

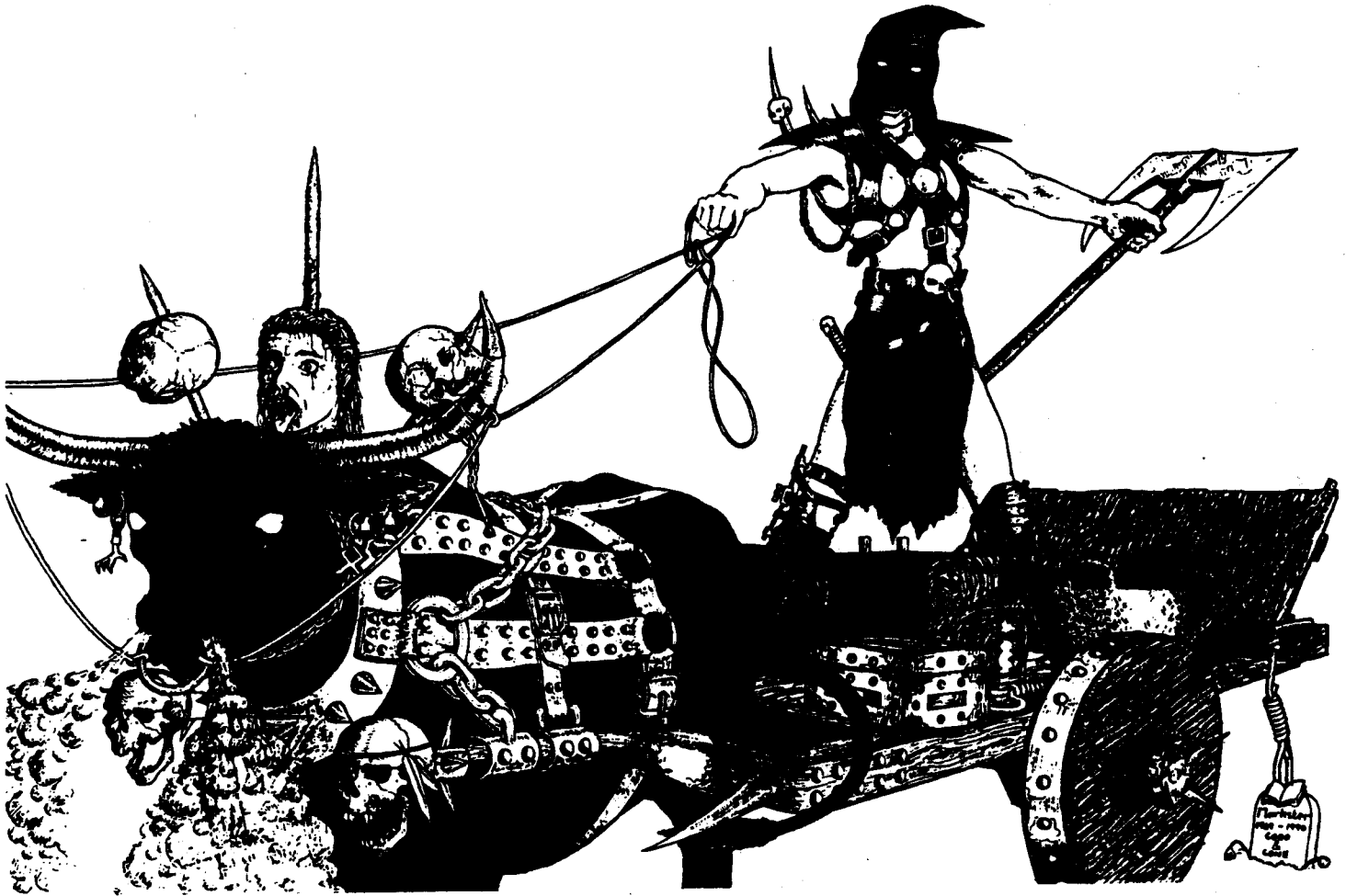
Tales of the Reaching Moon

The RuneQuest™ Magazine

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4



AUSTRALIAN SPECIAL!

Inside:

Gagarth the Wild Hunter

Griselda!

Scenario Section

Notes from Nochet



TALES OF THE REACHING MOON

is an amateur magazine dedicated to the roleplaying game RuneQuest and the world of Glorantha.

ISSN 0960-1228

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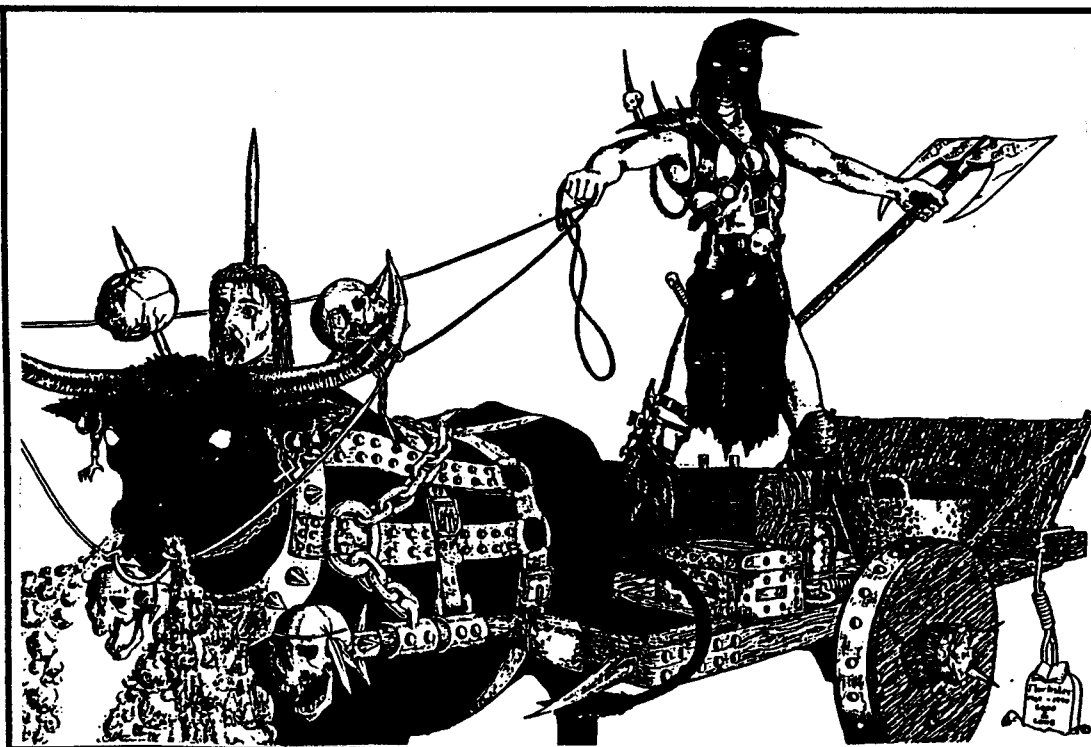
Our rates are: Full Page £8.00; Half Page £ 5.00; Quarter £3.00; Back/inside cover £12.00

Contributions:

Contributions are always welcome (particularly artwork), as magazines like this don't spontaneously generate!

All written contributions should be double-spaced and legible, preferably typed. Contributions on floppy disc will receive preferential treatment, either IBM 3.5" or 5.25" can be accepted, in ASCII, Wordperfect 5.0 or Word for Windows format. Please remember to give full credit to all the sources of the article. Don't send us originals of your artwork by normal post, good photocopies are preferred.

As ever, the generous reward for publication is a FREE copy of the issue.



GEO'S BOUNCER

For space reasons, GEO's Bouncer had to be dropped from the last issue. As you can imagine, he was fairly annoyed about this and you can be rest assured the malefactors will be visited shortly...

The Bouncer's favourite joke:

KNOCK, KNOCK!
Who's there?

It's three o'clock in the morning and you don't know who's there?

Tales of the Reaching Moon

The RuneQuest™ Magazine

EDICT

G'day and welcome to issue #4 of TotRM. Putting this edition together has been primarily an Aussie effort, although the articles themselves range from far and wide. Along with HOLIDAY GLORANTHA which began in issue #3, three new columns begin this issue. NOTES FROM NOCHET is an analogue of the late-lamented *RQ Companion's The Jonstown Compendium*. TOP SEVENS begins in this issue with top 7 examples of Gloranthan bravado (look for them scattered throughout the text). Later, more serious top sevens will include Top Seven Gloranthan Foods, Top Seven Drinks, Lhankor Mhy Scrolls, etc. Finally, RUNE-QUEST REVISITED will be a semi-regular series discussing rules variants. Contributions are sought and welcome for these new features.

For the technically minded, issue #4 was knocked up on a MacIntosh SE using Ready Set Go! V.4, some sticky tape, a pair of scissors and a half-quart of White Out. A hearty slap on the back to John Hughes of the Wyrms Footprint for his invaluable assistance in getting this bumper issue of the zine together.

THE QUESTIONNAIRE

Thanks to everyone who's replied to the questionnaire: expect a detailed analysis of the findings by Mr. Hall in issue #5. Keep 'em coming if you haven't replied yet. I won't go into details about the questionnaire here, suffice it to say the most popular article so far is Jon Quaife's scenario ANCESTOR QUEST (#3), and many who replied expressed amazement that David required a whole line just for people to write down what sex they are. Or at least, that's what I think he wanted to find out. David has been shelling out quite a bit lately on postage: to guarantee a reply to your letter, he is asking that you please include a SSAE.

SQUAWKINGS FROM QUACKFORD

...is the "Tales..." newsletter, which will be produced at odd intervals to give our contributors and fans news about the zine's latest progress, our future plans, as well as ideas for articles we'd like to see, and the latest RQ gossip. You can get your hands on it by sending a SSAE & 10p to David Hall, or your local MOON contact.

AB CHAOS

...is the CHAOSIUM gossip zine, another irregular affair. Issue #1 is doing the rounds at the moment, and its 4 pages include a corporate history of the company, a well-written tirade against the Fundamentalists, and a list of forthcoming and planned CHAOSIUM products (including Ramthal The Channeling RPG, but sadly no RQ). You can get AB CHAOS by simply sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to CHAOSIUM. CHAOSIUM's new address can be found on the Rumours Page.

THE AVALON HILL CONNECTION

AB CHAOS also informs us that RQ is now totally in the hands of Avalon Hill. All questions, submissions, complaints etc. should be directed to Mr. Nick Atlas, c/o The Avalon Hill Game Company 4517 Harford Rd. Baltimore, MD 21214, USA. Incidentally, Nick Atlas is the author of The Lost City of Eldorad, the latest (and possibly the most expensive ever) RQ scenario pack.

CRUMMY ART

I have not yet seen Lost City, but my sources inform me that D.Dobyski, excremental "illustrator" of Troll Gods and Elder Secrets, has had his hands cut off and won't be working on RQ stuff again. YIPEE! Many thanks to all the people who wrote expressing their disappointment in the artwork. The Poms have begun a new letter-writing campaign to AH to convince them to re-issue the old RQ2 scenario packs, eg. BORDERLANDS, BIG RUBBLE, etc. in RQ3 format. Too late to get into Rumours is a whisper that the next RQ release will be titled "Daughters of Darkness". Not Glorantha, which is a shame, but at least we're finally getting some new material!

MOB 🐾

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THE SKY REACH SPRINGS

BY DAVID HALL



HOLIDAY GLORANTHA

The second part of a new series exploring the towns, cities and temples of Glorantha.

These natural springs can be found high in the Skyreach Mountains near the source of the Eagle River. There, living within the springs is a naiad named Anemone. It is told that during the Lesser Darkness, Arroin stopped here to rest after being wounded by Zorak Zoran. He was revived by the cool and sparkling waters and the tender ministrations of Anemone. So grateful was he that he conferred on Anemone some of his powers of healing.

Until shortly after the Dawning these powers were enjoyed by only a few locals and stray travellers. Then sometime in the third century the White Ladies of Chalana Arroy came to build a shrine to Arroin and sample the waters. Since then the shrine has become a minor temple and cult holy site, and an additional sanitorium and resting house have been added to cope with the many pilgrims who come here, some to bathe their ailments and others to bottle the water.

The temple has only a small number of dedicated healers but is kept potent by the temporary worship of the pilgrims. All must worship, and sacrifice Magic points, in the daily ceremonies before they may bathe or collect their full quota of water (one small flask-worth rarely two).

When they first arrive pilgrims are also expected to provide some small but useful gift for the temple: grain, healing plants, livestock and the like. The spring waters themselves emerge from a deep underground source (some say from the River Styx), passing through the realm of Lodril where they are heated, and finally emerge into a large sheltered pool (in which the pilgrims bathe). From here the waters flow into the Eagle River.

Powers of the Spring water

The water has the following powers if drunk:

- * The sparkling water is very refreshing. When drunk fresh it will add 1D10 to the drinker's Fatigue, even taking it temporarily over the maximum. Unfortunately away from the springs the water loses its potency at a rate of one point per week (unless magically bottled), though it will always add at least one point to Fatigue of kept unspoilt.
- * The water can provide a defense against poison. Fresh spring water will give 1D4 False CON against poison if drunk very soon after the poison is ingested (how soon depends on how fast-acting the poison is, though for even the slowest poison the water must be drunk within the hour). Again the potency of the water will diminish with time, but this case only by one point per season (and not at all in Sacred Time).

The water has the following powers if bathed in:

- * Natural healing rates are doubled.
- * Anemone can attempt to exorcise disease spirits from one pilgrim per day. Just bathing each day will hold the disease deprivations at bay.
- * Other maladies can be cured through prolonged bathing, including: joint rot, deafness, wasting disease, canker, bloody flux, constipation, phlegm and bluwaterr pox. It is only rumoured to cure baldness, warts, obesity, Malia's Bottom, hangovers and hypochondria.



Anemone, Naiad of the Springs, High Healer and Heroine of Chalana Arroy

STR 13 Move:3/9 swimming
 CON 18 Fatigue: 31
 SIZ 09 Hit points:14
 INT 14 Magic points 32 + 12 stored
 POW 32
 DEX 21
 APP 22

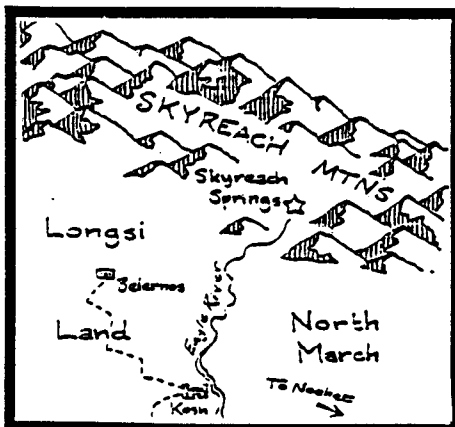
Location	melee	missile	points
Right leg	01-04	01-03	0/5
Left leg	05-08	04-06	0/5
Abdomen	09-11	07-10	0/5
Chest	12	11-15	0/6
Right Arm	13-15	16-17	0/4
Left Arm	16-18	18-19	0/4
Head	19-20	20	0/5

Spirit Magic (95%): Sleep (3), Heal 6, Shimmer 4, Befuddle (2).

Divine Magic (100%): Comfort Song *1, Cure Chaos Wound *2, Heal body *11, Regrow limb *6, Resurrect, Analyze Magic, Accelerate Growth, Fight Disease *3, Heal wound *8, Worship Chalana Arroy, Command Healing Spirit, Create Market, Spellteaching, Summon healing Spirit, Soul Sight, Sanctify, Excommunication 5, Divination 10, Mindlink 2.

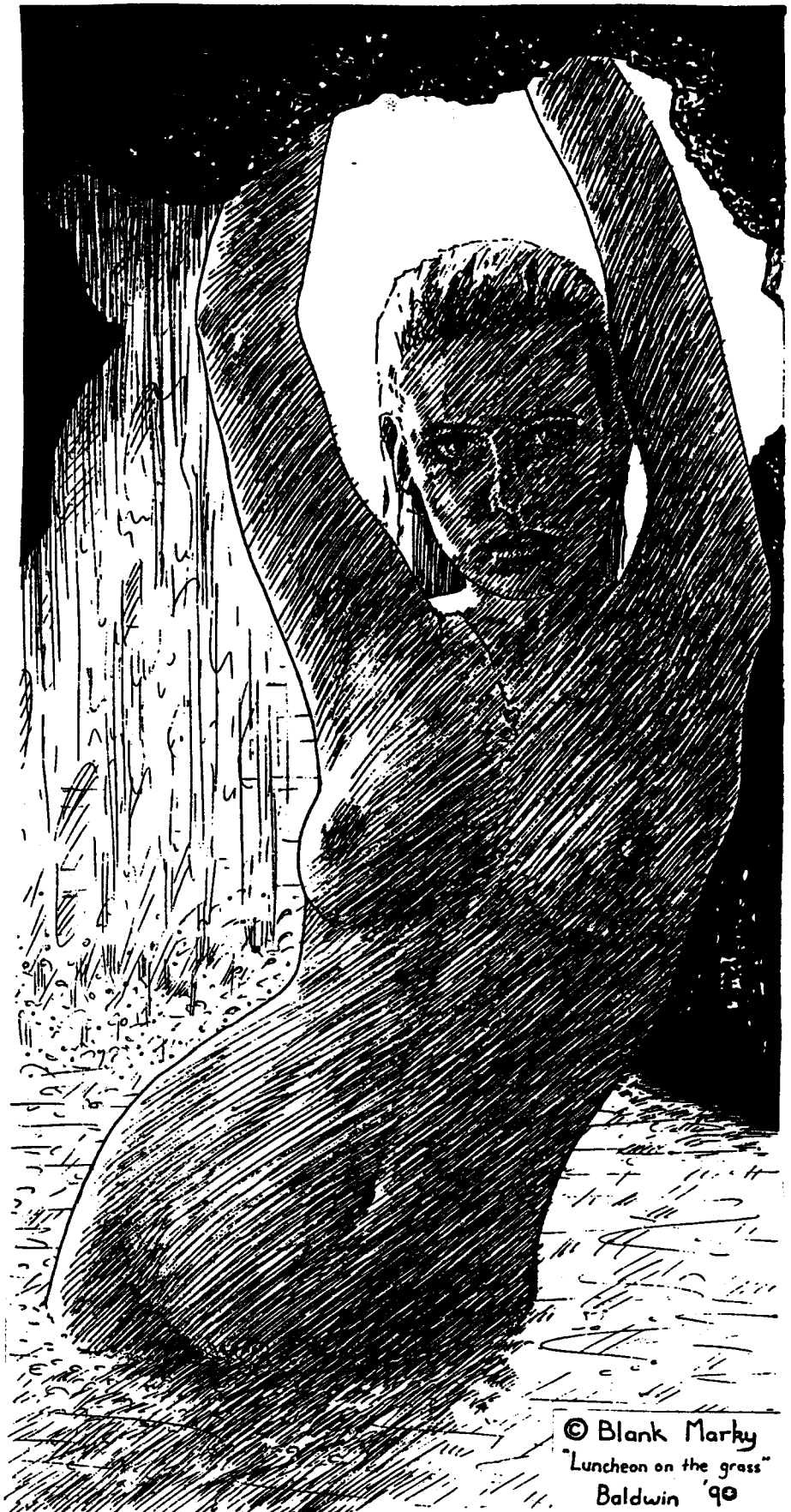
Skills: Dodge 157, Treat disease 241, Treat Poison 136, First Aid 196 Sing 351, Play Harp 226.

Notes: Anemone has a magical harp upon which she plays the Comfort Song at a cost of one Magic Point for each song. She knows other songs of power for healing specific maladies and often teaches them to followers of Chalana Arroy or Xiola Umbar.



NEXT ISSUE:

John Qualfe and David Hall hang out at the *Grey Dog Inn*



© Blank Marky
 "Luncheon on the grass"
 Baldwin '90



NOTES FROM NOCHET

"FURIOUS FACTION FIGHTING"

By Trevor Ackerly

This is a document of Lhankor Mhy, Lord of the Light of Inspiration and Seeker of Knowledge from beyond the ken of the Gods.

A report by Theodopolus Pandarus, initiate of Lhankor Mhy and Temple Collator, on the scandalous faction-fighting at the Lhankor Mhy temple of Nochet City, with specific reference to the hoarding of knowledge and its deleterious effect upon the temple library, examined in context with the depilation of knowledge caused by the recent conflagration and pillage; and incorporating a brief dissertation on the growing reliance placed upon verbal descriptions."

There is a lot of faction-fighting at this temple*.

Having commenced thus I am uncertain how to continue...

Translators' Note: There follows many pages of drivel upon the direction good writing should follow-

Viz: *"The Sages of the West love to start a story in the middle and finish there as well. They jump about the story-line with no respect for continuity. The Lunars, on the other hand, love to tell a story in true Imperial style, beginning at the start and finishing at the end, never deviating from a direct linear path. I myself prefer a middle road...."*

*Factions in the Nochet temple are centered around dominant personalities in the temple hierarchy rather than nationalities, unlike the New Pavis Lhankor Mhy (see *Cults of Prax*, p.72.) Thus cliques are formed around the High Priest, the Chief of Loremasters and so on. Potentially one of the most powerful members of the temple organization is in fact the Provost of Apprentices, who has dozens of apprentices to serve and spy for him. In reality, many of these junior sages are seduced and swayed by other factional leaders, with promises of preferment and obligation. Sometimes great philosophical controversies rage through the temple, with each faction taking opposing views. The High Priest has long since given up staging debates in the chapter house to resolve these divisions, as most used to end up in undignified brawls. The general lack of cooperation in the temple has enabled the Irripi Ontor cult to insinuate itself effectively into the temple administration. Let it be said that there are some scholars at the temple who disdain to enter the fray of factional politics, but they are few.

