

TALES OF THE REACHING MOON

The RuneQuest **MAGAZINE**



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TALES OF THE REACHING MOON

edict

Welcome to issue two. You may or may not have noticed that we are now calling ourselves a 'magazine' rather than a 'fanzine'! The rationale behind this is confused, suffice to say it is a marketing ploy - we want to reach gamers normally put off by the words 'fanzine' and 'fandom' - and not an ego trip. At least we're honest, (sincere and humble).

You will also have noticed the rise in the cover price. This is due to two things. Firstly, we have increased the page count to 32. Secondly, we have realised that we are going to make (or lose) most money by increasing our sales to shops. Therefore we needed to up our cover price to allow us to charge shops more and thereby lose less money! Subscriptions (for two issues or more) stay at £1.00 and are incredibly good value for money! Charitable donations will, as always, be welcome. Bought interest guaranteed.

We think we have a better balance of articles this issue which, we hope, should cater for all tastes. However, we are still finding our feet and any input from your good selves would be most appreciated.

After much consideration we have decided to take a risk by publishing two HeroQuesting pieces. Simon Phipps' article, it must be stressed, is a personal view, but from what we have heard, we think it gives a fair guide. As far as we are aware, HeroQuest itself is still nowhere near publication; the rules mechanics seem to be a sticking point. In the meantime we will attempt to keep you informed as to any developments and perhaps bring you a taste of the latest version. Perhaps...

This also seems a good place to plug a free Roleplaying Games Directory run by Graham Todd. If you send him a SSAE he will send you a list of all the gamers (and their addresses) on the directory, the rest being up to you! At present nearly all the gamers on the directory are from the Crawley area but if everyone reading writes in then it will virtually turn into a RuneQuest Roleplaying Directory! No bad thing for the lost and lonely RuneQuester. The address to write to is: 36 Deerswood Road, West Green, Crawley, West Sussex RH11 7JN.

Graham is also organising a roleplaying event called "CRAWLEY FEST-CON '90" to take place in June 1990. He has asked us if we would like to organise any RuneQuest games and we are toying with idea of running an Australian style RQ Tournament. Anyone interested?

Lastly, as ever we are keen to receive contributions, especially art. At the very least put pen to paper and send us a letter!

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Light

The "Light of Action" is the main textbook used at the Imperial Military College at Alkoth. It was written by a committee in 5/3, after the Battle of Iron Fences, and is an attempt to pass on the secrets of Lunar military success as enshrined in a number of military principles. Since then there have been a further five editions, the last written by Fazzur Wideread in 1612.

The manual complements the year long course run at the college, it mirrors the lecture sequence and provides both an aide memoir and background reading.

Because the manual is a hand-written* book and a maximum of 20 copies are produced a year, there is a constraint on the issuing of copies to graduates of the Military College. However, in recent times the college has been in such dire straits that quite a large stock has been built up.

Although the narrative often goes into great detail, in the majority of occasions it simply sets out the basic argument or concept leaving the reader to decide how it can best be implemented. There are a large number of anecdotes given within the text, usually as examples. Some of Fazzur Wideread's are quite amusing. The only illustrations are those of battles, manoeuvres and fortification types.

The manual is in Lunar and each chapter requires a successful Read/Write Lunar roll to fully understand it.

Chapter 1. Introduction.

A general account of Lunar military history and an outline of the basic principles of warfare, supplemented with an overview of Lunar military formations and equipment.

The concepts of Combined Arms, use of a Reserve and flanking or turning attacks are introduced. The former lays great emphasis on the dominance of infantry in the line of battle.

The reader gains an experience roll in his Battle skill (a Knowledge skill described in Different Worlds 28).

Chapter 2. The Line of Battle.

The tactics of regular infantry and cavalry on the battlefield.

Line infantry tactics revolve around the basic formation of shoulder to shoulder infantry with spears or pikes and large shields, called the phalanx. Lunar formations are made more flexible by subdivision into

of

companies and platoons. Great emphasis is placed on drill and practise in marching in formation, changing formation and using weapons in formation.

The authors are of the opinion that a compact but flexible wall of men is proof against any enemy. Against cavalry they stress firmness and resolution, for on the six occasions when a Lunar Phalanx has been broken by cavalry "...four were due to craven elements within the ranks..."

Cavalry on the field of battle are usually relegated to the flanks to protect the infantry against enemy cavalry. Only after the battle do they

come in to their own, as pursuers turning retreat into rout.

The reader gains the Knowledge skill of Line Tactics at 10% plus Knowledge bonus.

Chapter 3. Skirmishes and Rearguard's.

The use of light and irregular troops in attack and defence.

This chapter mainly covers lightly armed and armoured troops foot and cavalry, often missile troops. In this area the Lunar's make great use of foreign auxiliaries, such as the Thunder Delta Slingers.

Over the years there has been much debate in Lunar military circles as to whether missile troops should be amalgamated with line formations. At present separate units normally exist, which, on the battlefield, are placed in front of the main line. Here they provide a protective screen for the Lunar battle line and are a constant irritant to the enemy battle line. Many battles have been won when the enemy, enraged by a one-sided bombardment, "...have broken formation

*The Empire does not have even primitive printing methods. However, it is rumoured that the Mostali have presses (sometimes automated) that can print books. As is usual in such cases they are loath to give up such knowledge. It is also rumoured that there are a few very primitive presses in operation within the Temple of the Pharaoh in the fabled Holy Country. Though they are nothing like the legendary Machine City's presses which mass produced Aalstar Micleens nine famous books (one of which, Ice Station Valind, is purported to be the Pharaoh's favourite bedside reading).

action

only to fall to the scimitars of our awaiting cavalry".

The chapter also deals with the use of light troops for rearguard actions. Cavalry are more often than not preferred because of their superior mobility. However, rules are laid down that are dependant on the terrain type.

The reader gains the Knowledge skill of Skirmish Tactics at 5% plus Knowledge bonus, for a civilised reader, and at 10% for a barbarian or nomad.

Chapter 4. The Approach to the Battlefield.

How best to choose a battlefield and use terrain.

The first section covers scouting and in many areas overlaps with Chapter 3. The basic principle is that efficient scouting gives the commander more accurate information on the enemy, the local countryside, its people, towns and foodstocks. As a side benefit it may be possible by a process of "offensive scouting" to "out-scout" the enemy. This will provide information to the commander but deny the enemy access to that same information. Such an advantage "is the basis for an auspicious campaign".

The second section attempts to teach the reader some principles of surveying terrain for its use and relative benefits in attack, defence, skirmishes and rearguards. A simple example is the stricture never to fight a battle with an obstruction to ones rear, such as a river or narrow mountain pass.

Finally, a small section covers the making and the use of maps. A footnote instructs future commanders to give all possible aid to the Topographical Section of Army Intelligence in their "...vital and often dangerous work".

The reader gains the Perception skill of Survey Terrain at 5% plus Perception bonus and an experience check for Scan.

Chapter 5. Supply and Organisation.

Raising troops, paying them and keeping them supplied in the field.

The authors admit at the beginning of the chapter that this is often the most unpopular subject of the course. However, the authors of later editions suggest that the unpopularity of the subject is inversely proportional to its importance!

The raising and paying of troops are dealt with together.

The raising of troops is mainly concerned with mobilising militia units, raising irregular troops and raising local troops and guides. Suggestions are given as to training, equipping, and paying such troops and their organisation and chain of command. A short appreciation of accountancy is given and some very elementary budgeting.

By far the largest part of the chapter concerns the supply of troops and dependants on campaign.

Concentration of a large body of men in one area creates a problem of food supply. This problem multiplies with the ratio of soldiers to civilians and the number of horses in the army. The policy of the Lunar Army is



to, wherever possible, supply their armies from their base. This becomes less feasible with larger armies or longer supply lines and inadequate road or water links. Therefore the next option is to buy provisions on the march, this is expensive and may provide inadequate supplies. Lastly, the army can feed of the land and so risk estranging the population.

The manual covers all such eventualities and advises as to the advantages and disadvantages of each. It also points out the military implications of dispersing the army to find food and fodder.

The reader gains the Knowledge skills of Logistics and Military Administration at 5% plus Knowledge bonus.

Chapter 6. Magic upon the Battlefield.

Discussion of the various types of

magic and their combat value.

This chapter is split into two sections, the first of which deals with Lunar Magical Regiments and the second with regular infantry and cavalry.

Lunar magical regiments of sorcerer-priests are a unique and powerful force. Each of these regiments or schools has built up over many years a literal esprit de corps that allows the unit to link together and perform its spellcasting as one. The manual gives suggestions for their deployment and tactics.

Infantry and cavalry regiments use the "Guardian System". For every platoon or troop of 25 men there is a Guardian who knows the regimental spells and has a large amount of stored power. Backing up the Guardians are the Regimental priests and acolytes who act as firefighters using their spells wherever they are most needed. The manual suggests that not

only should spells learnt be standardised within Regiments but that their use should be co-ordinated at the lowest levels. For example attack spells can be cast at the same time and even at the same target.

For commanders the Mindspeech spell is recommended for greater flexibility of control and command of troops.

Lastly the authors point out the obvious advantages of timing campaigns and battles outside the Glowline to coincide with the full moon.

The reader gains the skill of Thaumatactics at 5% plus Magic bonus.

Chapter 7. Combat in an Urban Environment.

The art of besieging an urban area: combat tactics within an urban area.

This chapter covers sieges, from both sides, and a new section on combat in built up areas.

Commanders are urged not to find themselves besieged where the Lunar Phalanx cannot be fully effective. Even so the manual provides details of various fortification types and the time needed to complete them. All Lunar formations are urged to build entrenchments when camping in hostile territory, and to include military engineers in their establishment to oversee this.

"The art of besieging a fortress is to avoid the wall... (or) knock it down". To avoid the wall one can go over it using ladders or wooden siege towers or one can go under by tunnelling.

Battering rams and siege artillery can destroy the walls as can mining. Another method of going around the walls is to starve out the fortress, however, this requires patience and good logistics. All these options are covered though not all of them in detail.

An unwritten rule of warfare is that fortresses taken by storm are then free to be sacked and pillaged for three days. It is to the credit of the Lunar Army that it has managed to bring this period down to just one day such is the discipline of its soldiers.

A new section has been added in the fifth edition and details combat in urban areas. This was prompted by Lunar experiences in the war with Sartar - especially the storming of Boldhome. It is concerned with the difficulties of controlling and directing troops once they have entered a built up area.

The reader gains the Knowledge skill of Siege Tactics at 10% plus Knowledge bonus for townsmen and 5% for others. The reader also receives an experience check for Logistics.

Chapter 8. Case Studies.

Examples of past campaigns and battles and the strategy and tactics used in them.

Case studies include "The Battle of Chaos" (0/12), Mirins Cross (2/46), the Siege of Alkoth (1/38), Yuthappa (3/20), Grizzly Peak and Bagnet (7/11). The Sartarite Campaign of 1602 and the Praxian Campaign of 1608 are also covered.

The reader gains experience checks for Line Tactics, Skirmish Tactics,

Thaumatactics, Logistics and Battle.

Battle skill is used to discover if a character has survived a battle and what experience checks he receives. The other skills can give the players a greater control over events; the GM may use a free form 'ad hoc' method, use a paper mass combat system (such as the one in Chivalry and Sorcery) or use figures and tabletop rules (such as the ones, hopefully, in HeroQuest).

In theory only graduates of a Military College receive copies of the manual and there are few graduates as graduation entails little benefit.

Military promotion in the Lunar army is generally via social influence and contacts with military success being an added bonus (Fazzur Wideread is one of the few graduates in high military office). This is one reason why there are few copies of the manual

in circulation. The other reason is that it is a disgrace to lose ones manual, it might fall into the hands of an enemy. For this reason a graduate, his descendants and the Lunar army will go to great lengths to recapture or destroy any manuals that fall into other hands.

[Over the years the College at Alkoth has become steadily less popular amongst Lunar officers. This has partly been due to competition from the other Staff College at Raibanth and the Field School of Magic. The Raibanth College has the advantage of being closer to Glamour and of having a more socially prestigious cliental. In fact tutors at Alkoth accuse Raibanth of being nothing more than a drinking house for well-born officers and social climbers.]



David Hall

STAYING ALIVE

Mark Morrison

RuneQuest has an unnecessarily bad reputation for its somewhat lethal combat system: however, the point of such a realistic approach to death and maiming is to teach the players to either avoid combat (instead of it being the first resort), or only to enter a fight with planning of forethought. Most luck-less owners are relieved of their limbs because they charged into battle without first preparing appropriate magical defence.

Unlike AD&D, there are no easy set tactical rules for RuneQuest characters to slot into, given that everyone has access to weapons, armour and magic - the adversaries included. Thus, the best way to ensure survival is to act as a coordinated team whenever possible, and the key to this is through the intelligent use of magic.

This article will focus on spirit magic, probably the most common of the four magic systems and the easiest for beginning characters to obtain. There are a number of stages of range through which an average combat will pass, and casting spells in a certain order will often reduce a strong charge against you into a confused and routed rabble.

The first stage is obviously long range, missile range - anything over 50 metres away. Obvious magic here is anything affecting missile weapons: Multimissile is spectacular but fairly ineffective, as your spectral slingstones fail to dent troll armour. A much safer bet is Speedart, both more likely to hit and cripple. Fireblade is pretty, but expensive in terms of buy and cost to cast - especially if it misses.

Once the enemy passes within the 50 metres (spell range) threshold, it's time to get serious, with those spells which are strictly offensive. By now you should have determined the leader,

so if he is Demoralized or Befuddled at this stage, the battle is all but won. If you suspect Countermagic, be sure to back up your spells with sufficient Magic Points. Another neat way to foil Countermagic is to have several people cast at the same target on the same strike rank. Useful against mounted charges at this stage are Ignite and Slow, both of which will confuse the beast sufficiently to disrupt both mount and rider.

