

Rule One

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Issue 1



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HOW JAGKREGRIAND CHOSE HIS ARMY

Greg Stafford

The kin of the Emperor were mostly afraid of Orlanth now, but there was one in particular who was angry and vengeful. His name was Jagkregriand, a red and passionate god of tremendous strength. He summoned everyone to court.

“Where are the brave ones among us?” he asked. “Who is more like me than like him?” and he pointed at that moment to Senthar, the favorite son of Yelm who was much beloved because he was kind, handsome and gentle. Jagkregriand pointed to a door, behind which was a great roaring and howling, and every so often something heavy crashed against it so that it groaned on its hinges. “Who is brave enough to go through that door? Whoever does will be the champions of this realm, and rule after our good dead father.”

No one moved. After no one moved, Jagkregriand, the powerful god who wrestled with the sky bull for exercise, went to the door and opened it, then went inside. A great scream ripped the court, so frightful that half of the goddesses all fled in terror from it. Then a welling of divine ichor ran from under the door, and the other half of the goddesses fled.

“Who is brave enough?” echoed his voice in the hall.

The next was a son of Jagkregriand, Karma-thos, who regularly devoured living serpents and crocodiles while they were still alive. He went in, and the same occurred: a terrible scream, and a wave of ichor washed from

under it. At that, the gods who were servants all fled.

“One of us is destined to be brave and successful,” said Urvainus, the Great Archer, and he went through the door. Again, a howl of terror and more ichor. At that, the gods who were lovers all fled.

“If we are to live as cowards, I would rather go and die there,” said Vesed, the Hurler of Stones. Another scream, more ichor. At that, the gods who were field workers all fled.

“I am no less than my cousins,” said Verlodril, the spear man. He too disappeared behind the door. At that, the gods who were weak all fled.

And so it went, with five more gods: Bakan, the Master of the Club; Damatlodril, the Pillager; Ordmat, the Plunderer; Serenevaya, the Frightener; and Stalathos, the Spear Thrower. When the tenth howl sounded, the last of the gods fled in terror, leaving the palace empty.

Behind the door Jagkregriand welcomed his fellows. “You are my warriors,” he said, “You are my champions. We rule the palace now. We will make this a kingdom of War and we will avenge ourselves for the death of our father, the Emperor.”

For indeed, it had all been a ruse to test them (for those weakling gods had to resort to a ruse to find the brave among them), and to find the best among them who would follow

Jagkregriand. They went to the armory then, and got armor and weapons, and mounted upon their war beasts and set off to destroy Orlanth and his clan.

They came upon our house with crashing and howling, gnashing their teeth and frothing at the mouth like rabid dogs. But Orlanth was prepared, and with his Four Winds he stopped their charge, and then from the flanks the Thunder Brothers fell upon the foes and cut them and chopped them, stuck them with spears and crushed them with thunderstones. They ran away, howling this time with pain and fear, and so the first victory was ours, there at the Battle of Dull Fire. We won that fight, and the others that followed.

Jagkregriand was not one to surrender or give up. He got allies, he enslaved armies, he commanded his vassals to assist him and they drove across the lands of the world destroying and killing. In a short time the whole world was embroiled, and that was the start of the Gods War. That is why we have war today, and why the northerners hate us and attack us time and time again. That is why they make new magic to scare our women, to take our beasts and enslave our children. That is why we fight, resist, drive them back. That is why our king, Orlanth, is a warrior and that is why we, Orlanthi all, train for war. That is why, always, the shock and horror of killing and being killed is celebrated.

HOW THE GREYDOG CLAN GOT THEIR NAME



David Hall

The Greydog was a bandit of some repute in Heortland during the time of King Andrin. He was a thief, a rogue and a womaniser who fathered many bastards. It is said he gained his moniker as a result of his banditry and the way his hair grayed at a young age. His right-hand man and enforcer was a short-tempered and brutal warrior called Mad-Dog.

Eventually the Greydog's successes led to Andrin sending his warriors to kill or capture him and his gang of cut-throats (often called the Wild Dogs, Wild Pack, or later the Dogs of War). They tracked down the Greydog when he visited one of his many "wives", and he was slain after a brief fight.

However, the Greydog's gang was a much tougher prospect. Their new leader, the Mad-Dog, ambushed the King's warriors and took a bloody revenge on the thane who killed the Greydog.

Over the next few years as more of the King's warriors were sent in pursuit, the Wild Dogs were forced to adopt a nomadic lifestyle and many times they had to fight their way out of tight corners. Eventually Mad-Dog decided to lead the pack and its camp followers into Dragon Pass to escape the King's men.

After many adventures these fugitives became part of the Malani tribe. The sons and daughters of the Greydog (most, if not all, illegitimate) formed the Greydog clan of the Malani tribe. For many years they were considered King Mad-Blood Malan's most loyal

and devoted supporters. That is, until Frodhi Greydog's treacherous murder by the King's son.

Note: In most Heortling clans being called a Dog is considered to be an insult, or at least in bad taste. However, the Greydog and his pack seemed to have revelled in such insults, and in their canine nicknames. Other prominent members of the gang included the Red Bitch, Bull-Dog, Fang-Rex, Good-dog, Cow-dog & Puppydog.

GREYDOG HOLY DAYS



David Hall

Snorri's Day

Windsday, Illusion Week, Storm Season
(Hodirson Household)

This is the day that the Hodirson household celebrates its founder, Snorri Hodirsson, and gives thanks to him for founding their household and providing such a safe and bountiful place to live.

Harvest Race Day

Godsday, Mobility Week, Earth Season

This is the day that the unmarried men of the clan (and those from other local clans) race each other to see who will win the hand of the Harvest Queen (an unmarried girl chosen by the woman of the clan during Goose Day). If a Greydog clansman wins then this is the only time that clan inter-marrying is allowed. Usually the marriage lasts a single year and the results of it usually mirror the fortunes of the clan that year.

Riddling Day

Wildday, Illusion Week, Earth Season
(Trickster/Hare Spirit)

Riddling Day reaffirms the Greydog clan's relationship with the Old Hare spirit. When Snorri Hodirsson first came to Grey Vale he answered the Spring Hare's three riddles and gained Old Greyhare's friendship and permis-

sion to clear part of the Hare Woods and to settle his followers there.

Indrodar's Death Day

Freezeday, Death Week, Dark Season
(Humakt)

Indrodar's Death Day is the Lismelder tribe's equivalent of the Dark Death Day celebrated by other Humakti. Many Lismelder travel to Indrodar's Necklace to participate in the Humakti rituals, and in the celebration of Indrodar's life and achievements. Most also join in (or at least support) the attack that the Indrodari always make on the Upland Marsh that day.

Dog Day

Wildday, Fertility Week, Dark Season
(Greydog Secret)

On this day the male members of the clan ring secretly venerate the whyter and founder of the clan, the Greydog. No one except for the participants knows exactly what happens. However, in the days after there are usually reports of masked bandits operating on the Goodale Path nearby to the Greydog lands.

Hunt Hares Day

Wildday, Illusion Week, Dark Season

(Odayla & Yinkin/Greydog)

This day the Greydog clan are permitted to hunt hares in the Hare Woods. It is the only day that it will not bring down curses or ill-luck on the clansmen and women. The fur, and especially the ears and the feet of the hares, are highly prized by the clan for the good luck they bring to their wearers.

Bagpipe Day

Windsday, Harmony Week, Storm Season

(Drogarsi, Greydog)

This is the day when the Greydog clan hosts their famous Bagpipe playing competition. Pipers from across Sartar come to Greydog Village to show off their mastery of wind, breathe and melodious music. Urox worshippers are banned from Greydog lands on this day.

Beer Day

Clayday, Mobility Week, Storm Season

(Minlister)

On this day the Greydog clan celebrate Minlister, the god of brewing. The public rituals are simple, mainly consisting of the sampling the various Greydog Inn ales in ever larger quantities. Traditionally, the Goodsword clan stands by to protect the Greydog tula from midday of this day to midday of the next.

GREYDOG DOGS OF WAR



You can run, but you can't hide

David Hall

Common Names:

The Howling Heroes, Gunnar's Chosen Men, Cornard's Boys.

Form:

The Greydog Clan warband

Typical Homeland:

Heortling

Cultural Context:

The warband of the Greydog clan

Ideology:

"Our Bark is as bad as our Bite";

"Violence is always an option".

Look and Feel:

A loud and intimidating Orlanthe warband, much given to animalistic growls, howls and the bearing of teeth. Think of a disciplined pack of large baying dogs, but with spears, shields and swords.

Purpose:

The warband protects the Greydog clan from strangers and foreigners. It rends and savages its enemies.

Headquarters:

The Greydog Chieftain's feasting hall in Greydog village, usually in the best places around the fire.

Reactions:

Other clan members are glad to have such fierce and brave defenders, though internal factions such as the Three Widows always seek to curb the warband's enthusiasm for war and raiding.

Resources

Leader:

Cornard Deathdealer is the famed Champion of the Greydog Clan and a worshipper of Hedkoranth, the Thunder Slinger. He has been killing Orlmarthi since he was fifteen.

Renowned Members:

Olaf Iron-Axe is an old & grizzled weaponthane of Snorri's Stead who wields an axe his grandfather was gifted by the Longaxe himself. Morlond the Terrible is an Osgosi and Cornard's second. Trondi Goodaxe is a cunning Vingan warrior whose cunning and guile has more than once caused the Ridgeleapers to turn-tail in terror.

Membership:

At the heart of the warband are the ten weaponthanes and their carls, plus the few mercenaries hired by the clan chieftain as his housecarls (up to half-a-dozen Indrodari or Uroxi weaponthanes before Starbrow's Rebellion, exclusively Indrodari weaponthanes thereafter).

The Greydog Clan can also call on up to 150 fyrdsmen and women.

Other Contacts:

The Greydog Clan, The Brothers of the Hunt, The Indrodari Temple.

Organisation

The Dogs of War are the warband of the Greydog clan. All adult members of the fyrd are members of the warband, but most serve part-time and are called up en masse only in time of war or for large-scale raids.

For the Greydogs, membership of any of the Thunder Brothers or Indrodari subcults qualifies for membership of the warband. However, Odalya & Yinkin worshippers (the specialised hunters of the clan) are not expected to join the warband, and seldom do.