At the Lhankor Mhy library in Nochet great disarray prevails. The collection of scrolls and tablets referred to as "the library" is a motley assortment of documents written in every tongue known (and some unknown) to man. Each faction head or notable has therefore resorted to keeping a personal library pertaining to his own interests, written in whatever tongue he has mastered. Access to these private collections is reserved for members of the faction, and even then one must know the correct language to have any hope of reading a particular document. However, by appeasing the writer it may be possible for him to translate it for you: thus it is often necessary to espouse the "Round Earth" theory[§] or similar rubbish to gain access to a vital text. Many documents are available in the common library, and some copyists laboriously reproduce them for general use. They are invariably in some foreign tongue however, and therefore of no use to anybody. Furthermore, the apprentices assigned to sorting and cataloging often spy upon the doings of other scholars, then report their information back to their factional superiors. It is not at all uncommon for certain crucial documents to be translated overnight by some priest into a language unknown to the researcher's faction, or simply disappear into a factional hoard.

The root cause of this evil is the incumbent High Priest's policy of "publish or perish", by which is demanded that all Sages and initiates must produce a given quota of written material each season.

In the mayhem that followed Greymane's sack of the city four years back (1618), a great fire consumed part of the library wing of the temple (upon the site of which you will today see the temple corral). Furthermore, much of what was saved was later sequestered by rapacious Lunar scholars after the Empire's capture of the city last year (including, sadly, the only extant copy of the Golden Books of Elephantis, the most copious encyclopædia of pornography ever assembled). I must begrudgingly acknowledge the fact while the damage to the collection from these twin disasters was tragic, even greater would have been the loss had not much of the collection been stored away from the library in factional caches. To reverse this catastrophe, it is current policy that all should do their utmost to set to written account all they can accurately recall from their studies in the old library. By order of High Priest, strict quotas have been applied, so that reconstruction can proceed with the utmost speed. This order has resulted in even the most reputable sages churning out the most inaccurate, prolix and banal reports, merely to met their quota. The present drought has also caused a grave shortage of flax for papermaking.



Columbus Mercator




As a result, paper too has become another focus of factional struggle. Much vital information cannot be set down due to the limited supply, and is retained only in the memories of the elder priests (who for their part are unwilling to divulge what they recall anyway, because of the increased prestige it has given them). This state of affairs is cause of many errors, especially as many of the older sages are senile.

As Temple Collator, in charge of the great Collectanea, that great fount of wisdom collected and assembled down the ages by sages numerous and wise, I call upon all in this temple to cast aside their petty factional differences and strive to build up the present thirtieth volume of the work. A ready supply of the freshest parchment awaits those who would endeavour to recall the knowledge that was lost when Greymane's mob ruled the city. By doing so, we can restore all that perished in the flames, or was taken in the sack afterwards. Come bearded brothers! Still your venomous tongues and instead take up the stylus and pen so as to glorify Lhankor Mhy, Mouth of Wisdom!



§ This ridiculous theory, devised by the sage Columbus Mercator, claims that the world is actually spherical, rather than the "squarish, bulging lozenge of legend". Such is typical of the speculative frippery one must expect from the quill of our Chief Priest and his cronies. Theo. P.

"I'M SO TOUGH L...



take my Thanatar Major Head into exams with me."
Sophos the Glib One,
 Lhankor Mhy apprentice, Nochet.

NOTES FROM NOCHET



MOON'S ANSWER TO THE JONSTOWN COMPENDIUM

The "Jonstown Compendium" was first introduced to us in the Runequest Companion (p.8). A fantastic collection of assorted information, gathered and listed without order, meaning or editorial labour, it provides a reader ardent enough to wade through it with tantalizing scraps, oddments and vignettes about the Gloranthan universe.

Similarly, here in the pages of TALES OF THE REACHING MOON, we present "Notes From Nochet", based on a similar work compiled over seven hundred years at the Great Lhankor Mhy temple in Esrolia, The Holy Country.

Known formally as "The Collectanea", the original idea behind the books was that at regular intervals the information in them would be sifted, catalogued and examined for its usefulness. Useful items would be cross-referenced and filed in the archives. The clerk given this task is called the Collator. This position is derisively known about the temple as the "Wetfinger", because the successive Collators are often seen frantically licking their index fingers as they furiously flick through the huge volumes searching for obscure information at the demand of their superiors. Definitely not a sinecure, the Wetfinger position is almost always filled by an ambitious junior initiate, eager to prove his mettle before the Librarian. However, almost from the outset, each Collator soon realizes the enormity and futility of trying to catalogue the countless entries in The Collectanea, and simply continues to add more entries below those of his successor.

Actually a series of sturdily-bound volumes, the Collectanea is kept within the reserve collection of the Nochet Lhankor Mhy library. Any visitor to the library's *Athenaeum* (reading room) can choose to make an entry into the book rather than pay the normal entrance fee. The entry is appraised by the Librarian, who decides whether to charge full, half or no entrance fee. He is also empowered to charge double or triple or even issue a ban on the visitor, or he may offer inducements for more information - on at least one occasion the visitor was initiated on the spot!

While visitor's entries are penned in by the Collator, initiates and higher members of Lhankor Mhy at the temple can write directly in the work without editorial approval. Some choose to add information of their own, whereas others might comment on, query, or refute earlier entries. Such remarks are often written as marginal notes, and are reproduced here under the appropriate entry.

Translated, Edited & Compiled
 by Michael O'Brien
 Introduction
 by MOB & David Hall
 "Furious Faction-fighting"
 by Trevor Ackerly

Contributors:
 Trevor Ackerly, Phillip Anderson, David Hall, Mark Holsworth, John Hughes, Tim Leask, Penny Love, Mark Morrison, MOB, Mark Robins, Greg Stafford, and others.

The entries below have been selected from Book XXIX, which has just been placed in the reserve collection. Book XXX has just been started by the incum

W R V A T O T : A Y O P # X G D O * I I I O A K A



NOTES FROM NOCHET

CONT...

bent Collator, Theodopolus Pandarus (1621).

Of the other books, Book I is kept under lock and key by the High Priest himself; this book apparently dates from the Empire of Wyrms Friends period and is said to contain forbidden God-Learner wisdom.

Books II and III were eaten by giant rats in 998. Book V was half-eaten by a mutant broo-krarshtkid along with 55 initiates and 32 slaves in 1033, and has been under quarantine since.

Books VI to XI were mostly destroyed in the floods of 1238. Book XII was stolen by an apostate acolyte in 1597: the acolyte was later found dead, it appeared, from sheer terror. The book was never recovered.

Books XIII to XV were inadvertently burnt for fuel in the Great Winter of 1452. Book XVI was eaten in the Great Famine of 1453 (the temple has refused to initiate trollkin ever since).

At a personal whim, the last 768 entries in Book XVII were written in a phonetic cipher by the Collator of the time. The key, recorded in Book XVIII, was destroyed along with that book during the fire of 1618.

Books XIX to XXI, and XXIII have been misplaced somewhere in the underground archives, but Divinations have confirmed their existence.

A NOTE ON PRONUNCIATION:

Nochet. Seems to slip off the lips as "No-shit" in Dave's and my reckoning; however, we stand corrected. According to Greg: ...actually, the "No-shit" pronunciation is wrong, despite my normal scatological sense of humour. It is actually "Not-yet", pronounced "Nah-Chet" around here. Rudy Kraft pointed to the map and said, "Does this city have a name?" and I said "Not yet," and he said, "then we are going to travel to Nochet," and it was named. So be it.

Book XXV was somehow acquired by Anaximander, Count of Quackford, following Greymane's sack of Nochet in 1618. Anaximander (who himself had academic pretensions and was resident in Nochet at the time) probably bought the volumes in a job-lot during the mayhem when, as the chroniclers bewail, "priceless manuscripts were sold off by the ignorant louts at one silver a barrow load." The Lhankor Mhy cult hopes to outbid their Irripi Ontor rivals for the return of the work.

Book XXVI was severely damaged in the fire following Greymane's sack, and the librarian has forbidden its use, lest it fall apart.

Book XXVIII is in the personal collection of the Grey Sage Salokin Dyoll; numerous representations have failed to persuade him to relinquish it.

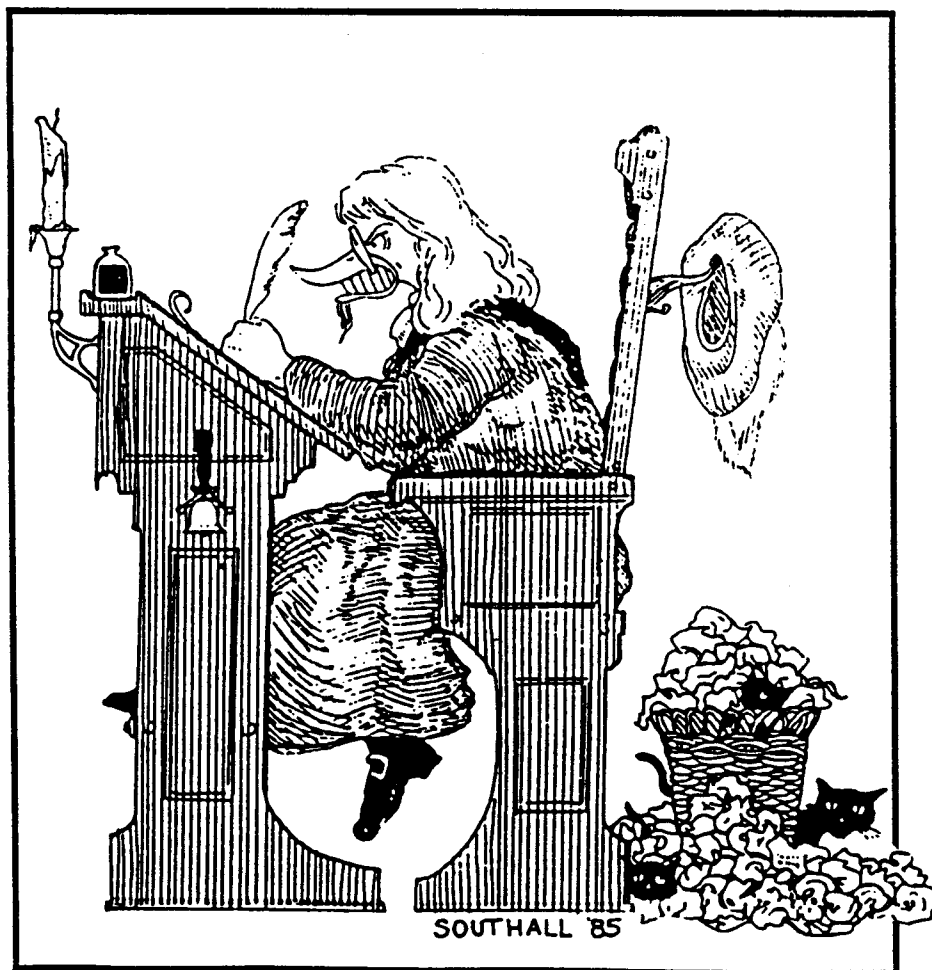
Books IV, VII, XII, XXIV, XXVII and XXIX are all more-or-less extant and are

available for inspection by initiates of good standing in the reserve collection.

"Notes From Nochet" will serve as an excellent means of presenting interesting Gloranthan tit-bits with a minimum of space. Contributions from MOON readers are welcome. Brevity is important, but if you've got an idea that you don't think would warrant a full-sized article, "Notes From Nochet" might be the ideal place for it! You may also write another sage's comment about anything you read in the column. Please send suitable entries to "Notes From Nochet", c/o the Editor.

Although we can't claim the compendium idea was original (and I would like to thank Greg Stafford for kindly permitting us to revive the format, looking over the first draft and contributing), I hope you find the material contained herein both entertaining and useful.

THE NOTES BEGIN BOTTOM RIGHT



The bewigged and bespectacled Grey Sage Anaximander furiously pens in his latest polemic into the Nochet "Collectanea". Note the artificial goatee Anax must affect in his role as a Lhankor Mhy Sage.



GAGARTH

THE WILD HUNTER

By Greg Stafford & Sandy Petersen

I. MYTHOS AND HISTORY

Vadrus was the third son of Umath. His nature inclined toward violence and its attendant destruction. Vadrus had many famous children that were like him, but most other gods were unhappy with the issue which followed in their father's wake. The Wild Hunter is one of them. Another is the treacherous Calm Air, and many others who have lost their names and fame but are still called upon when someone wants a violent and destructive change. They are called the Vadruði.

All of the children of Vadrus are alike in one way: they all carry a part of their father to excess.

Gargarth was called the Most Wild Wind, and when his crackling attacks laced the air there was sure to be suffering. Gargarth and his power-hungry band whipped across the face of the

earth and sky, bringing pain and vengeance wherever they went. He earned the title of the Wild Hunter.

The Wild Hunter was no friend even to most of his kin, especially after Vadrus was killed and broken into pieces which did not reknit. In the Storm Age he fought Orlanth many times, even though Orlanth was most often victorious. Finally Orlanth caught his nephew and stripped him of many powers, and sent him to haunt the unwanted places of the air. Ever since, Wild Hunter is sometimes called Lost Wind, even though his excursions into the world continue.

Since his exile, Gargarth has haunted the Wastes of Prax. Vile criminals and outlaws worship him, and all fear the Wild Hunt.



The Gargarth Cult attracts all manner of scum and outcasts.

After death, worshippers of Gargarth expect to join the Wild Hunt, in which they forever ride the roaring winds as part of Gargarth's howling pack. For all eternity they chase lost souls and savage Star Bears.

Gargarth's Runes are Disorder, Storm and Death.



...and he, foul Osboropo, tool of Wakboth, was driven back into the Hollow whence he came, seated backwards on an ass, his severed hands tied round his neck and his privy member in his mouth. (XXIX.12-24:) A Paper by Theodopolus Pandarus, Initiate of Lhankor Mhy, on the Sensibilities and Vulnerability of Troll "Darksense". A perennial problem in the destruction of trolls has always been their ability to see at night through use of their so-called "Darksense". This gives them a great advantage over humans.

Having consulted with Lucien the Diviner, master of natural philosophy at this temple, I have found a way to confound the Darksense of a troll. According to Lucien, trolls emit ultrasonic noises that propagate through the air and bounce off obstacles. The speed of propagation is dependent upon the medium traversed. Trolls measure the distance to a target by the time it takes through the air to reach the object, and measure time in heartbeats. This means that when they become excited in battle, they all may think their enemies are further away than they really are. Thus they can sometimes be set upon and annihilated in ambushes. More subtly however, their sense can be distorted by altering the density of the air. This can be achieved by summoning an air elemental and ordering it to compress itself down in area. To be effective, the elemental must either be summoned up either around the target or around the troll. I had occasion to test this theory upon a trollball player, and the results were quite outstanding. The troll was unable to accurately strike a target enshrouded by the air elemental. The troll's Darksense enabled it to sense there was some sort of disturbance around the target, and it took heed of the pressure difference when making its shots; nevertheless, a smaller sized sylph was enough to cause inaccuracy, a larger one was sufficient to make the troll miss all missile shots and some melee blows. I intended to continue the experiment further, but the troll refused to let the wind voice assisting me wrap the elemental around it. I understand the Orlanth priest involved later received an invitation from the trollball player's team manager to help them in their next match for a fee. Given that sylphs (like all elementals) act solely on the basis of physical tropisms, only the most expert summoner would be able to consistently perform the feats I have described. Lucien the Diviner, who is an expert in such spiritual matters, considers that a more satisfactory arrangement would be for him to summon an obliging cult spirit, discuss with it what is required, and then command it to possess the sylph. Given his superior mathematical knowledge and intelligence, the instructions given to the summoned spirit would enable it to pattern the density function of the sylph such that it would be discrete and continuous, thus hiding completely the form of the target within. In my opinion, this seems to be a rather fanciful theory, and



II. CULT ECOLOGY

Gargarth is the deity of senseless violence, as opposed to Storm Bull, whose brutal destruction is never without purpose. His worshippers are outlaws, cast from their own tribes.

Gargarth's cult has no true friends. Many of his worshippers have actually been expelled from other nomad cults. The Sacred Time ceremonies of both Waha and Eiritha include ritual curses designed to inhibit the Wild Hunter and keep the plains habitable for normal people. When grievous calamity threatens the entire wastes, however, alliances of convenience are formed with Gargarth's outlaws, or they may be hired to perform foul deeds that would sully the hands of a noble Waha khan.

Of all the nomad gods, Storm Bull is friendliest to Gargarth. The lifestyles of the two gods' worshippers bear a superficial resemblance, and Gargarth is Storm Bull's nephew, a fact of more import to the Bull than the Wild Hunter.

Gargarth's high holy day is Wildday, Disorder Week, Dark Season. He has holy days each season on the Windsday of Disorder Week, and at those times, the Wild Hunt rages all night long.

III. THE CULT IN THE WORLD

Gargarth's cult has no real societal power. His raiders ravage nomad camps, plunder herds, and steal valuables. They hunt down and brutally kill lone travellers. Such misfits have no standing in any nomad council.

They are found all through the Wastes, and travel even more than other nomads. They generally tend to hide out in the wilder, more barren wastelands, to avoid retribution for their evil deeds. Thus, like their god, they have been driven into the hinterland, there to remain forever.

The size of a temple to Gargarth depends on the size of the raiding band which worships him. Most bands cannot even muster enough members for a shrine. However, different bands meet at least once per year at the High Holy Day to form minor or major temples, to worship

together, and to participate in truly colossal raids. Shrines teach *Wind Walking*.

His temples have no formal organization. The strongest worshipper in the band leads the rest by force or will and might of arm. Those who disagree must leave to form their own bands or be slain.

IV. INITIATE MEMBERSHIP

A potential candidate for initiation into the cult of Wild Hunter must first find a band of Gargarth-worshipping outlaws to join. This can be harder than it sounds, since such bands are likelier to try to rob and kill wanderers in the wastes than accept them. He may be able to prove his sturdiness by defeating another member of the band, or simply through his reputation, if he is a well-known outlaw.

Each candidate must pass the usual initiation tests, including passing skill tests in Any Weapon Attack, Any Other Weapon Attack, Ride, Track, and Ceremony.

Anyone joining the cult becomes an outlaw: exiled from the Way of Waha and Eiritha. This is usually not a problem, since most candidates are already criminals.

Members join in the band's raids and can take a share of the booty for their own. They share in the harsh life of the outlaws of Prax. They may be outlaw shamans. However, a shaman may not become a priest of Gargarth.

V. RUNE PRIESTHOOD

A priest of Gargarth rides the wind with his pack. He leads them in raiding, killing and robbery. Any nomad khan would be proud to kill him and display his head on a pole.

A candidate for priesthood must have 90% in any two Weapon Attacks, plus at least a 50% skill in Ride and Track.

He has no skill restrictions, and can rule his band as he pleases. His initiates have no recourse except to flee the band

and join another.

Common Divine Magic: *Extension, Worship Gargarth.*

Special Divine Magic: *Command Whirlvlish, Create Whirlvlish, Wind Walking.*

VI. GARGARTH SPECIAL RUNE MAGIC

Create Whirlvlish

1 point
ritual Enchant, one-use.

This ritual creates a whirlvlish from the spirit of a person slain by the enchanter.

The ritual must be performed under the desert sky and takes all night to finish. The person whose spirit is to be cursed is murdered during the completion of the ceremony.

Wind Walking

2 points
touch, temporal, non-stackable, reusable.

This spell permits its target to walk on the air as though it were solid ground. Gargarth cultists commonly cast the spell on their riding animals. The speed through the air is equal to normal walking or riding speed, plus 1 meter/SR in the direction the wind blows for every 3 points of Wind Strength. Thus, riding against the wind is lower than on the ground.

The target can climb or dive through the air at 1/3 normal speed. This vertical motion is subtracted from the maximum horizontal movement. For instance, a windwalking alticamelus (speed 10, or 20 if galloping all-out) could descend 3 meters per strike rank, as well as move forwards up to 7 meters. If the alticamelus galloped at top speed, expending double fatigue, it could descend 6 meters per strike rank, as well as travel forwards up to 14 meters.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

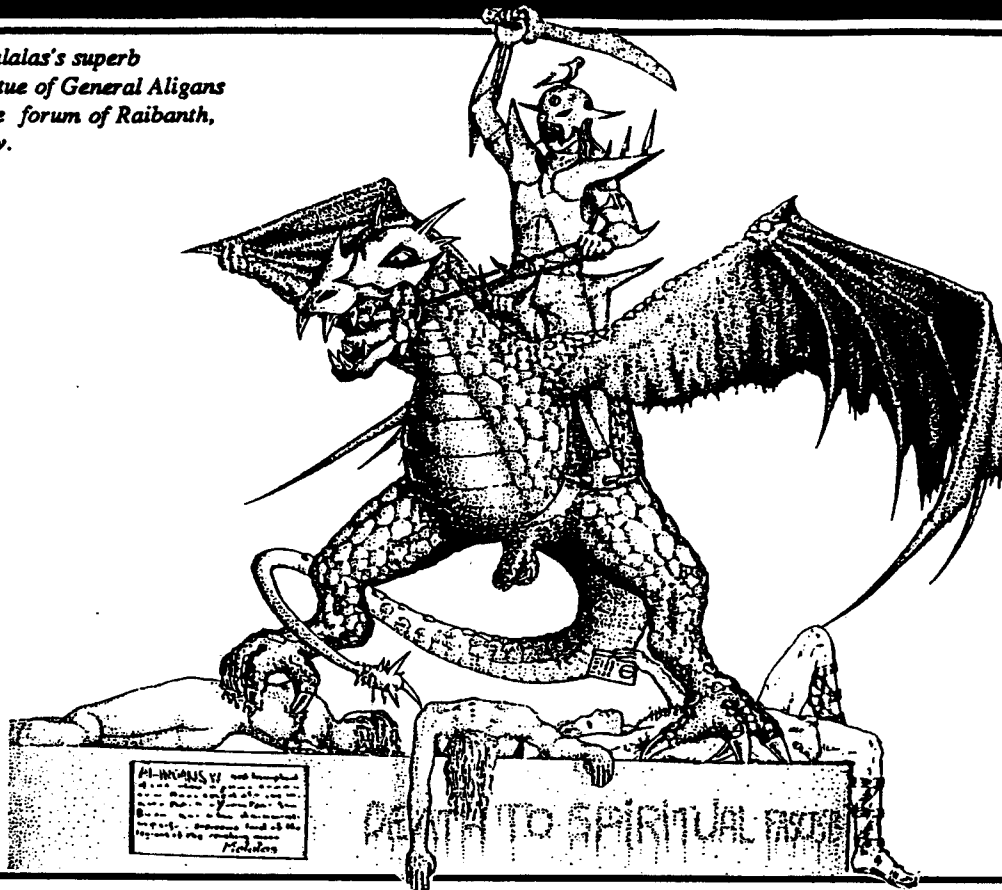
*The Cult of Gargarth is
Copyright Chaosium Inc., 1990.*

Lucien has not yet troubled to put his mathematics to the test. A complete account of his calculations can be found elsewhere in this library. Note that even when the technique I have described works, almost invariably it is the elemental which gets hit. (XXIX.12-25) The Cave of Cats on Kree Mountain is a place sacred to Yinkin the Cat-God. *A marginal note by a Grey Sage of Jonstown: If it is like the sacred cave on Kero Fin, then its mouth hides wicked teeth, and can close to swallow intruders; and each year a litter is born from a fold in the cold rocks. The shadow cats thus-born are the ones used by heroes as*

W R V 2 A 0 + : - 6 Y 0 4 # 7 8 9 0 x 1 1 0 2 4 5 6

VIVISCULPTURE

Khameron Malalas's superb equestrian statue of General Alingans Wulinor in the forum of Raibanth, Silver Shadow.



