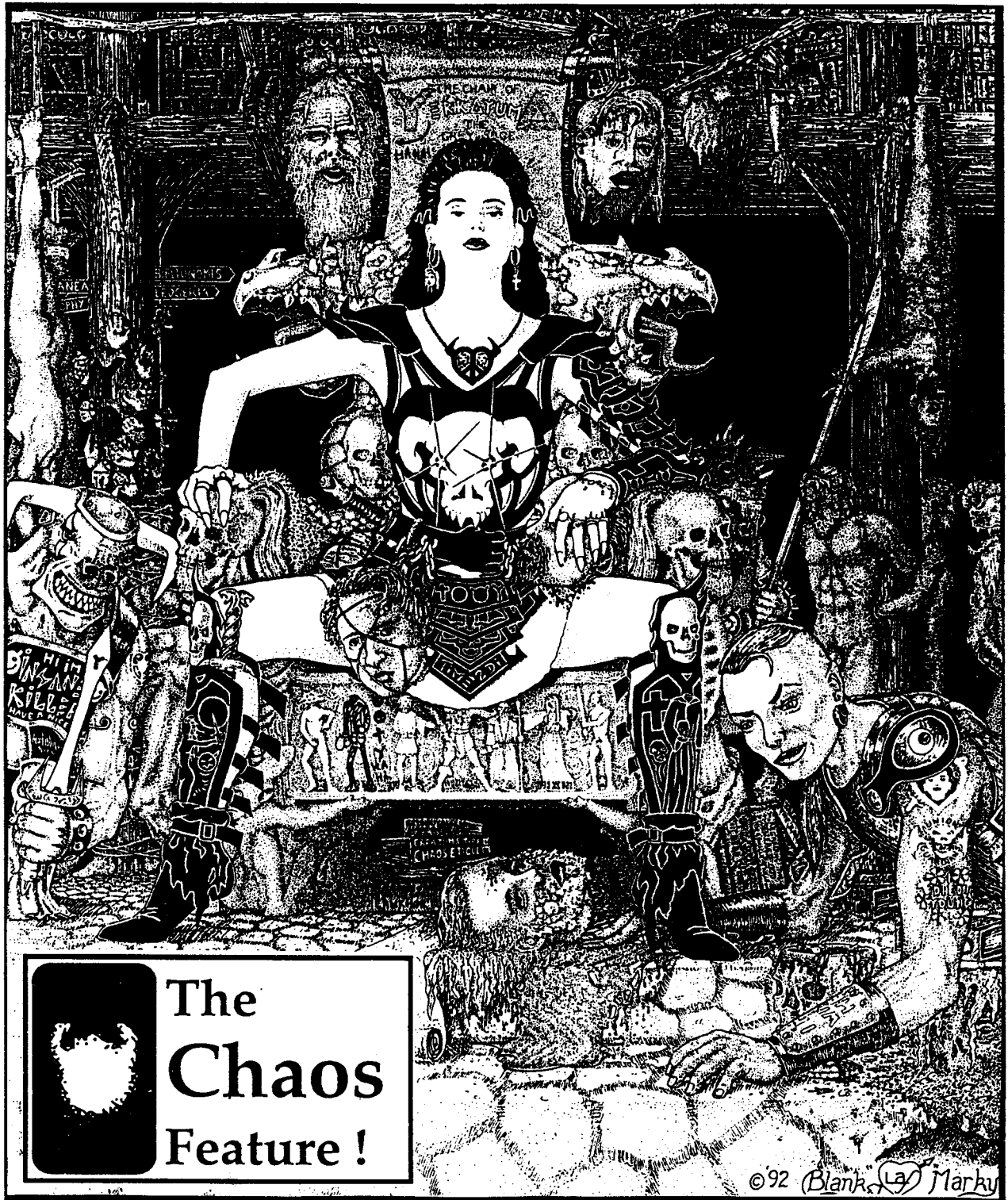


Tales of the Reaching Moon

The RuneQuest™ Magazine

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No.8 Summer 1992



The
Chaos
Feature!

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- ◆ The Cult of the Crimson Bat ◆ Live Action Trollball! ◆ The Red Emperor ◆
◆ Sun County Author Notes ◆ Broo Society ◆ News ◆

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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Mali, The Gambia and Seirra Leone

Details next issue (we also hope to have Our Man in Havana soon!)

The Lunar Empire & Provinces

5 silver imperials per issue, delivered to your door by Bat Post (please tip delivery-thing generously). Available from Razakeel

EDICT

G'day and welcome to issue #8 "The Chaos Feature", once again brought to you from *Down Under*. Whilst David was enjoying his round-the world jaunt (including a stay on my study floor), I have been busy putting this issue together. He's now back at the editorial address, snowed under with six months back-mail.

RQ Rebounds!

The RQ renaissance continues. After *Sun County* the next item planned by Ken Rolston is *The River of Cradles*. This will have much of the background information from the old Prax boxed sets, a scenario "Troubled Waters", and eight or more cults.

After this either *Dorastor* or *Adventures from the Frontier* is likely to be next. The former has all those gross monsters you've been waiting for, a Lunar merchant caravan, and that really groovy Razzakark guy! The latter will be an anthology of Praxian adventures by Michael O'Brien, Ken Rolston, Jon Quaife and Mike Dawson.

As you real from these blows, Strangers in Prax should hit you with four detailed NPCs from different cultures. A Malkioni sorcerer, a Lunar, a Pamaltelan shaman and a Magastan.

There are no dates to all of these items, just wait and see. Ken is a one man band trying to be a thirty piece orchestra, so we should be thankful for anything!