If they are not yet dissuaded, prepare personal spells whilst waiting for them to close to thrown weapon range. The important thing to remember at this stage is to act as a team: not much point casting Protection 4 on your plate-armoured self and Bladesharp 4 on your greatsword if the guy next to you is preparing to defend with dagger and leather armour! Protection, Shimmer, Countermagic, Bladesharp, Bludgeon, Fireblade, Ironhand, Fanaticism, Coordination, Strength and Vigour are the best spells to be using here. (Choose Strength over other characteristic enhancing spells: not only does it possibly raise your damage modifier, it also increases all your STR based skills [including Attack and Parry] and gives you additional fatigue!) As a more coherent party defence the spells Lightwall, Darkwall and Mobility should be deployed.

At 20 metres you'll have just enough time to look at the whites of their eyes before hurling a Speedarted javelin.

Once the dust of battle begins to rise, set responses start to cloud the bloody confusion. Keep an eye on the fortunes of your fellows, and be prepared to parry for a round in order to help out with a much needed Dispel Magic or Heal spell. However, if you attack has been properly coordinated, you should be mopping up the survivors at this stage.

Lastly come the recuperative spells: Heal, Repair and Extinguish(!).

If the party can organize itself about this defensive framework, instead of scattering into isolated pockets of resistance, then additional tricky-bugger tactics can be worked in (for fun and profit!) Obvious larks include juicing up a friend and staying clear of the fight, making sure the person with Dispel Magic is covered with Countermagic (vital when half the party is Befuddled); or the simple joy of all Disrupting a single target.

Combine spells for a better effect: chase the broo you've just Demoralized into the ogre you've just Befuddled! Use spells psychologically: douse a trollkin in oil, point your finger at him and say: "Now, I may or may not know the Ignite spell.....feeling lucky punk?"

Fanaticism is an excellent offensive spell, particularly on foes with excellent shield parries. Just make sure someone well protected cops the brunt when the fanatic foe goes into chainsaw mode. Given that he is now fairly defenceless you should be able to chop him to bits quickly. Using spells with imagination will usually give you the upper hand.

So, utilizing some of the concepts presented here, you shouldn't be wiped out by the next trollkin gang that attacks you. My apologies to anyone who feels that their intelligence is insulted by these simplistic tactics, but as a Referee I know that far too much ransom money has been paid for parties scattered and splattered due to poor organization and lack of coordination.

A final thought: remember, if the combat is going badly, best to regroup, heal, recover those lost Magic Points, and try again - preferably with Mobility!

SOUP

matthew tudor

Soup? Soup? don't talk to me about soup. I'll tell you about soup. Soup's an evil. A blasted evil from the Under-world.

'Chicken Soup?'

'Chicken Soup', don't talk to me about chicken soup. Only madmen eat chicken soup.'

'It's hot and creamy. There may even be a mushroom in your bowl.'

'Mushroom! did you say mushroom? I'll tell you about mushrooms. I'll tell you about mushrooms, and soup, and all things designed by the Devil like potatoes, and carrots and swede.'

'Mr Cummiband, if you don't eat, then you must get some sleep.'

'Sleep. Don't talk to me about sleep. Not with what I've seen these past days. I'd rip my arm off rather than sleep a minute, I would.'

'There'll be no need for that, Mr Cummiband. There'll be no need for that. I'll take your soup away.'

'I'll tell her about soup, I'LL TELL YERS ALLLL ABOUT SOUP.....'

.....It was three days ago. Aye, three days ago and not a hint of the hell that was to follow. I was happy, I was. I'd made myself a friend out of a duck. Wobble his name was, only I called him Wibbly Bottom Wobble. We were friends. Blood brothers no less and intent on stopping the rest of our lives together. Aye. It pains me great to think of that day we entered Furthest, with the intention of getting us selves a hot meal and bath. We'd not even set our bottoms on the seat of an old inn chair, when a master came over and introduced himself as the name escapes me for the moment, but make no mistake he was an evil sort. Dark, dark hair and a scar from here to here. Nasty he was. Killed fifty men if he was a day, I shouldn't wonder. But who was to expect that by attending the function he'd arranged, we'd be letting uself in for such misery, OH MISERY.



Granted I was suspicious of the invite. Who'd invite an old bottom such as myself and an ex travelling-circus duck to a charity feast for orphans, if they weren't up to no good, just you answer me that? But seeing those rascal faces staring up at me, asking and goading, "go on mister, come to our feast and entertain us poor orphans," they said. "Bring your duck friend and let us appreciate his fine avian qualities in the comfort of our own workhouse."

Well, who could resist the little mites' whinging voices? A man made from stone perhaps, but not I, nor for that matter little Wobble, who even now wiped a tear from his snuffling bill.

And so it came to pass, that I, Mr Cummiband, and Wobble the duck, attended the Mariark Benevolent Fund's, Dinner and Dance, at Copster Hill Workhouse for Malingerers. And it was I, Mr Cummiband, and Wobble the duck, that dressed in finery of a voluptuous nature designed to emphasize just how low and poverty stricken the sweet orphans were.

HA! How their eyes darted from breast to breast; from thigh to thigh; from bottom to bottom. How they delighted in Wobble's jesting and my frolicking good fun - and a happy time was had by all, until.....

We sat for dinner. Our places marked. I was-distressed to see my

seat a hundred yards from the seat allocated to my dear friend Wobble. And how I yearned for the sick, and those out of control to be removed from this unholy place of eating. BUT NO! It was their orphanage and the beadle insisted they should stay, giving just a little ground in relegating the incurably ill and terminally sick to the far table by the sewer outlet.

I sat, calm once more, and turned my attention to the carrot SOUP SOME WRETCHED IMP OF A RAPSCALLION HAD PUT BEFORE ME.

I gorged, as any man of weight would. I gorged and gorged and gorged and gorged. I ate my soup and I ate my neighbour's soup and I fought for the soup of a little cripple girl. And this greed, THIS GREED THAT SWELLED MY LOINS AND FORCED MY ANUS INTO THE FURTHEST REACHES OF MY BREECHES LED TO MY UNHOLY, GODFEARING PITTIFULL DOWNFALL.....

For, in the meantime, Wobble had been asked to exit the dining chamber and speak of food with chef and caterer. Like a fool, the sad eyed duck followed that attendant. WHOA HOW HE FOLLOWED, TAKING NOT ONE PRECAUTION.

The duck was rendered unconscious by a cruel blow to his brittle, shell like skull, no doubt delivered by some RAG TAG, BOB TAIL OF A SPONGING BIRD OF PASSAGE. HOW I FEEL FOR THAT DUCK. HOW THE EMOTION COMES FLOODING BACK.

But lo! At that point I was still with plate, fighting back wave after wave of wail. Shielding my carrot soup from the pawing hands of poverty and despair, despising those pitifull eyes of hunger and kicking out at those most in distress.

Imagine, then my delight when the main meal was served. And silver plated plater was placed amidst the table of crying would-be swagmen. I FORCED THOSE TINY, INVALID BODIES TO ONE SIDE. GREED, GREED, IT WAS GREED THAT HAD A HOLD ON MY HEART.

And when I reached that plater. When all was still and silent. When the groaning of those in pain had ceased to offend. And the beadle had taken time for breath.... I reached out and slowly lifted the lid from the silver plated plater.

WHAT.....

AND LO! THERE LAY WOBBLE! AN APPLE FOR A COMFORTER AND A CHERRY FOR AN EYE AND A SAUCE POURING FROM HIS ARSE THAT WOULD MAKE A STRAIGHT WOMAN CRY.

WOBBLE HAD BEEN DONE TO A TURN. PLUCKED AND ROASTED AND ROASTED AND PLUCKED..... And how I gorged, oh how I gorged. For there was a fever upon me. I was mad with hunger.

Frenzy, furore; ecstasy, raving hysteria; distraction, call it what you will. I ate my fill of that bird, before lolling back like a lion at its prey.

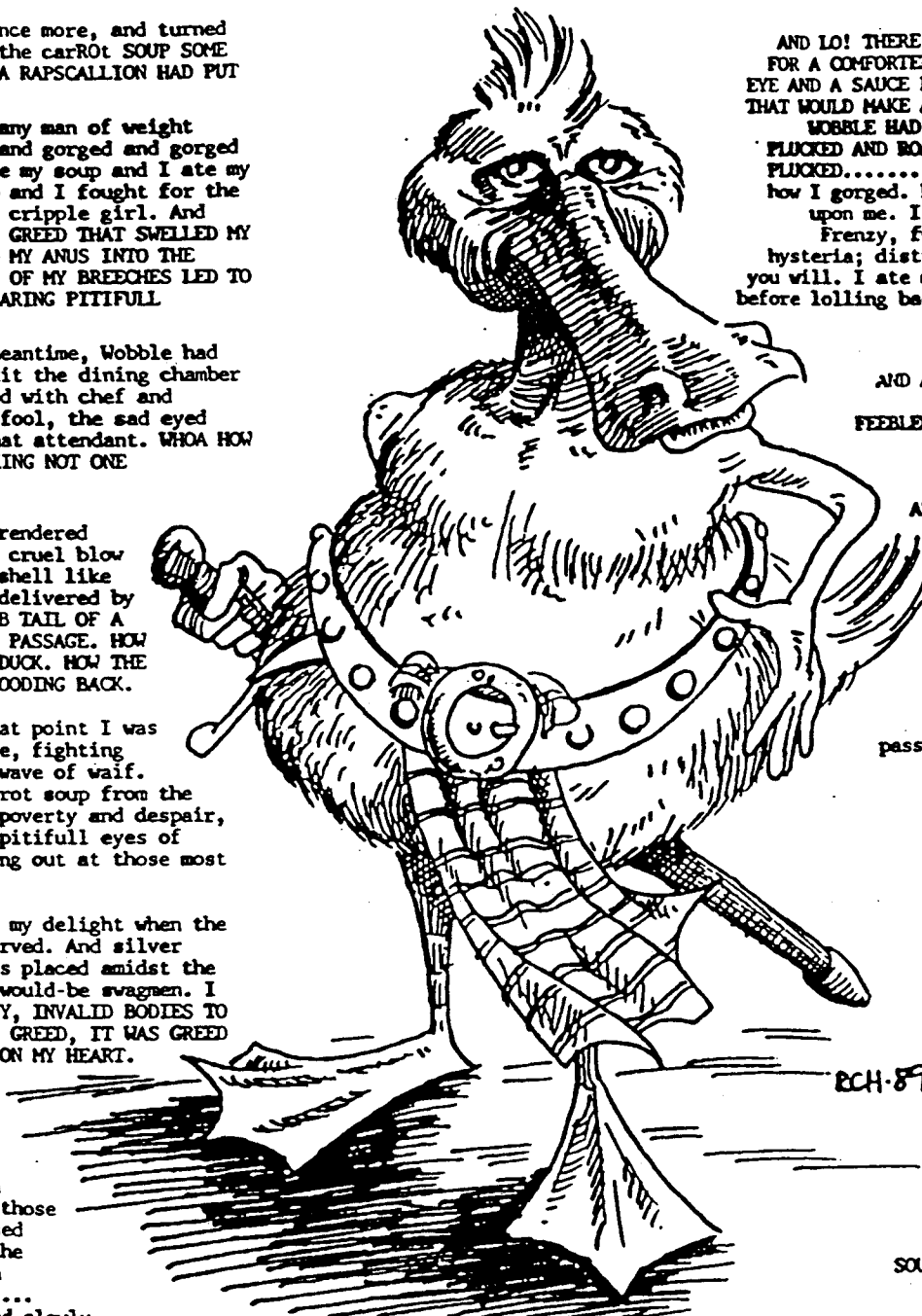
AND AROUND THE CARCASS OF WOBBLE GATHERED THE FEEBLEMINDED, THE VAGRANTS, THE NEAR TO DEATHS AND NE'R DO WELLS. AND HOW THEY GORGED AND GORGED AND gorged..

It was two, maybe three hours before the implications of what I'd done revealed themselves.

A life time friend of several weeks was, at that very minute, passing from my body into the pot below. How I cried when I saw a feather and, on emptying the pot, his little wishbone.

And it was then that I vowed never to eat again. And, apart from a small biscuit, have maintained this solemn vow in respect of dear, dear Wobble.

AND THIS WOMAN BRINGS ME SOUP! SOUP, OF ALL THINGS, SHE BRINGS ME SOUP. PASS ME THAT KNIFE. SOUP. SOUP. SOUUUUUUUUUP



.....THE DICKENS

H I E R O O E S

Simon Phipp

What is a HeroQuest? Well, it is a magical, ritually-regulated journey on which the Questor must perform certain deeds in order to obtain rewards.

Why go on HeroQuests? To gain fame and glory, to increase special powers and abilities, to serve one's deity, and, possibly, to eventually gain Immortality.

Who participates in a HeroQuest? Anyone who aspires to greatness, from cult initiates to Rune Lords, Priests, Shamans and even Sorcerers.

There are four main types of HeroQuest: i) Practice Runs; ii) Magic Roads; iii) Other Place Quests; iv) Other Side Quests.

Practice Runs are minor HeroQuests performed by initiates and Rune Levels, mirroring the acts of deities during Godtime, but taking place on the Mundane Plane or Inner World. They usually involve the Questors starting from a place sacred to their deity, performing some previously defined tasks and, possibly, fighting cult enemies. Examples of Practice Runs include Waha's Quest and Pavis Quest, (Different Worlds #1 & #45).

Magic Roads are 'similar to the leys of Britain and China', and are used for fast movement, but due to the dangers involved they are only used in emergencies. Travel is usually between two safe havens - perhaps temples or sacred sites, (although Dragonewt plinths may be used) - and consists of moving onto the Spirit Plane, performing certain tasks and rituals, avoiding the spirit denizens, and re-emerging in a different location. These roads are usually travelled by parties containing at least one Priest, Shaman or Sorcerer as they need an expert in magic to open the gates and stay on the path. Two famous examples of Magic Roads are those travelled by the Priest Redbird and a group of

teaching the superman

Colymar tribesmen during the Sartar uprisings. Redbird embarked on a Magic Road between Cragspider's Castle and Stone Cross, passing over Giant's Table, Dragon's Eye and the Howling Tower, and encountering several spirits of varying nature. At about the same time, the group of Colymari travelled on a Storm Bull Path from Clearwine Fort to Stonewalk Mountain, emerging with sky bulls and spells to prove their courage.