The warband has a strict hierarchy and pecking order defined by each member's skills as a warrior. Duels are common between the warriors of the warband to demonstrate their skill-at-arms and to impose their authority (thereby moving them up the pecking order in the eyes of the other warband members).

Membership Keyword

Membership Requirements:

Members are drawn from the Greydog clan or from mercenaries who serve the clan chief-

tain. An existing weaponthane must sponsor someone who wishes to join.

Members must obey their leaders and hand over all plunder taken on raids to the leader for redistribution.

Skills taught:

Throw Javelin, Scout, Mythology of Thunder Brothers, Fyrd Combat (Shield Wall Fighting).

Typical Personality Traits:

Brave, Fierce, Loyal.

Magic:

Members worship one of Orlanth's warband cults, usually Starkval.

Edruf Greydogsson (Guardian)

Edruf was the bravest cub in the Greydog's pack. It was he who found his master's body and savaged the killers. When the pack went to Dragon Pass, Edruf led the way, sniffing out the safest paths and places, and defeating in battle those who tried to bar the way or threaten the pack's safety.

Method:

Emanation

Form:

The War Pelt of the Greydog. This large shaggy pelt of a Grey wolfhound is worn over the shoulders and head of the clan Bannerman (the tallest man in the warband). During fighting the head of the pelt growls, howls and sometimes yelps at the opposing foe (on rare occasions it has been known to bite anyone attacking the Bannerman - or an incompetent warband leader).

Warband members usually augment the sounds the pelt makes with their own growls and howls in order to strike fear into their foes.

Communication:

The various barks and growls that the war pelt makes are interpreted by the warband members as simple messages or instructions.

Three Functions:

Awareness: Smell Danger

Blessings: Terrify Foes

Defence: Pack Defence

GREYDOG WYTER



David Hall

The Greydog himself provides the clan's wyter: through the Pipes of the Greydog. The Greydog was a powerful warrior in Heortland who guided his followers in the time of the Pharaoh. It was his death that caused the clan to leave for Dragon Pass.

The wyter protects the clan from enemy magic, and blesses the clan with power and luck. Without the wyter the clan would not exist and it is sacrificed to every Founder's Day during Sacred Time. The wyter's magic is unique, different from any other clan.

Manifestation: The Pipes of the Greydog
Communication: Clan members hear in their head (and can't stop humming) the tune of The Greydog's Lament.

Unlike most clans the unique relationship that the Chieftain shares with the wyter is also shared with the Clan Piper.

Awareness: (Sense Thing of Many Bodies, Sense Dara Happans*, Find Bandits/Raiders)

Defence: (Defy Authority, Defend Against Dara Happans*, Hide in the Hills)

Blessing: (Sword Help, Clodhopper's Leap, Healing, Sacrifice Dance, Special Brew)

Other/Transitory Abilities:

Seduce Maid

The Last Battle

The Clan Piper

The Clan Piper, Fergus Windbag, uses the Pipes of the Greydog on holy days, when the fyrd is mustered, and when the Chieftain commands it. All Greydog clansmen know that these magical pipes are blessed with a protective charm. This charm forces any bandits or outlaws who are hiding within earshot to reveal themselves when the tune to the The Lay of Black Haddrick is played.

The pipes originated with the Greydog himself. He was a talented bagpiper and he had his pipes enchanted by a Kolating shaman in a way that would help him recruit likely men and women into his bandit gang.

The Lay of Black Haddrick is a bawdy song that idolises the notorious Heortling outlaw of the same name. His success with women and his immense manhood both figure prominently in the chorus. The tune to the song is extremely difficult to play on the bagpipes and even the smallest mistake can negate the effects of the protective charm.

* For the Greydogs this has a wider definition that includes all forms of tyranny or centralised authority.

GREYDOG ROVING SWORD



A Greydog Treasure

David Hall

(based on Martin Laurie's original concept)

Background

The Roving Sword was discovered within the Indrodar Temple armoury at Swordvale by Gunnar Greydog, a young initiate of Indrodar. Before Gunnar, the Sword had merely been a plain iron sword, left there by a long-forgotten warrior and for some reason overlooked. However, to Gunnar the Sword spoke, revealing a spirit bound within. It invited him to wield it and thereby gain glory and honour for himself, his clan, and his kingdom.

The temple priests were at first reluctant to favour such a young warrior with this Sword. But eventually they relinquished the Sword to Gunnar at the request of his father, Korlmar, a previous king of the tribe.

In time, the Sword revealed some of its secrets, and using its powers, Gunnar formed the Roving Sword heroband - with the spirit of the Sword as the heroband's guardian.

Gunnar and his followers first took the Roving Sword to the Holy Country as part of the annual gift-giving embassy to the City of Wonders. Later, the Sword was present in Esrolia at the time that the royal heir Sarotar was murdered. The Sword also witnessed the solemn oath that Tarkalor made to Sarotar's son, Jarolar.

The Roving Sword was part of the host which accompanied Duke Dorasar to Prax and helped to found New Pavis. However, the Sword was always restless. It left Dorasar, and for a time it followed Tarkalor in his travels across the Wastes and beyond. Later, the Sword returned to Sartar, having also abandoned Tarkalor.

But even at home the Sword was restless. It became a roving mercenary band fighting for whoever offered the most glory, or paid the Champion the most. Over time, the Sword became ever more obsessed with one particular foe: the Lunar Empire. It saw that the greatest glory was to be found in that Empire's defeat.

In 1565 the Roving Sword fought at the Battle of Dwarf Ford and covered the retreat of the Sartarite army as the doomed Prince Jarolar and his Household fought the enemy to a standstill. After this battle, the Sword left Sartar to search for Gunnar's long-lost foster-brother - they found him, drunk as usual, in Casino Town and he was returned safely to the bosom of his family.

After this the Roving Sword roved again for many years across the whole Dragon Pass region and further to the west, though now without Gunnar to lead it. At times it's num-

bers dwindled to single figures, and half-a-dozen Champions came and went.

Then, in 1582 the Sword at last returned to Sartar, called back by solemn and binding oaths. The heroband was re-forged to become the Roving Sword Clan, and once again Gunnar became its champion and leader.

At the Battle of Grizzly Peak King Tarkalor summoned the Roving Sword Clan to fight for him against the Lunar Empire.

"That day, the Storms couldn't come as the sky was too blue and Yelm shone undiminished. At first Tarkalor was undismayed for he held a strong position and he knew that the rest of his army marched from Sartar and that his Exile allies might well rally behind the Lunar main body. However, as the day lengthened and after repulsing many attacks and the assault of evil spirits, Tarkalor grew desperate. He could see no sign of the Tarsh assault on his shield wall slacking, or the return of his shattered allies. He sent wind words to the Roving Sword Clan, and to all the arriving Fyrds and warbands he could, to help him break out of the encircling Lunar forces. The Roving Sword, led by Tarkalor's foster-brother, Gunnar Greydog, saw the host arrayed against them and knew that their death was the only reward likely for attempting their king's relief. Yet they were bound by their oaths to obey, even unto death itself.

Summoning the spirit of Indrodar, they gave themselves to Humakt. Empowered and unafraid they marched to their doom. Like the slicing blade they cut through the legions of Tarsh around Grizzly Peak and found the king amid his household, lying dead next to his Queen. Both had fought to hold the assault of the Feathered Axe soldiers. They fell as they had lived - together.

Surrounded and set upon by magics both evil and potent, the Roving Sword roved no more. They stood and died, true to their word. Each fell in their places like a stone. Each sent a hand or more of their foes ahead of them to the Halls of the Dead. When the Tarshites finally reached where the king had fallen there was no sign of his body. "

Nor was there any sign of the Roving Sword.

Resources

None. The Roving Sword is now lost, and it cannot function as a heroband unless it is rediscovered.

It is unclear whether the full powers and enchantments of the iron sword have ever been fully understood or utilised, even by the Blackdog. Though any undiscovered powers would most likely only be available to the wielder of the sword, and not the whole heroband.

Renowned members: Gunnar Roving Sword was the most famous member and champion of the heroband. It is also said that Tarkalor was once a member.

Organisation

When the Roving Sword functioned as a Heroband, the leader, the Champion, wielded the sword and was the only person who could communicate with it. The sword only spoke to this person, and it would choose them based on their bloodline in the Greydog clan.

Otherwise the members of the heroband organised themselves in the same way as a Humakti warband. Only at Grizzly Peak were there enough members to form a whole battalion.

Membership Keyword

Membership Requirements: Members must be initiates of Indrodar and have been born or adopted into the Lismelder tribe. However, they must not be kinslayers or members of the Hillhaven clan. They must cut off their ties with their kin for the duration of the time they serve with the heroband.

Skills taught: Sword Fighting, Warband Tactics, Scout.

Typical Personality Traits: Brave, Stoic, Restless.

Magic: None taught.

The Blackdog (Guardian)

The guardian is known to its heroband members as The Roving Sword, but to its champion it is known by its true name, the Blackdog.

The spirit will only reveal itself to a descendant of Hodir, a Greydog noble of the early 15th century. It confides to the descendant that it is bound to the same sword that killed it many years ago in a treacherous act of kinstrife. However, the spirit also knows that it brought this kinstrife upon itself by its dishonourable and callous actions - it appears to be remorseful, and wishes to try and atone for this (though it does not know how).

However, over time the guardian will also reveal a brutal streak, a wanderlust, a craving for glory, and a desperate need to vanquish its foes. These attributes it will slowly and subtly impose on its wielder (and the heroband) as their bond grows stronger.

The Blackdog shows absolutely no interest in the Upland Marsh, Delecti, or undead creatures – unless directly confronted by them. However, the iron sword itself does react in their presence, becoming warm to the touch - almost as if something else is guiding it (ap-

parently outside of the Blackdog's control, or suppressed by it).

Method: Archetype

Form: An enchanted iron sword without any adornments, typical of a Humakti warrior's fighting sword.

Communication: Whenever the Roving Sword communicates with its champion the heroband members can feel their own swords grow warm to the touch.

Guardian Requirements: Swear an oath to Humakt to follow the champion of the Roving Sword unto death, or until released from their oath.

Functions:

Awareness: Find Safe Path

Blessing: The Slicing Blade

Defence: The Last Stand

The Roving Sword in Modern Times

The Roving Sword is presumed to have been lost at the battle of Grizzly Peak, picked up by the victors as a valuable plunder item (for its iron alone).