New Guy at AH

Recently Avalon Hill appointed a new managing editor of roleplaying games, Robin Jenkins. Robin has brought with him the artistic services of the excellent Roger Raupp. Roger did the beautiful cover and some of the internal art for *Sun County*, and the cover for the forthcoming *River of Cradles*.

RQ4

Yup! It's on it's way, probably scheduled somewhere around Strangers in Prax. This set will be sort of a RQ3.1 rather than a

the Twisted Sister, address: Teelo Norri Orphanage & Borstal No.5, Blessed Torang, Kostaddi.

Sun County

1 gold Wheel per issue, dropped at your gate by Lokarnos-Express mule "when it absolutely, positively has to get there, overnight (or at least in the coming season)". Available from Hector the Wise, temple librarian, Sun Dome, Prax.

Dorastor

Wanted: a new distributor in this challenging sales area (our last one got eaten).

Rest of the World

£5.00 per issue, including postage, available from David Hall. Check with David first to see if you're covered by European postal rates. Please make money orders and Girobank Postal Orders payable to "David Hall". Write for details about bank transfers.

Advertising

Advertising rates are available from David Hall. When replying to adverts please mention *Tales* even if you got the ad from another magazine!

Contributions

Contributions are gratefully accepted, particularly artwork. Contributions should be sent to David Hall and be double-spaced and legible, preferably typed. Contributions on floppy disk will receive preferential treatment; either IBM 3.5" or 5.25" discs can be accepted in ASCII and Wordperfect 5.0 format, and 3.5" disks in Word for Windows format. 3.5" Macintosh disks can also be sent to MOB. 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!

new rules system. There will be some major differences though. Firstly, it will be one hardback book rather than a box, and secondly all the RQ Earth references will be replaced with Gloranthan ones. Currently, the playtesters are concentrating on changes to the Fatigue, Spirit Combat, Sorcery and Character generation rules.

If you've got any ideas on what needs changing with the RQ rules, or on errors that you've spotted in the rules, then you can send in your views to Ken Rolston. Please mark the bottom right-hand corner of the envelope "RQ4 Stuff". Also, don't expect a reply; Ken is very busy!

Address: Ken Rolston, Box 120, Mount Tabor, NJ 07878 USA

Cut 'n Paste

Way back in issue #3, the reviewer of *Elder Secrets* suggested you paste blank pieces of paper over the artwork. Well, we forgot to mention last issue the first in our series of cut 'n paste illustrations to replace the *Troll Gods* and *Elder Secrets*. This was Dan Barker's depiction of Black Arkat (p.20) which can replace the "A Statue to Black Arkat" on p.25 of *Troll Gods*. Just photocopy the picture at 133% and paste it over! This issue the Crimson Bat gets the Barker treatment; see the centre pages. This can replace the illustration on p.27 of the *Elder Secrets* "Secrets Book".

RuneQuest Miniatures

While David was in the USA, Ken Rolston pointed him in the direction of some old stocks of the excellent Citadel/Trollkin Forge RQ miniatures. These are being held by Chessex in California. There are around 85 figures available, most costing US 50 cents each, before postage. USA readers can presumably source them from Chessex or one of their local distributors. UK and European readers should get in touch with Dan Steel at Esdevium Games in Aldershot to see if he can source them from the UK, and what the cost may be.

Finnish RuneQuest

In issue #6, I had a look at the various French RuneQuest releases (Stop Press: the French version of *Elder Secrets* has just been released and it's beautiful!). Like our Froggy friends, the Finns too have embraced RQ in a big way. Finnish RQ appeared on the market in 1988, and some 5000 copies of the Basic Rules have been sold in that language since, making it the most popular RPG in Sweden. A new "Deluxe" version of the rules is to be published in 1992. Other planned releases in Finnish for 1992 include *Sun County* and *Troll Gods*.

Apologies

While I'm still in Scandinavia, a quick erratum. The illustration on p.11 of *Tales* #6 was incorrectly credited to the Swedish artist Ola Lanteli. It was placed there as an apposite filler, but really belongs with the Jaxarte Whyded feature later in the issue. It is actually a sable skin painting depicting of the events of the Jaxarte story. The original was purchased from a Sable chieftain by the sage Floriat Fedora, and is available for view in the New Pavis Lhankor Mhy reading room for a modest charge...

Greg Stafford Down Under

Greg Stafford will be attending Necronomicon IV in Sydney, Australia on 2-5th October 1991 as Guest of Honour. Greg will be presenting a series of talks over the weekend, and hosting a playtest of *Glorantha: The Game*. Necronomicon is one of the most popular roleplaying conventions in Australia, and features a number of unusual events at the leading edge of roleplaying, including systemless freeforms and live-action trollball (more on this inside)! For more information about NECRO contact:

John Hughes 10/28 Frencham Street, Downer ACT 2602 Australia.

RuneQuest Character Generator

For all you Mac-based RQ fans out there, *RuneDesk*, a public domain (ie. free!) RQ3 character generator is available. *RuneDesk* is a quick, simple way to roll up human-type characters with stats ranging from 0-999, and it calculates such things as skills modifiers, hit locations, strike ranks etc. I've installed it on my own Macintosh and found it handy (though I don't often have call

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to roll up characters with stats in the 999 range). *RuneDesk* is free-ware, which means whilst the writer retains copyright, it can be distributed for no cost. You can obtain *RuneDesk* and manual from:

Richard Todd 47 Mundy Street Mentone, VIC 3194, Australia.
Please enclose \$A5.00 (\$A7.50 for overseas) to cover postage and the price of a disk.