Other Place Quests are dangerous HeroQuests to those planes which physically touch the Inner World, in other words; a) The Fringes, (Outer World) which include Valind's Glacier, the Lands of Dawn, Luathela and the Sea of Fire. b) Hell, (Lower World) where the trolls came from and where Darkness rules. c) The Sky (Upper World) where angels and Star Lords live and where light rules.

These can actually be reached by physical travel, by the use of rituals such as the Humakti Six Stones Heroplane Ritual, or by means of great treasures such as one of the Crowns of Brilliance. Entrances to the Upper World are at the Sky River and Gates of Dusk and Dawn. Those to the Lower World are at Magasta's Pool, Gates of Dawn and Dusk, trails past the edge of the world, deep holes such as the Tar Pit, Hell's Crack and those of the Munchroom Cavern. Also through places of Darkness - The Castles of Lead, Cragspider's Tower and the Sazdorf Caverns.

These planes are inhabited by powerful races of immortals and demigods and should therefore only be entered by well prepared HeroQuestors of at least Rune Level. The usual purpose behind such HeroQuests is to gain treasure, magical powers or abilities - by theft or gift.

Other Side Quests are to those realms that exist beyond the Veils of Time, in Godtime itself. Questors are exclusively Rune Level and above, such are the chances of survival. They try to participate in the deeds of deities, joining the Lightbringers' Quest as Harmast Barefoot did, taking part in the Dawning as Hon-eel the Dancer did.

The Godplane contains pre-Time equivalents of the Inner, Outer, Upper and Lower Worlds, as well as the Spirit Plane. It has a multiplicity of forms and everything that happened before Time happens in the Godplane. So, for instance, one could travel to the Spike in the Golden Age, Lesser Darkness, Greater Darkness - after it exploded and when Magasta filled the void - since all these events occurred in the same location, albeit at different stages. This can cause great confusion if the correct entry rituals are not performed.

The Godplane cannot be entered physically. All questors must undergo a special ceremony or use certain magic items such as multiply-refined Spirit Moss potions, which allow the spirit to leave the body and travel to the Godplane. While the spirit is absent, the body does not age - it is held in that instant of Time the spirit departed. Many heroes have their bodies hidden in heavily guarded sanctuaries whilst disincorporate, providing a form of immortality. Jaldon Toothmaker's body, for instance, lies at Jaldon's rest,



Always leave your body well guarded
incase this person comes along.

waiting to be reawakened in times of crisis, meanwhile his spirit gallivants around the Godplane.

Note that the questor may use anything on his/her person that was present when the entrance ritual was performed, but anything used up or lost on the Godplane is also rendered useless on the other planes.

There are many features common to all HeroQuests, from Practice Runs to mighty Godquests. These are:

- i) The Quest must begin and end at well defined, ritually important places.
- ii) Questors must perform certain ritual and ceremonial tasks for the Quest to succeed.
- iii) Questors must act in the same manner as their deity would, since they are trying to emulate him/her.
- iv) Questors may meet friends, potential allies, enemies, even adversaries.

v) Questors may be given special magical items, specifically designed to aid in the Quest. These may be obtained before or during the Quest and are often only usable for the duration.

vi) Questors will usually face foes with similar skills, powers and abilities. This is due to the fact that more powerful foes will not demean themselves, preferring to send subordinates, and those far weaker would not dare. This is the 'Rule of Equivalence'.

vii) The powers, abilities and/or magic items gained on HeroQuests may well have different effects in other areas/planes. For instance, fire abilities gained in the Lower World may well have a far greater effect in the Upper World, since the element of fire is stronger there.

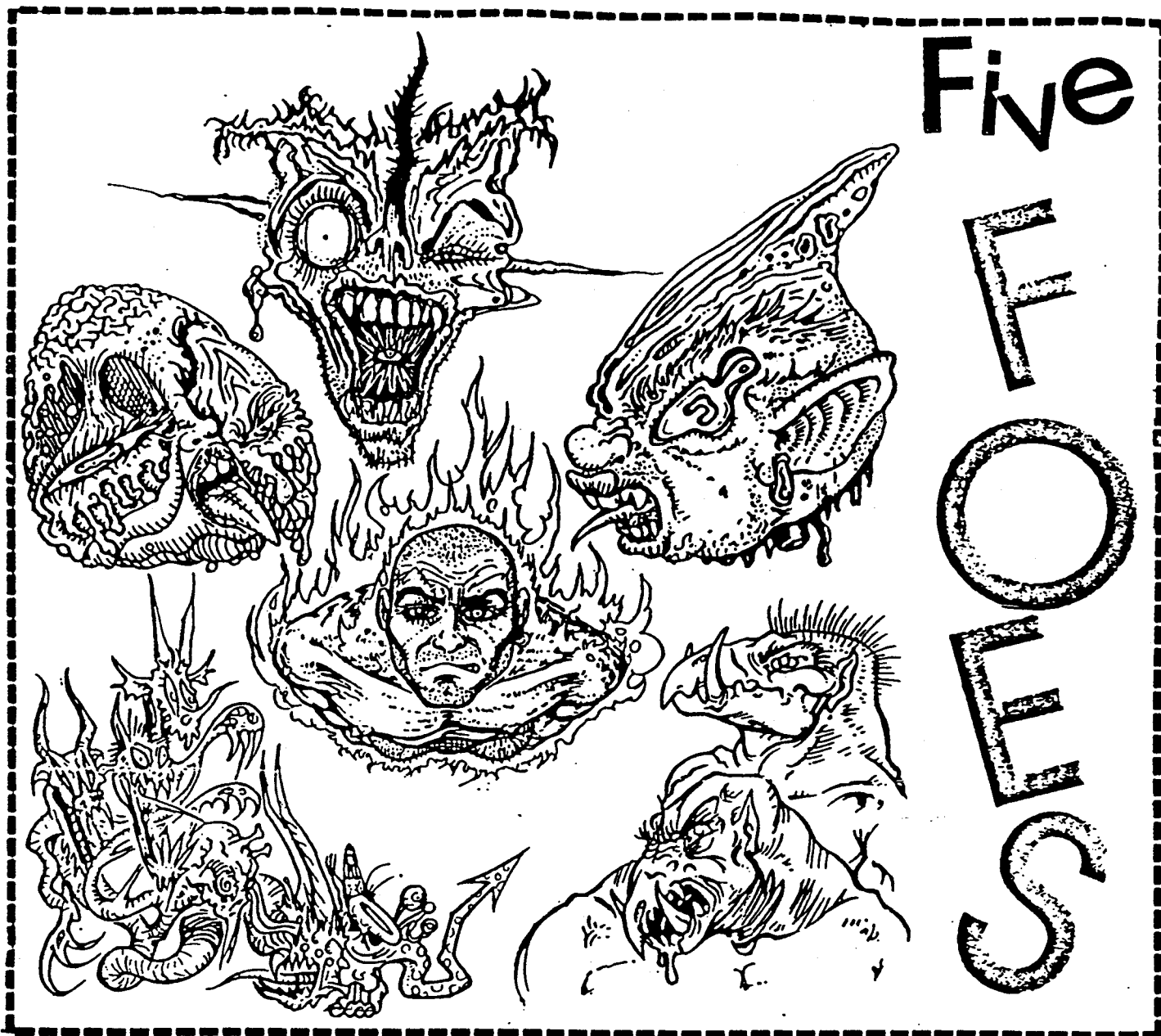
A successful HeroQuest can have several effects. It can increase personal and cult prestige; increase personal power, sometimes considerably; and reduce opponents' power and status. If it takes place in Godtime, a successful Quest can increase the participant cult's power, can possibly reduce the opposing cult's power and can make it easier for the prospective Hero to stay on the Godplane.

An unsuccessful HeroQuest generally, and unsurprisingly, has the opposite effect. Sometimes causing permanent damage and ill effect. (For example, the incurable wound given to Arkat, the first HeroQuestor by Zorak Zoran.) An unsuccessful HeroQuest in Godtime will usually either reduce the cult's power or the Questor's ability to use such power. It may well effect the prospective Hero's ability to survive in, or even enter, Godtime.

Somewhat surprisingly, or possibly not if one believes in Murphy's Law, an unsuccessful HeroQuest will have ill effects to a proportionally greater degree than the rewards from a successful one. This may be due to the fact that there are many ways to aggravate a situation but usually only one way to improve it. Or, it may just be that Arachne Solara has a particularly vicious sense of humour! Thus, an Argan Argar HeroQuestor, whose Quest it is to capture and enslave a Lodril HeroQuestor, (emulating Argan Argar's victory over Lodril,) may if successful, do an extra point of damage per location when he casts Suppress Lodril, but if unsuccessful, may well lose the ability to cast the spell at all, although he may attempt to regain it on subsequent HeroQuests. (An interesting optional extra to this example would be the Lodril HeroQuestor's increased susceptibility or immunity to the spell, Suppress Lodril.)

Since the Dawning, all the major deities have been banished to Godtime as part of the Great Compromise, here they can do as much mischief as they like without destroying Glorantha. The only way they can affect the Mundane World is via their worshippers, whose puny powers cannot hope to threaten the Compromise and hence destroy Glorantha. However, the spirit of the Compromise seems to have been broken due to the appearance of the Red Goddess and her insistence on shining where no light is allowed. In order to alleviate the situation, the Gods need to use mortals with near god-like powers to do their dirty work, without having the power to threaten the Compromise. The Hero Wars is that time when those upwardly-mobile mortals can walk the Hero's path and shine in all their glory, having at last the chance to really change the world.

Too simplistic? Spot on? So what?
We are obviously interested in
comments on the above. Mark your
envelopes 'what a load of crap' or
'that was simply beautiful' for ease
of reference.



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The Myth

During the Greater Darkness Arroin was captured by a Chaos monster, tortured and stripped of many of his powers. The young gods sought to free him, only Humakt succeeded - by defeating five foes.

The Five Foes:

1) Eurmak the Trickster. Early on in his search Humakt encountered and riddled with The Trickster. He lost only once but Eurmak's price was his left vambrace. Eurmak later used this to defend himself on the Lightbringers Quest.

Humakt won from Eurmak the power of the Berserk, the secret of which Eurmak had tricked from the Storm Bull.

2) Vivamort. Humakt came upon Vivamort as he drained life from his victims and spread his evil ways to others. Incensed by this, more so as he had accepted Vivamort's help in times past, Humakt drove him off and cleansed the area of contamination with the pureness of Death.

3) Trolls. Humakt was ambushed by two followers of Zorak Zoran, both demi-gods. He killed one and wounded the other. For this act Zorak Zoran swore vengeance.

4) In his penultimate encounter Humakt met a being known only as "The Eternal Foe". He defeated it, but did not destroy it out of mercy. From this act Humakt gained much honour.

5) The chaos monster itself. After searching, seemingly endlessly, Humakt finally met a mysterious old man who pointed out the entrance to the monster's lair and gave him some boots to wear. Humakt put these on and found that he was completely invisible. This enabled him to enter the lair secretly and discover where Arroin was held captive.

Before releasing the prisoner Humakt confronted the chaos monster. But the monster could not see him and so rather than strike the monster dishonourably, he took the boots off.

Once visible he announced himself and fought and slew the monster and its servants single-handed.

Then Humakt freed Arroin and escorted him from the lair.

In the process of leaving Humakt forgot the boots. He thereby forswore forever the use of any powers of invisibility or illusion.

The HeroQuest

The myth can be used for all types of HeroQuest, but this article explores the Practise Run quest. It is normally initiated by the Chalana Arroy temple when a member is captured and all peaceful attempts to free them fail. It is not strictly necessary for the captors to be chaotic.

During the quest the questors must, more so than usual, emulate their god Humakt. The referee should stress this only at the beginning of the quest. During the quest he should favour the most devout.

The quest follows a number of set stages.

STAGE 1: Preparations at a temple or shrine to Humakt, these may last up to a week. At their culmination the Sword officiating over the ceremony performs a Divination. Then the Quester and his supporters (if any) set out in the direction indicated by the Divination.

STAGE 2: The questers then encounter the five foes. This can be in any order and may be interspersed with more mundane encounters. The foes are:

Eumal the Trickster

The questers can meet the Trickster in any of his forms. He will attract their attention and then riddle with them. If a quester loses a riddle then the trickster will claim a piece of armour from them. If the quester wins then he will first of all gain one use of the Berserker spell. Subsequent winnings are at the whim of the referee.

If any of the questers lose a piece of armour they may not replace it during the quest. Devout Humakti's will never replace the armour.

Vivamort

Any undead can be substituted for Vivamort for this encounter; the questers need only re-assert Death over Undeath. It may involve no more than single combat, or require a nest of vampires and their worshippers to be destroyed.

Trolls

This will often involve an ambush at night. Zorak Zoran worshippers often seek to wreak their gods vengeance by killing Humakti's on this quest. The questers can expect to be outnumbered by about two to one.

"The Eternal Foe"

This foe is often replaced by a personal or cultural enemy. Often in practise run quests Yanafal Tarnils foes are fought. A particularly devout Humakti would fight two Yanafal cultists at once - in remembrance of the "Four Arrows of Light" battle.

This foe often has an uncanny habit of being a questers worst nightmare or imagined bane.

The Monster

After the penultimate encounter the questers will wander for a long time, perhaps following real or imagined signs. Finally they will be approached by an old man who promises to lead them in the direction of "that which they seek".

The old man will lead the party to the lair of the kidnappers. Before they enter he will present the leader with a garment or talisman which he explains will keep its owner invisible. He insists that it is brought back afterwards. The others questers may receive other useful gifts depending on their status in the cult.

The leader must now enter the lair, rescue the healer and kill or capture the kidnappers. Only in the latter task may he call on the other questers to help him. At some point before the other questers arrive the



leader will encounter the chaos monster/leader of the kidnappers while he is invisible. He should then be given every opportunity to kill the monster whilst in this state.

The referee must make the player perceive the monster as formidable; the ease of running the beast through whilst invisible should be obvious. Should the quester reveal his identity then he will be set upon by it and its minions long before help can arrive.

Should he kill the monster while invisible then he will have failed in his quest. He will be visited by the spirit of reprisal and his sword will be shattered. The correct course lies, as always, in emulating Humakt.