Possibly it is the same iron sword as that once wielded (rather unsuccessfully) by Suranimus Hasperat, a young trainee tax collector from Blessed Torang killed during the Dundalos tribe's rebellion in 1618. Suranimus' grandfather was a famed warrior who fought at the battle of Grizzly Peak in the Feathered Axe regiment.

This sword, called Stormbane by the Hasperat family, was described by Suranimus in a letter home as:

"...becoming warm to the touch in the presence of undead creatures, at which time strange runes and sigils can be seen dimly

upon the blade. At one time the mere un-sheathing of the sword caused a vampire of dread repute to flee for his very life. Unfortunately, this was to have been my lecturer on gin tax laws, and this caused much embarrassment at the Office of Monopolies.”

“Magical analysis of the blade by Irippi Ontor scholars revealed that it is a sword of great power, but with two warring spirits bound within it, that cannot, or will not, be communicated with. When I return home I will have these spirits dispelled and the sword reforged as a scimitar.”

“Tomorrow I leave for the lands of the Dundalos at the request of the Office of Monopolies...”

The Lunar Province of

Aggar

David Millians

Appearance

The Orlanthe of Aggar are known for their generally hearty build and fair complexion. These Orlanthe tend to have high brows and smaller noses. Their hair can range in color from blonde to quite black, though most tend to have hair of a darker brown. Their eyes are usually darker blues, browns, and hazels.

Men wear their hair, mustaches, and beard long. Young unmarried women wear their hair loose. Married persons wear their hair in braids, though some leave some of their hair loose. Widows wear their hair bound up or covered.

Psychology

The hill folk of Aggar share their culture with many of their Orlanthe neighbors, but the range within even Aggar can be great. They are known for being closed-mouthed. Their idea of wit is a short, snappy comeback, especially if it silences a long-winded person. They are masters of understatement. The men are more closed-mouthed than the women. Men are seen as more passionate and more easily driven to impetuous deeds than are women, who are known as the practical and more logical members of society. There are, of course, many individual variations.

Aggari Orlanthe have a reputation for being hard workers and stoic. They must work hard

to scratch a living from the poor soil or catch the lean and wary deer of the hills. They often face disaster, when a flash flood carries away their crops or herds or if no game can be found. This makes them value the ability to cope with a crisis without much fuss. On the other hand, this bottled-up frustration and rage sometimes spills over in berserker fury.

Language

Aggari Orlanthe speak Aggari, a language related to those in Holay, Sylila, and Talas-tar and descended along with them from the language of the gods. It is structurally rich in nouns and adjectives and their extended combinations, which is in keeping with its speakers' deep observance and appreciation of their surrounding world. Its phonemes can be similar to those in both Germanic and Celtic traditions.

There are a number of dialects of Aggari based around the primary divisions of the tribes, so there are forms common to the Aggar Mountain Tribes, High Tribes, Hill Tribes, Mountain Tribes, and Sun Tribes. Due to their isolation, clans living in the mountains can vary even more.

Epic poems celebrate the heritage of the Aggari. They are performed at moots and feasts. The longer ones are the exclusive creations and performances of bards. They tend to have several layers of rhyme, which

shows the creator's skill and aids in memorization. There are several other formal features, the use of which demonstrates the crafter's mastery. Strong metaphorical language is common, resulting in many layers of meaning.

Social Culture & Government

Aggari Orlanthe are divided into several somewhat distinct tribal groups: Aggar Mountain Tribes, High Tribes, Hill Tribes, Mountain Tribes, and Sun Tribes. The description below is generally true across Aggar, but some variations will be noted, and others exist. Those clans living in the mountains can be even more idiosyncratic in their social arrangements.

Aggari Orlanthe base their society on decreasingly intimate familial groupings. Their immediate family is those with whom they live, usually in an isolated stead. These families are related to one another along patrilineal lines of descent into clans, most of whom are named for a guardian or representative spirit, typically one contacted by the clan's founder. This tends to be an Aggari's primary loyalty.

Clans are led by a chieftain, known as a thegn. His supporters are known as carls. The thegn is selected by the carls, but the position is seen as hereditary by most clans. Most clans contain representatives of each social level and position in Aggari society. Thus, each clan will have wealthy and poor members, and each clan will have several gothi.

Aggari families are patriarchal, patrilineal in descent, and patrilocal. Women marry outside of their clan and join their husband's clan. Dowries and brideprices exist, and their use varies depending on local conditions and

needs. Women and their families work hard to assemble dowries or to increase the bride-price value. Marriages are usually large community festivals featuring gift giving, music, and dancing.

Clans are grouped into tribes. These are based somewhat on tradition, but they can be changed at any time, though this may bring down the wrath of other clans and the tribal king. Members of a single clan are sometimes members of different tribes, though this is uncommon.

For centuries, the Aggari have had a High King of all tribes, and his court has usually been at Eneal. For this reason and due to their remoteness, Aggari kings command little of their subjects' natural loyalty. A king's strength is based on his own real power within his tribe and clan.

The High King of Aggar is chosen by tribal contests, though those seeking the office are usually already tribal kings. The High King collects the tribute due to the Lunar Empire in the form of silver, bronze, barley, and regiments of native warriors serving under Lunar commanders. If a tribe or clan is slow or refuses to pay the designated tribute, the High King may ignore this or raid that group or some other to make up the difference. The individual tribes remain very independent.

The only three significant cities in Aggar are Eneal, the seat of the High King, Masassakar, a hill fort and rebuilt ruin from ages past, and The City of 10,000 Magicians, a mysterious community in the southern foothills of the Aggar Mountains. The latter was once a center of study for the Empire of the Wyrms Friends. It has been closed to foreign visitors for decades.

Gothi are another element in the hierarchy of Aggari society. They are acknowledged

elders within the community, though not all wise, older members of the clan receive this title. A gothi is often a priest or talented magician, so this term is also used for the animists of the mountain clans. Gothi do not necessarily have political power, but their influence can be great, and it is unwise to ignore them.

Many gothi are storytellers, and bards also fulfill this role. Stories serve to remind and bind families, clans, and tribes together and to ground an individual more strongly in the values and traditions of his or her people.

Rites of Passage

Immediately after birth, Aggari babies are held aloft atop a local sacred hill or cliff, named, and blessed. Their parents and others, usually including a gothi, witness and bind themselves to the new, young life and call on the gods, clan spirits, and natural forces to watch over the growing child.

Aggari children begin to learn their duties and skills and to assist in the household soon after they can walk. Girls are presented to Voria Springmaid, and boys are sworn to Voriof the Shepherd as they begin to follow their different paths.

Girls are initiated into the ways of Ernalda with menarche. This is a solemn, secret service and introduces the young woman to the first women's secrets. She must begin a more restrained lifestyle, developing her appeal for possible later marriage. Girls receive secret tattoos so that their guardian spirits will recognize them.

Boys are initiated into the ways of Orlanth with their first beard growth. During or after a riotous ceremony involving drums and dance, each boy must usually survive some ordeal, typically returning from the nearby wilds with the men sometimes tormenting the youth in

various forms. Each boy is marked with several tattoos, the meaning of which is sometimes known only to the officiating gothi.

Many youths are fostered at or before their initiation. This is a way to bind families within and between clans, to strengthen old friendships, to create future bonds and prevent strife, and to satisfy the need for hostages. Fosterages usually last until maturity.

At maturity in their twenty first year, young men and women swear loyalty to one or more protective gods and spirits. They also declare their immediate loyalty and align themselves informally with a tribe, typically that of their clan, sometimes that of a foster clan.

Full initiation into a cult is a major event, though its details obviously vary. Initiates become privy to cult powers and secrets and are expected to maintain and further these and the cult's power.

Aggari marriages are made extra-clan and patrilocal. Older family members usually arrange marriages, though youths often make their interests clear and pursue their intent independently. Marriage oaths of fidelity, protection, fertility, and love are sworn before as many relatives as possible and representatives of Orlanth and Ernalda. This is usually followed by a large feast funded by both families.

Divorce is legal and socially appropriate in many circumstances. The husband or wife declares the dissolution of the marriage before the ranking clan gothi. Only the gothi can block this action, a rare action on his or her part.

A death among the Aggari is a significant event. Aggari, especially men, grieve loudly. The body itself is laid out overnight to allow for visitation. Stories are told, and many families hold a feast as part of these wakes. Just

before dawn the next morning, the body is removed from the house. Men's bodies are carried to a high rack or placed high within a tree to be exposed to the elements, the cleansing winds. The bones are removed after several weeks or a season and buried at the edge of the family's stead lands. Women's bodies are buried near the family's main garden. Children's bodies are buried like women's.

Great chiefs and kings are burned and often buried in great mounds with fabulous treasures and sometimes slaughtered beasts and slaves.

Aggari believe that the dead can rise to haunt the living in the form of draugr or other horrors, and several traditions exist to prevent this. The words and magic of a gothi are usually enough to send the dead one's spirit on to the awaiting gods. Grave goods are also important, for they provide for the soul's needs, lest it need to bother the living for necessities. Finally, bodies are buried at least a man's height below the surface in order to hold it tight within the earth's grasp. Should a body still rise, due to dramatic circumstances, more powerful magic or a physical struggle is necessary.

Physical Culture

Aggari work in a variety of materials and have a rich, heavily decorated culture. Almost any item will receive extra attention with colored threads, small gemstones, furs of many colors, precious metals, and so forth. A wedding blanket might have an embroidered border of vibrant color which relates the story of her clan's founding ancestor. A harp will almost always display the symbols of Donandar or Orlanth or Issaries. Animals and plants are common decorations, and clans vary in their preferences. It is often possible to tell an Aggari's origin and affiliation by the sym-

bols, stories, and colors used in his clothing and possessions.

Clothing

Traditional Aggari clothing is a shirt or tunic and a long skirt or kilt. More and more Aggari men, especially members of the High Tribes wear trousers, and some even don the Lunar toga on occasion. Sandals in summer and high fur boots in the colder seasons are the norm, and hoods exist for rain and cold. Lighter articles are made from linen cloth, while wool and leather are common for winter and rougher environments. Buttons are rare in the uplands, where thongs, clasps, and pins are used.