Well that's all from me. Love, Peace and mung beans,

MOB



SECRETS OF THE CHAOS GODS



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What the Broo Priest Says...

1. Where did the world come from?

The world was ripped from Chaos, to harm the eternal silence we cannot know, and to torment each of us forever.

2. Where did I come from?

The gods of this world tore you from the chaos because they hate you and want to make you suffer.

3. Why was I ever born?

There is no meaning or purpose to life. It just is. Death must be avoided for one's personal being, but it can be a useful tool.

4. What happens after we die?

There is nothing after we die, if you are lucky. If you are entrapped by life you might be forced to return here again and again, or - worse yet - have an afterlife, and remain forever.

5. Why am I here?

There is no meaning to life. You must take what you can get. You must live and suffer, and make the world please

you. Hate and anger are the only comforts which exist. Fill your soul with that, as I have mine.

6. How do I do magic?

All magics require conquest, death, or enslavement of lesser entities to prolong your own life and existence. Learn all the magic you can, for to do otherwise is folly.

7. We have heard of other powers. Can you tell us the truth about...

...other gods?

All gods are the prey of our own secret powers. If everyone of them was destroyed, it would be to our profit.

...Lunar Gods?

It is hard to tell whether the Lunar Way is favourable or not to us. At least we can wrest what good we can from them.

...primitive Spirits?

Even as the beings of the mundane world are the prey of our spears and stones, these spirits are the prey of our spells and shamans.





Gods Of Terror

The Deities of Chaos

This article contains concepts based on notes by Greg Stafford, and unpublished Chaosium material (©1984 Chaosium Inc.)

From the Notebook of Baldrus

"This is what I learned about chaos, sitting at the feet of the broo shaman Olduvai (whose master Three-horned Tel Halaf was the disciple of the shamaness Anahita, who fought before Time alongside mad Ragnagnar and later, alongside Thed)."

Baldrus's classification numbers head each entry. Unfortunately, the key to his unique system is known only to Baldrus and his disciples.

Bagog

[v.43-9-f]

Scorpion Queen

This goddess devours any living thing, and the magicians among her scorpion people can give birth to monsters begat by eating intelligent creatures.

Gark the Calm

[i.05-1-m]

Eternal peace

Gark the Calm is the friend of all who are lost or lonely. He removes all the troubles of your existence. He will make all the decisions for you, take care of your every need, and ensure an eternity of peace.

Gbaji

[vi.13-8-m]

The Liberator

The Liberator came to this world to release us all from the troubles and agony of empty existence. His appearance should have signalled an end to wretched life. The gods of life sought to resist their preordained end, and cast Gbaji out of this world where he awaits his rebirth.

Gloomshark

[ii.33-3-n]

Hunger

The Gloomshark roams the limitless deep, seeking gods and souls as prey. Nothing it devours is ever seen again, in any form. If you go to sea I can protect you with proper sacrifice.

Ikadz

[v.219-32-m]

Suffering

This god is the source and giver of suffering. He delights in agony of others, and their prolonged torment makes him ecstatic. If we please him we can get powerful magic, and inflict his torture on the world.

Kajabor

[ii.201-6-m]

Void

Kajabor, Mighty One, is the God-Killer, which destroys all

The Doctrine of Baldrus, the Black Reader of Nochet:

"The classification of chaos is necessary for the final triumph of Law over Chaos. For once we have documented all forms of chaos, however multifarious and however small their differences, Order will have prevailed and Chaos shall cease to exist. This I have pledged my life to, and those of my disciples."

vestiges of matter and energy, and annihilates all possibilities of individuality or unity. Entities slain by Kajabor have never returned, and often even their names have been lost after being pulled from the universe.

Kajabor is the Great Fear. Some say the Great Fear drives people or gods to follow gods such as Wakboth. Kajabor is totally impersonal, and, some say, as natural as the forces of creation.

Kajabor was enslaved by the gods and his powers, and ours, were bound forever into this world.

Krarsht

[iii.9?-9-f]

God of hunger and traps

This creature is the Waiting Mouth, the Hungry One, and the Devouring Mother. She entered Glorantha with the Devil and fed on the refuse of the dying world. When driven underground, she chewed great holes in the world to hide herself and her legions. Since then she has remained, always hidden, beneath the surface but always active.

Malia

[v.203-31-f]

Disease

Malia is the Queen of the World. No place on Glorantha is free of her touch - she goes where she pleases. She is the manifestation of the world's ills. She is as natural as water. If the gods are ever in harmony, she will disappear, though this will never happen.

Nysalor

[vi.13-8-m]

Teacher

After Time began the gods of the world sought to make a perfect being. They succeeded despite the treachery of the trolls and dragonewts. But the light of truth is too bright for most life, and they rebelled and destroyed the saviour of the world. Nysalor is gone now, dead forever, but his light of illumination glows on. Thanks to him we now know many spells once denied us.



Ompalam [vi.341-12-m]
Slavery
 Might makes right, and the right of the strong is to control the weak. All of the universe obeys this principle although some gods pretend to deny it. Ompalam is the source of this power.

Porchungo [v.123-141-m]
Mutator
 Life resists being destroyed by chaos, but Porchungo does not destroy - he changes. When Chaos rebelled he turned the old world into a vast sludge of protoplasm, and sent out lesser monsters which still survive.

Primal Chaos [vi.000-0.1-n]
The Chaos Ooze
 Chaos shows itself as impersonal - less than mindless, naught but a primal force. To know it is to be it, and each of us can easily touch it, and take a piece into us forever. All should glory in the experience.