Once the denizens are defeated the leader will be unable to find the garment or talisman. However, the old man will also be gone.

STAGE 3: The Return. Only normal random encounters will be experienced on the journey back. Not surprisingly if the healer is killed at this point then the quest will have failed.

Rewards

For not using the power of invisibility the leader will gain the geas of "never participate in an ambush" and its concurrent gift of the Sense Assassin skill. If he already has this geas then he will gain an extra 10% in Sense Assassin skill.

Winning the first riddle with the Trickster will gain the questers a one-use Berserker spell. Swords then need sacrifice only one point of power to gain the spell as reusable.

The subcult of Arroin will teach the skills of Treat Poison and Treat Disease to the leader free of charge up to 75% and thenceforth at half price. The leader can also call for preferential healing from any Chalana Arroy healer at any time. His supporters can only ask for this.

The White Crescent Rising Monastery is a temple to the Red Goddess built upon (and within) a hill on the edge of the city of Alkoth. Its inhabitants consist of those who choose to forsake the outside world in favour of the pursuit of scholarship, meditation and magical research. Those who enter will rarely set foot outside again, neither can they look outside for the Temple is windowless. Access is via a long and narrow stairway that crawls up the outside of the walls until it reaches a small black door. It is here that food is brought every third day, and the Monks' gifts of knowledge received.

The two men entrusted with the duty of carrying up the large burdens of food, and removing whatever scrolls are to be found at the door, are known as the Keepers of the White Veil. This is a hereditary and highly prestigious office but all the same a very unenviable one. The Keepers leave the offerings just within the door before carrying any scroll to the Alkoth temple to Irrippi Ontor. This ritual has continued for perhaps a century now.

The sealed scrolls are guarded carefully by the Keepers of the White Veil although no one would interfere with their duty as they are known to be protected by extremely powerful magics sewn from within the monastery. It is even rumoured that the scrolls are capable of defending themselves!

Many of the deliveries have led to much celebration - some lonely monk having produced a work of great intellectual import. It was the White Crescent Rising that discovered the Second Theorem of High Divinity; that translated the 'undecipherable' Tome of Kharth; and that wrote the famed Ivory Book - a collection of spiritual poetry.

Those who choose to join the Monks are accorded great status and their families rewarded with riches from the deep Imperial Treasury. This 'awe' is tempered with a total lack of comprehension as to why one would forsake life in such a way. Those who enter within do so for their own reasons, often derived from private grief or handicap, consequently, the Monks are a strange collection of individuals.

In truth, the cloistered world created by the Monks, facilitates a devotion to study and experiment on a grand scale. A scale that would perhaps horrify the common people of Alkoth!

Rumours allude often to the additional deliveries the Keepers are said to make in the dead of night. Seen by none but the Red Goddess, strange bundles, grotesquely carved chests, even the occasional reluctant human being are carried through the doors. One tale claimed that prisoners from the subjugated hill tribes of the south are regularly herded in. Another tells of the large, deformed, horned creature seen one night upon the Temple stairway.

The truth? The experiments of the Monks touch upon many areas of knowledge. Live beings are subjected to hideous anatomical and psychological probing. Ancient and

MONKS

of ALKOTH



long-untouched tomes are studied by the Monastic loremasters. Magical forays onto the spirit planes and into Godtime occur often, as do strange experiments with mystical items.

The Monks, of course, owe allegiance not just to the Red Goddess, but also to Nysalor the Illuminated. Some of their aims might even reflect those of the Godlearners with the only thing tying their studies together being their very diversity.

Little of this would ever be revealed in the regular Irrippi Ontor announcements. Messages to the Red palace in Glamour abound, however, although it is debatable whether the Monks allow this out of a loyalty to the Red Emperor, or loyalty to some other person, power or thing.

The Monks are surprisingly small in number, perhaps only 50 initiates and a further 12 priests. Many would be considered insane and put to death should they have to rejoin 'society'. Many also, are hideously mutated by the results of dangerous magical research.

What they do in the monastery could

well have profound effects upon the course of history. That which has been given to the Red Emperor is dangerous enough, but who knows what the Monks hold back for their own use and protection.

Only occasionally does a Monk venture out, and even then under the most impenetrable guard imaginable. They are carried in soundproof palanquins, and served by a temporary Keeper of the White Veil, appointed from the relatives of the normal functionaries. On such journeys they may travel to any number of strange destinations in the aim of pursuing their studies and/or to recover items or knowledge desired by the monastery.

Their ultimate aim is unknown. Who could guess what havoc their actions could wreak upon the very cosmos. Do the profits that tell of Nysalor's rebirth speak the truth? What is the White Moon? Who is She Who Waits?

AND for what purpose is a monk of White Crescent Rising journeying south towards Dragon Pass, a region embroiled in war and strife, and home to many potent and ancient powers?

FIGHTING FAT

The RQ rules assume that a character, whether PC or NPC, is at his normal size and weight. SIZ cannot be trained up or down. Perfectly logical you might think - and yet not all people are perfectly proportioned. Some are fatter than their ideal weight - not everybody of a given height is the same weight.

A PC should be allowed to add up to 3, or with the DM's special permission, up to 6, points of EXTRA SIZ (don't forget 6 SIZ is up to 90lbs of extra weight!) These points of EXTRA SIZ (ES) represent fat and do not work in exactly the same way as ordinary points of SIZ.

They do affect and reduce, a character's Agility and Stealth skills, and they do affect and increase a character's Hit Points and Damage Bonus because all of these are dependent upon mass. They do not effect a character's strike rank modifier as this is dependent on reach and fat characters do not have longer arms.

These modifications are, on balance, to a character's advantage but there is one further consideration. Because ES is just that - 'extra' - it is extra weight for a character to carry around:

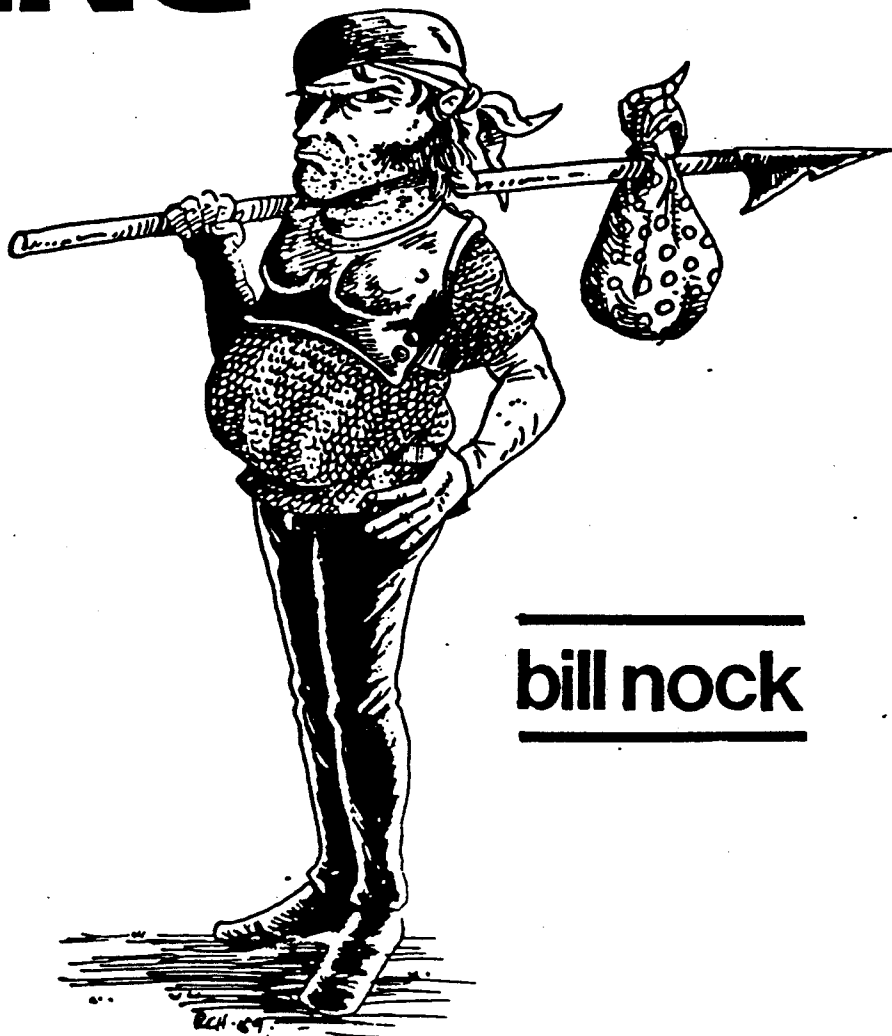
Obviously it is not as bad as carrying that much weight divorced from body mass, for a character is used to carrying his own body - but it is a considerable hindrance. For every point of ES added, a character should be considered to be carrying 3 points of ENC. So, a character carrying 6 points of ES will have 18 ENC before equipment. Such a character with average STR and CON will be huffing and puffing just in his clothes!

This makes ES a serious disadvantage and players are only likely to pick this option for roleplaying purposes; being fat is not advantageous (sounds fair to me).

In Rune Quest the basic requirement in order to earn the chance to increase a skill is to successfully use it in a situation of high stress. Normally this is a situation where failure might carry some form of penalty.

The system proposed here allows for learning by ones mistakes. Again the basic requirement is to succeed in using the skill under stress, but the final decision as to whether this action earns a chance to increase is left to the gamesmaster. Generally a success under stress will earn a tick on the skill in question, but a critical always will if carried out under stress and will often earn a tick under conditions where there is no stress as long as the action was justified¹.

¹Justification means role playing



billnock

Of course it is also possible for a character to slim. A course of diet and exercising to get rid of ES should proceed in exactly the same way as training any other characteristic - but after the necessary period of time the character will have to subtract 1D3-1 from his ES - and cannot take his size below it's optimum.

EXTRA SIZ will not help a character in a starvation situation - it is possible to starve while fat because it is not easy to convert fat to food quickly. However, it will enable him to survive (and even gain by slimming) in a malnourishment situation - when he is getting some food but not enough.

SKILL

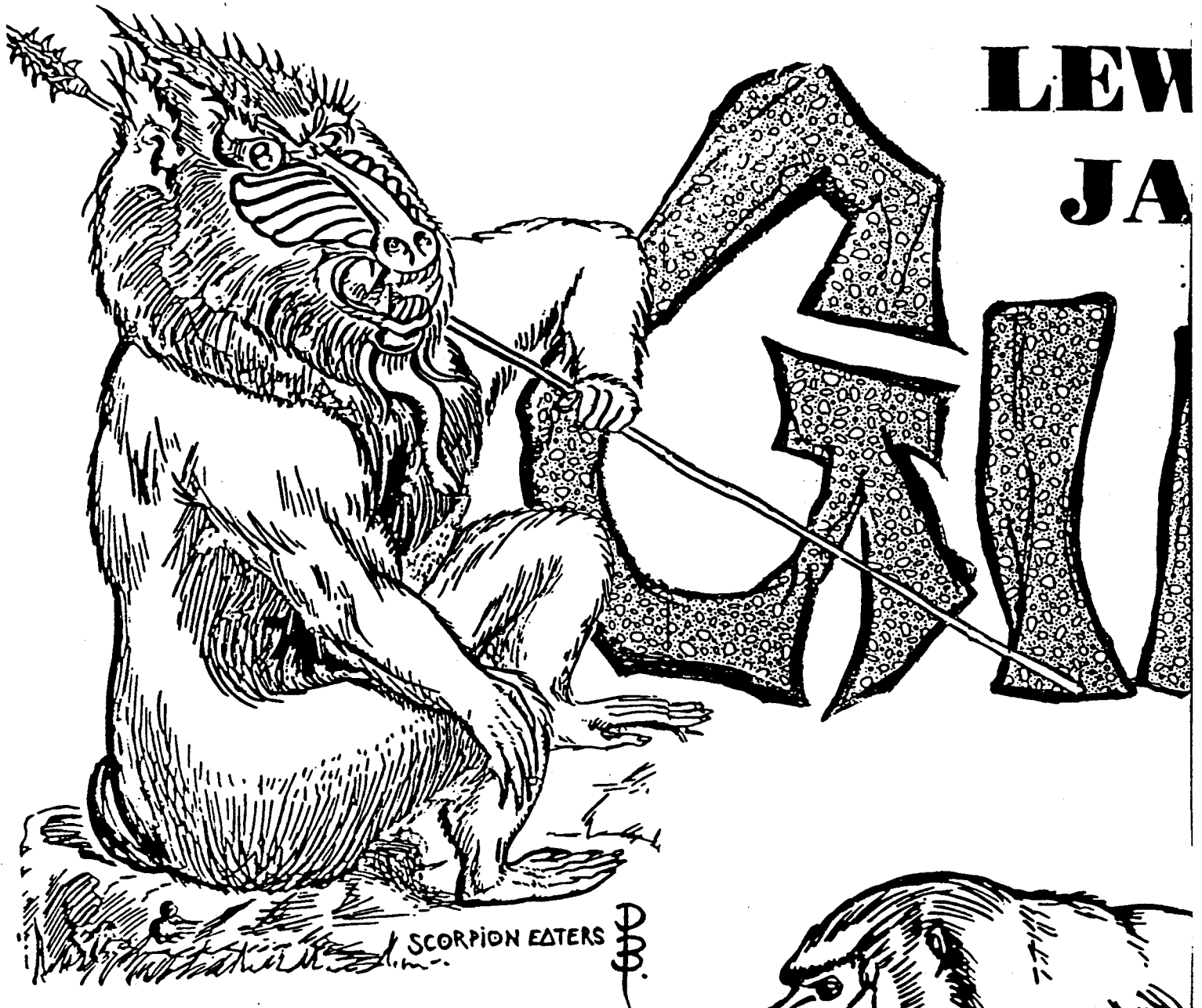
lewis Jardine

In situations where the character suffers greatly as a result of a failure the games master may award a tick for one and fumbles should often be rewarded provided the character survives it. This is because the character will often gain considerable insight into the skill

when he comes to think over the fumble after the event.