Vivisculpture is the latest artistic rage to tickle the jaded palates of the effete Lunar nobility. Sculptors are tempted by the huge sums offered to discard their usual materials - marble, granite and sandstone - and take up the ultimate media: a living gargoyle.

Vivisculptors take a living gargoyle and, using the traditional tools and instruments of their craft, shape the creature's stony hide into the likeness of their subject. The gargoyle is then carefully posed and killed. A complicated drying, glazing and firing process ensures the stone-like corpse is preserved for eternity.

Many of the best examples of this artform are of course sequestered in the palaces and mansions of the elite. However, one of the finest vivisculptured works remains on public display in the forum of Raibanth, Silver Shadow. A massive equestrian work (the wyvern mount being carved from a huge, winged gargoyle; the rider, from one smaller and better-proportioned), the piece shows the famed Lunar

ART OF GLORANTHA Pt.2 by Michael O'Brien

General Alingans Wulinor, who led his legions to splendid defeat in the Building Wall Battle (1605 S.T.).

This work was commissioned by Wulinor's widow, and was executed by acclaimed sculptor Khameron Malalas, one of the first exponents of the artform. Another work worthy of inspection is a spectacular female nude in the Imperial Museum of Theophany in Mirin's Cross, Holay. The untitled work was originally intended to be of the Red Goddess herself, but this was opposed on unspecified religious grounds by Icilius Overholy, General Priestess of the Provincial Church. Despite his obvious talent in the medium, the artist, Rogan Josh, has vowed never to work in vivisculpture again.

With a characteristic decadence all their own, the debauchees of House Waxmoon, first family of Dorkath in Darjün, have taken the fad one step further, and claimed this refinement as their own. "Living statues" are their innovation, and other connoisseurs are literally panting to get their hands on House Waxmoon's ...TO PAGE 43

familiars. (XXIX.12-26) Twice the size of my purebreds they were, and the riders louse-ridden savages whose bows felled poor Edruf at crossbow range. I only survived their tortures with Issaries' blessing, minus these two fingers of course. Tortdred Silktongue, a Goldentongue merchant, describing a trading expedition to the Redlands. (XXIX.12-27) Obscenity protects gainst demons: I once paid a Riddler to explain why; he took my money, vilely insulted me, and vanished. (XXIX.12-28) Quoted by a follower of Tomas the Seer, sometimes known as Rhymer, 1609. "Thufir Twosword, though that be not your name/ You shall be



GAMES GLORANTHANS PLAY



By MARK  HOLSWORTH

Author of the forthcoming scenario pack PENT PACK

Everyone knows how to spot a good Troll Ball team, and that out-of-work adventurer can always scrape up ready cash daring the odds in the Monster Colliseums of the Gloranthan cities, but what about a nice game of Shield Push or an invigorating round of Chadash?

SHIELD PUSH

When Humakti want to settle a quarrel, show off, or exercise their sword arms, they will duel. Their Yelmalian rivals however, have developed a much more sophisticated martial game called Shield Push.

Shield Push involves two sides. The standard Yelmalian rules state that each side may have up to 14 players, however any number over 4 is playable. The players are all regular soldiers wearing armour and carrying only shields (blockers with two shields are permissible). The two sides line up with shields and push: 5 metres behind each side is a spear stuck in the earth with a helmet on top. The first to push through and grab a helmet wins, or in longer matches scores a point.

In a shield push STR vs STR, dodge, jump, grapple and shield parry skills are all used, and to grab the helmet a DEX x 2 roll must be made. Deliberate violence is illegal; the game is rough enough with shield attacks and kicking. Magic is also forbidden, so Shield Push coaches often strive to recruit players with advantageous Yelmalian gifts (such as raised STR or increased fatigue). Breaking the rules will cause a halt to play (a small gong is rung) and the offending player is sent off for a predetermined period.

The game is not as simple as it first appears, for subtle tactics are often used. A simple trick is for the middle to give way while the wings make a dash for the helmet. Waltzing involves moving the other team across the field to gain a better angle on the helmet. Some teams even have a very small player who climbs over the top of the struggling mass.

Shield Push has also caught on in the Lunar army with the following adaption: the helmet is 10 metres back and there is a scoring line a further 20 metres back from that. This allows the team whose

helmet is taken to save the situation by either taking the other team's helmet and scoring first or by blocking the person with the helmet from crossing the line. To score, the helmet must be in a player's grasp as it crosses the line.

Despite these variations the Lunar and Yelmalian teams often compete. In Pavis the top teams of the various military units play regularly in a field outside the main gate. The top Lunar team are the Cohort IX Red Demons, who are known for their strength and speed. The top Yelmalian team in Pavis are the Eagles who combine incredible agility with highly imaginative strategies. A recent challenge by Thurkan Thumper to field a troll team against the Sun Domers has yet to be answered.

CHADASH

Chadash is the Pentian word for a game which is popular among the mounted nomads from Pent to the Wastelands. It is also played by the Pol Joni of Sartar and Prax, and the Pure Horse tribe of the Grazelands. The game involves mounted riders moving a stuffed skin from a circle marked in the ground known as the Circle of Birth, to another circle, the Circle of Death or Victory. The first rider with the skin to this circle is the winner of the Chadash. The two circles are generally about 1 km apart but the distances can vary a lot. The riders generally start about 200 metres from the Circle of Birth and at a signal (which in the Sartarite version is horn blast) they ride to the circle. The players compete for great prizes which might include beasts for his personal herd, slaves, the pick of the maidens for his wife, a position in the clan chieftain's retinue and so on. Some clans will not induct a potential Khan until he has proved himself in a Chadash.

TO PAGE 29



"Hold the ##\$@ing middle, that's all I'm asking" Xenophilus Jarg, XI Red Demons Coach

known by it all the same; / And on whatever journeys you do fare/ Your fate shall be linked to a shaggy mare!" This visitor was charged double admission. Theo.P. (XXIX.12-29) Shall my beard grow to my navel while I ponder this question?: What does it mean when a man, unearthing an ancient urn, buries his drinking flask? (XXIX.12-30) The foul Thanatari are obliged upon initiation take on a new name of a single word. (XXIX.12-31 - XXIX.12-39) [There is a lacuna (blank) here; possibly the result of a Thanatari Ingest Scroll spell] (XXIX.12-40) The dedicated orthographer abroad cannot afford to miss the

WRYRNOT: AYOP#XGEO*III@A+X



SPECIAL SCENARIO SECTION

A Selection of
Gloranthan Goodies



CIRCLE OF DEATH

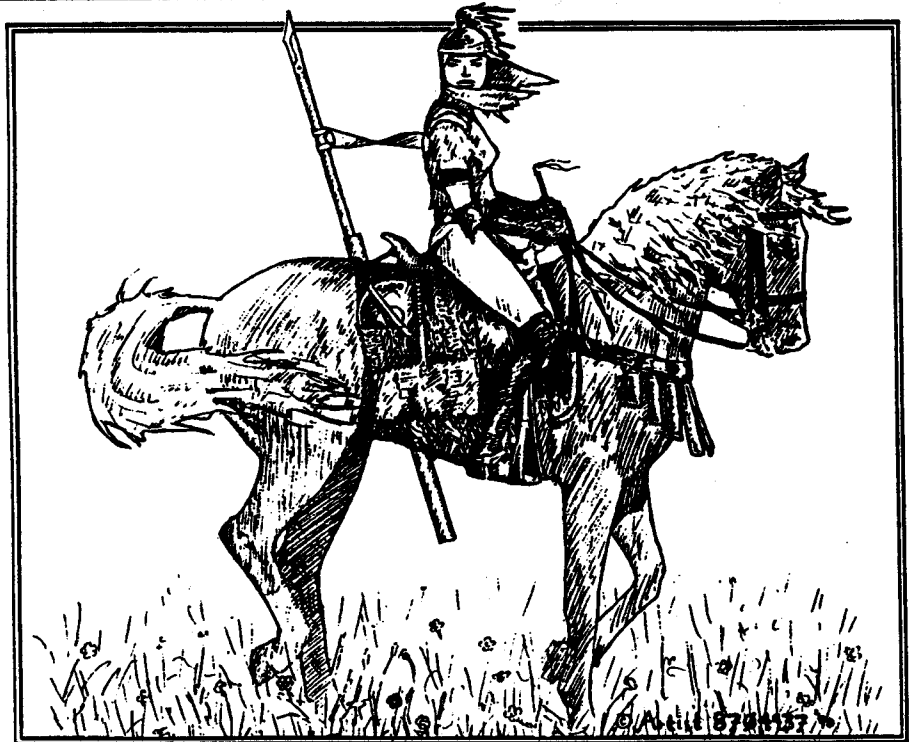
PENELA THE HUNTRESS

Penela is a champion Chadash rider and the daughter and heir of Gan-man, Khan of the Pure Horse Clan. Her father is very worried about her safety after an assassination attempt two weeks ago, so he consulted the divinities and Waha told him:

*Between Life and Death
Between bite and swallow
The spirit made mortal flies.*

Gan-man wants to employ bodyguards for Penela, his only child. But because of her pride the bodyguards must not be known to her. Hence for the need to hire people outside the clan. The bodyguard must be able to ride in the Chadash. Gan-man will pay the bodyguards 1L per day plus much more if the killer is discovered.

Penela is proud and arrogant; she will hardly speak with people outside her clan and certainly not to a person who doesn't ride a horse. If she becomes aware that there are people watching out for her she will make their job difficult by taking



risks and will eventually force her father to dismiss them.

KARI-NOR THE SHAMAN

Kari-nor is the tribal shaman and Gan-man's younger brother. He is a likeable little man, partially blind with a club foot. He is not very confident about being a shaman as he only got his fetch two weeks ago. In fact, Kari-nor did not receive his fetch; a malign spirit belonging to Thed took control of his body in a subversive manner. The spirit is slowly eating up Kari-nor's soul and has plans to take over the tribe by making Kari-nor their leader and converting them to the worship of Thed. Kari-nor is already poisoning Gan-man with a slowing acting poison and it is he who tried to assassinate Penela. Now Kari-nor is trying to kill Penela again with the help of Tellamin.

TELLAMIN THE OUTCASTE

Tellamin is a skilled horse rider and assassin from Pavis. All that he knows is that he heard a voice in his head after he discovered a gold Wheel in his bedroll. The voice told him that he would get 50 Wheels if he assassinated Penela. He is very suspicious of this type of negotiation and wants to find his employer. The voices in his head tell him that he is under close observation. However, he is also skint and needs the money. He will try and assassinate Penela during the Chadash that Gan-man is holding in two days time. If he is successful Kari-Nor will keep his word and surreptitiously give him 50 Wheels, promising more if he eliminates one of the PCs next. If Tellamin's plans go awry, he will attempt to flee, casting his Wind-Walking spell on his mount if necessary.



Gan-man



PENELA (Lay-worshipper of Eiritha and daughter of Gan-man)

STR 14 CON 16 SIZ 11 INT 12 POW 14 DEX 16 APP 15
 Riding Whip SR7 A-78% 1D3+1D4 P-na AP 2
 TOTAL HP: 14 MP: 14 Fatigue (30 - 3) = 27 Move: 3

Skills: Dodge 53%, Ride 94%, Scan 51%, Listen 49%, Search 45%, Jump 52%, First Aid 56%

Magic: Ceremony 22%; Countermagic 3; Dispel Magic 2; Protection 1; Mobility 4; Slow 2.

Armour: 2pt leather.

KARI-NOR (Possessed tribal shaman)

STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 9 INT 15 (12*)
 POW 24 (17*) DEX 15 APP 9
 *stats in parenthesis are Kari-nor's real characteristics
 Staff SR8 A-43% 1D8 P-40% AP 10
 TOTAL HP: 10 MP: 24 Fatigue (23 - 4) = 19
 Move: 2 (due to club foot)



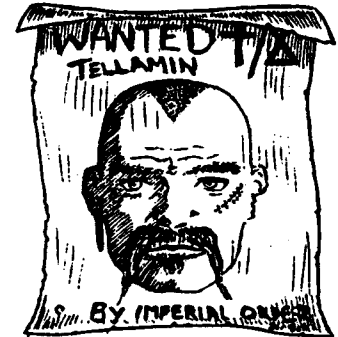
Skills: Dodge 39%, Ride 45%, Scan 46%, Listen 51%, World Lore 40%, Animal Lore 50%, Plant Lore 35%, Human Lore 56%, First Aid 54%

Magic: Protection 2, Heal 3, Disruption, Mindspeech 1, Befuddle 2, Ignite 1, Bludgeon 2, Control Spirits 1, Farsee 2.

Armour: 2pt leather, 1pt leather and elaborate shaman's horned headdress.

TELLAMIN (Praxian Outcaste and Gargarth initiate)

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 14 INT 13
 POW 15 DEX 16 APP 12
 Riding whip SR7 A-43% 1D3+1D4 P-na AP 2
 Gladius SR6 A-79% 1D6+1+1D4 P-82% AP10
 Arm Crossbow* SR3 A-87% 2D4+2** P-31% AP14
 TOTAL HP: 15 MP: 15 Fatigue (29 - 10) = 19 Move: 3



Skills: Dodge 37%, Ride 75%, Scan 66%, Listen 61%, Search 54%, Jump 50%, First Aid 41%, Hide 52%, Sneak 56%

Magic: Mobility-3; Speedart; Demoralize (2); Venom 57% (FREE INT 12), Ceremony 42%, Intensity 40%, Range 20%; Wind Walking I (one-use). Tellamin also has a *Whirvllsh* in a stoppered bag, which he may release if pursued. It will attack the first victim in its path, before wending its way into the plains.

Armour: 2pt leather on 1 pt leather. The arm crossbow is worth 6 armour points.

* This is a Mostali device which looks like an elaborate and heavy piece of plate armour. When it is fired by means of a finger ring, two sprung arms propel a bolt out. It takes 24 rounds to load but unlike ordinary crossbows it can remain loaded for centuries with no ill effects. Normal Range is 25m but long range is 100m.

** On the occasion of the assassination the bolt is poisoned with Pot 15 wyvern poison and Speedarted.



THE GARHOUND CONTEST

Seven Feats For The Suitors of The Harvest Bride

By Michael O'Brien & Philip Anderson

Garhound

The market-town of Garhound in Pavis County is unremarkable but for a unique event which takes place there in the week before the district's annual Harvest Festival (*Godday / Truth Week / Earth Season*). The farmers in this district are descendants of the followers of Sir Declan Garhound, a kinsman of Duke Dorasor, and they still keep to the Sartarite customs of their homeland. Tradition decrees that each year a Harvest Queen is selected from among the local maidens, and a contest is held to select a male warrior who will play the part of her Husband-Protector in the forthcoming rituals.

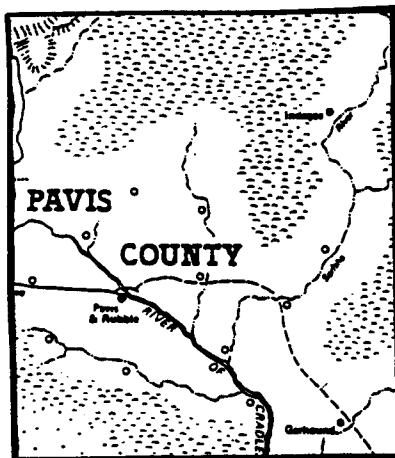
Whilst city-siders might dismiss as bucolic superstition the suggestion that the worthier the warrior, the greater shall be Ernalda's bounty in the coming year, the garrulous law-speaker of the town can take the sceptic's arm and recount to him such proof as the marvellous harvest of 1604, when young Garreth Sharpword won the crown; or (in a low whisper), the terrible blight of '99, when it was found that the winner, one Squatbrow Broo-bane (a horseman of the Pol Joni), had already taken three wives.

The Contest

What began as a simple peasant affair in which the sons of the local farmers strove amongst themselves for the fair prize, has now evolved into a sophisticated tournament which attracts experienced warriors from about the region. Local lads still often compete, but are rarely a match for the battle-hardened veterans who ride in from Sun County, Pavis and beyond to act as suitors for the Harvest Bride.

The contest is open to all unmarried male initiates of the gods Ernalda recognizes as her "Husband-Protectors". Most competitors are Orlanthei of course, but the priestesses must accept initiates of Yelmatio, Storm Bull and Argan Argar as well, for these deities also married the

Earth Goddess in mythology. (Flamal, Magasta and Pamalt were also husbands of Ernalda and, presumably, their initiates too are eligible to compete.)



Members of the Garhound clan may take part in the contest for free; even so, before the event the local lads fight it out amongst themselves to see who will take part, and usually only one comes forward on the day. Foreign Orlanthei will offer the priestesses a gift of at least 100L value; others must pay a gift worth 500L.

It is permissible to enter the contest any number of years, but a contestant may only win it once.

The contest consists of seven events, each held on the successive days before the Harvest Festival. The town is thronged with farmsfolk from across Pavis County, and many spectators even come down from Pavis. Rumour has it even Sor-Eel himself will be attending this year (see *Melisande's Hand* below).

The Favorite

When all the competitors are assembled, the maiden chosen to play Ernalda may select one of them to be her "favourite." The Voria priestess then uses her *Flowers* spell to crown his hair with a beautiful spray of bloom, as a mark of favour. If the favourite wins the contest, this is taken to mean that the coming year will be especially bountiful. The favourite selected is almost invariably an

Orlanthei, though not always a local. If the favourite is a foreigner, Sir Davis Garhound (great-grandson of Sir Declan and chief landholder of the district) will refund the value of his gift to the priestesses.

Each competitor may participate in up to all seven of the events in the contest. Some, say a proficient horseman, might only enter one event, simply to display his prowess in a particular skill. Such displays are now seen by the crowd as arrogant and irreverent, although they were a popular novelty a few years ago.

Each event is scored differently, but generally the winner receives 3 points; second place gets 2 points; third, 1 point. In cases of a tie, a play-off is held between those involved. The contestant with the highest point-tally at the end of the seven events is the winner, and may claim his fair prize. If in the end two contestants have the same number of points, a first blood duel is fought to determine the overall winner. This duel must be fought with swords: the Air's weapon.

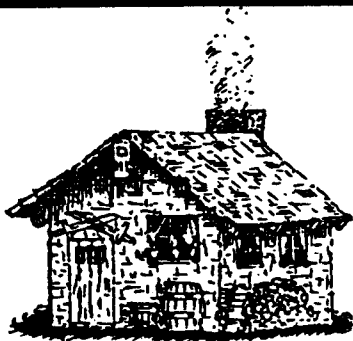
The Prize

The warriors compete for the hand of the Harvest Queen. The victor will marry her during the culmination of the Harvest Festival, and their union will be consummated amongst great rejoicing.

The Husband will also take his wife's dowry (1000L cash, and the equivalent in land or stock), but if he subsequently leaves her he must give it back. The Husband may leave his wife directly after the festival without rancour (none of Ernalda's husbands were especially faithful), but is expected to leave Garhound and never return.

Though he may be satisfied with the fairest of his prizes, the winner also receives:

W R V 2 A O T : . A Y O P # ♣ X G E O * I I O A H A ●



- The right to call himself "Champion of Garhound".
- A voice on the town council for the year.
- A small but comfortable house in the town and its attendant plot of land for the year.
- The services of an elderly housekeeper and her retainer husband, for the year.
- Command of the Garhound Militia for the year.
- An especially fine broadsword to keep (11 AP, 1d8+2 damage), which may be enchanted with one spell matrix of his choice. Note however, that the winner must supply the POW for the enchantments himself.
- The blessings of the priestesses, which takes the form of one divine magic spell from each of the priestesses who oversaw the contest. The Champion can choose which of the spells he will take, but he must make the POW sacrifice himself. All spells are strictly one-use, ever. The priestesses and their spells include:

ORLANTH: *Shield.*

ERNALDA: *Restore Health (STR) or (CON).*

HUMAKT: *Truesword.*

CHALANA ARROY: *Cure Chaos Wound*

ISSARIES: *Lock.*

LHANKOR MHY: *Analyze Magic.*

EURMAL: *Charisma.*

ULERIA: *Erotocomatose Lucidity.*

VORIA: *Invigorate Community or Reproduce.*

BABEESTER GOR: *Great Parry.*

ASRELIA: *Hide Wealth.*

ESROLA: *Bless Crops.*

ODAYLA THE HUNTER: *Sureshot.*

- +25% to his chance to gain Rune Lord status in his cult, and an allied spirit if he does.
- Fame.

Once the year is over the retiring champion will be encouraged to stay in Garhound with his wife and child (unions consummated on the high holy day of the festival always produce offspring, and

often twins; such children are blessed by Ernalda). The couple have to vacate the Champion's house, but the town council will take care to see that a retiring champion is well-settled.