Accessories for men and women include a belt, from which hang the wearer's many tools or weapons, pins and broaches to bind cloaks and hoods, decorated shoulder bags, hair and beard pins, rings, torcs, bracelets, and earrings. Metalwork is typically in copper or bronze, silver and gold for fancier objects.

Tools

Aggari need a variety of tools, most made from bronze, wood, bone, and stone.

Transportation

Aggar's rough terrain and poor trails leaves most of its inhabitants traveling by foot. Those with horses are better rested but little quicker. Winter makes some areas better accessible by sledges. Coracles are used in the marshes and on some of the quieter stretches of water, but these are more useful for fishing than for travel.

Shelter

Aggari live in steads, extended, rectangular halls with outlying barns, sheds, stables, storehouses, and other buildings. A large hall will sometimes have a second story opening in the center to the main floor. The main hall has one or two cooking pits and other work spaces down the center, and the sides are lined with raised floors for use as work areas and beds. Storage is below, and some items are hung overhead. Entrances are usually at either end.

Like their clothing, Aggari buildings tend to be richly decorated and with purpose as well, their intricately carved beams, doors, and other features serving to remind mortals and spirits of the family's strength and history.

Steads are usually built atop a small mound. These are assumed to have been raised for this purpose, but some have later been discovered to have been originally burial mounds. Larger and more powerful steads have evolved into village hill forts.

Food

Aggari have a diverse range of foods, but deep winter can be a time of real hunger. Their primary grains are barley, oats, and rye. They also have many vegetables from their gardens or gathered wild. Pork is the most common meat, and hunting provides meat as well.

Wine has replaced beer as the drink of choice in the lands under direct Lunar control.

Sports & Games

Aggari men and women play many forms of Feld Ball, essentially a form of football. Most steads have a playing area, and clan moots always have at least one large game. Some

competitions can range widely between two steads, the goals miles apart.

Aggari also enjoy foot races, wrestling, and martial contests. Many Aggari view raids as a sport.

Popular games are mostly dice and board games. The former are played with polished bones and are mostly based on luck. The most popular board game, Tavli, is similar to Nine Men's Morris, though chess is making some inroads among the High Tribes.

Pets

Aggari traditionally keep cats for hunting, though in the lowlands they have been relegated to the role of mousers and replaced by dogs. Though some stead members, especially the children, can become attached to these animals, they are generally seen as working members of the community and receive little special treatment.

Music

Aggari musicians play bagpipe, drum, flute, harp, lute, recorder, and trumpet. The bagpipe and the harp are the most sophisticated of instruments. Aggari music tends to be either energetic or melancholy.

Song & Dance

The Aggari have a number of popular melodies and accompanying and varied lyrics. Most celebrate common themes of humorous characters, lusty love, and survival against the elements. More grandiose themes tend to become stories, sometimes sacred ones, and epic poems.

Aggari Lesser Magics

David Millians

The Aggari say, 'Men sing and women chant' and their basic magics reflect this general difference in their manifestation. Many of these magics, especially boy and girl magics, are generally available, some through the familiar cults of Voria, Voriof, Orlanth the Father, Ernalda the Mother, and a few others like Elmal or Issaries. Others are clearly linked to a certain, more rare cult and are simply taught by those who know them to those who do not and who are worthy. Others are of unclear origin or provenance but are valued.

Learning one of these magics requires working with someone who does. There is usually a minor, symbolic challenge to overcome, and the two typically retreat to a sheltered grove, a cave, a sweat lodge, or some other private, potent place. The elder paints the other with temporary symbols and images, and a spirit of the magic manifests. The student memorizes the song or chant and promises to honor the spirit that brings its magic. The elder sings or chants with the younger, and then they clean themselves and return to the family.

Most Aggari learn all of these magics

All of these spells cost a single (1) Magic Point to cast. They have various minor effects or provide minimal protection, but they can spell the difference between safety and injury, health and madness. Several of these spells - Orlanth's Morning Breeze, Voria's Dawn Blessing, the sporrans magics - would

be cast every day, while others would vary depending on the day's tasks and challenges, and others might only be cast rarely.

Man Magic	Woman Magic
First Man's Music	Ernalda's Wounding
	Chant for Mother Tomorrow
Wooing Words	The Barefoot Dance
Husband Song	Wife Chant
	Birthing Chant
Fatherson Song	Motherdaughter Chant
Fatherdaughter Song	Motherson Chant
Death Words	Death Words
Seating A Ring	Grandmother's Counsel
Lankormin's Lore	Grandmother's Treasure
Bloodax, Bloodblade	Grandmother's Vengeance
Great Hunt Song	
Cidersong	Ciderchant
	Feldblossom Chant
	Steadstone Song
Stonecutting Song	
Rowing Song	
Orlanth Sails The Winds	

Magic Realm	Boy Magic	Girl Magic
* These magics are often learned by the other gender.		
Blessing	Orlanth's Morning Breeze	Voria's Dawn Blessing
Blessing	Sporranspakan	Sporran Blessing
Grooming	Beard Combing	Hair Braiding
Greeting	Omath the Host / Door Song	Ernalda's Table / Hearth Chant
Farewell	Path Song	Mother's Footsteps
Honor	Honor Song	Honor Chant
Oathswearing	Stone Words	Heart Words
Sanctuary	Mercy Cry	Mercy Cry
Tafl Playing	Grandfather's Tafl Board	
Boasting	Boasting Song	
Storytelling	Grandfather's Story	Grandmother's Story
Divinatory	Hear Rain's Whisper	Hear Mother's Voice
Divinatory	Dreamsleep	Dreamsleep
Divinatory	Cloud Tales	Woodland Words
Spiritual Safety	Ghost Be Gone	Ghost Be Gone
Homeward	Homepath	Homepath
Speed	Fleetfoot	Run Along Song
Strength	Strongarm Song	Carrying Chant
Healing	Pain Song	Heal Chant
Combat	Surestone *	
Hiding		Withining
Riding	Elmal's First Saddle	
Firemaking	Elmal's Spark	Gift of Mahome
Weaponsharp	Whetstone Song *	
Killing	Peace of Beast Brother	Sister's Embrace
Butchering	Butchering Song	Tail Bones
Gathering	Wild's Witness	Wild's Witness
Toolmaking	Spearmaking	Tool Body
Cooking		Cooking Words *
Hunting	Little Hunt Song	
Fishing	Fishing Song *	
Spinning		Spinner's Chant
Weaving		Weaver's Chant
Sewing		Sewing Chant
Pottery Work		Claymaking
Leather Work		Leathermaking *
Rope Making	Braiding Song	Braiding Chant
Tree Cutting	Tree Chopping Song	
Wood Chopping	Wood Chopping Song *	
Carving	Carving Song	Carving Song
Painting		Paint Magic
Bringing	Sheep Call	Little Lost One
Bringing	Cow Call	
Bringing	Goat Call	
Finding	Lambseeking *	Needlerattle
Nature's Sweets	Bee Woman	Berry Man
Climbing	Grandfather Climbed *	

DUCKBOARDS

John Hughes

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*“As roll a thousand clouds to Skygash,
so the hosts of Sangkavar came on. As meet
above the Spider’s house a thousand broken
clouds, so the kin of Tovar met those of Sangka-
var of the Leaden Club. And as Sky Titan faced
Empty Korang, so the fyrdmen faced their foe,
and their blood that day ran as rain from Skygash
on high.”*

—Taroskarla.

“Steady lad, you’ll send yourself keeling! You can’t just barge through the yard like that; you’ll end up arse over tit in the mud. It has its own life you know—’twill suck you down and leave your bones for the lynxes. Stick to the duckboards till you’re more used to our ways, they’re firmer than they seem. A blessing and a gift, those duckboards...

“You’ll hear it told in Pavis and Furthest and Boldhome that the Far Place is a miserable, sodden, rainy soak of a swamp. Tell that to the Alda Churi, or to the Princeros! It’s true only here under the rain cloak of Skyfall, where Old Man Skyriver pours from the heaven-gash down to the helldeep lake of the Uz. Of the human tribes, only we Tovtaros have built steads in these rain-lashed gors of the north, and here we full expect our daily storm and shower.

“We’ve paid full geld for it, truth be known. Any of my kin can name for you all ninety of Heler’s rainy lovers—from Desardra, the

warm early morning rain that falls from a clear sky, to chill Deskoras, the darkness-tinged silence that sits brooding on our valley before each thunderstorm. We know ‘em all, in all their moods and humours!

“It’s always rained here, ever since Skyriver battled Korang the Slayer in the Great Before. So the earth has learned to resist the wyrd of water, and turned itself to thick, red clay. The plants and trees reach high in this place, and they put down mighty roots, and will weave themselves a’gether in a thick matting. Good Barntar struggles here, but he has gifted us miniature grains that do well enough in the wet, and vegetables aplenty. We rely on the bounty of the Wild Mother as well as on Ploughson, and honour them both at our altars.

“Heler has gifted our tribe with flocks of Fat-Tail, hardy milking-sheep that love the rain. They have a thick greasy wool that sheds the daily drenching, but they’re stupid, stupid even for sheep, and so require close tending. The herders can be a bit thick as well, especially those Kinlini...

“Our ancestors despaired for their cattle herds ‘til Roxos Barnstomper journeyed up the Skyriver to Heler’s longhouse on Three Height Mountain, where he stole a bluehorn bull from the god’s own herd. Now that’s a raid worth telling! The bull was Horny Blue,

sire of all our present herds. Tup anything on four legs, would that one, and his breed are gentle as mist if a cow, but fierce as a deluge if born a bull. A hardy breed that love the rain, our bluehorns, just right for the uplands—gruff, surly, and short-sighted. Heler sought justice upon us for the theft of course, but that's another tale...

“The duckboards? Listen up while you scrape the muck off your boots. The first of the Far Walkers despised the Durulz, queer little duck folk they were, and we raided them and took tribute, for we are the greater race in cunning and in arms. The ancestors drove them out of their villages and water steads back to the great marsh from whence they came, or else we set them to keep vegetable gardens for tribute. And while we lorded it over them, we lived our lives ankle deep in mud. Now, I ask you, have you ever seen a muddy duck? No, Nor I!