If at any time the games master thinks that a character is engaged in power-play he or she may decide not to award ticks for these actions. This simple device is the most effective form of combating power playing and is still gentle enough not to embitter the player. It is no good trying to tell a player that his favorite character has just lost 10% in their sword attack because they have deliberately tried to pick a fight with a blind beggar with only one leg. Much better to let them go ahead, tell them after the fight that they have not learned anything from such an easy bout and then later have a warrant for their arrest posted. The moral of the story; even beggars have friends.

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JA

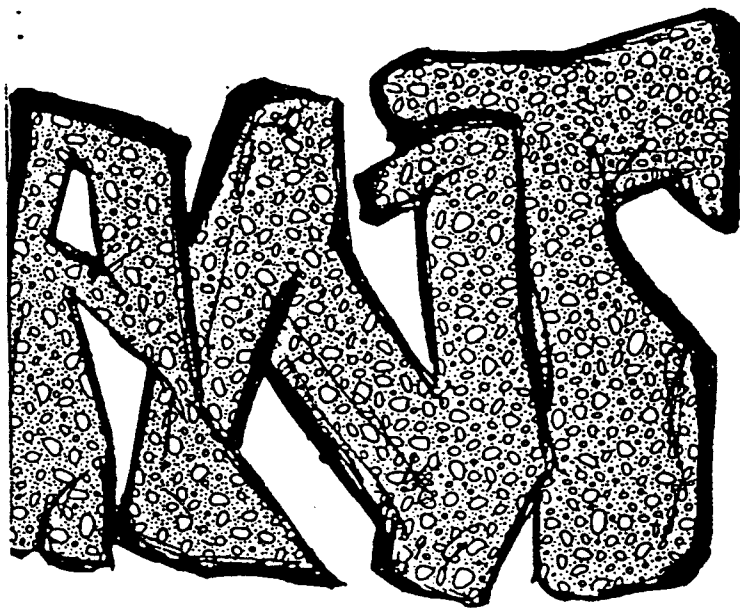


SCORPION EATERS



The giant praxian baboon is fully intelligent, unlike the smaller varieties of baboon found elsewhere. The males are almost as big as a human, and exceptional individuals have been known to grow to the size and weight of a large man. The females are smaller and lighter, but do not let this deceive you about their strength as even females are as strong as a man. The big males are very strong, especially the alpha males (leaders). All baboons are quick and agile, this is probably a result of living in the waste (away from civilization), where quickness can mean the difference between life and death.

VIS ARDINE



Baboons are naturally quadrupeds and find it difficult to imitate humans. Although their attempts to walk on two legs may seem very amusing to a human observer, it is important that one does not laugh at them as they are very sensitive about their difficulty with walking. Should a baboon want to chase someone it will probably drop to all fours and charge at an amazing speed. A baboon will very quickly overtake a running human and if it gets in close the baboon's greater strength and sharp teeth will put the human at a disadvantage, despite wearing heavier armour. It is worth noting that the canine teeth of an alpha male have no difficulty in biting through all but the heaviest armour.

Baboons have trouble wielding human weapons and normally only use simple weapons such as spears and slings. Some observers have concluded that this is because the baboons are unable to use other weapons (and shields) due to their quadruped origins. During my travels I have found evidence to refute this theory such as occasional baboons using swords, shields and even bows. To be sure, the baboons do not use these items in quite the same manner as a human would, but with practice they can become quite proficient with them. Their unorthodox manoeuvres are quite confusing and their great strength counteracts any disadvantages caused by their bone structure. My personal theory, as to why baboons seem to restrict their choices of weapons, is because they are always very poor and this restricts them to the weapons that they can manufacture themselves.

Baboons are a minority in Prax, numbering only around 10000, they are outnumbered by most other races. The baboons travel in small family groups, except on special occasions when large numbers congregate together, thus when they meet with strangers they are often outnumbered. This has resulted in the baboons automatically taking a cautious defensive posture, but in order not to signal any potential weakness to strangers they support



this posture with snarls and growls which are intended to frighten off any potential attackers. In practice this behaviour can cause the uninitiated to feel threatened by the baboons and occasionally leads to them launching an attack out of fear.

The seasoned traveller will stand his ground when faced by these antics because to retreat would signal weakness, which might invite an attack. Not touching or drawing weapons signifies strength as well as peaceful intentions so the veteran traveller would do well to stand his ground and look relaxed. After a short time the baboons will calm down if they see no sign of aggression and offer to talk with the strangers, at this point it is important that at least one of the party speaks a language which the baboons understand (Baboon or Praxian).

It is likely that this defensive posturing has lead to some inexperienced travellers returning to civilization with horrific tales of the ferocity of giant baboons, maligning their generally pragmatic nature. In fact they are rarely the ones to start a fight, although any pacifist tendencies are forgotten once they are involved in a fight. These facts justify the wise traveller in avoiding fighting baboons and communicating with them instead.

Culture

Spirits

Baboons have a primitive culture which is based around spirit worship (often of ancestors) and shamanism. They move around in small troops of no more than 20 adults carrying all their possessions as they travel. The baboons are nomadic hunter gatherers and move onto a new location when they have depleted their current area. Their whole existence is dominated by the spirits and although the dominant alpha males are the war leaders and will give orders during combat, they in turn refer to the shaman (who will consult with the spirits) when decisions have to be made. Occasionally one may meet an alpha male who is also a shaman, these individuals are very powerful and must be treated with the greatest respect (they are like a god to their followers and act in whatever manner they please).

One aspect of baboon life which quite often puzzles outsiders is their practice of speaking of dead members of the troop in the present or future tense, for example, saying that a young baboons grandfather will be proud of him after his first successful hunt. This is because of the closeness between the troop and its spirits. The contact is regular and there are often times when the shaman will invite the ancestors to rejoin the troop in order to update them on current events.

Thus members develop a profound and unbreakable belief in the continuation of the spirit after death which can inspire them to incredible acts of bravery in order to preserve the troop. This is because they know that as long as the troop exists then they will be among their family regardless of whether they are dead or alive, thus a male may deliberately sacrifice himself in order to allow the other members of the tribe including the females and young to escape. This act is perfectly logical to the baboon because it means that the troop continues to exist, while he moves onto an-

other stage of existence. He know that by his act he will become famous and be frequently called to join in at celebrations, whereas if the troop is destroyed then he will be without family and friends forever.

Rituals

The baboons hold frequent rituals when the spirits are summoned and mingle freely with the troop. These events have deep religious significance and help to re-establish the relationship between the baboons and the spirits. While outsiders are normally unwelcome at such events and should not intrude, if they are invited to participate it is considered rude to refuse. In any event the rituals are well worth attending if one has the chance and occasionally one can reap rich rewards, such as the single use of summon ancestor that Biturian Varosh gained during his travels in Prax.

Food

Baboons eat whatever they can find; life in the praxian wilderness is very hard and thus the baboons cannot afford to waste anything. There have been stories about baboons eating humans, these are probably true but it is unlikely that the baboons hunted the humans, more likely the humans attacked the baboons and were killed, then the ever practical baboons decided not to waste the meat and thus ate the human. During my travels I came across a baboon wearing a human skin necklace which he used to bind spirits in. The owner explained that it belonged to a lunar officer who had ridden up to the troop and demanded that they pay their taxes. The baboons of course had no coin in which to pay and when the lunar got angry the baboons attacked and succeeded in killing him and some of his men (the rest got away and the baboons had to spend the next month running and hiding). The baboon remarked that the meat of the humans helped them to stay alive during this time when hunting was severely disrupted by the necessity to stay hidden.

Bluntness

Due to the harsh nature of existence in Prax and the simple life-style that the baboons lead there is no time for subtleties and niceties. This leads to the characteristic bluntness of speech characteristic of baboons, who get straight to the point when they are talking. Another aspect of this is that they find it very difficult to lie, especially to friends. This tendency to speak their minds without regard to the consequences can offend outsiders and has lead to tales of the baboons uncouth speech and insulting behaviour.

Baboons view the world from their own (slightly bestial) view point and find it difficult to see it from other directions. Thus they will always answer questions bluntly from their stand point. This coupled with their imperfect rendering of Praxian (the most common language for communication) has lead to them insulting many people throughout history¹.

Language

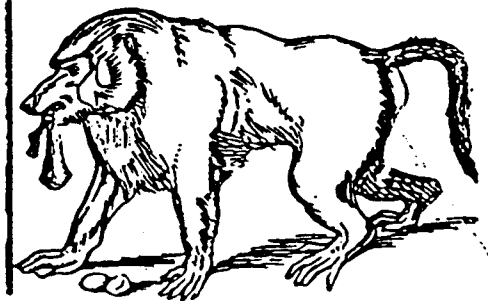
Giant baboons speak their own language, composed of snarls, yelps, guttural growls and other animal sounds. This tongue is difficult for non-baboons to learn but with repeated practice and preferably a baboon teacher it is possible for an outsider to learn. If you do you will be treated with great respect by giant baboons, who regard it as a honour if a stranger speaks to them in their own tongue. If you speak baboon you should find no trouble in gaining shelter or protection amongst baboons, but bear in mind that it is customary to reward your hosts for their hospitality.

Baboons also speak Praxian in order to communicate with the nomads. Occasionally a baboon may learn a small amount of Trade Talk or Pavic but this cannot be relied upon.

Hospitality

Because the baboons are generally poor their hospitality will be simple; protection from enemies, food and shelter from the elements (if you don't mind sleeping with the baboons). This poorness makes it easy for a relatively richer adventurer to give them a gift which they will be delighted with. Any metal item will be welcome as the baboons do not work metal; even a second hand bronze dagger will be sufficient to repay a short visit and unlike other cultures the baboons regard gifts of coin as acceptable and highly suitable. They are always short of coin and it allows them to trade for supplies which are vital for the troops survival. Salt is also a widely used currency in Prax and the baboons will welcome even a small amount. It is important that you remember that all gifts for hospitality should be given to the shaman who will see to its fair division amongst the troop; the only exception to this general rule is when an individual baboon does you a great service (such as saving your life) when it is acceptable to give it an appropriate gift (not money in this case, as only the shaman is allowed to handle coin which is used for the benefit of the troop as a whole). The shaman should also be presented with a gift in these cases.

¹The great kahn of the sable people Wahamata once, on hearing of the birth of his firstborn son, proclaimed that he was the strongest and bravest in the whole of Prax. A baboon hearing this replied that his sable was stronger, his wife braver but no one was more proud! This lead to Wahamata's lifelong quest hunting baboons which was terminated when he encountered a group of powerful ancestral spirits when he attacked some baboons in the midst of a religious ceremony. (It is rumored that Wahamata's spirit is kept bound within his skull and carried as a totem by a powerful baboon shaman.)



* Wading is a technique perfected by these wiry goblins. It is a combination of swimming and walking performed in deep mud, and can be performed in areas non-traversable by most species, except by those able to walk over mud rather than through it.

COMBAT NOTES: These creatures prefer not to confront foes, but instead use their adeptness in the mangrove mud to lead predators into treacherous patches where they are likely to drown, or, if such a predator is itself a mud dweller, flee up into the trees. In the mean time, the rest of the group will barrage any enemies with magic spells and darts.

MAGIC: Usually knows at least four points of Spirit Magic. Favoured spells include Mobility, Speedart or Multimissile. A shaman can often be found in mud goblin groups.

SKILLS: Climb 50+6; Jump 20+6; Swim 45+6; Throw 05+6; Plant Lore 50+1, Conceal 40-1; Listen 05+3; Scan 55+3; Hide in Mangrove 90+7; Hide 10+7; Sneak 10+7.

LANGUAGES: Local Elf Tongue 25-5; Mud Goblin 15-5. [Mud Goblin is a species specific language which involves a good deal of body language expressed through precise movements of the snorkel-like stalk which is always protruding from the swamp. hence these can conduct limited communication even while feeding.]

ARMOUR: One point mucus and mud in most locations.

NOTES: Removing a mud goblin from it's environment usually harms it. Unless it can find a cool mud pool to bathe in, a mud goblin will lose a Hit Point for each day away from the mangrove swamps. This damage can only be healed by resting in suitable environment.

and

Lopnor was a son of Slor who fought back where his ancestor had covered. Lopnor learned how to kill and how to use death. His most famed tale is how grandfather swamp seal attacked him, and how Lopnor slew the old beast. As a victory totem, he cut away the seal's entrails and made the first ever Lopnorifing net, of which all others hold a single part.

Lopnorifings are a race of aggressive red elves which prey on mammals, but are nevertheless omnivorous. They are few in number, and travel in relatively large groups of thirty or so. Lopnorifings are humanoid and slender, with grey skin and yellow eyes.

Lopnorifings live in wet areas of marshes, and build huge rafts made up of debris - mostly brush and wood. Young imps grow within this rotting mass abandoning it periodically. Lopnorifings fish from these rafts with magic nets made from mammal entrails. They use the nets to capture anything from fish, to the rare swamp seal or even mermen. These nets are greatly feared by water-going sentient species for their magical properties.

On land, Lopnorifings are also fearsome hunters, although they are unlikely to hunt here unless after a particular mammalian quarry.

COMBAT NOTE: Thrown javelins are sometimes used as harpoons.

MAGIC: Usually knows two points of Spirit Magic. Favoured spells include Glue, Befuddle and Speedart.

SKILLS Swim 60+6.

LANGUAGES: Local Elf Tongue 30-1.

ARMOUR: None natural; usually wear a hauberk of woven lily pads worth 2 points protection and with an ENC of 1.0.

CHARACTERISTICS	AVERAGE
STR 2D6+3	10
CON 3D6	10-11
SIZ 2D6	7
INT 2D6+3	10
POW 3D6	12
DEX 2D6+6	13
APP 2D6	7
Move: 3	
Hit Points: 9	
Fatigue: 22	
Magic Points: 11	
Dex SR: 3	

LOCATION	MELEE	MISILE	POINTS		
Right Leg	01-04	01-03	0/3		
Left Leg	05-08	04-06	0/3		
Abdomen	09-11	07-10	2/3		
Chest	12	11-15	2/4		
Right Arm	13-15	16-17	0/3		
Left Arm	16-18	18-19	0/3		
Head	19-20	20	0/3		
WEAPON	SR	ATTACK	DAMAGE	PARRY	POINTS
Javelin	8	25+3	1D6+1	25+6	8
Javelin (Th)	3/9	30+3	1D8	--	--

Red Elves (Slorifings or swamp goblins) are the children of Slor, god of ferns and marshes. There is no single species of Red Elf and each tells a different tale of their ancestry. Presented here are two new species of swamp goblins for possible inclusion in a campaign.