The Events

On the first day of the contest the competitors will assemble and state which events they will take part in. The events are listed below. Also given are typical comments the locals might make to an impressionable outsider, ignorant about what takes place.

Godday: The Horse Race

"You won't be needing that saddle son!"

Freezeday: The Joust

"Where are the lists?" ...chuckles.... "In yonder field!" ... (points to an empty paddock).

Waterday: The Wrestling

"Don't worry about all that poncy classical stuff: just bowl your opponent over and get him out of the ring!"

Clayday: The Intelligence Test

"How good are you at lifting pots?"

Windsday: The Wall of Death

"Wall of Death?... why that's it over there!" (Points to a seemingly innocuous brick wall).

Fireday: The Pain Test

"Lifting a pot of another sort!"

Wildday: Ladies Choice

"That's when the ladies find out if there's anything of substance inside that codpiece you're wearing!"



...gargle Styx Water.

Coldblood,

Vampire Lord of the Elder Wilds



X Y O

Godday / Truth Week / Earth Season: The Harvest Festival



The Horse Race (Godday)

Although out of pragmatism the Orlanthi barbarians quickly adopted the saddle of their Solar foes, this event is undertaken bareback in deference to ancient Orlanthi custom. Thus, if a rider fails his Ride roll, he falls off (*RQ Players Book*, p.72).

Horses only are permitted, and must be chosen by the competitor from Sir Davis Garhound's stable. The quality of the beast selected will depend on the character's Animal Lore roll:

Critical Success: A superb horse (Move 13)

Special Success: An excellent beast (Move 12)

Normal Success: A good animal (Move 11)

Fail: An average horse (Move 10)

Fumble: A real nag! (Move 6)

Only leather armour can be worn in this event, but all inoffensive spirit magic spells (including *Mobility*) are permitted. All spells must be cast after the race begins, and to cast a spell whilst Riding requires a Concentration roll. If the Concentration roll fails, the rider has the choice of aborting the spell and staying on, or continuing with the spell and falling off.

The race begins in the market square, and leads out down the main street and into the fields. The following obstacles must be surmounted:



The Dash

Each contestant must run 60 metres to his mount. This will take an unencumbered man 1 melee round at a full sprint.

The Jumps

Two barriers have been erected across the street, blocking the way. The rider must succeed in two Ride rolls to successfully clear a barrier: one to compel his horse to jump, the other to stay on while it does so. If your horse clears the barrier but you don't, you may still move on. If the horse refuses a jump, the rider must make a DEX x 3 roll or be thrown. It takes 1d3+1 melee rounds to circle back and try again after a failed jump.

The Flag

After a 200 metre ride down the street, the rider must reach down and pick up a small flag planted in the ground. This is an extremely difficult maneuver to do bareback, and the rider must succeed in both a Ride roll and a DEX x 2 roll to grab the flag. An easier way to do this of course is to simply dismount and pick it up. This will incur hoots of derision from the crowd, but is probably the quickest (and safest) method.

The Swim

After picking up the flag, the rider must gallop 100 metres to the river, swim his horse across and plant the flag on the opposite bank. The river is not particularly deep at this point, and a Ride roll will get a horse into the water. Once in, all the rider has to do is hang on tightly until his mount gets to the other side. If he fails his Ride roll, he slips off and must begin Swim rolls. A competitor who is obviously drowning will be plucked from the river by the spectators, but is then disqualified from the event. Crossing the river takes 2 melee rounds. To stick the flag into the ground from horseback, the rider must succeed in his Dart attack or Throw roll (whichever is higher). Failure indicates the contestant must dismount, pick up the flag, push it in and remount. This operation will take the character's DEX strike rank in melee rounds. (If a hapless rider fumbles, his flag has gone into the river!)

The Stormapple Tree

Once across the river, the course runs 250 metres up the hill to the old stormapple tree. Stormapple trees bear fruit sacred to wind worshippers, which

are normally not available to the likes of the competitors. The priests allow them to pick one fruit each in this event. Each competitor has the following choices, depending on how much time they wish to spend:

- Remain mounted and pick an unripe fruit (Successful Scan, then takes 1 melee round). Unripe stormapples are hard and chewy, and have no special qualities.
- Pick a rotten fruit from the ground (1 melee round to dismount, Search roll to find a rotten apple, another melee round to remount). Rotten stormapples taste awful, but if the eater can stomach its POT 5, his tolerance to alcohol is raised as if he had an extra 1d3 hit points.

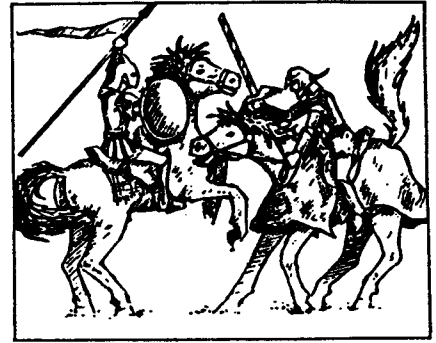


Increased tolerance lasts for an hour. If additional rotten fruit is eaten, the POT effect is cumulative.

- Climb the tree and pick a ripe stormapple (1 melee round to dismount, Climb roll to get to the upper branches, SIZ strike rank in rounds to reach the fruit, Climb roll to get down, another round to get back on your horse). Ripe stormapples are highly magical fruits which heighten the eater's awareness and perceptive powers for several hours. Raise all POW-based skills by 5% per apple eaten. Unfortunately, once picked stormapples only stay fresh for about a week. The brewing of the potent Stormapple Wine is an Orlanth cult secret.

The Sprint

The final part of the race is a 350 meter dash down the hill, across the ford and back up the main street (the jumps have been removed).



The winner of this event is awarded 3 points, with 2 points going to second and 1 point to third. The winner can also take as prize any one of Sir Davis's horses. If he was unhappy with his selection for this race, he may choose another.

The Joust (Freezeday)

This is another mounted event, and if a contestant is unhappy with his horse he may exchange it for another. This joust is somewhat more informal than those of the West, and is fought in a large field. Competitors may start anywhere along its border, and may charge any other contestant. This makes for a pretty bloody spectacle, but the crowd love it and healing is swiftly available to those who need it afterwards.

The last competitor to remain mounted is the winner, but he need not be on the horse he started with. Unlike the horse race, saddles may be used in this event (although ignorant contestants may not find this out until the event begins!) If a rider is unhorsed he can remain in the ring and try to get another contestant's mount, or run for the border. However, if he remains in the ring the other competitors have the right to attack him. Contestants may carry a lance, a shield and one other melee weapon. Any sort of armour may be worn, and all spirit magic is permitted.

It is considered poor sportsmanship to attack another rider's horse, and if a beast is killed, the slayer is disqualified and must offer recompense to Sir Davis for its loss.

Three points are given to the last rider, and one point to anyone left in the ring at the end. Prize for this event is a lance, so well-made and balanced that it weighs only 3 ENC.



The Wrestling (Waterday)

The wrestling contest takes place in a small sandlot, and the competitors are unarmed (note that unlike the classical wrestlers of Peloria, competitors here modestly wear loincloths). All spirit magic is permitted, although it must be cast after the bout begins. Although called a "wrestling" contest, characters may use any natural weapons skill, including martial arts. To win, a wrestler must either incapacitate his opponent, force him out of the sandlot, or pin him for three consecutive rounds. Use the Grapple rules in the *RQ Players Book*.

Competitors fight each other in turn until there is an overall winner. The winner receives 3 points, and an ornate bronze girdle, set with semi-precious stones (worth 250L). 2 and 1 points are given to second and third respectively.

The Intelligence Test (Clayday)

It is said that this event was once a riddling contest, similar to those played when Wind Lords meet Yelmatio cultists. Whatever it might have been, it is now a drinking contest and one of the most popular events.

The rules are simple; the competitors sit at a long table and drink until they pass out. The last person to do so wins. The second-last person to slip under the table earns 2 points; the third-last, 1 point. Whilst vomiting will earn hoots of derision from the crowd, it does not disqualify that character.

Use the drinking rules given in the *Vikings Players Book*. The liquor consumed in this contest is barley beer, brewed locally. It has been deliberately

watered down to a potency of 2, to make the contest last longer.

It chagrins the Lhankor Mhy sages who sponsor this event to think that their "intelligence test" has degenerated into a drunken revel. Nevertheless, they still offer 250L worth of training at the Pavis Lhankor Mhy temple to the winner. (Perhaps more appreciated is the keg of ale the local brewers throw in. The thirsty crowd expect it to be untapped that night while the winner toasts his victory.)

The Wall of Death (Windsday)

In this event each contestant must pass along a wall, unarmoured and weaponless. No spells may be used in this event, although a competitor may certainly heal himself afterwards. As the competitor moves, a 95% archer will be firing arrows at him. These are special slow arrows, which can be Dodged or Arm Parried. A character's arm is considered to have 3 armour points. The arrows do 1d6 damage if they hit, but cannot impale.

Once the competitor is disabled he is disqualified. A competitor may also withdraw from the event at any time. The archer will have 30 minus the character's DEX in arrow shots; half this number if the character elects to sprint. Note that if you sprint, you cannot Parry the arrows and your Dodge percentage is halved. The winner of the event is the person who makes it furthest along the wall before collapsing or calling to the archer to stop. Anyone who makes it to the other end will earn a rousing cheer from the crowd and an automatic 3 points from the judges.

The prize for this event is a skillfully-crafted target shield, which the herald will emblazon in the winner's colours. The workmanship is such that it gives 13 AP of protection for only 2.5 ENC.

The Pain Test (Fireday)

Magic and armour are both forbidden in this event, which tests the competitors' strength and endurance. Each competitor must lift a huge tin pot, filled and heated with boiling water.

To keep the pot aloft, the contestant must roll under his STR on d10 and his

CON on d10. However, as each round progresses, the contestant must roll as if he has lost one point of either statistic. When either the STR or CON roll is failed, that competitor drops the pot. The last contestant to remain holding his pot wins, and gains 3 points. 2 points are given the second-place getter; 1 point to third.

Comfort Song, cool bandages and healing are available from the Chalana Arroy healers after the event.

The prize for this event is 1 ENC of untempered iron, which the town smith with forge into anything the winner requests. Alternatively, the winner may take his prize in pure tin of equivalent value (about 45 ENC).



Ladies' Choice (Wildday)

This event takes place before the Harvest Queen, the priestesses and the ladies of the town. Each competitor has his chance to win the ladies' admiration with a beautiful poem, a sweet song, a romantic story or tales of their own bravery.

The ladies will always favour a handsome man (APP), and high POW gives the contestant a confident, authoritative air. In general, a gently suggestive, almost bawdy tale with the teller as protagonist (something like that found in *The Decameron*) will win out over an earnest warrior recounting his deeds of glory.

The judging of this event can be as subjective or abstract as the GM wishes.

A suggested formula is:

Character's INT + POW + APP + 1/2 of skill used* + Courtesan (Seduce) skill + GM's mark out of 20 for roleplay.

* ie Orate, Play Instrument, Sing, Fast Talk etc.

The winner of "Ladies Choice" receives a magical arrow that will unfailingly hit its next target (as per *Sureshot* spell) and a shadow cat, the gift of Zelezza Blackpaw, the town's Yinkin priestess. However, knowing spectators will wink and hint that there are far greater prizes awaiting the man who wins the ladies' hearts.



MELISANDE'S HAND



A Garhound Contest Scenario



By Michael O'Brien

The Setting

The Lunar occupation of Pavis was an uncertain time for the local landholders, who feared Imperial intervention in their affairs. With the responsibility of accommodating thousands of new settlers and hundreds of retired soldiers, governor Sor-Eel looked greedily upon estates of the landed and schemed of ways to take control of them. One such landholder was Sir Davis Garhound, whose ancestors came out with Duke Dorasor. By means of Garhound's annual Harvest Festival contest, wily Sor-Eel saw a way to diminish Garhound's power.

When the governor announced he was going to make the trip to Garhound for the contest, speculation abounded throughout the County and other notables thought it worth their while to attend also.

Player Characters

It is expected that one or more of the player characters may wish to compete in the contest, perhaps at the behest of Krogar Wolfhelm. Any number of contestants are permitted, as long as the candidates are eligible. The others may enter into the carnival atmosphere of the contest, cheer their friend as he competes in each of the events, lay bets, lose some time (and possibly their shirt) at one of the numerous sideshows, listen to the rumour and speculation, and so on.

Unscrupulous adventurers might wish to improve their companion's chances by interfering with another contestant. Tricking vain Vathmar Allweather into breaking one of his geases. Getting the thirsty Sticklebrixx drunk before an event. Telling an inebriated Sticklebrixx that Myrrhyn Calmstorm is a Lunar-lover. Stealing some of the magical stormapples. There are many possibilities for mischief by an inventive party! Then again, concerned punters might attempt to cause similar trouble with the PC contestant!

During the actual events themselves, Gamemasters can save themselves a lot of time and hassle by getting players whose characters aren't competing to play one of the NPCs.

NOTABLES PRESENT IN GARHOUND FOR THE FESTIVAL

LUNARS

Sor-Eel the Short, Count of Prax and Governor of Pavis.

Rumour: That doxy on his arm is none other than Griselda!

Bor-Eel, his loyal half-brother.

Agrestis, his jester.

Pharnastes Rugbagian, Deputy Priest of the Pavis Market.

Rumour: Between them, Sor-Eel and Rugbagian plan to line their pockets with the cut they take on all bets made.

Radak, the Iron Centurion, with a half-century of the count's bodyguard.

Raus, Duke of Rone and Lord of the Weis Domain.

Rumour: Raus (a exiled Lunar noblemen with a holding further down the river) is looking for free swords to bolster his mercenary force, and a husband for his daughter. He's also here to curry favour with Sor-Eel.

The Lady Jezra, Raus's daughter.

Rumour: Jezra is a real hell-raiser, who's not going to stand for an arranged wedding with anyone!

GARHOUNDERS

Sir Davis Garhound, sponsor of the contest and local landholder.

Rumour: Sir Davis is concerned about the large Lunar presence at the festival this year. What is Sor-Eel up to?

Sir Davis's household.

EARTH PRIESTESSES

Mellsande Winnow, the Harvest Queen.

Rumour: Mel has her heart set on winning the hand of a foreigner, who will take her away to the far-away places she has only dreamt about.

The Ernalda Priestesses.

Rumour: The Earth-Mothers desperately need a worthy champion, because a drought has been predicted in the coming year.

OTHERS

Fleeter Nemm, Daughter of Pavis.

Rumour: Fleeter Nemm too, is concerned about Lunar motives and has come to watch Sor-Eel.

Solanthos Ironpike, Count of the Sun Dome.

Rumour: The old goat's come to watch his latest "pet" compete.

A bevy of gilded lords and veiled ladies from the County.

Krogar Wolfhelm, Wind Lord.

Rumour: Krogar distrusts the Orlanthe contestant, and is looking for another warrior to uphold cult honour.

The assorted shysters, skills, mountebanks, fraudsters and charlatans that are always attracted to such events.



PLACE YOUR BETS!

ENTRANT	Horse	Joust	Wrestle	INT	Wall	Pain	Ladies*	Contest
Cary	6-1	13-2	9-1	30-1	4-1	10-3	3-1	15-1
Prometheus	25-1	36-1*	23-1	85-1	3-1	—	55-1	200-1
Vathmar	8-1	12-1	15-1	4-1	13-1†	2-1	60-1	80-1
Myrrhyn	9-1	4-1	11-1	12-1	7-1	7-2	7-1‡	4-1
Sticklebrixx	7-3	3-1	6-1	3-2	13-1	3-1	99-1	6-1
Mohenjo	30-1@	18-1	3-1	9-1	10-1	6-1	7-3	12-1
PC-Contestant	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?

* Whether he wins or not, after everyone sees Prometheus's brilliant eye for horse-flesh when choosing his mount for the race they will reappraise his chances in the joust.

† When Vathmar starts mouthing off about how he's going to try catching arrows, his odds will rocket past 100-1.

‡ These odds will shorten to 5-4 as the rumour gets around that he's a "sure bet". Eventually, you won't be able to put your money on Myrrhyn at the legal stands.

@ As an unknown quantity, the bookies will only offer long odds for the first event.

Gambling

Wagers may be laid on single events or the contest as a whole. The Lunars strictly control betting at the contest, and take a 7% cut on all winnings. This is automatically deducted by the bookmaker before the payout (if any) is made. In return for this impost, punters who feel they have been cheated can take their complaint to their authorities. Legal bets can be made at the Etyries stand in the market, and Rugbagan has several assistants who do the rounds of the taverns. Players with an anti-Lunar bias will probably go to one of the two Issaries bookies down from Pavis, but might be disappointed to learn that they too will abide by the gambling laws.

Numerous illegal bookies also operate in the town, particularly in the wineshops, taverns and carnivals. They will melt into the crowd at the sight of Lunar authorities. Although they cannot cover as large sums as the legal bookmakers, they sometimes offer better odds. Several of these operators are con-men, who won't be found after the contest or will refuse to honour bets. Players have to take their chances making a bet with an unlicensed book.

Odds for the various competitors begin at around the above rates, but may change as the contest progresses or the gamemaster dictates. However, an honest bookmaker will pay you the odds you made the bet at. It may not be possible to bet on the overall winner once the first event is concluded.

Time-Line

The seven days of the contest are described briefly here, along with GM notes about the NPC contestants. It is quite possible that the actions player-characters will change the sequence of events (for example, they may expose the ogre earlier), in which the GM must improvise.



Goday: The Horse Race

- The crowd will be intrigued and the priestesses scandalized by the appearance of the mysterious Mohenjo Daro.

- Melisande, the beautiful Harvest Queen, must choose her favourite. Will she pick her childhood sweetheart? The handsome Myrrhyn Calmstorm? The dashing PC-contestant? Surely not the enigmatic stranger, Mohenjo Daro?

- A shady type offers the PC-contestant a large sum to "take a dive". This encounter may be happen again later.

- Prometheus, the Sun Dome candidate, using his magical torc will select a superb horse to carry him in the event.

- After the sprint, Myrrhyn Calmstorm will jump aboard the player-contestant's horse, thinking it is a better beast than his own.

- Sticklebrixx will try to *Slow* an opponent's horse, if he thinks he can do it unseen. If he gets caught, he will claim he didn't know you weren't allowed to use offensive magic.

- Only Myrrhyn will immediately dismount to pick up the flag. The others will all make at least one attempt to grab their flags from horseback.

- Cary will climb the stormapple tree, no matter what position he has in the race; Prometheus and Vathmar will both search for rotten fruit (to show their contempt for wind-fruits); Myrrhyn and Mohenjo would prefer to get a fresh apple, but it will depend on their position in the race; Sticklebrixx will grab a rotten apple and immediately start eating it, and then put another away.



- In the celebrations after the event, a drinking pal will excuse himself, saying it's "his turn to go and guard the tree". If the players can dispose or distract him, they will have all the stormapple fruits for the taking.

- At the feast, Vathmar will be observed ostentatiously refusing a plate of roasted fowl.

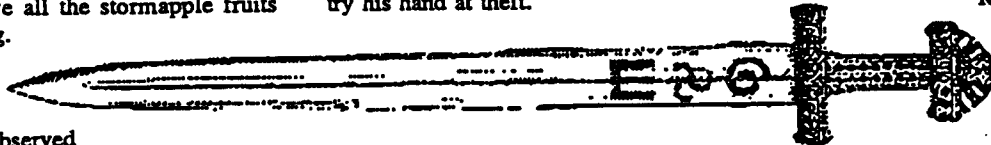
- Many of the local lads grumble about the way Sor-Eel's troops have been muscling in on their girls. "Overpaid, Over-sexed and Over-here" sums up the basis of their ill-feeling.

Freezeday: The Joust

- The body of one of the carnival girls is found in the fields, horribly mutilated (partially eaten, actually). Fingers point at Vathmar, who's been bragging about sleeping outdoors. Although shocked, the authorities will only conduct a cursory investigation, postponing further action until after the festival. (Mohenjo Daro's *hunger* got the better of him.)

- Lady Jezra, the daughter of Duke Raus, takes a fancy to one of the non-competing PCs. She sends a lady-in-waiting with invitation to join her in her father's box, to "explain the finer points of the joust". Whereas the duke will view the unwelcome guest with undisguised contempt, his daughter will tease and flirt with her beau all afternoon. She will invite him back tomorrow, but asks that he bring her an "amusing trinket." Jezra's idea of a "trinket" would be something rare,

expensive and stylish. Such items are obviously difficult to come by in a hick town like Garhound, unless the purchaser is willing to spend an exorbitant sum or try his hand at theft.



- Promethius's horse will fight for him in the joust, much to everyone's surprise.

- Sticklebrixx will compete without a saddle, just for the hell of it.

- If Vathmar is unseated, he will immediately sprint for the border.

- That night, a tavern brawl between off-duty Lunar soldiers and the local lads is quelled when the watch arrive and begin to crack heads. Sor-eel (and the town council) prudently elect not to make a scene.

- During the brawl, Vathmar is seen rushing to the aid of a Lunar horse, which is being hamstringed by a pair of drunken nomads.

Waterday: The Wrestling

- Depending on the dainty item the PC has found for Jezra, she may or may not invite him to join her today. Whatever the case, one of Raus's men will approach him later and suggest that he leave her alone. The threat if he doesn't is left unspoken.

- Mohenjo Daro will appear in classical stance (naked) and will only cover himself when the judges insist. Many of the ladies feign shock, and he wins many

admirers.

- Sticklebrixx take part in this event thoroughly greased with slippery Rhino Fat. This makes him particularly difficult to hold. Reduce all attacks and resistance rolls against him by 20%.

- A Sun Dome noble surreptitiously approaches a player-spectator, asking if he would lay a bet for him. Count Solanthos frowns on his people gambling.

- A local lass (obviously miffed because she wasn't selected to be Harvest Queen) snidely remarks to a PC that "*perhaps Melisande shouldn't be in that white dress - after all, the maiden selected is meant to be, as they say, a maiden*". Meggie Fipple's accusations are groundless, but an out-of-towner bandying such here-say about might find himself confronted by young Melisande's burly older brothers Mort, Mack, Mick and Mart.