“Spirits of rain and earth made love upon our lands, and their clinging offspring made a misery of our lives. Our yards and cattle runs were churned to a thick plashy slough by the tramp of man and beast. Only the temples of the Earth stood firm. Mud everywhere! I tell you, boots got lost, tools got lost, why calves and children and grandmothers all got lost, sucked down beneath the slop and muddle!

“T'was because of the clinging mud we first foresook our boots, and learned to walk the tula and the wilderness bare. The Odaylans went barefoot anyway: by the feats of their god they could walk on snow and mud without a trace, and they tattooed their bare feet in the rite of mastery. Soon all the herders and goose girls and even the Barnatari were following their example, and so we traipsed through the mud a bit easier, and didn't have to worry 'bout losing our boots. You should try it lad; your feet harden up after a while. Later,

the Animal Twins were able to teach even stead-dwellers the bluefoot mysteries, and so it is that all the world knows us as the Blue-foot Orlanthi.

“Anyways, one day a trader of the Durulz came with a delegation of his kin to Lagerwater. He offered to trade a great mud-secret in return for his people's freedom. Well the old men laughed at this, and went to call those of the thanes who had not slid beneath the slime. They found but a few, and those said no, and laughed even louder, and went to fetch what weapons had not been sucked beneath the slough. Finding but few, they called to the fyrdmen, and the fyrd fumbled through the muck and muddle in search of their spears.

“Then the women came out to see what was happening, the women whose fine dresses were stained to the knees with muck and sludge, and whose shining copper-bright hearths were always being soiled with the tramp of muddy feet. Well I tell you, the women didn't laugh.

“The wives and sisters looked at the ducks, and saw how they were clean and spotless despite their long journey. They looked at each other, and at their dresses, and it was decided there and then without a word. The chief's wife hurried off to tell him what he must do. For isn't the women's moot, the first moot, the loom moot, the most powerful of all?

“So it was that we made peace with the small folk, and promised to honour them as allies, and demand no more tribute, but rather share gifts of friendship.

“We feasted the elder beak folk for three days and nights. Then Dryfeather Tallwaddle (for such the trader was called) took the wains into the workshops of Lagerwater, and

there they laboured for a full day and a night. Then they laid the first of the stead's duckboards, from the feasting hall to the three main lodges. Dryfeather taught us the runes to carve into each board, and the magic songs and rituals to use when laying them.

“So it is, to this day and forever, the Tresdarnii give honour to the small folk of the Durulz. Most are gone from these parts, apart from Silverquill the grey sage, and that idiot bandit on the Ironspike trail. But we honour them when we meet, and exchange songs and salt together. And to this day and forever, on the first step beyond the lodge, we sing a phrase of the ‘Dry Foot Quacking Song’, that the duckboards remain where they should. And though it rain and it pour, and the rivers swell and rumble, our feet, be they booted or bare, remain dry and clean, and our shining hearths remain free of mud and discord.

“There’s a lad, you’ll be better off not wearing boots about the yard. But before you enter a hearth, ask for a bowl, and clean your feet, good and proper like. And if you must wear your fancy southern boots, be sure you take ‘em off afores you go indoors. Never show your boots at a hearth, lad. The gods may be fierce, but they’ve nothing on an angry hearthmistress...

These Ducks Need Help

Roderick Robertson

With the assistance of John Hughes

While written for Third-Age Glorantha, with Ducks as the poor villagers and Lunars as the bad guys, this could as easily be run in any Age. The required elements are:

Relatively powerless “natives” to exploit and abuse. Trollkin, Newtlings, and Jelmre are all possible alternates. The abused should be someone that has little to no chance of fighting back at the best of times. Trolls or Humans are probably not suitable.

A much more powerful group to exploit them. The God Learners, Dara Happans, EWF or Seshnela are all good candidates. This group should be outsiders to the region – colonizers who have found a previously-untapped resource to take advantage of.

A native group to aid in the exploitation of their weaker neighbors. This group provides the bulk of the guards and warriors in the scenario. They work with the exploiters because they get benefits and because if they don't, they will be exploited.

An organization behind your main campaign villain. The villain isn't involved directly in this scenario, though the sponsors of the villain are the same sponsors of the Sartar Exotic Goods Alliance, described below. Depending on your villain, she may be disgusted by the exploitation, or may be a fervent defender of it. If you have *Champions of the Reaching*

Moon, the SEGA can be a subsidiary of the Moon and Sea, and the local helpers can be the Hoar Heron Clan.

Inspirations

This adventure came to me in a dream – don't ask *me* why I dreamt of the Force Publique from the Congo Free State forcing Gloranthan ducks to make cloaks from their own feathers! The duck village is inspired by the German concentration camps of WWII, the Russian gulags, and the worst abuses of the slave system in the American South pre-Civil war. It is meant to be a nasty place, that the heroes should be happy to break up – whether by force, or by political or mercantile maneuvering.

Background

Ducks, or Durulz, have lived along the Creek Stream River since time immemorial. Small, plucky, obnoxious and treated like dirt by the Orlanthei of Dragon Pass, still they are an important link in the trade of the region, having a near monopoly of carrying trade up and down the river. While few Orlanthei actually *like* Ducks, still they are part of the Storm Tribe in the region (a small and vocal part) and are put up with by most folk.

After Starbrow's Rebellion, the Ducks were made scapegoats by the Lunars, and a bounty placed on their heads. Some Ducks fled to Esrolia, or the River of Cradles in Prax, or even farther abroad, while some remained in their homes, hoping not to be noticed.

With opportunities opening up in Sartar, a Lunar consortium was formed to "develop local resources". A handful of "company men" (and women) traveled to Sartar. There they procured the services of the local River Hawk clan to act as guards, drovers and other ancillary personnel. With this force they conquered the Duck settlement of Draketun and enslaved its inhabitants.

The local resource they chose was to make waterproof cloaks from the feathers of the Ducks. Due to clever marketing and "generous" donations to a select few in the Glamour social scene, the cloaks have become the *must-have* item among the glitterati – this season at least. The cloaks are naturally waterproof, and the woven patterns are subtle; some Illuminates have claimed to see Cosmic Truths in the patterns of the feathers. This, of course, makes the cloaks even more desirable. The Ducks of Draketun are forced to pluck their own families in order to produce cloaks for export to the Empire.

Given the vagaries of fashion, the SEGA don't anticipate a long-term need for cloaks (or Ducks), so have no intention to maintain a sustainable cloak factory. Once the fad for their cloaks wanes, they will leave the Ducks (those that are still alive) and move on to some other endeavor.

The Ducks have a number of escape plans, but they need help. One Duck has gone out into the wide wild world, looking for someone to aid them in their time of need. Cue the player characters...

Sartar Exotic Goods Alliance

Gold Hills Import and Export is part of the same Dara Happan league that sponsors the main villain (of Orlanthi heroes) or the heroes (if they are Lunar) of your game. A newly formed branch of Gold Hills is the Sartar Exotic Goods Alliance. The current goal of the SEGA is the creation and export of Duck-feather cloaks. Another subsidiary of the Gold Hills has taken over the river traffic which the dukes of Draketun used to control.

Andilo Seven-Helms

Andilo is the head of SEGA, a Dara Happan bureaucrat and novice of Etyries the Trader. Andilo spends most of his time at his "home away from home", a fortified villa outside of Bagnet in Tarsh. Andilo visits Draketun as seldom as possible, and never travels anywhere without – at least – his five bodyguards. His personal coach is outfitted with all the mod cons: a drink cooler, cushioned seats that fold out into a bed, dwarf-engineered springs, and a commode that empties onto the road.

Pressure Points

- Andilo is siphoning off a bit more of the profits from the SEGA than is considered politic, and, while there are no current plans to replace him, he is vulnerable to corporate intrigue. Being the stupid sort of crook he is, Andilo has no clue about this.
- Andilo has a phobia about the hazards of travel (it's called hodophobia, but who wants to remember that in the middle of a game?). He prefers to travel in a well-guarded caravan, or with a military escort, if at all possible. He cannot leave his coach until it reaches its destination, traveling with the window blinds closed. The coach has room for a driver and guard up front, and two guards

hanging on for dear life on the back. The last two guards ride horses alongside the coach (where practicable).

Lucilla Breakthorn

Lucilla is Andilo's daughter-in-law, and the on-site factor for the company. She runs the Draketun factory-town with a bronze fist (literally – her left hand is a magically-animated bronze artifact from an unknown source). Lucilla is a harsh taskmistress, and a fierce disciplinarian. Ducks are worked to death under her regime, and their bodies thrown into the woods for the local scavengers. She lives in relatively extravagant luxury (at least by local standards – it's nothing compared to what is available in the Empire) in a Dara Happan-style villa built by Duck slave labor. She is a novitiate of Etyries the Trader.

Pressure Points

- Lucilla is addicted to trashy Lunar romances – you know, the kind with a willowy Lunar Heroine swooning in the arms of a Hunky Barbarian. She has aspirations to a writing career in the field. Her first book *Storm God's Lust* is currently half-written. Under her iron-hard exterior she is a Romantic at heart (well, if the right barbarian comes along).
- Her husband, Khorkenos One-Sheet (Andilo's son), is a traveling merchant working the Glamour-Tarsh-Sartar-Esrolia circuit for the Gold Hills. He makes a point to avoid Draketun, as he says that the stench revolts him. Lucilla travels to Boldhome to meet him twice a year. Rumor (among the Lunars and among traders) says that theirs is not a happy marriage, with both parties cheating on each other. Rumor is wrong, in her case, at least.
- Her bronze left hand is something of a mystery, appearing one night after a particu-

larly vivid dream (involving both a Storm God and copious lust, coincidentally). It behaves as a normal hand, though the touch sensitivity is rather dull. As yet she has not discovered any other features of it.

Karamandas Maned Lion

Karamandas handles all security arrangements at Draketun. He lives on-site in the villa, and commands a squad of ten guards, as well as coordinating all activities with the local clan. He is a Carmanian Hazar, novitiate of Aronius Jaranthir. He is normally in a foul temper, as the muddy conditions in the Duck village preclude him riding his horse. Instead he travels in a sedan chair carried by four Ducks. This affectation is considered eccentric even by the other Lunars in the village. He has a habit of shooting Ducks with his enchanted crossbow, making a game of it – “If you can reach the gate, you're free.” He doesn't need to work hard at being cruel, it comes naturally to him.