Most species of swamp goblin are 'male', and reproduce by undergoing a complex ritual with the only 'female' species of goblin; the mysterious Olarian. (Slor himself, is of mutable gender or, is perhaps genderless.) At the end of the ritual the 'male' goblin buries himself in a hole and a plant grows from the spot. The spores, seeds or roots of this plant are the source of the elf's offspring.

When the Darkness fell upon the world, Slor crawled down to the sea shore where he sought a place to hide. There he met Boleopthalmus - a son of Golod, the fish God - who told Slor that he could find him an excellent place to hide if only Slor would give him something to eat. Slor readily agreed, and the cunning Boleopthalmus showed him how to hide in the deep soft mud.

Mud goblins are the descendants of Slor who have learned to live in salt water mangrove swamps, and who form an essential part of the ecology in such swamps. Mud goblins can only be found in Hornilio, and, although more rarely, in northern Pamaltelan lands such as Laskal or Elamle where small numbers of Olarian mates dwell.

Mud goblins are tiny humanoid creatures. Their heads consist of a short stem with a bulbous woody base and huge fern-like leaves growing at the top. Concealed by the leaves are three tiny black eyes. The body of a mud goblin is covered by a thick mucus, which provides a home for large

colonies of algae. The stem of the goblin's head acts like a snorkel through which it can breathe.

Much of the mud Goblin's time is spent immersed in the salty mud found in mangrove swamps, and they feed on the roots of the mangrove plants which grow there. They hold a unique ecological position, rooting out dying or unhealthy mangroves and providing algae on which the mudskipper fishes (descendants of Boleopthalmus) can feed.

When they emerge from the mud (as the tide sweeps in, or at night) the goblins take to the mangrove trees. Mud goblin imps grow in the mud of the mangrove, and the sign of a snorkel gradually emerging from the swamp indicates that such young are near adulthood.

Mud goblins usually travel in groups of ten to fifteen, having grown together from imphood.

CHARACTERISTICS	AVERAGE
STR 2D3	4-5
CON 3D6	10-11
SIZ 1D3	2
INT 3D6	10-11
POW 2D6+5	12
DEX 3D6	10-11
APP 1D4	2-3
Move: 3/2 wading*	
Hit Points: 7	
Fatigue: 18	
Magic Points: 12	
Dex SR: 3	

LOCATION	MELEE	MISSILE	POINTS
Right Leg	01-04	01-03	1/3
Left Leg	05-08	04-06	1/3
Abdomen	09-11	07-10	1/3
Chest	12	11-15	1/4
Right Arm	13-15	16-17	1/3
Left Arm	16-18	18-19	1/3
Head	19-20	20	0/3
WEAPON	SR	ATTACK	DAMAGE
Dart	3/9	20-1	1D6

jon quai fe

ELVES

NOTES: Lopnorifing Nets. Lopnorifings can craft special magic nets from the entrails of mammals. These nets are usually huge and require the complete population of a raft to handle; they are often used to cover a whole water channel. The nets are rarely used in combat or out of water.

To make, maintain or add to the net, requires the participation of a complete clan group. As the net is worked on, each elf sacrifices a point of POW to it, guided by the clan elder. When the work is completed the nets STR, hit point total, six times its armour point total, and Glue STR are equal to the total POW sacrificed.

A net must undergo a maintenance ritual at least once every year.

The nets have a number of magical properties. First, they regenerate from any damage, except fire or acid, at the rate of 1 point per round.

Second, the nets have magical holding properties. Any living being swimming through the net attracts it towards him. He must match his STR against the Glue STR of the net. Success means that he swims through untouched, without harming the net. Failure results in him being entangled, his flesh gripped by the net with effects similar to the Spirit Magic spell Glue.

Escaping from the net requires that the victim must defeat this glue effect in addition to fulfilling the normal requirements (see *Monster Coliseum* or the *Glorantha Bestiary*).

A spell such as *Spell Resistance* or *Countermagic*, will counter the Glue properties of the net if it is powerful enough to resist its POW total. Thus, 31 points of *Countermagic* would be necessary to avoid the effects of a typical net.

One mammal can provide a community with enough entrails to increase the SIZ of the net by four times its SIZ. Thus a typical human could give these elves enough entrails to increase the net by 52 SIZ points. One Lopnorifing can handle 18 SIZ worth of net, so a typical community has a net of SIZ 500, with a STR, hit points and Glue STR of 30, and 5 armour points.

A net is the magical centre of a Lopnorifing community, and its condition usually reflects the strength of that community. If the net is destroyed in any way, or removed from the community, the elves will sicken and die. Removed from their tenders, the nets usually degrade after three or so seasons. If a community is ever forced to divide, the net is split among the divergent groups

RUE MORES

T - This indicates that the rumour is true.

F - This indicates that the rumour is false.

M - This indicates that the rumour is so general as to be meaningless.

R - This indicates that the rumour may or may not be true at the referee's option.

B - This indicates that the rumour is generally true but that it also has a substantial false component.

N - Nothing.

1) Clearwine is the finest wine in the whole of Glorantha. It rejuvenates lost energy as well as having the sweetest, lightest taste of any equivalent wine. It comes ONLY from the Colymar region of Sartar. R

2) A 'Song of Power' is any tune which contains some mythical truth which is made manifest by the singing. Songs of Power are often parts of rituals and ceremonies, spells and enchantments. T

3) HeroQuest has been out now for seven years under its trade name of Trivial Pursuits, and damned good it is too. B

4) The new Governor of Pavis doesn't have a barber. T

5) A common Lunar saying is: 'Life is Slavery'. This is often interpreted literally by the rich and powerful, justifying their ownership of human beings. Some sultanates are in a slow process of enslaving the common populace, and what's wrong with that? N

6) The use of ducks in Glorantha is a really good idea. F

7) Chaosium are working on a scenario-pack tentatively called, 'Pent Pack'. T

8) The new Governor of Pavis doesn't have any hair. T

9) The richest man in Dragon Pass is the ruler of Alda-chur. A rascal who plunders the people and taxes for his own needs/greeds. And what's so unreasonable about that? N

10) The final words of Zorak Zoran were: 'Bring me another porcupine, this one has split.' B

11) The next RuneQuest supplements to be released are 'Elder Secrets of Glorantha', 'Troll Gods' and 'HeroQuest'. B

12) Adari is a hole. Trolls regularly roast Aldryami in the streets. R

13) There is no difference between the words 'horde' and 'hoard'. They may be swapped around without changing the meaning of a sentence, or causing an due embarrassment to the person who wrote the article. For example see the last sentence but one. T



A well oiled fighting machine

HOP WARS

hall and oats

The main Grain Goddess of Maniria is Esrola, Goddess of Oats. However, within Sartar Prona, Goddess of Barley, holds great sway for from her comes the gift of Barley Beer.

In Sartar brewing of Barley Beer is a craft of cult status. The process of fermentation of the barley is a guarded secret but that hops are added is well known, even if it is unique to Sartar.

Hops are added for two reasons, first they have the special ability of prolonging the life of the beer and second, they flavour the beer giving it its distinctive bitter taste.

During the recent Lunar occupation of Sartar little attempt has been made by the Lunars to change the drinking habits of the population. Lunars themselves prefer wines and spirits, especially Gin, and view Beer with disdain. However, the possibilities of taxing such a popular beverage have not been ignored. Various schemes have been floated but most have floundered on the need to tax at the point of sale, the Inn. The Inn is often regarded as the heart and the hub of Sartar politics and society. Therefore any direct attack on this has been viewed as too dangerous. As a result, taxation has to date only been on imports and exports of beer.

That is until the appointment of Flavius Girmicus as District Head of Procurement and Disbursement.

Flavius is a cunning and greedy man - a perfect tax collector - and has worked out a new scheme for taxing Barley Beer: he taxes the hops for silver.

This has proved rather unpopular amongst hop growers, brewers and drinkers alike. Hop growers in particular are hard pressed due to the payment in silver rather than in hops.

So far the discontent has remained latent; there has been no unrest.

Flavius, however, is playing a double game. He is deeply involved in a consortium of Lunar Merchants who are shipping consignments of cheap Gin (a spirit distilled from fermented maize) into Sartar.

This is for sale in Lunar sponsored Gin Houses; in direct competition with the Inns.

The new tax on hops, therefore, is beginning to help Gin sales.

The scene is an Inn in a large Sartarite town or city; the players are having a noisy beer. Ideally they should be members of Geo's or at least serious beer drinkers!

A well dressed young man approaches them and introduces himself by buying a round. He tells them he is a representative of certain "commercial interests" (in fact a group of disgruntled Sartarite hop growers, brewers and merchants). And that they

* The most alcoholic beverage brewed by man is Burgoo, this is made from fermented Squaa and is a great delicacy in Tarien. The brew is thick with unfiltered squaa husks and is drunk through a hollow reed. It is a very sociable drink as many drinkers can therefore share the same Firkin.

need reliable young 'toughs' for a moderately dangerous job.

He explains that a large consignment of Lunar Gin is travelling down the Tarsh Road. The players will be part of a party which will ambush and destroy it.

Depending on their experience the players may be in command of the group of about thirty young ruffians.



The Gin is being carried in six large wagons and is guarded by about a dozen average fighters who expect little trouble this near to a city. Therefore the initial ambush should be easy enough. There are enough hirelings to overpower the caravan guards. What follows, however, is an orgy of looting and destruction.

The referee may wish to spice thing up at this point with the arrival of a Lunar cavalry patrol. However the damage will be done and the Gin destroyed.



Lunar reaction is swift, not only have a number of merchants lost money but there has been a severe break down in law and order. The ruffians are hunted down and some of the truth is tortured out of them. The player characters must lie low, and may have to fight to escape Lunar justice.

Fortunately, the Lunars are not overly concerned with bringing the real culprits to justice. As long as they arrest somebody they're quite happy! And because 'proof' is always readily available they'll have no trouble picking someone up. In fact quite a few undesirable (and completely innocent) Orlanthi and Storm Bull elements may find themselves accused, tried and crucified.

The losses of the Lunar merchants are levied from the hop growers and brewers as a punishment.

A few disreputable taverns are closed and martial law is declared for

the duration of the investigation. Tempers fray and with one thing leading to another a riot starts. This escalates and innocent civilians are killed by frightened Lunar soldiers. Now the Lunars really do have problems and the military move in.

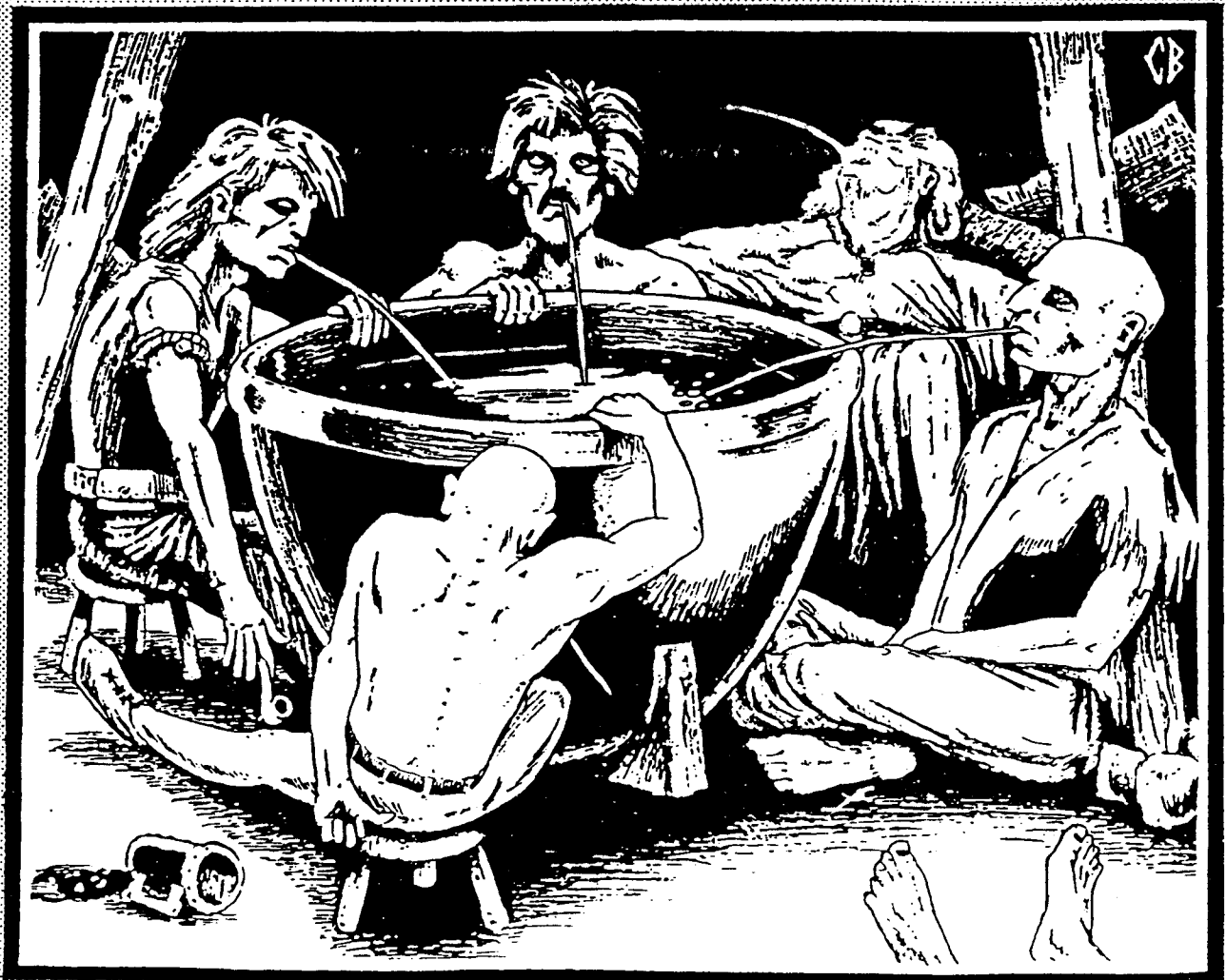
It's up to the referee as to how this develops. Perhaps the riots spread across Sartar and then spark open rebellion. Probably these will be suppressed by the Lunars and life will return to "normal".