- The players learn where the kegs for tomorrow's drinking competition are stored. If they investigate, they will encounter a pair of Lunar Spoken Word agents (see MOON #1) spiking the barrels. In the ensuing melee, do the spiked barrels get hopelessly mixed up?

- Another brawl erupts between Lunar soldiers and the locals (perhaps sparked off by the fight above?), and Sir Davis Garhound himself appears with the constabulary to restore order. After the fray dies down the word goes round that Sor-Eel has threatened to leave an extra contingent of troops in town after the contest to keep order if this sort of thing happens again.



WYRROT:AYO NEGOTIIC

Lord will challenge the player to a duel to prove his innocence of the charge.

- Sor-Eel books out the whole Uleria temple for the Lunar party tonight, much to the annoyance of everyone else. However, avowed Lunar friends may gain entry and the governor wins many admirers with his generosity. The governor also extends an invitation to all competitors in the contest, and he will be seen carousing there with Myrrhyn Calmstorm. Curiously, Duke Raus excuses himself from the Bacchanalia early, and his daughter is nowhere to be seen. (The duke has already packed her off back home downriver, lest she cause him embarrassment again.)

*Y□ Wildday: Ladies Choice

- One of the spies the players caught at the vats is seen laying a huge bet on Myrrhyn Calmstorm to win this event. He then returns to the governor's pavilion and hands Sor-Eel the ticket.

- Cary sings the banned ballad *Cold Wind over Sartar*, which infuriates the Lunars but impresses the ladies. The whole crowd joins in the last stanza, and Krogar Wolfhelm visibly weeps. Sor-Eel fumes.

*What good is our youth when it's aging?
What joy is an eye that can't see?
When there's cool wind and laughter and flowers
But only our rivers run free.*

- Prometheus does a graceful dance, too "Yelmic" for the ladies' liking.

- Vathmar tediously lists his "amazing" exploits, and Melisande is seen to yawn.

- Mohenjo Daro tells a witty tale about an unusual audience he had with the famous Demivierge of Rhigos. The ladies love it, but the Sun Domers blush.

- Sticklebrixx tells the one about the Issaries merchant and the farmer's daughter. Whilst it sounded good around a nomad's campfire, its lack of subtlety is not appreciated here.

- Just as Myrrhyn Calmstorm walks out to begin, an ugly woman rushes out, kisses him and in a shrill falsetto, shrieks of undying love. It is actually Agrestis, Sor-Eel's jester, done up in drag. The crowd laugh as he is dragged back to the stalls.

During this little exhibition, the sly Agrestis has actually cast his *Lie* spell on Myrrhyn. Using *Lie*, the tale



Marhy moves in mysterious ways Baldwin ©10

Myrrhyn will tell to the ladies will be irresistible!

What tale does Myrrhyn tell? For sophisticated medieval smut, one cannot go past Boccaccio's *Decameron* (make sure you get hold of a modern, unexpurgated translation such as the Penguin Classics version). The GM is sure to find a witty tale among the hundred presented that tickles his fancy and that could be read at this juncture. For example, casting Myrrhyn as the protagonist, I read *Third Day; First Story; (Masetto of Lamporecchio pretends to be dumb, and becomes a gardener at a convent, where all the nuns vie with one another to take him off to bed with them).*

XYO

Godday / Truth Week / Earth Season: Harvest Festival

- Unless their man wins, Sor-Eel and his party will depart with unseemly urgency. Myrrhyn Calmstorm will accompany the Lunar contingent as they return to Pavis. Sor-Eel will have to find other strategies to use against Sir Davis Garhound.



Carylon Squally, The Local Lad

Cary won the right to take part in contest from among his peers in the unofficial tourney the young bucks of Garhound hold before the Contest. Although in awe of the more experienced competitors, Cary is young and cocky, and has the support of the crowd.

Rumours

- Cary and Melisande are sweethearts, and the priestesses really hope he'll win. If he does we're bound to have a bumper harvest next year. (T)
- Its almost certain Melisande will pick Cary as her Favorite. If this happens her father will be furious. The Winnows and the Squallys have been feuding for years. (T)

CARYLON SQUALLY Orlanth Initiate;
Human male, 17.

STR 15	CON 16	SIZ 15	INT 13
POW 18	DEX 16	APP 12	
19-20	Head	20	8/6
16-18	L.A.	18-19	8/5
13-15	R.A.	16-17	8/5
12	Chest	11-15	8/8
09-11	Abdm	07-10	8/6
05-08	L.L	04-06	8/6
01-04	R.L	01-03	8/6

Weapon	SR	Attk%	Damage	Parr%	AP
Broad Sword	6	41	1d8+1+1d4	37	15
Heater	7	27	1d6+1d4	40	12
Mtd. Lance	0	39	1d10+1+	—	10
Kick	8	50	1d6+1d4	37	leg
Fist	8	43	1d3+1d4	41	03
Grapple	8	37	1d6+1d4	41	—

Fatigue: 31 - 20 ENC = 11 Dodge: 26 - 20 ENC = 06%
Life Points: 16 Move: 3

Spirit Magic: Farsee, Bladesharp 1, Heal 2, Protection 1 Disrupt.

Skills: Ride 56%, Animal Lore 08%, Sing 32%, Swim 37%, Martial Arts 04%, Climb 66%.

Languages: Pavic 33/00, Stormspeech 03/00.

Armour: Ring & cuirboilli. If Cary acquits himself well, Sir Davis says he can keep it.

Special Items: As the local Champ, Cary has been gifted with several items for the duration of the contest by well-wishers:

- A cat's paw lucky charm, which halves your chance to Fumble.
- A full run-down on the horses in Sir Davis's stable (increase his Animal Lore by 50% when he selects his mount).
- His brother Horton's broadsword, magically enchanted by Humakt (extra AP).
- An Endurance-1 Matrix, carved onto a tin armband.
- A ribbon from Melisande's hair.

Prometheus The Sun Domer

Young Prometheus is the official Yelmalio contestant, selected from Sun County's intake of new initiates for this year. He affects the haughty arrogance of a Sun Lord, but lacks the skills. He will be carefully sequestered with the Sun Dome contingent during his stay.

Rumours

- If Prometheus weren't Count Solanthos's nephew, he'd never been picked for the contest. (F)
- That dirty little pillow-biter was only chosen because he's the Count's new joy-boy. (R)

PROMETHEUS Yelmalio Initiate;
Human male, 17.

STR 09	CON 17	SIZ 15	INT 12
POW 18	DEX 15	APP 18	
19-20	Head	20	13/6
16-18	L.A.	18-19	8/5
13-15	R.A.	16-17	8/5
12	Chest	11-15	8/8
09-11	Abdm	07-10	8/6
05-08	L.L	04-06	8/6
01-04	R.L	01-03	8/6

Weapon	SR	Attk%	Damage	Parr%	AP
1H Spear	7	32	1d8+1	29	10
Hoplite Sh'd	7	30	1d6	69	12
Mtd. Lance	0	28	1d10+1+	—	10
Shortsword	7	30	1d6+1	30	10
Fist	8	32	1d3+	28	03
Grapple	8	32	1d6+	28	—

Fatigue: 27 - 26 ENC = 01 Dodge: 28 - 26 ENC = 02%
Life Points: 16 Move: 3

Spirit Magic: Light, Detect Gold, Farsee, Lantern 1, Coordination 1 (reduces SR by 1), Repair, Disrupt.
Skills: Ride 35%, Animal Lore 07%, Dance 59%, Swim 15%, Scan 40%.

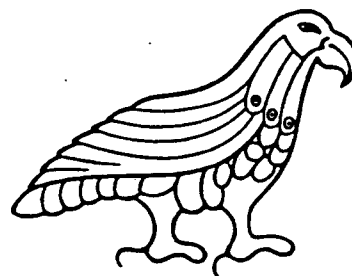
Languages: Pavic 32/16, Firespeech 02/00.

Armour: Gilded cuirboilli, ring limbs & body, gilded plate helm with chain hood (all on loan).

Gifts and Geases: Raised Dance, Speak only truth.

Special Items: Prometheus has on loan from his temple the following item:

- A golden torc, when confers upon the wearer the ability to talk to horses as per *Mindspeech*. However, whilst wearing it, the user must not wear any armour on his legs. Ergo, Prometheus will only use the torc in the first two events.





**Vathmar Allweather
The Affronted Sun
Domer**



Vathmar's overbearing vanity is founded in his exceptional hardiness (CON), which he recently earned as a gift from Yelmalio. He is not part of the official Sun Dome party, and is resentful towards them because he wasn't selected to be their candidate. He has spent his cult ransom money to take part in the contest, and has staked the rest of his fortune on himself winning the Pain Test. Vathmar will sleep in the fields during the contest, ostensibly to show off his mettle, but really because he's broke.

Rumours

- Vathmar was a nobody before Yelmalio gifted him, and will be a nobody again once he breaks his geases. (M)
- "Never seek shelter from Storm"; that's the real reason why that conceited Yelmalio has to sleep outside! (F)
- If Vathmar's got such stamina, why is it he keeps away from all the girls?

VATHMAR ALLWEATHER Yemalio Initiate;
Human male, 20.

STR 15 CON 21 SIZ 09 INT 13
POW 08 DEX 12 APP 09

19-20	Head	20	4/5
16-18	L.A.	18-19	3/4
13-15	R.A.	16-17	3/4
12	Chest	11-15	6/6
09-11	Abdm	07-10	6/5
05-08	L.L	04-06	3/5
01-04	R.L	01-03	3/5

Weapon	SR	Attk%	Damage	Parr%	AP
1H Spear	7	59	1d8+1+1d4	33	10
Hoplite Shd	8	21	1d6+1d4	55	18
Mtd. Lance	0	49	1d10+1+	—	10
Shortsword	7	39	1d6+1+1d4	29	10
Fist	8	32	1d3+1d4	26	03
Grapple	8	35	1d6+1d4	26	—

Fatigue: 36 - 18 ENC = 18 Dodge: 40 - 18 ENC = 22%
Life Points: 15 Move: 3

Spirit Magic: Bladesharp 2, Detect Gold, Heal 1, Disrupt, Vigor 1 (raises total HP to 19).

Skills: Ride 72%, Animal Lore 14%, Orate 23%, Swim 25%, Scan 66%.

Languages: Pavic 30/00, Firespeech 07/00.

Armour: Scale hauberk, cuirboilli limbs, padded cuirboilli helmet.

Gifts and Geases: Raised CON (8 points); Remain celibate in Truth week; Never eat the meat of birds; Never let a horse suffer needlessly; Never speak to or help trolls in any way; Never use any axe; Never wear non-metal armour on torso; Never use any shield but hoplite shield; Never flee or surrender to worshippers of Zorak Zoran. Prometheus always avoids trolls.

**Myrrhyn Calmstorm
The Lunar Collaborator**

Myrrhyn is an Orlanthi turncoat who serves the Lunars. He worships at the Pavis air temple where Faltikus the Good, a Lunar sympathizer, presides over a shrinking congregation. Myrrhyn has entered at the behest of governor Sor-Eel, who has promised great wealth if he succeeds. With his agent as Constable of Garhound, Sor-Eel hopes to weaken the political hold Sir Davis has over the area. Myrrhyn is handsome, but for a pock-marked face. He has been visited by impests, and it is likely he will leave the cult one day. His gear is devoid of runes or other markings.

Rumours

- He paid to enter with freshly minted silver Imperials. (T)
- Myrrhyn Calmstorm is one of "Faltikus's men". (B - If anyone's, Myrrhyn would be Sor-Eel's man.)
- I saw him drinking with a pair of Lunars from the local garrison last night. (T - They were actually Spoken Word agents, given him final instructions.)

MYRRHYN CALMSTORM Orlanth Initiate; Human male, 32.

STR 10 CON 18 SIZ 15 INT 16
POW 13 DEX 11 APP 16

19-20	Head	20	10/6
16-18	L.A.	18-19	8/5
13-15	R.A.	16-17	8/5
12	Chest	11-15	13/8
09-11	Abdm	07-10	13/6
05-08	L.L	04-06	8/6
01-04	R.L	01-03	8/6

Weapon	SR	Attk%	Damage	Parr%	AP
Broadsword	6	72	1d8+1+1d4	49	10
Target Shd	7	30	1d6+1d4	69	12
Mtd. Lance	0	66	1d10+1+	—	10
Sickle	8	25	1d6+1d4	19	06
Fist	8	56	1d3+1d4	45	03
Grapple	8	37	1d6+1d4	45	—

Fatigue: 28 - 27 ENC = 01 Dodge: 33 - 27 ENC = 05%
Hit Points: 17 Move: 3

Spirit Magic: Farsee, Endurance 3, Befuddle (2), Heal 2, Mobility 3, Bladesharp 3, Countermagic 2.

Skills: Ride 66%, Animal Lore 24%, Orate 32%, Swim 08%, Climb 76%, Scan 68%, Search 58%.

Languages: Pavic 52/16, Stormspeech 16/00 New Pelorian 36/08.

Armour: Plate cuirass & skirt, chain hauberk, cuirboilli & ring limbs, cuirboilli helmet with chain hood.

Special Items: To ensure his man will win, Sor-Eel has loaned the following items:

- Myrrhyn's armour.
- A Heal-6 tablet, hidden in the pommel of his sword.
- A chunk of moonrock, which yields 8 MP (16 on Full Moon).
- A good story to tell the ladies (see above).



Stikklebrixx
The Storm Buller

A brave of the Pol-Joni, this is Stikklebrixx's first time in civilization, and boy! does he love it (especially the beer they make round here). Ignorant outsiders can't believe he is odds-on favorite for the "intelligence test".

Rumours

- No one has told the Bull-man you can't hit horses in the joust. (F - Stikklebrixx knows: he just doesn't care)
- To Stikklebrixx, small chaos is all chaos. This includes Lunar-lovers like Faltikus. Nevertheless, he'll drink all night with anyone who has a deep pocket. (T)

STIKKLEBRIXX THE BARBARIAN

Storm Bull Initiate; Human male, 30.

STR 16 CON 16 SIZ 16 INT 11
POW 16 DEX 16 APP 11

19-20	Head	20	16/6
16-18	L.A.	18-19	4/5
13-15	R.A.	16-17	4/5
12	Chest	11-15	10/8
09-11	Abdm	07-10	10/6
05-08	L.L	04-06	4/6
01-04	R.L	01-03	4/6

Weapon	SR	Attk%	Damage	Parr%	AP
Bastard Swd	5	66	1d10+1+1d6	37	12
Kite Shield	7	30	1d6+1d6	69	12
Mtd. Lance	0	81	1d10+1+	—	10
Head Butt	7	32	1d6+1d6	—	—
Fist	7	63	1d3+1d6	40	03
Grapple	8	37	1d6+1d6	40	—

Fatigue: 32 - 25 ENC = 07 Dodge: 26 - 20 ENC = 20%
Hit Points: 16 Move: 3

Spirit Magic: Fanaticism 1, Mobility 3, Slow 2, Heal 1, Bladesharp 2, Protection 2.

"I'M SO TOUGH I...

...mate with broos for kicks."
Vixen,
Thed cultist, Snakepipe Hollow

Skills: Ride 91%, Animal Lore 54%, Orate 52%, Swim 21%, Search 55%.
Languages: Praxian 31/00, Pavic 16/00.
Armour: Chain hauberk, cuirboilli cuirass and skirt, padded cuirboilli limbs, horned cuirboilli helmet with chain hood.
Special Items:
• Stikklebrixx's horned helmet has been enchanted with 6 additional AP.
• A vat of Rhino Fat (adds 1 AP to hit locations smeared with it, not figured into stats above).

Mohenjo Daro
The Mysterious Stranger

Garbed in black, Mohenjo Daro will appear before the priestesses just before the first event is about to get underway, pay his fee and demand to take part. To the scandal of the crowd, he announces he is Argan Argar cultist! Nevertheless, that dark god is counted in mythology as one the Husband-Protectors and the Ernalda priestesses have no choice but to acquiesce. Mohenjo Daro is actually an ogre, who hopes with his presence to pervert and pollute the harvest festival. If he wins the contest and weds the Queen, it will bode ill for Garhound in the coming year.

Rumours

- He just walked in from the Wastes! (T)
- This Mohenjo Daro is obviously a Lunar agitator, sent to cause trouble in Garhound. (F - Mohenjo is acting on his own twisted initiative.)
- Even the Lunar agents in town are scratching their heads over this guy! (T)

MOHENJO DARO

Argan Argar Initiate; Ogre male, 29.

STR 23 CON 17 SIZ 16 INT 12
POW 15 DEX 10 APP 17

19-20	Head	20	0/6
16-18	L.A.	18-19	4/5
13-15	R.A.	16-17	4/5
12	Chest	11-15	6/8
09-11	Abdm	07-10	6/6
05-08	L.L	04-06	4/6
01-04	R.L	01-03	4/6

Weapon	SR	Attk%	Damage	Parr%	AP
2H Spear	5	53	1d10+1+1d6	35	10
Buckler	7	30	1d6+1d6	46	08
Mtd. Lance	0	35	1d10+1+	—	10
Quarterstaff	5	86	1d8+1d6	78	08
Fist	8	56	1d3+1d6	45	03
Grapple	8	37	1d6+1d6	45	—

Fatigue: 40 - 18 ENC = 22 Dodge: 54 - 18 ENC = 36%
Hit Points: 17 Move: 3

Spirit Magic: Disrupt, Fireblade (4), Countermagic 1, Dispel Magic 2, Shimmer 3, Heal 1.

Skills: Ride 40%, Animal Lore 08%, Orate 32%, Seduce (Courtesan) 32%, Martial Arts 12%, Climb 45%, Scan 50%, Search 50%.

Languages: Esrolian 82/50, Pavic 32/00, New Pelorian 24/00, Tradetalk 22/00, Darktongue 22/00 .

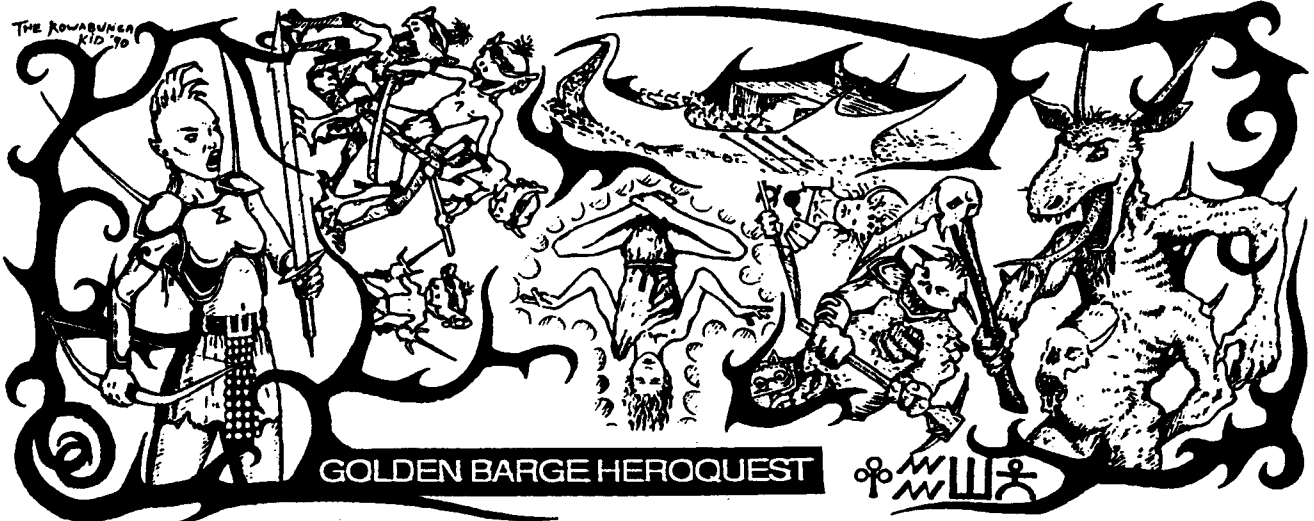
Armour: Lead scale hauberk, padded cuirboilli limbs, no helmet.

Special Items: Mohenjo Daro owns a Ball of Tails which, if discovered, would earn him the instant enmity of all nomads. He currently has 3 spirits in his ball- POW 12, POW 11, POW 07.

Chaotic Features: None.

A: 'cos those who ain't get "Total Celibacy"!

WIRYASNOT: AYOP # XGROK * III O 大 丹 父 ●



DIVINE MAGIC SPELL (as "Magic Road" quest); 2 points, ritual.

Availability: Aldrya shamans who have contacted the White Elf King; River spirit cults.

MYTH: in the Greater Darkness, White Elf King saw that the world was breaking apart, and his people were being scattered and destroyed by Chaos and by other more mundane foes. He resolved to find a way to a safer place with his people.

Allegory: *The world is imperfect; seek the perfect.*

Mundane Action: The leader of the quest has a need to travel for a purpose that will bring harmony to himself, or those he guides.

MYTH: He had to overcome the natural hazards of life in the Great Darkness while searching for his goal. Eventually, he spied one of the ebon troll-boats.

Allegory: *One must not be distracted by the trivial nuisances of everyday life, but look to higher things.*

Mundane Action: The Questers travel to a river; here they will be attacked by large numbers of trivial monsters (trollkin usually, symbolizing the darkness, but powerful questers may attract more powerful foes) coming from upstream. After a few rounds of combat, any quester who concentrates for a round - making no combat action - and makes a successful Search roll will spot the Golden Barge in the distance downstream.

MYTH: The troll ability to cross water - and some of the more uncertain regions of the Earth - in their boats inspired White Elf King. He resolved to capture one of the boats and use this to take his people to safety. While attempting to reach the boat, he met a strange deity. Some say this was Rashoran, others Nysalor, and the Trolls claim that it was Arkat, whom he bested in a riddling match.

Allegory: *Perfection cannot be attained without spiritual enlightenment.*

Mundane Action: The questers met a Trickster, or other disreputable character, as they follow the barge downstream. They must answer three Nysalor riddles before proceeding.

MYTH: White King Elf reached the boat as it was being assailed by Chaos; and he destroyed this.