Karamandas has taken a local girl, Nalda the Lark, as his leman - his servant and mistress. She is badly treated, but fears to leave because he has sworn to hunt her down and kill her, everyone with her, and her family if she does. He constantly plays cruel “pranks” on her, and she is rarely without bruises, scrapes, or broken bones of one kind or another.

Pressure Points

- Karamandas is devoted to his horse, Night's Mane. Any threat to his horse will work to make him back off. On the other hand, Night's Mane is well trained and has several magical enhancements. Any actual injury to his horse will distract Karamandas even in the middle of a live-or-death struggle, if it dies he will fall into a months-long depression.

- Karamandas prides himself on his archery skills. At short range (such as within the village) he is able to make called shots – hitting specific targets on a running Duck, for instance. Someone claiming to be able to outshoot Karamandas will trigger his pride – he can't resist a challenge.
- Karamandas is vain about his appearance, using concoctions to thicken his balding hair, and to hide the grey in his hair and beard. He wears special “support garments” (read: a corset) to retain his former impressive physique. This corset acts as light armor, and he wears it all the time, except when sleeping. It may be an unexpected advantage in a fight! On the other hand, he hides the fact that he is wearing it out of vanity, and would suffer great shame and ridicule if it became public knowledge.
- Karamandas' cruelty is ingrained, constant, and casual. Some may suspect him of being an ogre or a secret worshipper of some evil cult. He isn't; he was just born bad.
- Nalda the Lark is the daughter of a prominent thane from a local (neutral) tribe. When she first joined him, she and her family thought Karamandas was going to treat her well. The family wasn't happy about her leaving, but they were compensated with a high bride-price, and they thought it the beginning of a long-term bonding. If they learn of her current situation, they will gladly lend aid to rescue her. Her father and three brothers will be especially eager to help, as she is the youngest and the darling of the family.

The River Hawk Clan

The local clan hired by the SEGA to guard and expand their interests in Sartar. The River Hawks can field seventy-five warriors with superior weapons and armor (supplied

by the SEGA). The clan fyrd numbers 600, if fielded. The clansfolk are not taxed as heavily as the rest of Sartar, and can call on protection from the Lunar Army if necessary, though they have never had to do so. The clan warband (the Talons), have access to Flying magic through their wyter. The clan is actively involved in guarding the Duck village from rebellion (and attack), as well as expanding the SEGA's sphere of influence. They are seen as traitors by all right-thinking Sartari Patriots (if your campaign has a local enemy clan, you could substitute them for the River Hawks).

The River Hawks long resented the near-monopoly on River traffic enjoyed by Ducks, and has ancient anti-Duck sentiments. Before the Invasion and Starbrow's Rebellion, the River Hawk prejudice was kept in check by the Two Rock clan, allies of the Ducks of Draketun. After Starbrow's failed rebellion, and with the aid of the SEGA, the River Hawks managed to slaughter the Two-Rock warband, capturing their wyter; and have the remaining clansfolk declared outlaw by the Lunar authorities. The River Hawks have moved some of their people onto the Two Rock tula, and several large Lunar families have been granted homesteads as well. Surrounding clans have been unable to prevent this, though they are not happy with it.

The River Hawks have always been a War clan; their wyter, the River Hawk, faces prejudice from the other Storm Gods, as it left two different pantheons before settling in the Storm Pantheon. Originally it was the Star Crystal Hawk, an over-proud member of the Solar Court. Star Crystal Hawk was banished from the Court for disturbing the Emperor's nap with his relentless screeching. He wandered until he joined the warband of Mighty Engizzi, becoming the RiverHawk. He was unable to stay with the River folk because of his arrogant ways. Finally he met with the

Thunder Brothers and proved himself a capable hunter and flier. Among the proud and noisy Storm Gods he found a rough home, though never a completely satisfying one. The River Hawk clan has always felt a little out of place in Sartar, and feel that other clans look down on them. Their attitudes have certainly not made them popular!

The clan worships the Moon Bear religion of Sylila (much to the disappointment of other Lunar missionaries who missed out on converting the clan to their own forms of the Lunar religion). Women of the clan worship Ernalda, with minor changes made to the rituals to name Red Moon Burning as Her husband.

There is a small group of exiles from the River Hawks, who left the clan when the previous chief allied the clan with the Lunars. More River Hawks joined them when Draketun became a concentration camp. These exiles are scattered through the neighboring clans, and are they are especially targeted by River Hawk Talons in battle. Their unofficial leader is Odanth Firebeard, former warleader of the talons.

There is another small, silent faction in the River Hawks that disapproves of the Draketun situation. They have not made their feelings known, as previous speakers against the current situation have been exiled, or worse. They are led (unofficially) by Gyrra Stewpot, an influential granny and former clan Matchmaker.

The River Hawks use a modified form of the traditional Hill Ring, changing seat names to better fit their new religion:

King Moon Bear: Burlos Leaper; Chief

Red Moon Burning: Hanafael Blue Cloak; Thane

BendraYoo Standup: Berantyr Axe Shaker; Clan Warchief

Barntar: Olortos Four-Furrow; Farmer

Minlister: Hofstar Sparkbeard; Redsmith

Moon-Gazer: Frieda Deer-Eye; Priestess of Kev the Visionary

Ernalda the Wife: Leikal; Healer

Burlos Leaper

Chief of the River Hawks by acclamation after his predecessor was killed by the Two Rocks clan champion during the Lunar invasion. Burlos continued his predecessor's policies and allied his clan with the Lunars. He worships Red Moon Burning, the Full Moon Bear. Burlos is always protected by his three bodyguards, Olend Twosword, Govaran the Red, and Harran Cleave-skull. Burlos is widowed, with two marriageable daughters (Ellyssi, 16, and Jenara, 15), and two sons who have taken up Lunar ways – Anteggi (19) has become a Slave-master in Yuthuppa, and Baran (18) changed his name to "Blessed of Natha" and joined the Order of Makabeus. He is currently studying at the Imperial Lunar University. The apples don't fall far from the tree...

Pressure Points

- Burlos is, at heart, a physical coward. He covers his affliction with loud, boisterous speech. He is careful never to over-boast of his deeds for fear of being called on his words, nor to make battle-promises. Personal battle challenges are met by appointing one of his bodyguards, or Berantyr, as his champion.
- Burlos actually has a third daughter, Jeratha, who joined the worship of Babeester Gor and leads a rebel warband in the Quivin

Hills. She is rather infamous for her necklace of red-painted testicles.

- Burlos lusts after Leikal, the clan healer, member of the clan Ring, and devotee of Jera the Herbalist. She has refused to have anything to do with him, which has only inflamed his passions more. The fact that she is married to Hofstar Sparkbeard makes her (relatively) safe from harassment.
- Ellyssi and Jenara are spoiled brats, indulged by their father. They lead on local boys with outrageous promises of affection, but have their eyes set on Lunar matches – the higher the better. Despite their upbringing, both are virgins, as they know that it is important to the sort of suitors they wish to attract. Needless to say, most local boys have rather nasty things to say about them.

Berantyr Axe Shaker

Warleader of the River Hawks and commander of the Talons. Berantyr is the epitome of the “wild, unthinking barbarian warrior” that the Lunars fear so much. While not an Uroxi, Berantyr exhibits many of the berserker attributes of that cult. He worships Felantossi, a minor Thunder Brother, whose main attribute is the ability to hold his breath or expel it in a great roar. He has a lunar hoplon shield emblazoned with a half-red, half-black bear that has minor enchantments cast on it (they are Lunar blessings, and thus cyclical).

Pressure Points

- Berantyr is preparing to go on his first solo heroquest, to recover the Sword of Felantossi. In preparation, he is amassing an astounding amount of Storm Ram wool and rocks from every corner of Dragon Pass.

Those able to bring him these items will find him grateful.

- Berantyr really *is* a “wild, unthinking barbarian”. (Unfortunately - or fortunately - he is as ugly as sin, otherwise Lucilla Breakthorn would be throwing herself at him.) His idea of Strategy is “Get all my warriors and fly to our enemy’s tula”. His tactics are summed up as: “Hit them. Hard. Then keep hitting them until they go away”.
- Berantyr has a fear of clubs, maces, and other bludgeoning weapons, after a fight with a Dark Troll that left him nearly beaten to death. He will fight defensively against an opponent wielding a weapon of that sort, looking for a chance to retreat.

The Ducks of Draketun

Draketun was a typical Duck village on the banks of the River (Locate it where it best makes sense for your campaign). The Ducks made reed baskets, sailed their boats up and down the river, and generally acted like all other Duck villagers in Dragon Pass.

The Ducks heard of the Lunar Invasion, but were basically unaffected by it until Starbrow’s rebellion (not a single Duck from Draketun served with the Kheldon Queen). After the rebellion, the Two Rock clan protected Draketun until it was wiped out by the River Hawks. By that time, the bounty on Duck heads had been relaxed, but their travails were only beginning. The SEGA and the River Hawks spent less than an afternoon conquering the village, killing anyone who made any attempt at fighting.

The first cloaks were made from the bodies of the dead (and the bodies of those who complained about it). Once the cloaks became fashionable, the Ducks were made to

pluck each other's still living feathers. The humiliation was more than many Ducks could bear, and more bodies piled up.

The Ducks are kept behind the thorn wall of their village, unable to escape. They are pitiful creatures, plucked bare and filthy because they can't get to the river for a proper bath. All religious regalia was taken by Lucilla (and sold as curiosities in Glamour). They are denied worship ceremonies, and any Duck caught praying or worshipping is summarily killed. Any act of rebellion is immediately punished – most often by a beating at the hands of the guards; repeat offenders are used as target practice by Karamandas.

Having the bodies of their dead disposed of by being thrown into the woods is a great desecration (Duck dead are ritually returned to the River). However, all pleas to dispose of the dead properly only lead to punishment, and the Ducks have given up their pleading.

The Ducks are totally beaten down - as far as the guards can tell there is not a spark of initiative in the entire town (which they figure is a good thing). Under the outward façade, however, a few Ducks have formed a liberation committee. Knowing that they stand no chance against the guards in a fight, they have resolved to get some Ducks outside the wall to seek aid.

There are somewhere between 500 and 700 Ducks in Draketun – no-one is keeping track any more, and the number changes (downward) daily. There have been a few eggs laid and hatched, but most Ducks are simply uninterested in sex any more. Plus, they worry that Duck eggs will become the new fad.