Flavius will quietly be posted home and the hop taxes left uncollected. The Gin trade will decline and eventually only serve the Lunar occupiers and Sartarite collaborators.

The players, if they survive, will become minor folk heroes, having participated in the Tarsh Road Gin Party!

Alternatively, it would be amusing if Argrath were able to sweep back into Sartar as a result of Hop Wars!

david hall



DOG FIGHT at

The player characters are passing through Hagariabar in the Aggar Kingdom, when they are approached by a gentleman called Heparinious Hogg. Hogg has by his side a ferocious looking dog. He puts a deal to the PCs, that they look after 'Barabus' (his dog) for a few days whilst he is away. (He has business in Bilini with another dog owner, or so he tells them.)

In addition to the dog-sitting, Hogg is on the look out for some seconds for Barabus's fight up at Picnic Rock in three days time.

Hogg will pay a fair price - and also offers up to 25% of the 'prize money' should the PCs act as seconds. With a few

side bets here and there, the PCs should be looking to make a tidy sum.

He intends to get back on the evening before the fight, but imagines it might be as late as the actual morning of the fight. He tells the PCs not to worry, he will not miss the fight for anything.

Hogg leaves the next morning. He'll slip away early and has no intention of coming back in time. Unfortunately, Barabus isn't his dog. Barabus was 'stolen' from some Blue Moon Trolls about six months ago - and since then Hogg has been fighting the dog in Kostaddi, Darjin, Sylila and now Aggar. Hogg is sure that he was spotted two days ago by a troll dog-circuit scout, and so having considered the options open

to him has decided to let the PCs do the hard work.

The fight has already been arranged: the stake payed. The players don't have to do anything except take care of the dog, and guard against anyone trying to nobble it.

In the three days between now and the fight the PCs should learn a lot about Barabus. His pedigree and fighting abilities are not in doubt, he has won every fight so far, 16 in total, making Hogg a very rich man. This information will be common knowledge amongst the dog fighting fraternity in Hagariabar. And so the fight with Black Jacey - the kingdom's champion - will be worth big money.

The PCs should also discover that Barabus

PICNIC ROCK

has an immense and expensive appetite and is very bad tempered when feeling undernourished. He snores like a dragon, smells like a sewer, suffers from kleptomania, hates the colour red - which should be made apparent - and, to cap it all, has a peculiarly human approach to sex.

They will also learn of the difficulty in finding a place to stay that caters for animals. Perhaps the PCs will have to sneak the dog into their room of a night.

Also in this three days the PCs should get to meet Black Jacey's entourage, including his owner, Black Jacey. Much shouting will entail. The dog, Black Jacey is smaller than Barabus. Looks older and battleworn. Its record is 22 fights, with 21 wins and a forfeit - nobody mentions the forfeit, well not in polite company at least.

arrive that Hogg has been killed by bandit clans. Actually he hasn't - he's paid someone to deliver this message. Hogg will attend the fight dressed as a woman in a hooded cloak. He expects the trolls to turn up and wishes to see what will happen. If the PCs kill then then he will present himself later that day - saying that he got attacked but managed to escape - collect his dog and share out the purse.

To complicate matters further, Black Jacey really belongs to one eyed King Rascius of Aggar. Unfortunately, for domestic reasons, he is not supposed to fight dogs. He will attend the fight likewise, in disguise. He has with him a small retinue of soldiers, who have orders to break up the contest and 'accidentally' kill Barabus if he looks like winning.

One other interested party in attendance is Akgarbash the wizard from Laurmal. He

officiator means that only the most prestigious bouts employ one. Also, because dog-fights tend to be passionate affairs the likelihood of a fight breaking out is great. To ensure a modicum of restraint all weapons are left with an attendant.

Barabus Vs Black Jacey is top of the bill. There are five or six fights before hand, during which time the tension grows. People bustle shouting bets, throwing accusations, coins and drugged meat, anything. Various little scuffles occur but are soon calmed down.

Just as the big fight begins a group of five trolls will arrive on the scene and start looking around for Hogg. Eventually they will recognize that it is their dog Ragnort that is fighting, and will jump into the arena to stop it.

At this the place should erupt with



There will be two attempts to doctor the dog before the big day. The first will involve someone throwing a brick through the window of where the dog sleeps. The brick is wrapped in two pounds of drugged steak. Obviously the clatter should wake the PCs - but the dog might get to the meat before they can figure out what is going on. The effect of the drug will be to make the dog sleepy and apathetic, and this will be noticed the next day. The urgency of the situation should be obvious and the PCs might do well to affect some kind of cure.

The second attempt will occur on the morning of the fight, an old man, betting his whole life savings on Black Jacey will administer the same drug on a bit of stale bread. He'll probably be caught or eaten.

On the morning of the fight, news should

too will be in disguise and holds a grudge against the King and Black Jacey - (there was a little dispute over the last fight wherein Akgarbash lost a considerable amount of money). If the going gets a little sticky for Barabus, then Akgarbash intends to step in and turn Black Jacey into a frog. He intends to do this anyway, after the fight no matter what the outcome.

Add also a scattering of off duty drunken Lunar soldiers, some nice hill barbarians from Dorastor, several townfolk of varying disposition and you have quite a collection of misfits.

An officiator with considerable magic potential will be appointed from a neutral camp and will cast detect magics throughout the procedure to check that no dog is being nobbled. The high cost of an

shouts and waved fists. Revealing himself, the King steps forward. Sensing that his dog will win by default he attempts to calm the situation. He does so, and for a minute the debate is restrained, but unfortunately, in a grandiose sweep of his sovereign arm he reveals, under his cloak, gowns of the brightest red.

The very sight drives Barabus wild, and he attacks. There follows a massive fist fight: the Lunars; the wizard; the King and his retinue; the players; the barbarians; the townfolk and the trolls. Everybody gets stuck in. That is, everybody except Hogg. In the confusion he will retrieve his purse from a very befuddled stake manager and walk calmly away. Perhaps nobody notices either, that during the fracas, Barabus sneaks away to join his master.



Q

LETTERS

GARDENING AFF

ISSUE ONE

The reaction was overwhelmingly positive. Favourite articles were Spoken Word, Art and Nomad Clan - in that order. There were some exceptions...

Phil Murphy, Bangor, Co Down:

The main complaint is going to be along the lines of, "Too much poncing about with articles on art, barbarians and obscure Lumar societies and not enough meat. Where's the the senario (sic) for Storm Bull's sake?!" And that's going to come from your main target market. You and I are a different breed; esoteric RuneQuesters into Gloranthan myth and legend, the beauty of Stafford's creation, art for arts sake. Teeny-bopper Questors are not. To sell you have to satisfy; to satisfy you must meet the needs of the many before the desires of the few. It's a dirty business but TotRM must be viewed either as an expensive labour of love or a profit-making sideline. ...White Dwarf is crap; Warhammer 40K is crap... So how come Dwarf has a print run in 6 figures, Warhammer outsells all other rpgs in the UK and Jackson and Livingstone are millionaires living in Spain? You can try leading Irvings to water my friend, but you'll never make 'em drink.

If I was you, I'd give the buggers what they want with a sprinkling (and only a sprinkling) of the real stuff. Then when you've got 'em hooked, try to convert them. If you continue on the present theme you'll alienate a significantly large section of potential subbers. Honest.

Snippets from the rest of the letter follow in no particular order.

Please tell me you couldn't find a printer for Totty 1 (he means 'Tales...') at a sensible price so did a DIY job.....All in all the production value is a big fat zero. It's crap. I enclose an old Morrigan for your reference. (Morrigan is a zine Mr Murphy used to produce.)

After three issues, the dozen or so of us still reading Totty will be sickening of it and you.

You must trade off some of your high ideals in return for filthy lucre. Not all, just some. All of life is a compromise and if you think Totty can be anything else, you're sadly wrong.

I'm glad you're not going to fall into the trap of talking down to the dim pleb subbers....With Moggy (Morrigan) I did my best to tread a middle line (sic) but always knew that if I had to stumble one way or the other, it would be on the, 'Look here, you dim plebs, I know best!' side.

I've spotted "do'n't" a few times in Totty 1. For Pete's sake - not taking the time to check with your dictionary where it should be is one thing, but to put it in both possible places is juvenile. Aaarrrggghh!!!

There was a lot more but you can only have so much of a good thing. We realise that there were problems with presentation in the first issue - hopefully we will get it right in the future. One thing about the "do'n't" in the Dafergrickery business - it was supposed to be an abbreviated 'does not' and not an abbreviated 'do not'. Looking back at the piece I notice it wasn't consistent. We feel that we have trespassed against Mr Murphy but hope he can forgive us.

Simon Phipp, Coventry.

I like general background articles, especially those which are written outside of the game itself (as opposed to the journals of Marcus Motormouth, Sage of Lhankor Mhy and all round windbag) so I enjoyed the 'Nomad Clan' and, to a lesser extent, because it was so short, 'Hearth Warming'.

Perhaps 'Art' was written by the brother of the aforementioned Marcus. As I read the article I was becoming more and more

infuriated with the style, obvious omissions and biased opinions of the article. What about the carved figure of the Hsunchen and northern tribes for instance? Then I read the 'Translator's Note' and the preview of issue 2, and realised that I could be in for a treat. However, I still disagree with the style of the article - I don't think that character narratives work.

Even though I like background stuff, I always feel uneasy about the introduction of societies and cults from personal campaigns. Here is where Pavic Tales lets itself down. Hence the article on the Spoken Word is all very well, but can it suddenly leap fully formed onto an already existing campaign? I think not.

Quickly to take up the point of 'character narratives' - perhaps the article should have had the 'Translators Note' at the beginning of the piece. The omissions, style and bias were by design, the fact that you noticed them and became so emotional, seems to indicate the success of the venture. What's more, to have written the piece 'straight' would have taken an eternity to research and read. However, we take your point, they can be quite dodgy although we will still publish such providing, of course, we think they do work. (Part II of 'Art' can be read next issue.)

Can the Spoken Word be introduced into an already existing campaign? We think so. The fact that not many people know of its existence seems to recommend it. But again we take your point and we are not going to start printing new cults every issue. Having said that, we do want to at least appear to be dynamic. If all we are going to do is reiterate the words of Greg Stafford, then we might as well go home now. One extra note: the Spoken Word did not come from a personal campaign. The author has never played RuneQuest in his life.

So

Cameos - Ho, hm. Ok I suppose but I won't be writing any. 'Furnishing For Effect', 'Dafergrickery', and 'Quack' - no comment, no interest, no good. 'Hayward' - tut tut. Very Silly.

I can see why you wanted an artist for the mag. The artwork ranged from good to bad. The detail from 'Anchoritenus.....' shows a very sick mind - I liked it. Also, more in the style of the Mycenean/Ancient Greek works - the 'Death of Salinarg' was excellent.

Overall, the zine was good but could be improved. It needs more heavyweight articles, more artwork, more humour, after all RuneQuest can be funny. The price of £1 is just about OK, but I would complain if it went any higher.

Well each to their own. We are amazed that you thought some of the artwork 'bad'. We want more artists for variety sake not because we think the ones who help us are rubbish. But the comments you have made have been noted and we hope you'll feel more comfortable with this issue.

CAMEOS vs SCENARIOS

Martin Dougherty, Sunderland:

Cameos: A much better idea than spending 9 pages on a scenario I'll only use part of and have to flesh out anyway.

Derek Holmes, Liverpool:

The two cameos were very good, though I haven't run either yet and I doubt if I shall for RuneQuest. Both good ideas, but why no stats? What is the point of having systemless scenarios in a RuneQuest fanzine?

Micheal O'Brien, Victoria, Australia:

Another thing new players (and old) need are more RQ scenarios; maybe even one bigger per issue (everyone complains that CHAOSIUM don't have enough RQ adventures: where's Pavis, Borderlands, Big Rubble etc. when you need 'em?). They seem to want things like maps, charts, stats etc. in their adventures. When they see a mag with a ready laid-out adventure in it, they buy it 'cos its something they can use. Cameos have their place alongside a full-fledged adventure. I am reminded of Journal of the Traveller's Aid Society, the old Traveller mag. It used to have a cameo section "Amber Zone", yet also ran longer adventures.

As a result of the above our position has become more flexible regarding scenarios! The original concern was in publishing a ten page epic that perhaps wasn't to everyone's taste, leaving us with very little other space within which to make amends.

In issue three, however, we hope to feature a full length, 'stats'n'all', adventure by Jon Quafe, entitled Ancestor Quest. Court will adjourn.

DUCKS!

Derek Holmes, Liverpool:

My own personal theory as to why Greg Stafford put ducks into Glorantha is that he, like myself, is/was a big fan of the "Howard the Duck" comic put out by Marvel in the mid-seventies. This was a classic humour comic and is by far the best character that Marvel have ever done (anyone who tells you different is probably an X-Men/Mutant fanatic).

Richard Melvin, Edinburgh:

My opinion on the great duck question is this: why not detail them in a 'serious' way that naturally leads to humour while playing the game. My view is that ducks are basically happy creatures who honestly have no idea why people see them as ludicrous. Sartarites, at least, see no reason to taunt or harass them as its simply more fun to watch them going about their business with their traditional boundless optimism and pomposity. Thus ducks owe their survival and relative prosperity to humanity's collective failure to take them seriously!

Greg Stafford, Albany, California:

Ducks are intended to be comic. I usually ridicule them, both as a GM and as a NPC. I admire people who take them seriously, but not very much.

DO YOU COME FROM A LAND DOWN UNDER?