Ragnaglar [v.12-145-m]
The Mad God
 Ragnaglar sought to destroy his world, and he enlisted the forces of chaos and brought them into the world. He made us live - curse his dead soul. He, Malia, and Thed were the Unholy Trio, cursed by him and cursing us in turn. Now curse him, the Mad God.

Sesine [vi.88-97-f]
Submission
 Submission to higher powers often brings unexpected

reward. The goddess wields her great powers with temptations which trouble both Life and chaos alike, and her powers take equally from both.

Thanatar [v.17-65-66-67-172-mmmm]
The Severed God
 The god Tien commanded a colossal chaos swarm, but was defeated and broken. Yet his power was so great he was worshipped in parts, and has reformed his lost pieces, and was reborn as the god Thanatar. He hunts heads, and keeps his slave souls trapped therein.

Thed [v.41-7-f]
Rape, goddess of broos
 Our accursed mother was a slave of Ragnaglar, and when she brought us into the world inflicted our pain and hatred. She teaches us her ways.

Vivamort [i.61-69-m]
Vampire
 Vivamort is the vampire god, an eternal being who offers awesome powers to anyone wishing to remain forever upon this world. He is immortal, powerful, and feared by all which lives.

Wakboth [v.1-386-m]
Evil, the Devil
 Wakboth is the senseless, terrifying and wanton disregard for life. He is also continuous brutal destruction. Twisted and foul, Wakboth is the force who defiles the world and makes the gods suffer for our troubles.



Vivamort,
 Lord of the Undead

A Footnote On The Birth Of Gbaji

The creation of this god is said to have caused the Sun to stop in its path to stare in wonder.

Garanian Auroch, a Hero from the Second Council who Ethilrist met in Hell, stated that it was he who stole the net of Arachne Solara when it was used to make the Sun stop in the sky. Indeed, there is a story in Ralios wherein their deity of Arachne Solara was tied to her own net by the enemy Bull-headed Demigod, which is evidently Garanian's tale from the other side. Also, a Mostali tale says that Gbaji's birth broke a gear in the Great Machine.

This all indicates that Time itself may have been changed by the birth of this god, or that it was necessary for the Second Council to stop time to allow for the birth. Either event seems equally impossible, even in light of the great magics practised later.

But later scholars complained that time had been shortened by that act, and that afterwards the days were shorter, and that men's lives were also shorter. Zzabur himself, who was unique in his mortal lifespan, agreed that these whiners were right, but ended his confirmation with a moralistic note of warning for men to be cautious where they tread, and be willing to accept the aid of Time rather than fight it.



Greg Stafford, ©1991



Additional Chaos Deities from Baldrus's Notebook

"More chaos deities, gleaned surreptitiously from the journal of my late pupil-master the venerable Gemithsos as he napped in the long summer afternoons, and who, on his death-bed, ordered that all his papers be burned on the pyre with him."

Note that these entries use Gemithsos's own idiosyncratic filing system, which even Baldrus has not yet fully deciphered.

Arrquong [Bpm - 34 - 3 - 17g]
Harbinger and Gate Keeper of Chaos. Lord of Despair.

This chaos spirit guards the entry place of Chaos to Hell. It was crippled by the Troll Boztakang the Great. Beware its prophecies of despair.

Jokbazi [BrL - 2Z - 3 - 1.5r]
Third Foe of the Sun

This was Yelm's third opponent when he ascended to become Emperor of the Universe. He defeated it at the Fields of Destiny and there was apparently no trouble from chaos in Yelm's realm after this.

Jotimam [BrL - 2Z - 1 - .001]
The predecessor Chaos god

Jotimam is another name for the Void left in the middle of the world after the Spike exploded. He was destroyed by Magasta and Humakt after spawning the second wave of Chaos invaders. His children were Jraktal, Tyram, Vakalta, Xamalk and Gbaji.

Jraktal [Bpm - 34 - 6 - 22e]
Chaos god of Tap

Leader of the invasion of Pamaltela. He was influential in destroying Artmal. In Fonrit he was conquered by Garangordos and his men, but this was only accomplished by freeing Ompalam.

Krjalk [BrL - 2Z - 5 - 4f]
Chaos God of Treason

At one time merely speaking his name or thinking of him was enough to transform the speaker or thinker into a chaos horror. Zorak Zoran finally defeated him, and only small particles escaped to seed the souls of traitors, parricides, and apostates.

Krjalk [G-Bpm - 34 - 4 - 3.142...]
Lord of Monsters

In the west the name Krjalk has become synonymous with the word monster. Here he is viewed as the Lord of Monsters: Father of Broos, Elves, Trolls, Dwarves, etc.

Orxili [Bpm - 34 - 1 - .100]
Progenitor of the Cosmic Egg

This was the six-legged chaos monster which the Dragonewts claim that the Cosmic Dragon overcome and formed the Cosmic Egg from. I contend that Orxili is a philosophical construct of Chaos. Each of the six limbs exactly matches my own six classifications of chaos.

Tyram

[BrL - 2Z - 3 - 17g]

Chaos Sky god

Tyram was at the head of the chaos horde that invaded the heavens. For a time he gained ground, even forcing Dayzatar back. However finally Orlanth armed with thunderbolts defeated him and cast him from the Sky.

A Chaotic Interlude...

"The words 'chaos' and 'chaotic' usually are misused and misapplied, adding to confusions. In western Genertela, the word Krjalki means chaos monsters, yet western manuscripts from every Age refer to both trolls and dragonewts as krjalki, clearly a misapplication of the term ...sometimes it seems that anything someone fears is called chaotic.