Tesling Proudwing

Once a mere basket maker, Tesling felt put upon even more than most Ducks, and his

sour attitude and poor basketwork lead to a steady downward spiral. His own nestmate scorned him, his children were embarrassed by him, and life was grey and dreary. But, with the coming of the Lunars, he has risen to “mayor” of Draketun. He gladly collaborates with the Lunars, abuses his neighbors, and enforces the Lunar work quotas with a sadistic glee. He and his cronies (Farling BlueBeak and Essimi Eggmaker) are the only Ducks in Draketun with their full plumage.

Pressure Points

- Tesling likes his new-found power. *Really* likes it. He lords it over the other Ducks, stealing their meager food, their wives, and their goods. His hovel is filled with the finest Draketun had to offer before the Lunars came, “appropriated” from his neighbors. The Lunars consider the collection as so much junk. It's possible that a macguffin the Heroes are searching for can be found among this collection.
- Tesling is now a childless bachelor, having betrayed his nestmate and nestlings early on in the occupation of Draketun. He satisfies his perverted lusts on the prettier Ducks and those that scorned him before the Lunars.

The Liberation Committee

The Liberation committee consists of about a dozen Ducks intent on getting aid from the outside (since there's no way that the Ducks will be able to liberate themselves). They are led by the mysterious “Duck Ekth”, a shadowy figure whose real identity is not known even to the rest of the committee. There have been several attempts to get Ducks to the outside, but all (until the last) were foiled by Tesling and his cronies. Ducks have tried to cut through the hedge, swim under the magi-

cal barrier on the river, throw a Duck over the hedge, tunnel under the hedge, hide in the cart picking up cloaks...

The escapee is Polla Crackbill, a Duckwife with nothing left to lose – her drake and nestlings have all died during the occupation, and she was raped by Tesling. She was approached by the Committee and eagerly accepted the chance to escape Draketun. She managed to tunnel out solo, pushing the loosened dirt behind herself as she moved forward.

Introducing the Scenario

Because every campaign is different, players will have different motives to help the Ducks, and will have access to different resources and tactics.

Campaigns based around a Sartarite clan should probably start with Polla showing up at the clan tula looking for aid.

Lunar campaigns may have the SEGA as a trade rival, or even as a disgusting ally that has “gone too far”. They be simply handed the assignment by a superior in their League, or meet Polla on their own. She may even stagger into a local Lunar garrison while the heroes are there.

Wandering heroes may be approached in traditional fashion (*i.e.* in a tavern) or may come upon Polla out in the forest.

Wherever the heroes meet with Polla, she is plucked clean, her naked flesh pinkish-white with “goosebumps”. She is clad only in a threadbare cloak more fit for the rag heap than being worn.

She explains the plight of her village: Over five hundred Ducks are held in slavery, and are forced to manufacture Duck-feather waterproof cloaks for their cruel and oppres-

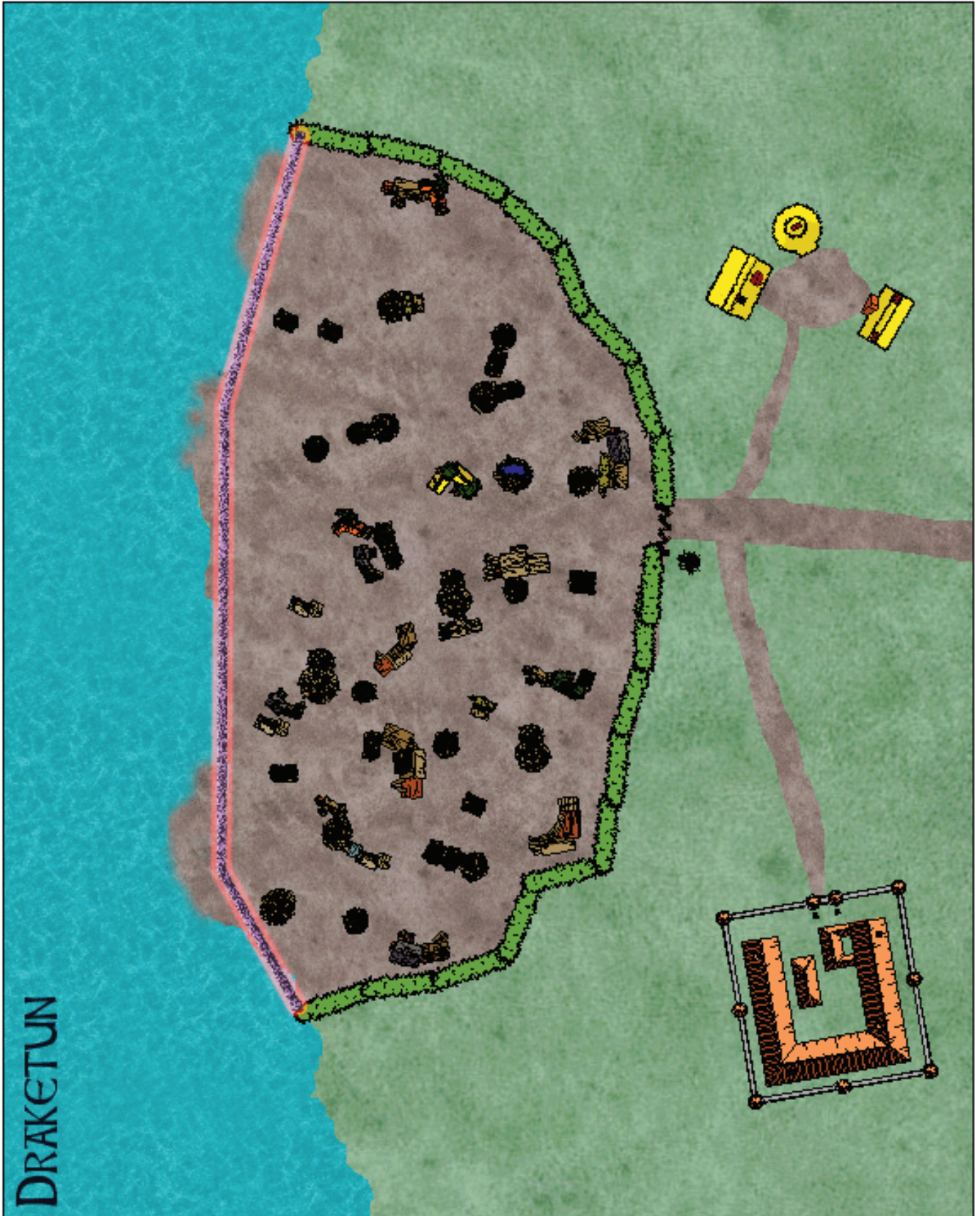
sive masters. The natural rate of molting does not produce enough feathers for the quota of cloaks they must make, so Ducks are being plucked to provide enough feathers. Polla sacrificed her feathers to the cause early on, when it became apparent that they would not be able to maintain the rate of manufacture demanded by the SEGA. Other Ducks have not been so lucky, and have been forcibly plucked. All religious ceremonies have been ruthlessly quashed, the temples burned and pulled down. The Ducks are not allowed any spiritual comfort.

She asks the heroes’ help in rescuing her village. If there are particular reasons that the heroes might help (hate Lunars, can’t stand bullies, like Ducks, searching for some macguffin for a quest, whatever), you should bring these up during Polla’s plea - she just happens to mention it by happenstance, not as an intentional attempt to get the heroes to help. In the case of a particular macguffin for a quest, either the Ducks know where it is, or one of the Lunars just happens to have it, or she saw it in Tesling’s “treasure pile”.

Polla says that the Ducks are poor, but can pay for the services of the heroes. She talks up the prosperity of the Lunars, and says that the heroes can have all the plunder from the Lunars and River Hawks that they want, as well as all the money the Liberation Committee has managed to scrape together – about twenty Lunars. If the heroes belong to a clan beset by mud, she will share the secret of Duckboards (see [page 22](#)). The Ducks may have other secrets of use to the heroes, instead, of course.

Polla explains the layout of the town, and the guard posts and schedules, so that the heroes have some idea of what they are getting into. She says that the heroes will probably not be able to rely on any active help from

DRAKETUN



the Ducks – they are too beaten down to put themselves out for strangers, even strangers who are trying to aid them.

Draketun

Whatever their motivations, the heroes have agreed to help the Ducks. The journey to Draketun can be as long or short as you like, but no major adventures should intervene between being hired and getting to Draketun. If the heroes want to pick up any special supplies, they should do so before they get to Draketun. But they shouldn't be taking long side-trips to Pavis – there isn't time. Polla will explain that the longer the heroes take in liberating the village, the more of her kin will die.

The entire village is surrounded by a thick hedge of hawthorn – this was the original defense of the village, and any destruction to the hedge has since been repaired. There is only one gate to the village. The river side of Draketun is closed off by a reddish-purple magical barrier. This barrier projects an aura of fear, which no Duck has been able to approach. Lucilla claims that the barrier will kill any living or unliving being that crosses it. Early escape attempts have proven her boast – at least as far as living beings goes.

The hovels of the Ducks are squalid piles of filth – if the heroes have ever seen a typical trollkin town, this is worse. If they have ever seen a "normal" Duck town, they are horrified by the conditions (they should be anyway, but some heroes are less sensitive than others). The "streets" are mud filthy with Duck waste and rotting vegetation. Anyone who has visited a Duck village in the past will be surprised at the state of the streets – the Ducks know the secret of Duckboards, which keep feet clean and dry.

Since the Ducks can't bathe in the river they are smeared with filth, with festering sores

and diseases such as Foot-rot and Beak-mange. Most are bereft of plumage, and the rest have only a few feathers, except for Tesling Proudwing and his henchducks.

Three buildings outside the hedge draw the eye. The first is a two-story U-shaped villa in the Dara Happan style. This is the residence of Lucilla, and the grounds are kept immaculate by Ducks. The others are a Sartarite-style Roundhouse and Longhouse. The roundhouse is Burlos Leaper's residence, while the Longhouse acts as barracks for the Talons. All three buildings are outside the hedge.