Allegory: *In enlightenment, one must resist spiritual snares.*

Mundane Action: As the questers reach the barge, they will encounter a major infestation of Chaos, which they must overcome. The strength of the questers will determine the strength of the Chaos.

MYTH: White King Elf captured the boat, and with the last of his Solar powers turned ebon wood to gold. He took his people and sailed beyond the world.

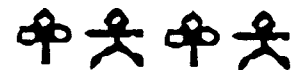
Allegory: *After enlightenment is Nirvana.*

Mundane Action: The characters may

board the barge. White King Elf is the helmsman, who will take them where they wish, through the worlds between. In addition to being transported, characters who complete this quest receive 1% to their chance of Illumination, and a 5% increase in any one ship-handling or related skill.

NOTES:

1. *The myth explains why white elves no longer walk the world.*
2. *There are, naturally, adversarial quests of Chaos and Darkness cults which attempt to stop or mitigate the actions by which they were defeated, and in which the secret of sailing was stolen.*



By Steve Gilham





FROM PAGE 12

In the Pentian variations the riders start a lot further away from the Circle of Birth (approx 1 km) and the signal is a whistling arrow. The two circles may be separated by up to 5 or 6 kms - but then, Pent is a lot bigger than most places. Innocent travellers who accidentally get involved in a Chadash which has strayed for kilometres often get beaten up by the frenzied participants.

Praxian cultural variations of Chadash are considerably rougher, particularly among the Rhino and Bison riders. Shields and blunt sticks are permitted onto the field as well as the traditional riding whips. The skin is sometimes weighed down with rocks to favour the stronger riders. Games between different tribes are uncommon, if not unknown.

Centaur's often play Chadash amongst themselves and are, unsurprisingly, very good at the game. Wandering centaur gangs often challenge their Pure Horse Tribe neighbors to competitions, and lone adventuring centaurs have been known to compete against human riders for money. Because of their innate ability at the game, man-horse players are frequently the most hated on the field.

The skin used in Chadash requires at a minimum of STR 11 to lift with one hand. It also has an ENC of 8 and to grab it from the ground while on horseback requires a Ride roll as well as a DEX x 2

"I'M SO TOUGH I..



volunteer as the ball in Trollball." Cazaly, Jonstown Under (SIZ) 19's.

roll. The only weapons permitted on the Chadash field (except in the Praxian variations) are riding whips which may be used on other competitors and their mounts, as well as one's own horse. There are also no rules about the horses attacking each other. Competitors may cast any magic on themselves or their mounts, but offensive spells are frowned upon, if not completely prohibited. Flagrant use of offensive magic will often provoke a savage attack on the culprit by all those around him.

Many other games played in Glorantha are either physically demanding or dangerous and all are good for betting.

Archery competitions are easily settled with die rolls over a number of shots. Hammer throws and javelin throwing can be settled by a lowest percentage roll - STR = the greatest distance thrown. Arm wrestling is an easy matter of STR v.s. STR as is tug-of-war (except that in a tug-of-war the anchor men also get to add their SIZ.

Then there are games that are a pure gamble, such as dice and cards. There are also games of skill for which separate skills are developed e.g. Play Checkers, a knowledge skill (most games skill have a very large base chance that generally start between 10-30%). Finally there are games of little or no point. These are especially chaotic and decent folk should avoid them. A Nysalor Riddler, the ghoul Chook-a-cole plays with a piece of wood tied to a string that is made to spin up and down the string.

Finally, long distance running is not as much a sport as a profession, for in much of Glorantha runners are an essential means of communication. Conserving fatigue points is a skill, as a person not skilled in long distance running will expand fatigue points as normal. Running is a skill (base 30% agility) and if the runner succeeds in doing this then she conserves fatigue points taking only 1D3 for every 5 fatigue points normally accrued. If the roll is a special, no fatigue is expended. This skill can only be rolled for runs of several kilometres or more.

Weapon	Damage	STR / DEX	ENC	SR	Base %
Mace One Handed Riding Whip	1D3	-7	0.2	2	15%
Mace 1H Chadash skin	1D10 + 2	17/18	var.	3	15%
Mace 2H Chadash skin	1D10 + 2	15/16	var.	3	15%

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WANTED: Alone Against the Dark/ Wendigo and Pendragon 1st Edition. Exc

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FOR SALE: The Stafford Compendium, an exhaustive bibliography of EVERYTHING Greg Stafford has ever written. Available from David Hall at £1.50 plus 15p postage.

spectacle afforded in the western turret of the Filichet Minster Church of the Reaching Moon, Holay. Written in a cunning spiral, upwards, in uncial characters ever-increasing in size, such that when viewed from below the entire text appears to be of equal proportion, a Lunar Invocation: "The cycles of the Moon are nigh the circles of our lives/ The Crimson Goddess holds her court amidst her Seven Wives/ Jalakeel: priestess of the Black Moon, source of Lunar Magic/ Teelo Norri: young life of the Crescent, aid to need that's tragic/ Deezola: healer of the wounded, Empty Half that binds within/ The Goddess: Mistress of the Heavens, to her



THE BROTHERHOOD OF BEGGARS

Adapted from Paul A. Wellman's *The Female City*, (Werner Laurie, London 1954)

"The essence of our law is protect our brothers from their own weaknesses."

Attributed to Hagg, "protomendicus" or "prince of beggars".

An excerpt from *Sophos the Mendicant's illegal tract, The Unperceived World*:

"Just as there are visible empires, ruled over by emperors, kings and princes, so to is there an invisible empire over which the lords have no jurisdiction - an empire extending to every part of the Loskalm realm and far beyond, traversing all national boundaries to the end of the known world. Its subjects are known only to one another. They have laws, secret signs, even a language of their own, and they know everything, and pass on the knowledge, so that news of a movement of wild Uncolings beyond the Janube, or a revolt in foggy hills of Sartar; a murrain among the herds of Prax, or a new schism among the contentious theologians of Ralios; travels in ever-widening ripples of communication, often coming to the ears of the protomendicus long before the Imperial service of information has made the capital aware of the events. That secret empire is the world-wide Brotherhood of Beggars, and their leader is Hagios¹, master-almshouse of the decaying metropolis of Sog, Fronela."

A secret report to *Dagius Furius*, Chief of Intelligence in the Lunar Provincial Government (and reputed member of the "Emperor's Spoken Word"²). *Dagius'* informant was a deep-cover "Word" member, deliberately disfigured so he could gain the confidence of the Brotherhood:

"Here now the great laws of the Brotherhood of Beggars, which every



member of the Brotherhood must commit to heart:

"First, inasmuch as all the nations have their own methods of begging and divers languages, all different, each man of our Brotherhood shall make himself familiar with the beggar's cant, so that he can converse with all others of the Brotherhood, in whatever land or tongue, with none who hear them the wiser; and until such knowledge is gained and

proved, none shall be admitted to the secrets of the Brotherhood.

"Second, all of the Brotherhood shall bear themselves civilly, not cursing or blaspheming in public, and keeping good order always, so that they will not incur the notice and displeasure of the authorities.

"Third, all brother rogues and beggars shall keep each to his own quarter, not infringing one upon another, except at such times when general leave is given,

glory softly sing/ Yanafal Tarnils: Full Half that wields the Sword that swiftly strikes the blow for honour/ Irripi Ontor: teacher of the Words, with the Crescent comes the learned/ Danfive Xaron: Keeper of the Gate, the Dying Moon that watches over/ Seven Phases/Seven Days/ Seven Gods for Seven Ways/ Hear the Voices/ Feel the Power/ Lift your Hearts and Sing the Praise!" Be wary of the zealous temple canons, who seek to to convert the spectator to their erroneous Lunar ways. (XXIX.12-42) Who was Gallegos? He was a hero who was granted immortality and omnipotence so long as he did nothing. Such is the reason that the



as at great banquets, weddings, and such like.

"Fourth, in taking places for begging, such as seats before cathedral, church, or temple; or at the gates of the palace, the rule of antiquity of possession shall be observed, and none shall dare usurp the place of another who holds it by right of precedence, or defraud him out of it by any means soever.

"Fifth, no member of the brotherhood shall make any compact with mountebanks, musicians, poets, blind men, or monks who go from door to door, or any others, unless these be accepted as members of the Brotherhood.

"Sixth, no brother beggar shall profess membership in any cult, order, church or sect beyond that of the lowest degree; and only then to insinuate themselves with passers for alms.

"Seventh, no beggar may wear any new garment, except on the very day it is given to him, but shall sell all new apparel and always appear instead in clothing that is rent, threadbare, and full of patches.

"Eighth, no beggar shall be in his bed after sunrise of a morning, but instead he shall be at his task of going abroad to gather alms. And a beggar may break his fast in the morning, if he have some morsel to eat, but in such case he shall always cleanse his mouth carefully, and above all appear not on the streets with his breath smelling of wine, or onions, or showing in any way that he has eaten, on pain of being held incapable and unfit to be a beggar.

"Ninth, no beggar shall carry, from the knife upward, any weapons or arms, save that he can carry one cane, crutch or cudgel, wherewith to defend himself if need be.

"Tenth, all beggars shall make known to one another all those houses where alms are to be had, especially where there is gaming, or a festival, or a wedding, or event conducive to alms and gifts.

"Eleventh, no beggar shall give consent, or suffer his children to serve or wait upon any man whom they shall

acknowledge as their master, for their gains will be little and their labour much.

But those beggars with children shall educate them in the arts of begging, and may use them, setting them out to call on passers for alms.

"Twelfth, no member of the Brotherhood shall commit any gross villainy, such as stealing, or snatching purses, or stripping children of their clothing, or like base action which might turn the anger of the populace against all beggars. And if he do so, he shall be excluded from the Brotherhood and informed against so that he will be arrested and punished.

"Thirteenth, any member of the Brotherhood who invents or finds a new



THE PROTOMENDICUS HAG

dispatch Sludge and his rogues to rudely escort uncooperative beggars to the city gates. Furthermore, certain spots (notably, the steps of the Pavis temple and the like) are reserved for particular beggars and their descendants by ancient compact. Trespassers will have to answer to Pharzool's men. Provided his minions don't block the street or hinder commerce, Pharzool's activities are quietly sanctioned by the Lunar authorities. However, the governor expects the whispers and prattle of the streets in return. The beggars of Pavis are among Sor Eel's best spies.

Note: The location codes given in parenthesis above are taken from the RQ II supplement PAVIS City Guide for the Gamemaster Book.

The King of the Beggars of New Pavis

The Beggars' Guild or Brotherhood of Beggars controls all facets of begging in the city, and Fandrikius Pharzool, the self-appointed Image of Flesh Man, is the undisputed yet unofficial King (governor) of the Beggars in Pavis. All beggars and almsmen within the walls of Pavis (except those under the protection of the Sun Dome beadle in Suntown) must pay him a percentage of their takings. Pharzool keeps a motley band of enforcers to collect these dues. The gang is led Pharzool's creature Sludge, an insane ex-sage who now resides at the Teelo Norri Poorhouse (R-94) and runs it like his own personal mini-fiefdom. Pharzool himself is a former Issaries merchant-turned-Desert Tracker, who went mad traipsing the Genert Wastes. (The business rival who slipped him the scrap of hyena skin has long since been done away with: though faceless, Pharzool wields a measure of influence in the Pavis underworld.³)

While this gang of cripples are no match for an adventurer party, they are vicious enough to cope with the occasional beggar who holds out. Even then, Pharzool can exercise his power of "excommunication": an unfortunate so excluded cannot beg in the streets of Pavis and is so condemned to take his chances in Badside, deprived of income.

The King of the Beggars is rich enough to hold squalid court in a house of his own in Riverside (R-36), and is part-owner of the "Transients Welcome" inn in the Farmers' Quarter (F-33).

Should an unauthorized adventurer resort to beggary (or even busk for his supper), he will quickly run foul of The King of the Beggars. Pharzool will immediately

declination of his star, seen since his apotheosis in the western heavens, remains fixed, and neither twinkles nor fades, not even in the full light of day. Might it ever change? Only Gallegos could tell us, and he cannot answer. (XXIX.12-43) A snick of an old Sartarite campfire song: "It's lonesome away from your kindred and all/ By the campfire at night, where the wild dingoes*call/ But there's nothing so lonesome, so morbid or drear/ Than to stand in the bar of the pub with no beer" (So true! So true!) *Consulting Everseer, I note that the dingo is a wild hunting dog of the Praxian wastes, now thought to be extinct, Theo. P. (XXIX.12-44) An

W R V 2 A 0 T : A Y 0 P # W X G I O * I I O A H A ●

trick or cunning device to induce almsgiving, shall for the common good be bound to manifest it to the Brotherhood, so that it may be known to all. Provided, however, that for one year the first inventor of such artifice shall have the right to use and exercise the same, solely and without any other employing it without his permission.

"Fourteenth, in every city members of the Brotherhood shall choose a governor, and in the case of disputations between two of them, the governor shall judge the rights of the case; but if either disputant is dissatisfied, he may bring the case before the protomendicus in Sogolotha Mambrola (Sog City, Fronela), whose decision shall always be final.

"Fifteenth, under the pain of displeasure of the entire Brotherhood and expulsion from the same, and such other punishments and retributions as may be deemed fitting, no man shall discover the secrets and mysteries of our trade to any not in the Brotherhood, and they shall be revealed only to such as have duly qualified by showing their familiarity with the cant, and willingness to obey our laws."

"These be the chief laws. The most ancient laws: the first, third and fourth. There are others, covering minor points, but by these fourteen ordinances the beggars live, not only here but elsewhere, even in the Sheshnelan and Ralian countries, even in Kethaela, and far Pavis, and in nations remoter still".

¹"Hagios", the Loskalmi word meaning "Saint", usually shortened to "Hagg".

²A Lunar internal security organization (see ...MOON#1).

³Because of an ancient vow, Issaries priests of the Garzeen sub-cult are obliged to set off on a quest into the desert if they ever come across a piece of the dead god Genert. Hyenas and their skins are considered part of his dismembered body. For more information see CULTS OF PRAX, p.59.



GARGARTH THE WILD HUNTER

FROM PAGE 10

VII. SUB-CULTS

Spirit of Retribution

A person who leaves the cult to return to the way of Waha or who otherwise incurs the wrath of the priests of Gargarth is cursed. Someday, sometime, he will encounter the full Wild Hunt.

Whirlvishes

Whirlvishes are the souls of people caught by the Wild Hunter while lost on the chaparral. They have the form of man-sized duststorms and have been blowing on the winds for centuries. They are mindless, and are whipped into an enraged passion and frenzy until the very stuff of their souls is worn away into the grit of the chaparral sands.

When a whirlvish encounters anyone sentient, it engages him in combat. Unlike most ghosts and spirits, whirlvishes have physical bodies, and can be damaged normally. If a whirlvish's hit points are reduced to zero, the whirlvish becomes an ordinary spirit and departs for the Halls of the dead. It normally then disengages from spirit combat if its opponent permits this (as is the custom among Praxian nomads).

When a whirlvish engages an individual in combat, each round the victim is attacked by both spirit combat and by the whirlvish's special attack of abrasion. The whirlvish's attack takes place on SR 1 of each round.

WHIRVLISHES

Characteristics Average

SIZ 3d6	10-11
POW 3d6	10-11

Move: as per POW

Hit Points: as per SIZ

Location	d20	Points
body	01-20	all

Weapon	SR	Attr%	Damage
Spirit Combat	1	auto.	MP loss
Abrasion	1	auto.	1d3*

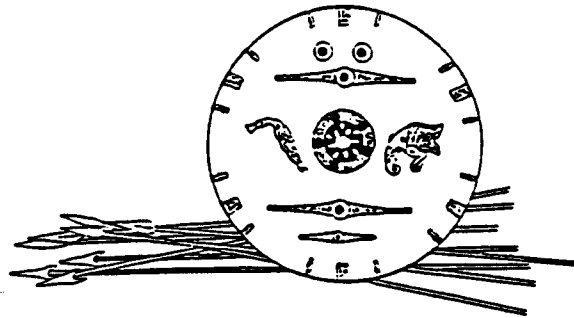
*Every round, the whirlvish does 1d3 damage to each of the target's hit locations. This grinding of sand and dust destroys armour, so that 5 point mail that has taken 2 points of damage has only 3 points of protection left. After armour is worn through, the abrasion starts affecting hit points. This magical abrasion also wears away protection spells at the same rate as armour. Each point of Shield counts as 2 points of Protection for this purpose. Other protective spells are similarly worn away.

old Kralori proverb: "The enemy is more compassionate than the tax-gatherer." (XXIX.12-46) Trollball is of course played by night, and I decided not to test the reaction of my trollish escorts to the comfort of magical illumination. I was surprised to find however that the playing field (an uneven stretch of turf littered with boulders, rubbish and other detritus) was dimly lit, presumably for the benefit of the giant referees. One of these behemoths was as ugly as I had ever seen: his huge head, face and hands were swollen and puffy. As promised, the trolls had cut the giants a huge pile of vegetation for their services, including, I noticed as I



LWEZICHWE'S TALE

RETOLD BY
DAVID DUNHAM



Ah, hello my grandchildren. Come here and help me shell these oilseeds.

Yes, Ngcobo, I heard about how your father and his brothers killed the broo yesterday. I'm sure he was very brave. Chaos is a terrible thing, but sometimes it's hard to notice, not obvious with horns like a broo. The first time I fought Chaos. . .

I was young then, 23 summers. My elder-husband had died in his prime, but I was much too young to take a younger-husband. And too old for my family to remarry. Mgashiyo, if you throw those seeds you miss the basket. Well, one day I was roaming the plains, and I came across one of the Redwood Folk. He could barely walk, and his hair had turned brown at the ends, so I gave him some water. He drank it all, but I didn't say anything because he was a shaman. He talked kind of funny, but I could figure out that he was looking for Skallor, the Flesh Man shaman who had defeated Death. I laughed a little, and said he'd have to defeat Death himself pretty soon if he was just going to walk by a water-dig. Well, I decided to help him find this Skallor. That way I wouldn't be hanging around embarrassing my family, and he was the most helpless person I'd ever met. He could make the spirits shake, but he couldn't even catch a tswana lizard, let alone find one. Ptasyen he was called, a powerful shaman but like a baby on the plains.

So we went to Pavis, where the Rabbit People live. You know why we call them the Rabbit People? Yes, they are the weakest of the Weak Folk, but besides? Well, because they live all packed in their homes like rabbits in a warren. Think of all the clans in the Big Camp during Sacred Time. Now imagine all those people living in a regular camp. And living in big houses made of dried mud, all right next to each other. That's why they're called the Rabbit People.

Well, we went to Pavis because I figured we could find out things there. Ptasyen never said much except to spirits, so I had to do all the talking. I saw an Agimor sticking out of a

bunch of Rabbit People, so I went over there. Well, he wasn't an Agimor at all! He'd been raised by the Weak Folk, and he even rode on a rhino! He was pretty short, too - I don't think Weak Folk children finish all their suppers. But he was a shaman, so I told him who I was and asked him if he could help Ptasyen find the Flesh Man shaman. He said his name was Kipchogi, a shaman of Waha, and he didn't know, but he was looking for some people to rescue a pretty lady who had been captured by the headhunters. I figured it was just like the Weak Folk to get into trouble, but Ptasyen said how these must be the Thanatar, chaotic people who trap souls so they can't be reborn. He was real upset, and I figured it's a good thing to fight Chaos, so I said we'd help.

So Kipchogi says good, you can each get ten of these silver pieces each day. Here, each of you children can have one. Yes, they are pretty, and that's what I told Kipchogi, and then I said, there's no hole in them, you can't string them, what are they for? He said you give them to people and they give you things, like a sword or a metal shield. I said that doesn't sound very fair, we Agimori always give something of value when we trade. He said that everyone here traded these metal pieces, and they were happy to get them. Well, I didn't really believe him, but I figured I could always bring them back for little Xola and Izbani to play with.

Well, then we went into one of the mud houses, where everyone was drinking beer. It didn't look like a feast though, so I didn't have any. And then Kipchogi introduced us to the other people who were going to help us rescue the pretty woman. There was one of the Dark Folk, shorter than me but pretty thick. He didn't say anything rude like most Dark Folk, but maybe that's because he was busy eating. His name was Gargamaul. The next person was one of the Fur People, named Snark. And there was another Weak Folk shaman, a woman from the lion tribe. She was

passed, the very expensive sugar-cane I had brought as a gift for the troll queen! The game was underway as I arrived, and a huge crowd, fully double the number of troll-kind I had estimated to live in the area, had gathered to watch. My guide explained that it was some sort of grudge match, between the teams of the local Karr's Son and his Zorak Zorani rival. Barely five minutes of the game had passed, yet they were already up to their third troll-ball! Another dozen of the wretched creatures were strung up next to the Xiola Umbar priestess. The artful priestess had even provided a newtling-ball "in case of wet weather". The crowd were thrilled with the



called Leona. It was pretty creepy, sitting on those silly high benches with all those shamans muttering to their spirits.

After a while, the Rabbit Person who was giving us the silver pieces came in. His name was Aktid, and he yelled at Gargamaul for eating fourteen silver pieces, but I never saw him eat anything metal. When Aktid calmed down, he told us that this pretty Rabbit Woman went into Ballor's camp, four days ago and never came out. Be careful with Rabbit People, because they break all the rules of hospitality. Aktid said Ballor was going to be gone for a week. I guess he'd told people he was going hunting.

Ptasyen said he wanted to look at Ballor's camp, and that when he stopped drumming, I should walk over there. He was going to follow me in the spirit world. You see, there's nothing but spirits there, so he wouldn't be able to see where the camp was. So Ptasyen beat on his drum for along time, and I almost fell asleep, but then he stopped, and a tall redwood tree was growing right out of his chest. It looked like you could just put your hand tight through it, but I didn't try. A lot of people came over to look, so I told Kipchogi to watch out for Ptasyen while I went to the camp.