Perhaps many creatures or beings have been maligned. In Kralori ...[philosophy] considered all of creation a mistake, or at least that it is a mistake to worship it or consider it real. [There] Gbaji is known as a great psychic liberator, since Illumination frees the person from entanglements with the worldly.

The Kralori preference or acknowledgement of one of the chaos gods is a dilemma which has plagued or delighted foreign visitors. Those who wish to save the Kralori from their godless ways are balked because the people often wholeheartedly embrace that god yet stoutly resist all other chaos creatures and temptations. Most foreign exploiters claim that they are freeing the land from its archetypical enemies, though conditions will be worse for the people they rule than for those they have not yet conquered.

...Kralori are very loyal to dragons. Dragon neutrality in the war of law and chaos is well-known, and their constancy in this legendary. But in Kralorela, dragons have been known to rise and aid the people, a unique situation which raises only more questions.

...Perhaps 'chaotic' really means 'that which we do not understand...

The earliest tales exalt chaos, and it is called 'Mother and Father of the World' in a Ulerian song, while an ancient Earth song of the Sacred Time says 'there is nothing so wondrous or so blessed as chaos, from whence we spring and are moulded.'

The concepts most commonly found in the earliest stories are those treating the state is the primal void or the emptiness which preceded the earliest gods, or which uses chaos as the earliest matter used in the creation of the world. Though appearing diametric, the approach is similar treating the proto-cosmos as Beingless, possessing neither innate intelligence nor ego. The condition is always passive and inert until acted upon by the gods.

-portion of a private letter from a Lhankor Mhy priest, ca. 1599 ST., translated by Greg Stafford.

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Vakalta

[BrL - 2Z - 3 - 90gf]

Chaos god of Hell

Vakalta was the sister of Tyram and she led the legions of Chaos in the invasion of the underworld. She was far more successful than her siblings, and was never completely driven out of hell.

undefeated in single combat. It was finally thrown down by Pamalt when he used the new power Harana Ilor.

Vovisibor

[Bpm - 34 - 2 - 2/3]

Pamalt's Foe

"The Filth-Which-Walks". Until Pamalt met it this foe was

Xamalk

[BrL - 2Z - 3 - 212]

Chaos god of Luathela

Xamalk led the invasion of Luathela, but here the Elder Races were powerful and soon defeated him. There was little damage or losses compared to the other continents.

Baldrus the Black Reader's Classification Of Chaos

I have been able to group chaos into six discrete forms, which I list herewith deities peculiar to each form:

I. The Void

Nothingness. The Wasteworld, concealer of demons.

Gark the Calm, Iotimam, Orxili, Vivamort.

II. Entropy

The Bad Man, Gloomshark, Kajabor, Vovisibor.

III. Chaos

The Howling Rage, The Mountain Stabber.

Arrquong, Jokbazi, Krarsht, Tyram, Vakalta, Xamalk.

IV. The Gorp-god

Krjalk, Primal Chaos, Porchungo.

V. Evil

Personal or moral corruption. Chaos with personality.

Bagog, Cacodemon, Ikadz, Malia, Ragnaglar, Thanatar, Thed, Wakboth.

VI. Seduction

That which makes chaos look good.

Gbaji, Jraktal, Ompalam, Seseine.

Fragment from the lost book of Salonar Tamaskil

...of high crown (major importance) concerning the hordes of the Divine fear may be that the Four Horrors of the long night (the Great Darkness) could have been the the Four Origins turned into and through themselves, as a glove may be when first it is sewn and then it is worn. Mark that the inside of the glove may be smooth, yet the outside be rough. So might it be that this Plane is the same yet different, perhaps not just once but many times, for all things will have a start, a stop, and a new beginning. The forces do set well in balance.

The Void less than nothing, formless beyond emptiness, became the Wasteworld, the concealer of demons. The Prime Mover, that natural force never missing, dissolved into Kajabor God-Killer. The Silence, the wonder of the world to come, became the Howling Rage, the Mountain Stabber. The Well of Wonder (the Primal Plasma) faded from a butterfly to the worm, then to the grey Gorp-god, whose waves lapped upon creation and ate it away.

This I see as tragic, but not tainted with the evil which came but from Wakboth at origin; the tears of the world come this way; that which was beautiful and good outside this Plane became foul and fearsome brought once to us.

trans. by Greg Stafford. ©1981 and reprinted from *Cults of Terror*



Storm Bull Psychology

By Simon Campey

An excerpt from the "Psychology of the Storm Bull Cultist", a cross-factional lecture delivered by Alkiv Jahnus, Wild-Sage of Lhankor Mhy, at the Nohet Temple of Holy Wisdom, Esrolia, on windsday, truth week, storm season, 1621 S.T.

"Good Morning Fellow Sages...

