a trained boar that he has named Percy. It is as savage and cunning as its master, but a runt.

Percy the Pig

Cymric/Heathen
Glory 211

SIZE 15	Move 10	Major Wound 25
DEX 15	Damage 5D6	Unconscious 11
STR 25	Heal Rate 5	Knockdown 15
CON 25	Hit Points 40	Armor 5 (pig skin)

Modifier to Valorous: +5

Glory to Kill: 15

Combat Skills: Tusk Slash @15, Trample @20 against prone foe.

Percy has been trained to run behind the foe that Swyno is fighting, and lie down right behind his legs. If Percy is in this position and Swyno's foe takes even a single point of damage, he must roll DEX to avoid falling (stumbling over the pig). If he takes his SIZE or greater in damage, he automatically falls.

If engaged in combat, Percy will slash with his tusks, although he'd much prefer to run and hide. He does, however, thoroughly enjoy trampling prone foes.

Like all boars, Percy remains conscious for a round after death, unconsciousness, or a major wound. However, rather than fighting on like most boars, he has been trained to fall over and "play dead". A knight will see through this ruse if he succeeds in a roll of his Awareness opposed against Percy's "Play (Dead)" skill of 15.

Their Merry Men

50% of the time, Swyno will be traveling with his band of "merry men". These are bandits and outlaws, typically numbering 2D6. Use the Bandit, Footsoldier, or Archer stats (Pendragon pg. 330). To a man, they are cowards, and will beg for their lives if defeated.

RANDOM BEGGARY TABLE (1D6)

"Please, don't kill me...."

1. "... I had a bad childhood."
2. "... Swyno made me do it."
3. "... I'm just a boy."
4. "... I have a wife and two small children."
5. "... I hit my head and don't remember who I am!"
6. "... I'll return to my father's farm and live out my life in peace!"

There is a 1 in 6 chance any bandit is telling the truth while begging.

Villains in Glorantha

Sir Swyno, Percy, and their Merry Men could be easily converted to either RuneQuest or Hero Wars characters. Simply multiply skills by 5 for RuneQuest, or convert them straight over for Hero Wars. If players are notably better or worse, add the difference to Swyno's average skills. For RuneQuest also assign Swyno INT (18) and POW (18). He's an intelligent and lucky fellow.

Heortland provides an ideal location for Sir Swyno's villainy. Here, Swyno is a Hendreiki warrior, armed as a knight-like the westerners who have so heavily influenced

Hendreiki culture. However, little known to the fellow knights that he bedevils,

Swyno is a secret worshipper of Gagarth, the Wild Hunt. He delights in warring against his fellows, but is too cowardly to take up the mantle of Gagarth for all to see.

Swyno's pig, Percy, could provide an interesting plot device if it's learned that he's a sacred pig of destiny, prophesized by the pig people of Ramalia, on the far side of the Holy

Country. The Ramalian prophecies speak of a pig with a star-shaped birth mark heralding the return of the lost giant boars to Ramalia. Percy does indeed possess such a birthmark, but unfortunately the same prophecies also claim that the star pig's owner will play a pivotal role, and such a heroic characterization seems beyond Swyno.

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