An incomplete brick wall surrounds Lucilla's villa, and building materials are neatly stacked where workers (all Ducks from the village, kept under heavy guard) can get to them easily. The villa looks well-run and is kept in immaculate condition (again, by Ducks. Figure any work that gets done around Draketun is done by Ducks). The villa includes a hypocaust (under-floor heating system) as Lucilla is used to a much warmer climate, and a bathhouse. One wing of the villa is given over to the Lunar guards, while the other contains Lucilla's private rooms. The roof is covered in golden-yellow tiles, imported from the Empire at great expense.

The roundhouse is a typical Sartarite structure, roofed in thatch with wattle and daub walls. The walls are whitewashed with blue decorations. A portico shades the doorway. The entire building is about 40 feet (12 meters) across, with an inner wall forming an outer ring of private rooms, and a central feasting hall surrounding the open hearth. Burlos' room is directly behind his throne, with his daughters' rooms on either side of his (no late-night hanky panky where daddy can hear!). The three bodyguards share a room next to the exterior door.

The longhouse is divided into three areas – Berantyr’s room is at the south end of the building, the main room is used as barracks, feast-hall, and general-purpose room by the Talons, and the third room is a small store room.

Guard Routines

There are a total of 75 Talons and 10 Lunar guards (exclusive of bodyguards) to run Draketun. Normal guard routine is for 5 Lunars and 20 Talons to be on duty at any one time, each Lunar in charge of a squad of 4 Talons. One squad guards the Villa, one guards the Roundhouse, one guards the gate of Draketun and two patrol outside the hedge. At night the guard routine is reduced to one squad at the gate, one on patrol, two guards at the villa and two guards at the roundhouse (One Lunar and one Talon at each location).

The remainder of the troops are either sleeping, eating, repairing kit, entertaining themselves, or out on raids. The Talons have their wives/sweethearts with them, while the Lunar guards have collected a variety of willing mates from the surrounding countryside – the lure of regular dinners, trinkets, the illusion of power, or just rebellion against their own families have led these men and women to the Lunars. Each guard who wants has at least one bed-partner.

Solving the Problem

No battle plan can survive contact with the enemy, and no game scenario can survive contact with players, so I won’t try to tell you how to run this game. The best option is simply to present the details listed above (improvise details if you need to), and let the players come up with their own plans.

The easiest game is a simple fight – the heroes and their supporters against the Talons

and the Lunar Guards. Even so, the players may take the time to scout out the situation before storming in, magics blazing.

More sensible heroes will try to learn and use the various “Pressure Points” given for the major opponents. Lunar Heroes will have more ways to apply pressure, as they are part of the “establishment”, but a surprise ally for Sartarite heroes is the main Campaign Villain, who is disgusted at the situation in Draketun (unless he is a complete cad, of course). The Campaign Villain may even approach the heroes to act as “muscle” in his own bid to free the Ducks!

Other resources exist that may have an interest in freeing Draketun: Jeratha and her band of Babeester Gori; Lunar rivals to the SEGA in the Gold Hills Association; an all-Duck heroband (‘Cwy Hueymakt!’) liberating their kin and cleansing the River of Lunar scum; or survivors of the Two-Rock clan.

A set of simplified descriptive stats are included below, using the Generic Systemless Stats (see [page 38](#)). None of the characters listed are anywhere near Hero level, though Berantyr is working towards it.

The Talons are typical Sartarite warriors, of mixed ability levels. About a third are beginning-level warriors, half are average-level, and the remainder are experienced. All Talons are equipped with bronze armor (in a mix of styles), making them superior to most other clan warbands. They carry typical Sartarite weapons, and their magic is the typical mix of gods for a Sartarite warband. The warband wyter provides Flying magic which any Talon can call upon as long as they are within half a mile (800 meters) of the Hawk-winged standard.

The Lunars are merchant guards from the Gold Hills Association. They are armed and

armored well, but in a mix of styles. Their guardian provides Vigilance and Protection magic.

The hawthorn hedge is an extremely difficult barrier to pass through, though it can be bypassed easily if the heroes have Flight, Tunneling, Plant Control, or other exotic abilities. It is about 10 feet (3 meters) tall, and thickly planted. Thorns will scratch and catch exposed skin or fabric, and will be awkward for armored heroes.

The magical barrier along the river is also a difficult barrier, though this is more because of its aura of fear – physically there is only a purplish light. The Fear actually *will* kill those who cross the barrier – only heroic levels of magical defense or courage will protect the hero.

Making it Darker

If the basic scenario isn't dark enough for your Glorantha, here are some ideas to make it worse.

Eaters of the Dead

Karamandas isn't just mean, he really *is* an ogre. The dead ducks are not being thrown into the forest to rot, they are being eaten by Karamandas and the Talons, who are well on their way to becoming ogres themselves. Karamandas is spreading his revolting habits by carefully seducing the Talons into his dark beliefs. Karamandas is a member of the Berak-tal, a Carmanian Ogre cult who find sentient beings the most delectable of delicacies. They gain some small benefits in health and strength from the practice.

The Talons, once typical Sartarites with a hatred of anything that smacks of Chaos or cannibalism, have been lead, step by disgusting step into durulzophagy (Duck-eating). Soon

Karamandas will introduce them to true cannibalism. Fortunately (for the heroes) a faction of the Talons were away from the tula while Karamandas' was seducing their fellows, and they are aghast at the depths to which their fellows have fallen. They will happily join any attempt to free their comrades from the insidious clutches of the Berak-tal.

Needed No More

The market for Duck feather cloaks has peaked. Within the next few weeks, Andilo will pass on the order to liquidate the remaining ducks. The heroes can learn of this somehow and have to speed up their plans, or they may arrive at Draketun at the same time as the massacre starts. In any case, they have a finite time limit to any sort of rescue!

Eaters of the Dead II

Karamandas isn't an ogre, but Tesling Proudwing and his cronies are! In fact, it was Tesling who engineered the whole scheme and "invited" the SAGA to his village. Tesling has a secret amulet that grants the holder passage through the magical barrier at the riverside. He and his cronies leave the village every night to feast on the bodies of those ducks who have died recently.

Not a Happy Army

The Talons are not a happy army at all. The "real" Talons were killed or dispersed when the SAGA invaded their village. The current Talons are farmers and craftspeople, pressed into service by the Lunars. The clan Ring has little real power – they are allowed to meet simply to keep them compliant; Burlos really runs the clan as he wills. The River Hawks are in almost as bad a shape as Draketun, and will be grateful to the heroes if they manage to liberate the clan as well.

Who is the mysterious “Duck Ekth”?

And why have all the escape plans failed? Is it possible that “Duck Ekth” is really Tesling or one of his henchducks? Or even one of the Lunars?

Simple Stats

Lunars

Lucilla Breakthorn

Ability – Experienced Merchant; Average Warrior
Equipment – Superior; Iron Hand - Excellent
Magic – Good

Andilo Seven-Helms

Ability – Experienced Bureaucrat, Poor Warrior
Equipment - Superior
Magic – Good

Karamandas Maned Lion

Ability – Elite Warrior
Equipment - Excellent
Magic – Superior

Lunar Guards

Ability – Average to Experienced Warriors
Equipment - Superior
Magic – Average
Wyter Magic – Vigilance, Defense

Hawthorne Hedge

Equipment – Excellent barricade

Magical Barrier

Equipment – Heroic Magical Barrier, fear aura, kills by fear

River Hawks

Burlos Leaper

Ability – Experienced Warrior
Equipment - Superior
Magic – Good

Burlos’ Bodyguards

Ability – Experienced warrior
Equipment - Superior
Magic – Good

Berantyr Axe Shaker

Ability – Elite Warrior
Equipment - Excellent
Magic – Good

Talon Warriors

Ability – Beginning to experienced Warriors
Equipment – Superior
Magic – Average
Wyter Magic – Flight

Draketun

Ducks

Ability – Beginning to average (mostly because of starvation, demoralization, etc.) TradesDucks
Equipment - Poor
Magic – None
Wyter Magic – None

Tesling Proudwing

Ability – Average TradesDuck, Poor warrior, Experienced Collaborator
Equipment - Average
Magic – Poor

Tesling’s Henchducks

Ability – Average TradesDuck, Poor warrior
Equipment - Average
Magic – Poor

Generic Systemless Stats

Roderick Robertson

Instead of providing stats for characters in any particular system, I use a descriptive system, and let you determine what those stats translate into in your system of choice. Stats are divided into four areas:

Ability

Abilities are also noted as to what sort of abilities – an Experienced Bureaucrat is probably a lousy Warrior. The primary ability group is listed first, with secondary abilities (often Warrior, since players often feel the need to fight NPCs) listed second.

Beginning: Just out of Character Generation with no experience

Average: Some experience. The majority of “just plain folk”

Experienced: 10 or so years worth of experience

Elite: 20 or so years of experience, maybe has gone on a solo Heroquest or two

Heroic: Has gone on (and survived) numerous solo heroquests

Equipment

Relates to arms and armor – it’s assumed that other occupations will have equipment suitable for their ability levels, but it normally does not come up in a game.

Poor: no armor, only wood or stone weapons

Average: leather armor, shields, bronze weapons

Good: Leather armor with a few bronze pieces (typically helmets), bronze weapons. maybe one enchanted piece.

Superior: Mostly-bronze (or equivalent) armor, metal weapons. Some enchanted gear

Excellent: Bronze armor with some Iron pieces, well-made bronze weapons. Some enchanted pieces

Heroic: Iron, Rune metal or superior magical items

Magic

Magical abilities are related to the main occupation of the character as listed in the “Ability” section. You can figure that any Combat magic is at the secondary Warrior ability level if the character is not a warrior.

None: No useful abilities

Poor: One or two useful abilities

Average: Four or five useful abilities

Good: A suite of useful abilities

Superior: A wide suite of useful abilities

Excellent: A wide suite of abilities, with a few exotic abilities

Heroic: A wide suite of abilities and numerous exotic abilities

Guardian Magic

Most Gloranthan societies have some sort of magical guardians that provide magical support to dedicated groups. In Orlanthe societies

these are called “Wyers”, The Lunars tend to call their “Lares”, military units might have an “Espirit de Corps”, etc.

Example Stats

Talon Warband Warriors

Ability: Beginning to experienced Warriors

Equipment: Superior – all have at least leather armor, more experienced warriors have Bronze mail or scale armor, all have metal helmets. Swords, spears and axes predominate

Magic: Average, typical Orlanthe mix of magic

Guardian Magic: Flight