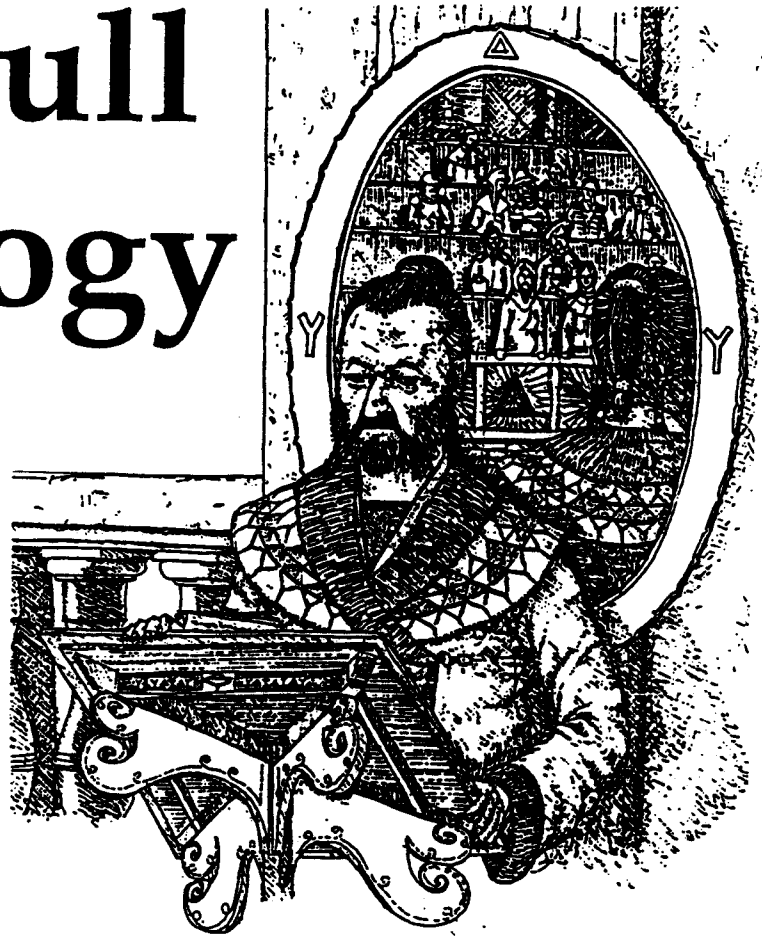
"I would not like to generalize about culture, civilization or species, but my research of the past seven seasons has led me to believe that the followers of the brute god Storm Bull are admirable men and women, unique in their tragedy.

Before you leap to revile these supposedly contemptuous and base barbarians may I add that my conclusions are irrefutable, and by the Grey Lord, my impartiality should never be questioned.

Direct questioning of Storm Bull worshippers and their ways are inevitably futile at first. I expected that. When a cultist returns to civilization he is a quiet, detached, and very unapproachable fellow. He would prefer to contemplate his efforts at attempting to destroy every last seed of chaos that is spawed from the void, before he can return to a more passive existence. He realizes that this is an impossible task, and thus the Storm Bull cultist is fatalistic, morose, often violent, and generally a person you would wish to avoid whenever possible.

A cultist does not like to rest. I noted that worshippers of the Storm Bull, particularly acolytes or those of higher status, can resist the urge to sleep for many days. The berserker frenzy can numb any physiological demands made by the shell wherein the soul resides. However, this is very dangerous, as was made clear to me when I accompanied a party of such worshippers down the Dry Well of Suffering, by the outer reaches of the Amnion of Kuograhni, the crippled child-demi-god of Porchungo, in Wenelia.

A meeting with any manifestation of chaos is an absolute terror. Hideous broo-slime seeps silently through the tunnels and warrens that run beneath the Well. By the Grey Lord, I was like a frightened child, flinching at even the smallest flicker of movement in the darkness. After many arduous hours of searching, the cultists found what they were questing for. One cultist knew immediately that the



warren belonged to Thed. He shouted a warning, physically appearing to spasm, and then screamed in agony as he spotted a pack of howling misshapeseing thrown toward us.

After my companions had clinically waded through the broken bodies, the cultist in question, clutching what appeared to be no injury at all, said a Thed Covenmaster had shredded his side one time, before he and his Khan killed the chaos. Thus he could now tell "FeverChaos" from all other forms by the burning sensation that would lance through the scar in his ribs. Another mentioned that his eyes would sting as though from the harshest Gargarth-driven sandstorm whenever he spied a bastardized broo of Thed, whilst a third revealed that he would recall the cries of frightened children whenever he encountered "Fever-Chaos". I observed that these physical traumas struck them only momentarily and had an effect similar to pouring oil over a dying campfire.

From this moment on they became possessed. I could not hope to keep the pace they kept, cleansing the place hour after hour. They were not phased by the horrors that haunted the Well of Suffering. Mutilations were dropped on them, figures clad in waste lurched at them, but they continued unhindered, roaring through the tunnels like a great gale. Many shouted until their throats were as dry as sand they spat out blood. I saw one man weep with anger as he gutted the body of a helpless, screaming broo.

My mind and body could not withstand such torture. I begged the cultists to cease, but they continued onwards.



Their indifference was inculcable; I feared my soul would be with the Grey Lord before long. They valued my life as they valued their own, with little or no respect. I imagined these men would turn from all this perversion, but they carried on regardless of their own personal safety. "No longer!" I cried.

But the cultists ignored my pleas and marched deeper and deeper into the horror.

I could walk no longer, be it fore or back. As the rest of the party disappeared into the darkness I hid beneath the corpse of a Bull worshipper, his soul now departed. My sleep was uneasy at best. I do not know how long I slept, but I was awakened by the party returning from their victory. The followers did not appear joyous, only comforted, as they left the place. A torch was set to the dead so their souls would pass to the Halls of Judgement unhindered.

I returned to Kaxtorplose and followed the cultists to a poor inn that was situated in the mean back streets of the city. They drank ale and said nothing except that felt a little comfort, knowing that the need would arise for them all to return to such depravities once more. Their faces were sore, their eyes reddened and many coughed unceasingly. They said disease was not the cause and that it was just their way. Indeed, it was then that I realised they looked no different from when they first entered the Well. I later called upon the local Chalana Arroy priestess, using my status as a Lightbringer, but she reported no ills.