Well, Ballor's camp was really one of the mud houses, except it was made partly of stones. I stood outside for a while, because I didn't really know if Ptasyen had followed me or not. Then a man came out, wearing one of the amulets Kipchogi said that the headhunters wear. I decided to follow him. It was kind of like playing Chase the Sable, except I didn't run because I didn't want him to see me, and the mud houses kept getting in the way. He went right up to the edge of the big wall around Pavis and then he disappeared. I looked around real hard and I found a crack in the ground that made a square. I decided to go back to where Ptasyen and the tree was, but they were gone, and so was everyone else.



"...and he even rode a rhino!"

Gargamaul told me that the tree disappeared, and Ptasyen sat up and wanted to know where I was. I guess he forgot that I couldn't walk back through the spirit world. But everyone thought that Ballor had captured me. No, of course a Rabbit Person could never do that, don't be silly. But they all went off to Ballor's camp, and stood around and made lots of noise, and Leona was going to make a fire from the door - did I say that the Rabbit people put wooden doors on their homes? - and some Lunar soldiers came by and yelled at them. Well, finally I found them, and things quieted down, and they made me show them the crack in the ground. They wanted to see what was underneath, but I told them there were people all around and we didn't know how big the headhunter clan was, so we'd better come back at night. Gargamaul said that was a great idea, so we went back to the house with the beer to wait until it was dark.

Ptasyen decided to pound his drum again and check out the crack in the spirit world, so Kipchogi and I had to walk back over there. Kipchogi cast a spell on Ptasyen so he could see better, and then we went back. Right as we were leaving I tripped over a body, just lying on the ground. It was wearing one of those headhunter necklaces, so I took it and we left in a hurry.

Ptasyen said there were lots of spirits there, but none bigger than himself. I wasn't very happy about all these spirits, and I didn't know anything about the headhunter magic, but then I remembered about the Grey Sages who sometimes come by with their ridiculous mules, asking all sorts of dumb questions. They always said they could answer anything. They seemed to know only bad poems, but I figured they might know something about the headhunters, so we went out and found a sage shrine. The priest told us about how the headhunters kept magic in the heads they took from people, and how he could destroy the heads and free the spirits of the victims. He was afraid at first, but we convinced him to help us, and went back to the beer-house to wait until midnight. Then Aktid

innovation and despite the clear skies it got a run before the first half was out. I cannot tell you the end result of the game, as play only resumed for a few minutes after the interval. During the break the uglier of the giant referees began to dig a deep trench around the Zorak Zorani goals. Now giants are known to be naturally contrary but it didn't take even the unsophisticated mind of a troll to work out that some cheating had been going on. I could see a mighty brawl in the making, and wisely left as the affray began. This account, all true, by Theodopolus Pandarus, Temple Collator, initiate of Lhankor Mhy and master of Darktongue. (XXIX.12-47)



showed up again and yelled at Gargamaul some more for eating so much. He really was making a morokanth of himself.

So at midnight we snuck back over and I figured how to make the crack open. There was kind of a jagged ramp leading down. Kipchogi had brought his rhino, and kept wanting to bring it down with us. Luckily it wouldn't fit.

The shamans cast spells on all of us, and Ptasen made his bow light up, so I went down first, since I was the only Agimor there. When we got to where the ground was level, the first of us were attacked by ghosts. Mgashiyo. Stop trying to scare

your brother. Ptasen's magic protected me, and when some skeletons came walking out of the darkness, I smashed them and ignored two ghosts. They were scary at first - being attacked by someone's dead ancestor! - but they have no eyes and do not make good warriors. Only evil magicians would turn your bones into a walking skeleton.

Leona summoned a big earth spirit and sent it down one tunnel. Ptasen looked very surprised. I guess he didn't expect to find another shaman with an earth spirit. He had showed me his earth spirit before when he was trying to show me how he could catch a rabbit by making the ground cave in under it. The bow is the best way, of course, unless you want a flat rabbit. Well, there were some yells, and a couple people came running out. Leona and Snark went after them, but Gargamaul and I had gone the other way and found an altar and three people with spirits who tried to cast spells at me but failed. Ptasen threw some spells at them, and then Gargamaul and I fought them. For a while all the lights went funny and I couldn't see anything, but then Ptasen's bow was shining normal again. I speared the man I was fighting, and as soon as he was down asked him where the pretty woman and Ballor were. He said that Ballor was the priest, and a Doom Lord were hiding in the back. The sage came in, very happy after smashing four heads, and explained about that being a Thanatar rune lord. I was a bit unhappy to hear that, but Ptasen had made the tip of my spear burn without being burned up, and I was the only Agimor there, so we went on. The troll was feeling scared after all the spells cast on him, so Leona walked next to me. Ptasen took out a little stick and said the closest enemies were in one direction, so we went there. A bunch of agile skeletons came at us, but we managed to smash them up. We went a little further, and some bigger ghost was just biting away my magic and I couldn't do anything. Then Ptasen sent one of his spirits after it, and finally it was gone. If someone had sneezed they would have blown me over.

"I'M SO TOUGH I...



...put my Thanatar blemish on the end of my nose."

Yarr Killfast,
Thanatar initiate, Occupied Sartar

Leona was a shaman, so the ghosts just howled at her without being able to do anything. She let out her earth spirit again and sent it down the same way. There was a big scream, and we went running after.

There were two people in there, a man and a woman all chained up. The woman was real pale, with a big nose, but she was the pretty woman we were looking for. She never said a word of thanks, just get this collar off me. After Gargamaul and Snark broke it, she yelled at them for wrecking a valuable slave collar. No, Mkhize, I didn't say anything, because I knew the Rabbit

people have no manners. I tell you because you are an Agimor, you know to be polite. Then she started calling for a sword, saying she had to kill someone.

Well, Ptasen's stick was pointing at more enemies the other way, so we turned around. The pretty woman, whose name was Kontessa, was throwing all kinds of spells on

herself and came running after us. Gargamaul was beat up real bad by the ghosts, and he wanted to leave, but I didn't want a headhunter to get away, even if he was a rune lord. I was feeling pretty weak, but I just grabbed my spear even tighter and walked on. Kipchogi said there were just two more left. So we marched down the tunnel, me with my spear, the shamans with their spirits, ready to kill the chaotics or die bravely. Thinking about our last two opponents, the priest and the rune lord, and wondering about their magic. And then we turned the corner and there they were: two skeletons! Yes it does seem pretty funny.

I was sad that the chiefs had fled - Snark found a tunnel that Ptasen said led into the Rubble. That's a place inside a big wall with old ruins and lots of monsters. But chaos is like that. It always oozes away and even when you defeat it, it always comes back. You must always be on your guard against Chaos, especially when it walks in the form of men.

Before you leave, you can each have a sugared grasshopper. Only one, Mgashiyo.

NOTES:

(1) Elder-husbands and Younger-husbands. As a young woman of perhaps 16, Lwezichwe married a man about 40 years old. His experience and her youthful enthusiasm would keep keep the family from being either reckless or stagnant. By the time she's 40 or so, her husband would have died or become quite old, and she would take a younger-husband. She would then be the

More on Trollball: Later found out that the Death Lord had bribed the giant with a sack full of bee hives to dig the ditch. Either way that crazy Zorak Zoran figured he'd come out on top: if the other side protested, there'd be a bloody riot; if not, his pack of berserks were certain to win. On the morrow, in the full light of Yelm, I plan to return to Blacktop to see if my sugar cane escaped the fray. (XXIX.12-48) Know that if you haul split firewood up to his platform, the shaman Plethon Stylites will teach you the "Point", a trite but canny spirit magic. Speak the spell and point at the flames, and the smoke of the campfire will never blow your way or sting

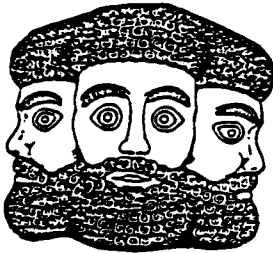


LWEZICHWE'S TALE *Cont...*

voice of experience. In fact Lwezichwe's elder-husband died shortly after the birth of her second child, which left her in the awkward position - really too old to be a desirable younger wife, but a dozen years too young to be an elder-wife. Since the children belong to the husbands clan she was forced to let the clan raise them, and became an adventurer to pass the time until she could remarry. At the time Lwezichwe tells the story she presumably does have a younger husband.

(2) The Agimori attitude to alcohol is that it is fine for celebration, but you would be a fool to weaken yourself that way on a regular basis. Or at least this is what Lwezichwe is trying to impart to her grandchildren.

(3) Note that Lwezichwe is impressed by the wooden door, in Prax that amount of wood is affluence.



GM: Al Tommervik
Klpchogi: Margot Comstock
Lwezichwe, Ptasyen: David Dunham
Leona, Snark: Forrest Johnson
Gargamaul: Kirin Tommervik

The first of an irregular series suggesting variants to the RQIII rules.

RUNEQUEST REVISITED

TRAINING

In RQ II, Training was very expensive and protracted because, in all but Knowledge-based skills, characters had to succeed in an experience roll before they could train another 5% in a particular skill. In contrast, training in RQ III is extremely cheap and very fast: adventurers are able to train all their skills, including weapons skills, up to 75% in one go. Furthermore, in RQ II training could only be taught by Masters; teachers who had at least a 90% proficiency in the skill they taught. In RQ III however, any one may teach, as long as they have a higher percentage in the skill than their student.

I propose a compromise between the two methods, in which players may still enjoy protracted training sessions (if they have the money), but only to certain skill "thresholds".

Training Costs

The official RQIII economics system is quite frankly stuffed: the huge difference in the price of armor and cult spirit magic is a good example (who'd spend 6750L on a suit of plate armour when you could buy 225 - I'll just write that again - 225 points of spirit magic for the same price! Honest!*) However, it's beyond the scope of this article to examine the economics problem in detail. I'll leave that for someone like Mikhail Gorbachev to sort out. What I suggest for training though, is to increase training expenses by 5, so that it now costs a normal instructor 600L. minimum per week to pay for his living expenses, guild fees, tithes, materials costs and so on. Instructors who have high opinions of themselves, or who are in demand, or who have pressing financial problems (such as paying "Protection" money) may charge higher than this amount, especially if they think that their clients can afford it. I always assume that cults offer half-price

training to their members, in the four skills listed under "Initiate Membership: requirements" (see GODS OF GLORANTHA Cults Book). Some cults offer their members free training, usually on the condition they do cult service for an equivalent amount of time.

Masters

Masters, teachers who have a 90% or greater proficiency in the skill they teach, enable their students to have a better gain roll and so usually charge more for the privilege.

Whereas the gain roll from a training session with a non-Master is 1d6-2 (or a flat 2% add), students of Masters enjoy a 2d4-2 roll (or flat 3% add).

Only Masters may join their respective Trade-Guilds as full-members; all those with skills below 90% become associate-members or are apprentices. When a character purchases training at a Guild or temple, he can reasonably expect to be instructed by a Master (unless he specifically asks for one of the cheaper associates). Private teachers offer no such guarantee.

Skill Thresholds

Any skill that can be raised by experience (denoted by a box beside the skill on the execrable RQ Adventurer sheets) may also be raised by training or research, but only to certain thresholds. To get beyond these thresholds, each skill must be raised over the threshold by an experience gain roll. Thresholds

**Based on the price given for a full suit of plate armour in RQIII Players Book, and the price quoted for cult spirit magic (30 pennies + 15p. per additional point of spell!) in Gods of Glorantha Cults Book, p.18.*

your eyes. A useful spell, unless all your travelling companions know it too. Plethon's pillar of solitude you may find a day's journey up-river from Karse. Avoid wild trolls on the west bank of the Marzeel. Theo P. (XXIX.12-49.a) Why the earth is round, by Columbus Mercator, Chief Priest. The shape of the earth must be spherical. For every one of its parts has weight until it reaches the center, and thus when a smaller part is pressed upon by a larger, it cannot surge around it, but each is packed close to, and combines with, the other until they reach the center. If particles are moving from all sides alike to one point, the center, the resulting



occur at 25%, 50%, 75% and 100%. Note that some skills cannot be trained beyond 75% anyway.

FOR EXAMPLE: When Coriander's Gladius attack percentage is calculated, it comes to 33% (25% base chance+ 08% Manipulation). Lucky Coriander has some spare cash for training, and spends enough to train his Gladius attack up to 50%. However, 50% is a threshold. Before he can further his training, Coriander has to cross this skills threshold by means of an experience gain roll. On an adventure, Coriander uses his weapon successfully and succeeds in an experience gain roll, raising his Gladius attack to 55%. He is now free to return to his instructor for more lessons, and if his cash holds out may continue to train all the way up to the next threshold at 75%. The same applies if Coriander decided to research the skill himself.

POW Gain

I've included a slightly-modified POW gain procedure on the table below, this time a straight return to the RQ II system.

WEAPON-MASTERS

As said above, Masters have a 90% or greater proficiency in a particular skill. Being a Master has certain social and financial advantages: only they can join their respective Guild as a full member, and they charge higher prices for the goods they make or the skills they teach. In many cities, a weapon-master has a further benefit: the right to wear the weapons he has mastered in public.

The advantages this brings is self-evident to any player who has been roughed-up by street toughs in PAVIS or similar city adventures. To become a registered weapons-master then, is good idea once one has the skill. In my

campaign, currently based in the back-alleys of Nochet, anyone may attempt to become a registered weapons-master, regardless of skill. The test requires a deposit of 500L and a letter from your cult, employer, liege, etc. lauding your good conduct.

To pass, the candidate fights a mock duel with another weapons-master, and must make 9 successful weapon attack rolls out of 10. A fumble means automatic failure: a critical success roll will counteract one miss. Of course, spells such as Bladesharp can't be used during the test.

If the candidate succeeds, the weapons-master certificate is issued and half the deposit is returned. If he fails, he loses his deposit.

Note that it is not necessary to have 90% skill to attempt the test. All you really need is the letter, 500L and a lot of luck. One character in my campaign whose broadsword attack was still in the low 70's underwent the test and passed, much to the envy of his fellow PCs!

MOB

IMPROVEMENT SUMMARY

Method	Die Roll	Add	Time
EXPERIENCE ¹	2d4	5	One adventure, plus approx. one game week.
TRAINING ² : -Master (90%+)	2d4-2	3	Hours equal to skill %.
-Non-Master ³	1d6-2	2	Hours equal to skill %.
RESEARCH ^{1,2}	1d6-2	1	Hours equal to skill %.
CHARACTERISTIC ⁴	1d3-1	none	Current characteristic x 25 hours.
POW GAIN ¹ (d100)	01-10...3 points 11-40...2 points 41-00...1 point	none	One adventure, plus approx. one game week.

¹Must have had a successful experience increase roll.

²"Thresholds" cannot be crossed by training or research: they must be crossed by means of an experience gain.

³Some non-Master trainers may be even worse than the increase roll depicted here. To learn anything from a particularly bad instructor might require rolling 1d6-3. Such scope is up to the individual referee.

⁴Characteristics may be improved by either training or research.



mass must be similar on all sides for an equal quantity is added all round: the extremity must be at a constant distance from the center. Such a shape is a sphere. (XXIX.12-49.b) Further proof is obtained from the evidence of our senses: the world must have the shape its own shadow shows; for its perfectly circular outline produces eclipses of the Red Moon. So the world is not flat, as the traditionalists in their ignorance would tell us; nor in the shape of a drum as I have heard the trolls say it is; nor in any way hollow, which is a theory popular among the Lunar Sages of Irrippi Ontor. Nor again is it cylindrical, which is what certain Esrolian



LETTERS

ISSUE #3

Gary James, Canberra, AUST.

The last TALES (#3) was best by far. I enjoyed Jaxarte Whyded, A Pentian Cosmology, Rumours and Serious Money. I am going to find some way to use Ancestor Quest in my campaign when I take it out of the deep freeze. I was glad to find the articles in Tales #3 were more useful and interesting and less esoteric.

Trevor Ackerly, Parkville, AUST.

I really got a kick out of issue #3, but why did you put what looks to be a 25% spearman on the front cover? Also, is the middle guy in the totally irrelevant pic on p.30 actually wearing glasses? (*Looks like it to me*) As anachorisms go it still doesn't beat the horseman with the rifle over his shoulder on the back of the Delux-RQ Box.

**Trev's referring to the 2nd guy on the left.*

John Davis, Herts., UK

I suggest you go for RQ-*Glorantha* mainly, possibly some RQ-*elsewhere*. I'd prefer RQ-*nowhere special* (ie. generic). Possibly, "everything in the zine can be used in RQ-*Glorantha*" would be a good motto. RE: Simon Phipp's letter (quote) "strike a balance between run-of-the mill and good quality stuff" What the hell!? I want good quality stuff! (good quality ≠ esoteric).

Phil Green, Essendon, AUST.

Issue #3 was the best yet (loved "Serious Money"), but I am still waiting on some game-mechanics type articles. As an example of what I mean, I draw your attention to the Shamanism article that appeared in the (now deservedly) defunct HEROES magazine.

**The article Phil is referring to is "Tips For Shamans" by Forrest Johnson, which appeared in HEROES Vol.II #4 (the infamous "Avenger Ant" issue!). I believe there was a similar article about the Sorcery rules in another HEROES issue too. To answer Phil's question, we will gladly print more game-mechanics articles, if anyone would care to write them.*

Phil Murphy, Bangor, UK

'Twas good to see TALES after such a delay and a superb return it was. I suspect you may have felt it was a bit light; on the contrary, the quality of material therein made it far and away the best issue to date.

I, like Simon Phipp, was surprised to see extracts from a number of my private letters to you on the letters page (TALES #2). My rather strident comments were not ever intended for public consumption and certainly must have been taken out of context for readers unaware of our continuing correspondence at that time. You must be careful not to abuse your editorial priveleges!

Strangely though, I seem to have fared well in TALES #3 - I was expecting torrents of abuse. Messers Phipps and Roberts agreed on the "balance" aspect which must be achieved but Messers Forshaw and Nellist seem to have misunderstood me slightly. It must be remembered that I'm a Gloranthan freak: part of me wants TALES to be nothing but Gloranthan esoteria, myth and legend with not a stat to be seen. But I'm also a realist. If TALES does not appeal to a larger audience, it will not sell. If it does not sell, it will wither and die through lack of contribution and funds. You can see it happening already: appeals for contributions with every breath; issue 1 £1.00, issues 2 & 3 £1.20, issue 4 ? (*er, £1.25 - sorry Phil*) The crux of my argument is that, someday, I'd like to purchase TALES #100 for my collection. Having done so, it may be that in those 100 issues only 50% of the text has been of any use to me. That's still a hell a lot better than TALES being 100% useful and folding after 6 issues, isn't it? Perhaps I'm old fashioned but it seems blatantly obvious to me.

**De Hall replies:*

I do apologize to both Phil Murphy and Simon Phipp for publishing extracts of what were private letters. However, in future all letters sent to me are fair game, unless the writer clearly points out otherwise.

As to the debate on esoteria vs. sales I am now at a crossroads with the zine. I can take the jump, get a distributor and go for the magical breakeven of 1000 sales. I'll lose lots of money on the way, I'll have to put in a lot more work, try and get the zine

sages currently say. No! it is of perfect roundness, as I have just proven. Columbus Mercator. (XXIX.12-50) I, Lucien the Diviner, Full Priest, Master of Lores and Intimate of the Spirit Plane, herein set down the truthful and correct answer to the question that has wracked our temple, "What is the shape of the earth?" It is self-evident to all who have understanding to realise it that the shape of our world can be irrefutably determined by contemplating the Mobility rune. I have not the time to spare from studies to expound any further to the ignorant, so I will leave the words and their meaning to stand alone for all to regard. Those who do not



out more regularly and probably have to go down-market. On the other hand, I can be boring and plod on selling zines to those in the know, staying esoteric, losing lots of money, and making promises about the next issue that I can never keep. To appeal to a larger audience I'll probably have to have less emphasis on Glorantha and more on say, Call of Cthulu or Cyberpunk (No, David, No!). I believe English language sales of RQ are only some 5000 world-wide (with another 5000 French), and if the zine questionnaire is any indication the average age of RuneQuesters is about 25 and rising. Perhaps there is no "down market" for RQ. Another consideration will be the time that needs to spent on a large zine, on physical distribution of 1000 copies, and especially on trying to get it out regularly. As an amateur publication this would be difficult, it would cut into free time to write letters to subbers, into my social life, and into my job. Therefore, at the moment I favour the plodding option. It has the, perhaps questionable, advantage of actually making the zine enjoyable for me to do. So if Phil is lucky he should be getting issue 100 sometime in 2021, just after HeroQuest is out.

JAXARTE WHYDED

Steve Gilhan, Haslingfield, UK.

The "Jaxarte Whyded" piece interested me in ways that I'm not sure the author intended. Now, various sources hint that Argrath's liberation of Boldhome is scheduled for c.1640 S.T.; and yet we have references to the architectural works of Jaxarte's middle years (the 1640's), and their later reworking, still as a Reaching Moon temple; and his historian, who is writing obviously from some post-Hero Wars perspective. When was Floriat writing? The annotations were written in a dispassionate historical manner, without shedding many hints on how hindsight viewed the events of c.1617.

**It is assumed that Floriat Fedora found and translated Jaxarte's documents in the late 1620's, some six or seven years after the Cradle and Sor-eel's fall from grace. Floriat at this time was about 30 years of age, in my reckoning still callow enough in Lhankor Mhy terms to be described as "young but well-read". She made her footnotes as she translated. Anyone who's written about Glorantha knows how darn difficult it is to deal with future events. Personally, I'd not heard of this 1640 date before; even so, just because Argrath takes Boldhome does it mean all the Reaching Moon temples throughout the empire close up shop, particularly that of Mirin's Cross, the "Capital city for the Lunar Provincial government" (WOG, p.42)? If it really concerns you I'm prepared to furiously rationalize and say that Jaxarte designed the offending temple in 1637 (when he was 38 years old - early middle age), and it was redesigned several years later on the eve of Argrath's return.*

John Davis

"Grand Gazetteer of Prax" - another damn good article, written in a novel style which you (zine) seem keen on - an annotated document. I like it, provides a defense against factual inaccuracies. A good "story", not a lot of useful info but lots of flavour and atmosphere/this-is- what-it's-really-like.