Michael O'Brien, Victoria, Australia:

You asked about RQ and gaming Down Under. Just a couple of years ago The Melbourne Dungeon and Dragons Association a.k.a. MUDDA*, was the largest club at the university with over 700 members. Incidentally, MUDDA also held the perhaps unremarkable distinction of being the largest RPG club in the southern hemisphere. Once the initial popularity of roleplaying games and fantasy peaked, the bloated membership dropped to about 100. Sadly MUDDA is no longer in existence.

Three game conventions of note still occur annually Down Under. "Arcanacon", once run by MUDDA and now by a pack of D&D freaks called "Maxwell's Demons", is held here in Melbourne. "Sydcon" is run by the university up in Sydney. The other major convention, which bears the imaginative title "Canberra Games Convention", takes place in our nation's capital. It began as a wargaming con, and the roleplayers are still looked down upon there as upstarts. I've never been; most people try to avoid the city of Canberra if they can help it (if you go there you'll see why). In the good olde days of roleplaying there were several other cons of note, but these have died along with roleplaying in general. Not long ago, RQ was always a major tournament, along with AD&D, the freeform and Cthulhu; in recent years it has sunk to minor status.

AD&D found itself being assailed by RuneQuest a few years back, but the advent of RQIII soon took care of that. I was lucky; I bought one of the advanced copies of Delux-RQ which were hawked at A\$58.00, at that stage about twice what you'd expect to pay for a similar game. Then, the rapacious importers and Avalon Hill got together and decided

to really kill off RQ by raising the price to A\$90.00 (about £45 in your money!!!) The high prices, combined with the unimpressive quality of the first supplement packs (eg. those character sheets which, because they came in a box, AH thought should cost A\$26.00), killed off RQ as the fastest growing game played in Australia.

*not a bad acronym considering the Melbourne Uni. Chocolate Appreciation Society has to go under the moniker of "MUCAS". (I shouldn't even mention the Friendly Union of Concerned Knitters, the uni's handicrafts club.)

GLORANTHA

Oliver Dickinson, York:

I have just noticed the gag at the top of the Genertela review: nice one. I am glad your reviewer liked it (he might have mentioned that this is where you really can find out something about the Empire of the Wyzms Friends and the God Learners); if he doesn't like being carried on a conveyor belt to the Hero Wars, my suggestion is that he should antedate his campaign a bit, but of course that won't work if you're already in one that takes major historical events for granted (I had to antedate to avoid the War of Rigitous Wind that suppressed the Orlanthe in Alda-Chur). Lets face it, most adventurers won't last long enough to reach the Hero Wars proper!

Mark Swanson, Arlington, USA:

There are many ways to use a source book such as the one on Glorantha you reviewed without cramping your creativity. Besides setting it much later, The Wild Hunt had a write up of a recent Champions (Superhero) campaign background that involved a modern world where, just about the time of Marvel Radiation (in whatever form it manifested this time) was producing significant numbers of superheroes, someone managed to attract and import the Gloranthan gods. Orlanthe and the Red Moon had an epic struggle over San Francisco. Exactly what happened to Greg Stafford was never determined. Killed by fanatical Stormbulls searching for Chaos, I suppose.

One final comment before we leave you in the capable and delightfully soothing hands of Oliver Dickinson; we don't want to shy away from criticism, however, we'd prefer it if comments were presented in such away as to be at least civil. We're not softies, just that when you've put a lot of work into a project, for somebody to come along and say 'blah, blah was crap' or similar it tends to rub against the grain.

byø

I would like to think that there is still a public out there eager for news of Griselda, as a response in the letters column of the late lamented *Adventurer 10* suggested; certainly she has retained her popularity among various correspondents and even non-gamers to whom I have introduced her. Since her last major U.K. appearance (*White Dwarf 51*) she has gone merrily on her nefarious way, in fact, but although some material appeared in *Different Worlds* before it too went down for the last (?) time (I hope this isn't catching), many of her exploits are known to few, and I hope to remedy this.

This particular item is rather different from what has been published previously, and deserves a little explanation. Griselda and most of the other characters in the stories began as creatures of fiction, not PCs. Well, you can see how it was; one day I got to wondering how the gang would actually make out defending their hideout (*Wolfhead's Lair in The Big Rubble*) against a reasonable opponent

with the stats I had given them. In fact, I chose their attackers at random from among the Rubble gangs, and as you will see they were lucky, compared with what they could have drawn. This was the first time I had run Griselda under field conditions, but being pleased with the result I have involved the gang in further "real" adventures in the course of getting them out of the nasty spot they had got into as a result of the Great Chart Caper. The main one (a little trip to 'Devil's Playground') is a problem to write up entertainingly, but watch out for a spin-off, 'Carving Up Carver', with genuine played-out duels involving Griselda on her own.

The voice is Wolfhead's own, telling the story to Big Nygg, who brings supplies to the hideout from time to time. The gang, for those who own *The Big Rubble*, is the Losers, led by Grilph.

Yours Humaktically

Oliver

WOLFHEAD'S

Oliver Dickinson

STORY

What I gotta say, old Krokkie there certainly came on like some kind of hero that day. I mean, I always knew he was, like, dependable, and we all did our bit, but his performance was truly impressive.

How it happened, we were having a noontime bite, and, you know how it is, we'd been here a while with no real hassles, I was paying more attention to my food than to keeping a good watch. But I caught a glimpse of something, leaned outside, and there's this bunch of Chaotics scuttling along like they were trying to get outa sight. Man, they were weird! One had three heads, another a whole lot of arms, a third was blown up like he had a wind inside of him - there wasn't more'n one or two looked like normal broos, if you see what I mean. I got my head in pretty fast, you bet, and yelled to the gang. We were lucky they didn't rush us straight off, but I guess they were looking for some handy spot, were

surprised to find anyone at home and had to take stock.

So we got time to arm up and take positions. I stay at the back windows, Kroked's by the double doors and Fylchar over there at the door you come in by, Griselda by the front windows, and Simbal by the storeroom where the roof's part down, all flapping our ears for the least sound. I'm studying on this gang, too, and I got a hunch that most weren't broos at all, which is a useful thing to know if you have any poison handy like we did, because you know as well as I do that broos can laugh any poison off, but it'll work fine on other Chaotics just like on everything else. So I had Simbal fetch some out and set Griselda to dipping arrows and such, because she can work faster and neater with her hands than anyone you ever saw.

Well, they decided to try and take us - had to be the worst decision they ever made, but they couldn't know that and neither did we.





by kind permission

First some come in at the front door and fell over the tripwire, which slowed them, and when they pushed on the doors down come the bricks, which made one yell all right, but it didn't convince him. Three-Heads looks through the gap a moment, but they didn't try anymore there, and there's others on Fylchar's side not getting anywhere either. Just as I'm saying we'll have to hit one or two, try and scare them off, there's some yelling which Simbal catches, being in Praxian, and it's their boss calling them together. Grizzie puts up the idea that we open one of the double doors and shoot out, which looked good to me, but Kroked couldn't shift the door and she's having trouble with a spell, we got slowed up. Then Simbal yells, one's jumped into the storeroom, and I go over to shoot. It was nothing but a head with arms sticking out, but it was lively enough; I couldn't make my shots tell and Simbal takes a great swing with his sword and nearly overbalances when he misses. Next Griselda's yelling that they're at the windows, nearly through; they must've spotted our little traps and sprung 'em while clearing the stones. So I go to the front windows and send Kroked to help out Simbal, and pretty soon there's one almighty crunch and back comes Krokkie patting his maul and saying one's done for.

Now Fylchar's at the back and we heard some going around there, but we couldn't move as they'd be in at the front any moment. We were standing on chairs to get a good view through, and I spotted the blown-up one, got off a shot, while Griselda whips a dart through the other window into Lots-of-Arms's head, and this discouraged them some. Three-Heads looks in to try some spell on Griselda, which bounced right off, but she couldn't nail him with her spear. The ones in back didn't spot our surprise under the window - looking for more stuff hung up above, I guess - and down goes one into it with a yell, but another makes it through the window. This is some kind of broo, and Fylchar can't stop him with his sling, so in goes Krokkie again. Whack! - he takes out a leg, and whack! - he smashes in the gut, and it's bye bye, broo.

Now I go in back to take a look out the window, and there's another broo down in the pit, seems like the boss from his gear, and Lots-of-Arms is heaving and straining and having no luck getting him out, and here come Three-Heads and another that's practically all one big arm running up. We got in some shots, but they haul him out and off they all go. Simbal and Griselda are covering the front windows, and Lots-of-Arms turns to scoop up



one that has no limbs at all, seems like, and showers Simbal with javelins. Simbal took one or two, but got off his shot, nailed him right between the eyes, prettiest shot I ever saw, and down he goes. We ran to get the double doors open, and by the time we were out they're heading for home, all except Limbless who's yelling like for help, but they weren't stopping for him, no sir. Big-Arm was fizzing along like he's got a spell on him, and there's Three-Heads and the boss, and that's all; the poison had offed the blown-up one all right.

Well I was thinking, I didn't want any survivors coming back with friends, so I said we had to get all we could; Kroked takes out running while Grizzie and I are loosing off, Fylchar is settling Limbless, and Simbal's healing some. We got Three-Heads down and Kroked smashed in one head, though that mighta been wasted effort, and then there's only the boss in range. I'm shooting away, and Simbal too, and finally I make one of the best shots of my entire life, clean through his right arm, which hurts him so, he has to slow down, try to get it out. I yell at Kroked to get him and in he goes, no fooling about. He has that broo so pushed for time, he swings round his shield with his arm still hanging, aiming to parry and then heal up, I guess, but old Krokkie gets his swing past everything the broo has and you shoulda heard him yell! Smashed up his leg and that's it: that broo can't have been as tough as he looked, he's off to the Spirit Plane.

Now Limbless is all that's left, and he's managed to get Fylchar all dazed like, but Griselda carves him up some and he yells for mercy, he'll tell all. Takes a while to get things sorted out, with me having to head off Kroked from searching the broo - he can be dumb sometimes, who knows what diseases he mighta caught? - but finally we get talking to this Limbless creature. He may not have an arm or leg to call his own but he is not short of brains, no sir: he has us pegged for hideaways, even comes up finally with Griselda's name - ain't it amazing how word gets about? - and he's got information on the Rubble Chaotics that he'll trade for his life, but he doesn't let it all out, you bet. Griselda sees where we can make a deal, use this stuff to clear ourselves with the cults maybe, so we dicker a bit, settle to keep him alive until we can find out. Can't hurt to try anyway, but it's gonna have to be soon, because we don't want any more Chaotics dropping by, no sir. I doubt we'd be so lucky another time.



TALES ^{OF THE REACHING} MOON

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Artists: Colin Bailey, Phil Bale, Garen Ewing, Ralph Horsley.

Thanks to Greg Stafford, Oliver Dickinson, Michael O'Brien (and assorted drunks at ARCANACON) for the Rumours.

Printed by: Harman, Publications & Booksellers, 15 Campsie Drive, Bearsden, Glasgow, G61 3HY.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

UK: These are at a rate of £1.00 per issue and include 2nd Class postage. NO CASH. Cheques and Postal Orders made payable to "David Hall".

Australia: The rate is A\$4.00 per issue including postage. Available from Michael O'Brien in Melbourne (address below), make all cheques and P.O.'s payable to him.

Europe: The rate is £1.25 per issue including postage. This is payable in UK Sterling currency. Girobank Postal Orders should be made payable to "David Hall". Cash can be accepted, a £5.00 note will pay for a four issue subscription. Alternatively six international reply coupons will be accepted for each issue.

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Surface Postage: A rate of £1.50 per issue. A UK £5.00 note will pay for a three issue subscription, £10.00 for seven issues.

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CONTRIBUTIONS

We're keen to receive contributions, anything RQ related is welcome - essays, scenarios, rules ideas, short stories, art - anything. We will probably publish all rules material in a RQ3 format, but feel free to send us RQ2 stuff anyway.

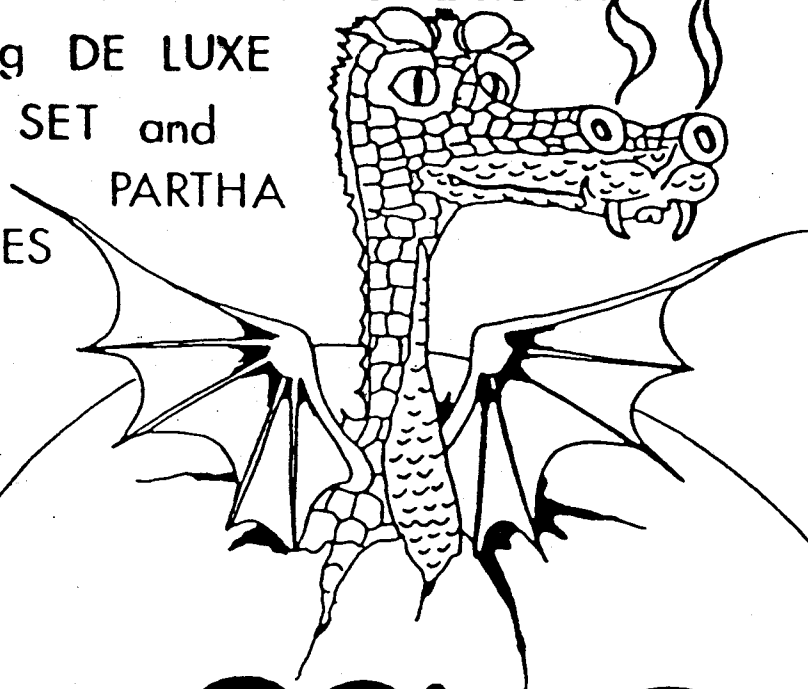
To be accepted for consideration the contribution must be legible, preferably typed. We type up contributions ourselves onto Amstrad PCW machines, so contributions on disc in Locoscript will be especially welcome! (Discs will be returned of course.)

Copy date - 1st December 1989.

Next Issue: The Cult of Geo by Greg Stafford, Ancestor Quest - a scenario by Jon Quaife, Jaxarte Wyded's Grand Gazeteer of Prax by Michael O'Brien, One Vision - ritual and magic by Brian Duguid, and much much more! TIFN.

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