I bought them more ale and food in the hope that a warm belly and a light head would open them up to my questionings. It helped, I may add, but the fellows were still generally unresponsive. They commented on their individualistic abilities to sense chaos, which amongst other names they called FeverChaos (worshippers of the vile Malia and Thed), BirthChaos (from the infant Kougrahni's evil swamp) and ShiftingChaos (the chaos-taint gifted by the Red Goddess to her worshippers).

They also spoke of chaos as a whole - raw and from the void. It would affect them physically, visually, or otherwise. Some would feel intense pain in an old wound. Others would flash-back: smelling, tasting or hearing something that no other could. The worst "sense" was physical. Cultists would recall a moment of excruciating pain suffered from a particular form of chaos, hence the cultist became driven an unimaginable visceral and instinctive frenzy. Pain is the catalyst, most often in Khans; a simple but brutally effective magic employed by the Storm Bull.

When I asked what if a cultist encountered a new strain of chaos, the answer was blunt: "He must learn and remember. He will know it as chaos, but he will not know it to be ShiftingChaos. Yet when chaos maims he will remember, by our Lord Storm Bull, he will remember." Thus depending on a worshipper's status or previous abuse or injury from chaos, a cultist may have a "runny nose", or recall the severance of a limb. This is the raw, unthinking

demand made by the Storm Bull on his worshippers.

After many hours of strained conversation and uneasy, sometimes offensive looks from the rest of the patrons of the inn, I decided to leave. Their philosophies were unsubstantiated yet sincere, and I found myself regarding them as tragic figures. Indeed, I forgave them for leaving me within the Well (and I now realize why mercenaries in these parts can charge such exorbitant fees!) There was no sympathy and I understood why. The degradation they would force themselves into would turn even a troll's stomach. "Chaos is absolute", were the last words of a Khan as I left them to recover, "The children of the Red Goddess will tamper too many times with absolute evil. They provoke dangerous retribution from forces known to us, yet not to them. I fear for my life and I fear for every one of us, yet I will continue to destroy every last manifestation of chaos I can, even if it haunts me every minute of my life."

As I began to ride away from the inn I heard a crash and clatter which I assumed to be the overturning of tables. I then heard the ominous sound of swords being drawn. I left my former companions safe in the knowledge that they would resolve the problem in their own inimitable way. My thoughts were not of aversion or of an odious nature, just a begrudging respect and admiration. Days later I was informed that the Khans and their associates had wrecked the inn and all those drinking within. To the bewilderment of my companion who disclosed this information, I just laughed aloud and thanked the Storm Bull.

...That concludes this lecture. In the name of Full Knowledge, I thank you for your attention."

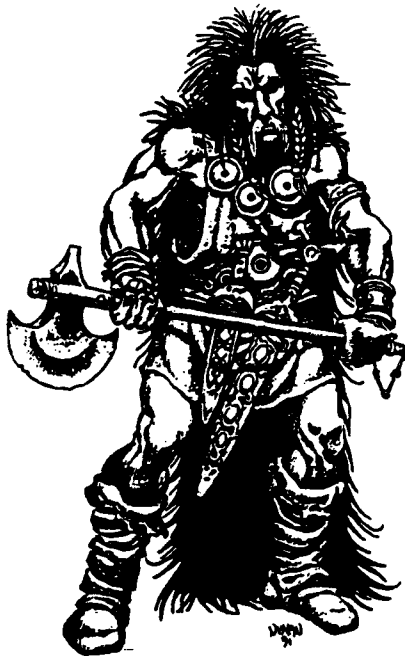
Gamemaster Notes

In the context of role-playing possibilities, this elaboration of the Storm Bull "Sense Chaos" skill should encourage fruitful interactions between player-characters and gamemasters. As the GM you can record sensations, such as sounds, smells, tastes, feelings, visions, etc. that affect Storm Bull PCs when they encounter particular strains of chaos throughout a campaign. You can then "feed this back" when they come across similar manifestations. This can enhance or eliminate the use of a dice roll on the part of the GM.

As a player-character becomes more powerful, more information will be recalled. The recall should be more easily remembered: the pain should be more intense, the visual remembrances more striking, etc. In many respects, as the characters get closer to an encounter with chaos they get "hotter", thus information increasingly becomes more accessible and less abstract. So PCs don't "twig" straight away, immediate information should be comparatively difficult or trivial - ie. a nagging itch (that gradually might turn into a searing sensation right down the side of the body).

As a GM you should have a field-day playing this with your Storm Bull PCs, dropping clues whenever appropriate. Hopefully, more emphasis will be placed on the player-characters' memory, taking a chip off that big block (excuse the pun) of randomization.

(XXIX.16-112) The investigations of Capybarus: I have already uncovered a scholar in our midst, who, I am suspicious, is a member of Thanatari! Thanatari are known to employ the language of the trolls known to us as Darktongue. Now, Darktongue has a written form made up of raised or indented characters, which can "read" even in pitch darkness by running one's finger along the script. One Theodopolus Pandarus, an initiate of this temple whose own writings betray his animosity towards trolls, is fluent in both the written and spoken forms of this tongue, yet is known to have full sight! Blindness is, of course, a characteristic that manifests itself among the Thanatari due to the nature of the geases that they receive from their god. I contend that Pandarus has plans to become an initiate of that abominable cult. Who will forget that the first priest of Atyar was in fact a wandering priest of Lhankor Mhy? I will continue to investigate this grave matter further, even at the risk of severance. (XXIX.16-113) An erratum by Saryte Lekile, Grey Sage. My marginal note to *Collectanea* entry XXIX 12-76 was inaccurately transcribed by my slothful



Men of Storm Bull

By Mark Robins

(To be sung to the tune of *Men Of Harlech*)

Men of Stormbull march to glory,
Dark-eyed Death is waiting for ye,
Damm'd Chaos hovers o'er ye
Hear ye not its call?