Greg Stafford, Oakland, USA

I was pleasantly surprised by your fiction (*Jaxarte Whyded*). I did not blanch at the "liberties" taken with the Sun Dome Templars. One of the basic facets of the game is that official policy says one thing, but its actual application to humanity is often quite another. Your story illustrated that quite well. I always blanch at some "errors" of information concerning the world of Glorantha. Such errors are the main cause of my hesitation to publish other people's fiction. I am weaning myself away from such tight-assed views. Again, thanks for this! I enjoyed it, and I do not usually enjoy such material. Congratulations!

**Jaxarte will return in Issue #5*

ANCESTOR QUEST

**According to the questionnaire, the most popular article to date.*

Steve Gilham

Interesting and well-done, even though it succumbs to the (to me) annoying Gloranthan vice of focussing on the more primitive cultures. Does anyone have references for Mother Bear or her cult?

John Davis

I've just read "Ancestor Quest" - looks great. Unusual. If you want to make it really unusual, run the whole thing with Baboon PCs. A worthwhile inclusion. Only problem is that it's a bit predetermined - PCs don't use brains much. Why is it so many published scenarios are based about bands of broo?

Dunno John, probably the same reason why just about every RQ tournament has its "token" duck. On the subject of baboons, look out for "Seven Mothers Do 'ave 'em", a totally duck-free scenario we'll publish one issue or another.

PENTIAN COSMOLOGY

Steve Gilham

The Pentian Cosmology made an interesting change to the one true way of the Godlearner monomyth, especially in its introduction of some elements reminiscent of Nordic myth to a people who are more reminiscent of Mongols. Congratulations also to the concept of "telkay" ("loadsarunes").

SERIOUS MONEY

John Davis

Another fine Oliver Dickinson story. Worth the cover price alone. He is a great asset as a contributor.

BAD ART

Divad Llah, Chalfont Park Sanatorium
(*that's what the letter said*)

Artwork: Why are all these blind morokanth complaining

understand should study more the ways of the cosmos, and seek counsel of those who do. (XXIX.12-51) The Final Resolution to the diyisive debate in this temple over the Question of whether the earth is flat, or if not, what shape it actually is. As Ordered by Mutiog, Official Chief Librarian and High Priest. The world, as mythology decrees and the gods remind us, is flat. Glorantha, as seen by Yelm above is a "suarish bulging lozenge, surrounded by Sramak's River, the primal ocean". Those who take opposition to this view are wrong, and their opinions border on the blasphemous. Heed not these people, for to question the divine order of things



about the artwork? WHAT DO YOU EXPECT WHEN THEY DO IT FOR FREE? Avalon Hill paid Dobyski. Could you do any better, could I do any better, could Van Gogh do any better? (*Reckon so*) I say NO! Roll on the day Dobyski draws for TALES.

And as for English lessons, I DON'T want to know.

**Correspondence concerning how not to spell "does not" is now closed.*

Thomas N. Shaw, Exec. Vice President, AVALON HILL

I am reading your Feb. 9th letter (*a complaint about Dobyski's artwork*) with chagrin. Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder (!) And yours is only the third such complaint; coincidentally enough, the first two came from Australia too. The spirit of your complaint is appreciated, while Chaosium did indeed pass judgement on Mr. Dobyski's work (*they said it stunk*) if we receive enough such criticisms naturally we will seek alternative artists.

**As mentioned in EDICT, Dobyski has been dumped.*

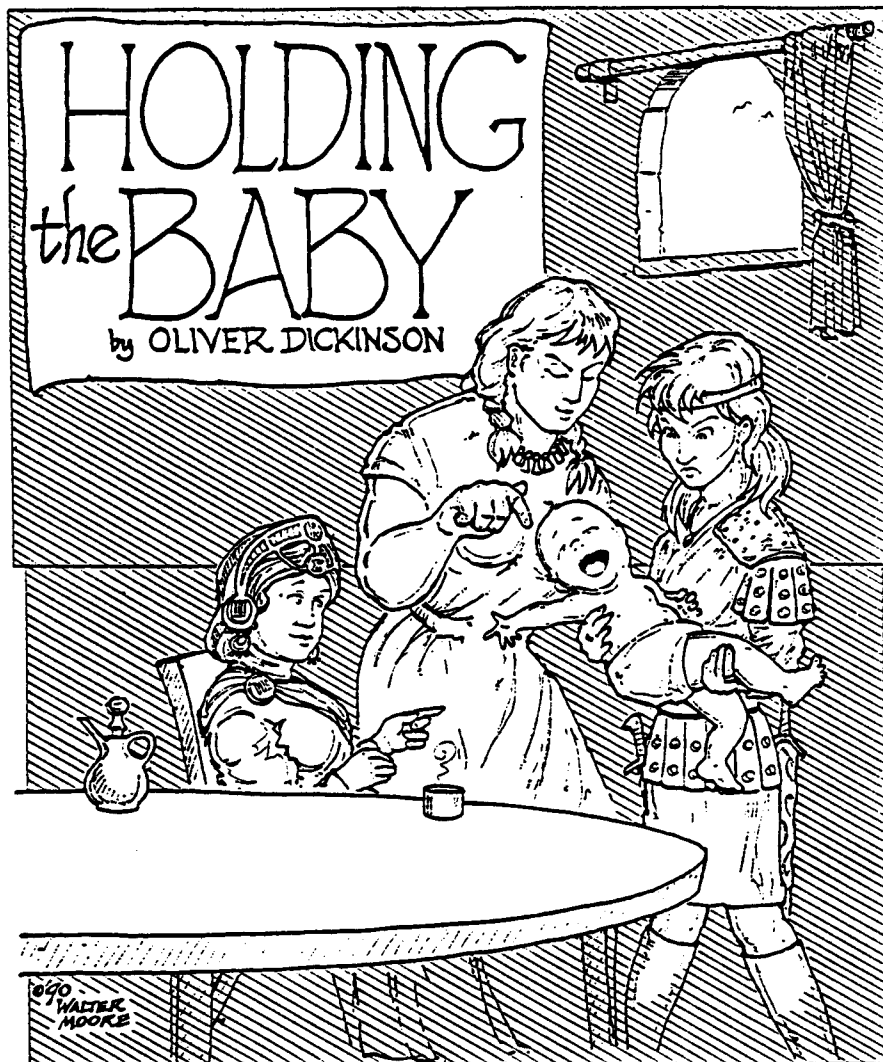
THE SUBSCRIPTION FORM

Stephen Faust, S. Kilda, AUST

I always thought 1L = US\$5.00 (according to the 1st and 2nd editions of RQ). Trivial, but like the death of the Red Emperor, who cares?

Gary James

By the way, the use to which you put Form A54(b) is incompatible with the defined uses of the form as set out in Regulations Governing use of Official Empire Documents. I direct you to Regulation 189, Section 3, Subsection 2a, point (iii), which... *etc, etc ad nauseum* specifically prohibits the use of Form A54(b) for acquisition of Government information by persons other than officials acting in their official capacity... (*this sort of stuff goes on, ad nauseum, for some length*)... As a law-abiding officer of the Empire I have informed the appropriate security agencies of your breach of these regulations and they have taken carriage of the matter. I expect you shall hear from them in due course (*gulp!*).



Personally, I have great admiration for all Healers, though I hope and trust that I will never have need of their professional services. I admire them because they devote their lives to tending the sick and wounded, and wish no one any harm, and live modestly, and are generally patient and polite with one and all. But they can also be very tedious on the subject of health, for, to hear them tell it, half of what normal folks like to eat is bad for you, and so is more booze than will cover the bottom of a mug, and staying up after dark, and in fact just about anything that I and guys like me are fond of.

Also, they are apt to take any chance

they can get to put forward such propositions which few people wish to hear, such as that there is good in everyone, and all creatures deserve respect, and so forth. So when a Healer happens by with time to spare most citizens will remember that they have business elsewhere, and there is much apprehension among the regulars in Loud Lilina's when Hanufa drops in with a Healer in tow.

But it seems that this Healer is not out to reform us, or anyway not much. She is quite ready to take a drink when it is offered, and in fact she calls for a long one, and it is soon clear to one and all why she hooks up

is to allow chaos to come into the world. (XXIX.12-52) Arkat's greatest weapon was "God-Cleaver", also known as the Unbreakable Sword. (XXIX.12-53) Avoid gold and silver Tarshite coinage minted anytime after Sea Season last year: Quinscion the Patient (General of Procurement and Disbursement) has sent his trusted agent Sikundar "the Scissors" to oversee the Royal Mint there. Sikundar, it is said, can clip the equivalent of five coins from every fifty issued. (XXIX.12.54) My hope is that by this paper, I can explain to my peers why it is that I have come to this temple and how my presence here is necessary to aid my work. At



with Hanufa. For while I always figure Hanufa for a leading favorite in a gabbing championship of Pavis, and will be ready to back her as a serious contender in all-Dragon Pass competition if the odds are right, there is no doubt that this Healer, whose name is Hubba, is right up there with her. It seems that Hanufa and Hubba happen upon each other while Hanufa is getting her arm looked at after her run-in with Ragna the Wrestler, and they hit it off right away. Furthermore, it seems that Hubba never mixes with characters such as the regulars in Lilina's before, and she finds it all very interesting, and wishes to know everyone's story, though she sometimes has problems stopping talking long enough to listen. But this makes her popular around Lilina's, and because she is not around very often, business generally being brisk in the Healing dodge, she does not wear out her welcome quickly, as gabby types can do.

Now at this time Griselda is taking to looking very preoccupied when she is at Lilina's. She rarely takes part in any conversations, but just sits as if she is thinking hard, and nobody knows why this is, or has the nerve to ask. One day Hubba happens by when she is there, and shows interest in finding out who she is but when she finds out she acts quite shocked.

"I never figure this Griselda I am hearing of here and there for such a sweet-faced girl," she says. "She must be very unhappy inside, to live the way she does."

"Why she never shows it," says Hanufa, "and I live in a similar way myself."

"No, my dear Hanufa," says Hubba. "You lead an adventurous life, it is true, but I have yet to hear that you have dealings with Trolls, or hang out with hard cases like Wolfhead and Snakefang, or kill people all over the place without turning a hair. It is really very sad," and she goes on in this way, although Hanufa is desperately trying to change the subject, until Griselda gets up and comes over to the table.

"So you think I lead a bad life, Healer?" she says. "Now why is that?" and she grins in a way that suggests that Hubba will be very dumb to have such thoughts.

Hubba looks a shade embarrassed at being over heard, but she does not lack moxie and comes back at Griselda with stuff about the best kind of life being to raise a family, and care for others, and all that. Griselda hears her out and then says, "Why, this is the line they sell women all over, and I guess that to you is may come easy enough, but everybody cannot be like you. Maybe I am lucky that in my family they do not have any truck with such notions. Anyway," she says, "for days now I am racking my brains thinking of a suitable birthday present for my friend Wolfhead, and I call

that caring for others."

She laughs at this, but Hubba is not to be joked out of it. "Friends are fine," she says, "but a family is much better, and I mean this not just for women but for men too. There is nothing to beat bringing up children. and I will be doing it still if my husband does not pop off quite unexpected."

Griselda shrugs. "Well, me, I can take children or leave them alone, and I mostly prefer to leave them alone."

"How can a young woman like you not want children?" cries Hubba. "It is most unnatural."

"Unnatural or not, that is the way I feel," says Griselda, and off she goes.

"She is fighting it," says Hubba, looking after her, but she has little more to say, and shortly departs also. But she is back a few days later and what does she have with her but a baby. Now this is alarming to one and all, for it is well known that babies are nothing but trouble, because always they are yelling to be fed, or cleaned, or just for the hell of it, or so it seems, and no one can get any peace around them, and so they are no price around Lilina's. But I have to admit that this baby is nice and quiet, and looks quite cute, so that our hearts are softened, and even Lilina is moved to chuck it under the chin as Hubba explains that it is dumped on the Healers' doorstep some months ago, and they are bringing her up. You do not have to be extra-smart to spot that Hubba hopes to soften Griselda's heart also with this baby, and much interest develops in how she will make out. In fact, some of the boys start talking it up into a betting proposition, but they are careful to do this discreetly, for Hubba impresses as one who will put the blast on such frivolity very good. But she is occupied in discussing babies with Hanufa, who is reminiscing about her little sister, and does not seem to notice.

Now when Griselda comes in Hanufa is taking a turn at entertaining the baby, and doing a fair job, at that, while many of the regulars are watching, for the way she waves and gurgles is by no means unpleasant. At first Griselda makes like she is ignoring the whole thing, but there is no doubt that her interest is engaged, and presently she is watching with the rest of us, and listening to Hanufa's reminiscences. Finally, she speaks up, and says, "Why, Hanufa, I do not see why you do not give up the adventuring dodge and settle down, or at least hire out as a nurse, which will surely be an easier way of earning your crust."

Hanufa looks at her a little sidelong and says, "I am not sure of that. In fact, I will rather guard a caravan than mind a

this point I must introduce myself: I am Copybarus the Thinker, late of the Lhankor Mhy temple at Queen's Post in the Grazelands. There, I had for ten years studied my subject, the dichotomy of law-chaos. I was well-positioned to hear of the scandalous involvement with chaos of the Nochet temple; first by the intimate association with of a female member of the hierarchy with an ogre; and later, by Zero of Nochet's suspect association with a werewolf.* These subjects are covered in my earlier papers, and are stored at Queen's Post for anyone to go and consult. Know that I do not embrace chaos in any shape or form: indeed I revile it as do

*See Alan LaVergne's amusing short story, *The Smell of a Rat in the RUNEQUEST COMPANION*, *Chaosium* 1983.



baby for a day, any time."

"Well, it does not look hard to me," says Griselda.

"It is much harder than it looks," Hubba puts in. "Maybe you are wise to put away all thought of it, just as I have the sense to know I will never make an adventurer."

"Come on", says Griselda, sounding slightly indignant, are you meaning to suggest that I will not be able to handle a baby?"

"Bet you drinks you cannot keep her quiet until I get back from a few little errands," says Hubba, quite sharp, and Griselda realises she is suckered. She frowns a little, then sets her jaw and says, "O.K.; drinks all round if she is not quiet when you return."

"Give her the baby, Hanufa," says Hubba, and walks off. Hanufa passes over the baby, which Griselda takes hold of like she will come apart in her hands. But it seems that the baby does not care for the change in her circumstances and begins to squirm. So Griselda bounces her up and down as she sees Hanufa do, and the baby seems more relaxed, and so does Griselda. But this does not last for long, because the baby starts reaching for Griselda's sword hilt, and Griselda does not think this a good idea and moves her away. The baby sets up a squall and starts wriggling very determined, and in trying to keep hold of her Griselda knocks over her drink into her lap. She jumps up very fast, which causes the baby to squall even more, and now Griselda begins to look a little desperate, which is something none of us expect to see, and it is very difficult not to bust out laughing at the expression on her face. Maybe she senses this, for she holds up the baby to her face and says quite firmly, "Listen, I wish you to be quiet, or maybe I will make you sorry you are ever born."

But the baby is not impressed and continues to bawl. Hanufa says, "That is no way to do it, Griselda; such a young thing will not be able to understand you. Why do you not rock her and sing?"

Well Griselda looks as if she will appreciate advice from any quarter, and starts rocking the baby so fast that her stomach must get upset, for she burps a little something, and Griselda comes out with something else that the baby is too young to understand. She wipes her off with the edge of her tunic, and rocks again slower, but the baby is still yelling, and Griselda cries, "What will I sing, Hannie? I do not know any songs for babies."

"Anything will do as long as it is regular and not too fast," says Hanufa, who looks quite tickled to be giving Griselda advice. So Griselda rocks away, and thinks some, and

finally comes up with something in her native Sartarite, and I wish to say that while she may do all right in the chorus, as a soloist she is strictly second-rate. It appears that the baby thinks so too, for she keeps on wailing as if she is trying for a record, and Griselda looks more and more distracted. Then suddenly it is as if a great idea dawns on her, and she sticks her finger in the baby's mouth, and this is a sure-fire winner. The baby quietens right down, and looks most contented, and Griselda too looks happy, and gazes down at the baby as if she is a better sight than any she sees for a long time, and even starts talking to her the way you often hear dolls talking to babies, though what she has to say is not as dumb-sounding as some, and finally the baby goes right off to sleep.

Well, this is quite a situation, and those who bet on Griselda withstanding the baby's charms are getting ready to pay up, when who comes in but Wolfhead. It is plain he is feeling full of good cheer, in fact this must be his birthday he is celebrating, and when he sees Griselda he calls out, "Hi there, Grissie! How is everything?" Griselda turns round and says, "Hush, you big lunk, or you will wake the baby!" at which Wolfhead looks quite taken aback. "Baby?" he says. "What baby?" and looks closer. Then suddenly he gives a great laugh and claps his hands together. "I never expect to see the day," he cries. "are you thinking of changing your career, Grissie? Well, I will bet on you to keep babies in order," and he goes on with further stuff that he clearly finds very funny, about how maybe she will settle down, and who with, and laughs a lot, although Griselda is showing signs of irritation that will be evident to a six year old, and no one else is laughing. Finally he wipes his eyes, and says says, "Well, if this is your birthday present to me it is not a bad one; I get the best laugh I have for years," and just then Hubba returns.

"So you do", says Griselda quietly as she gets up, still holding the baby which sleeps all through this. "I am happy to be giving you some pleasure too, and they certainly give you a different view of what is important in life and are excellent for exercising the brain and training the patience. So here is the best thing I can give you on your birthday, Wolfhead, and I hope you enjoy it as much as I do," and she hands him the baby and is out through the door before you can blink, and for once Hanufa acts smart and is hard on her heels. Wolfhead nearly drops the baby, which wakes up and lets out a little bawl, causing others till present to start leaving, while Hubba begins to instruct Wolfhead how to hold a baby. I decide to leave also, for I know that if I am to stay I am just naturally bound to laugh, and I know also that Wolfhead will not care for this. Outside I find Griselda leaning against the wall and smiling in a dreamy sort of way, while Hanufa beside her is near doubled up with laughing, but when they see me they

all Lightbringers. However, I find myself in the mould of Solonar Tamanskil, seeking to understand as well to destroy. I have come to this temple to study and uncover the chaotics who live here. (XXIX.12-56) There was never an admiral so brave as Lord Raza the Fang of Wachaza, whose Holy Country fleet was sunk by the battle-junks of the Kralori last century. In the final engagement the hero lost both legs to powerful dragon-magic, yet disdained to leave the bridge. Instead he had himself sat in a barrel of chaff, and continued to oversee the closing action until his flagship went down with all hands. (XXIX.12-57) 768 positions of Uleria; 1...

NOTES FROM NOCHET WILL RETURN NEXT ISSUE



straighten up some.

"Well," says Griselda, "I learn a new skill today: I know something about quietening crying babies. I guess Wolfhead may learn too, if Hubba keeps at him. It surely serves him right for making game of me, even if he is a bit irresponsible from celebrating his birthday. But, after all, it is just as well that he happens along."

"How is that, Griselda?" I say.

"Why, otherwise I may be in danger if taking this baby stuff seriously," she replies. "But this does not go if Hubba hears it, mind, or she will be claiming she really wins, after all, and I have no wish to have her going around Pavis saying this to all and sundry."

But in fact I hear Hubba does not return, nor does she send money to pay her bet, and later I hear that what she goes around Pavis saying is that anyone who will hand over a baby to a guy smelling of drink as badly as Wolfhead does is plainly a lost cause.

NEXT ISSUE: Carving Up Carver.

VIVISCUPTURE

FROM PAGE 11

master-sculptor, Lorenzo Ducat. Ducat, a heretic dwarf, does not kill his creations.

Instead, he trains them to strike a series of delicately-poised stances a sculptor working in traditional materials could not hope to emulate. (A recent private showing of Ducat's latest series, cunningly likened on certain members of the Waxmoon family, was praised by the cognoscenti for its combination of stunning verisimilitude and elegant obscenity.)

Recently, an iconoclastic "Cult of Freedom" has been established in Peloria which has vowed to destroy all examples of vivisculpture. Adherents claim that the artform is the pinnacle of slavery, and only by destroying the sculptures will the souls of the gargoyles trapped within be released. These fanatics have yet to express an opinion on the more

recent innovation of "living statues". Unsurprisingly, slave dealers in the Heartlands are finding it increasingly harder to cope with the demand for gargoyles. Once considered useful primarily as a novelty in the arena, a well-proportioned gargoyle may fetch perhaps ten-times the price of just a few years ago. One of the rare wingless gargoyles might fetch even more, because they are much easier to sculpt (the wings have to be carefully removed from the normal gargoyle species).

Lately, particularly in Darjiin, slave dealers have taken to training their gargoyles to do simple poses, in the hope that they might catch the eye of Lorenzo Ducat or his buyers. The dull-witted gargoyle is a difficult beast to train, and often the sight of slave dealers putting their stock through their paces is an amusing spectacle for the crowd.

With the current dire shortage of gargoyles in the Heartlands, an excellent way to a quick profit is go gargoyle-hunting. Slavery is a legal and socially-acceptable practise in the Empire, but adventurers will now probably have to go beyond its borders to find gargoyles of any kind (unless they try to steal them from another dealer). Gargoyles are typically found in mountainous regions, and much of the Lunar supply comes from the Rockwoods. Slave caravans have been recently disrupted on their way to market, as members of the Cult of Freedom seek to liberate the gargoyle captives and save them from their cruel fate. Profiteers are advised to remember that the whilst the tastes of the Lunar upper classes remain characteristically decadent, they are also notoriously fickle, and how long the craze will continue to prosper is anyone's guess.

NEXT ISSUE:



Ronald of Humakt fights evil chaos!

SPECIAL HUMAKT ED.

ALEBARD'S QUEST

Precursor of "The Cradle"!

GREG STAFFORD INTERVIEW

Words from the top.

LOTTERY SWORDS

Will you take the gamble?

THE CULT OF HUMAKT

The official word by Greg Stafford & Sandy Petersen.

PLUS:

Jaxarte Part 2,
Holiday Glorantha,
Notes From Nochet,
Top Sevens,
Griselda,

And Much More!