At your sloth it seems to ponder,
Let thy death cry peel like thunder,
Burst their horn'd skulls asunder
And every Broo appal!

From the rocks rebounding
Let the war cry sounding
Summon all
At Stormbull's call,
The Chaos foe surrounding.
Men of Stormbull, on to glory!
See, your banner fam'd in story
Waves these burning words afore ye,
"Stormbull scorns to yield!"

'mid the fray, see the dead and dying,
Friend and Broo together lying;
All around the rune-spells flying
Scatter sudden death!

Maddened steeds are wildly neighing,
Brazen trumpets hoarsely braying,
Wounded men for Stormbull praying
With their parting breath!

See - they're in Disorder! -
Comrades, keep close order!
Ever they
Shall rue the day
They ventured o'er the border!
Now the Ogres flee before us;
Stormbull's Skybull floateth o'er us!
Raise the loud exulting chorus,
"Stormbull wins the field!"

*As sung by Squatbrow Broobane, Storm Khan and Chaos foe, before he and his band disappeared without trace in the Devil's Playground in 1607 S.T. Recorded by me, Suetonus the Wise of the New Pavis Revised Temple of Lhankor Mhy.

apprentice (who I assure you, was soundly whipped). The "note" thrown over the wall by that wry Death Lord was in fact carved onto a battered shield, rather than a piece of paper, as my apprentice in his laziness implied in the entry. May I take this opportunity to deride the Provost Apprentices for the increasingly poor standard of youngsters being brought into this temple... (XXIX.16-114) Ragar's vegetables on Greens Street in Airside are the most delicious in all Nochet. (XXIX.16-115) What kills a walktapus is the publicity it gives itself. (XXIX.16-116) A description of the Britleskin disease by Aretaeus the Nosographer, White Healer of Arroin: "Shining tubercles of different size, dusky red or livid in colour, on face, ears and extremities, together with a thickened and rugous state of the skin, a diminution or total loss of its sensibility, and a falling off of all hair except that of the scalp. The alae of the nose become swollen, the nostrils dilate, the lips are tumid; the external ears, especially the lobes, are enlarged and thickened and beset with tubercles; the skin of the cheek and the forehead grows thick and tumid and forms large and prominent rugae, especially over the eyes; the hair of the eyebrows, beard, pubes, and axillae fall off; the voice becomes hoarse and obscure, and the sensibility of the parts affected is obtuse or totally abolished, so that pinching or puncturing gives no uneasiness. This disfiguration of the countenance suggests the idea of the features of a satyr, or wild beast, hence the disease is, by some, called satyriasis, or by others leontiasis. As the malady proceeds, the tubercles crack and ultimately ulcerate. Ulcerations also appear in the throat and nose, which sometimes destroy the palate and septum, the nose falls, and the breath is intolerably offensive; the fingers and toes gangrenate, and separate joint after joint." (XXIX.16-117) It is well-known that carrots improve your eyesight; get some from Ragar's stall on Greens Street in Airside at a very reasonable price. (XXIX.16-118) The Doctrine of Baldrus the Black Reader of Nochet: "The classification of chaos is necessary for the final triumph of Law over Chaos. For once we have documented all forms of chaos, however multifarious and however small their differences, Order will have prevailed and Chaos shall cease to exist. This I have pledged my life to, and those of my disciples." (XXIX.16-119) The nosographer is, by the very nature of his science, limited to mere descriptive passages when



Detail from a mosaic in the Temple of the Reaching Moon, Mirin's Cross

Red Emperor

Immortal Son of the Red Goddess

By Greg Stafford

At the pinnacle of the entire Lunar matrix is the Red Goddess herself. After her apotheosis and residence in the sky, the Goddess grew more involved with the otherworldly affairs of the immortals and virtually disappeared as a personage in the history of Genertela. Affairs on the mundane plane, known as the Surface World, were left to her mortal and demi-god descendants. Preeminent among these is the Red Emperor, who stands at the peak of Lunar Empire.

The Red Emperor did not make his first appearance on the earth until shortly before the Wars at Castle Blue. His earliest appearance was not spectacular at all. He was just one among the many would-be heroes of the goddess's army of admirers and court followers. It is possible that there were many of her children in the crowd besides the Emperor and three others who became famous (the Emper-

or's Sister, the Goddess's Daughter, and the Emperor's Cousin). The others in the crowd (as stated by Knowledgeists) were potential candidates who died in their attempts to prove themselves. The Emperor himself was wounded to death, but recovered well enough to complete his task.

Before his recognition the Emperor called himself Duskalos, titled the Sword in the Eye. He was famous as a master at rapier and main gauche, and before his acceptance as Emperor he stole a Teleportation from Orlanth for his private use.

His recognition came one year and twelve days before the Lunar Army's main force marched out of Glamour to enter the mystical regions in fluxation around Castle Blue. The Emperor led the forces well and wisely and proved his superiority in all Lunar Skills including that of controlling



chaos. His particular chaos touch is that of demon summoning from the Four-horned Family, and he is also capable of instantly dismissing them as well, which is unique for that class of demon.

The recurrent rebirth of the single person continually recognized as the Red Emperor is a well-attested fact. The length of time between reappearances varies according to the circumstances of his death and the condition of the Empire's worship. When the Emperor was maimed by Sheng Seleris's Lionbirds in 4/6, each Lionbird devoured a part of his body and each in turn destroyed in a different way. The Empire was also at a low, and that time it took 14 years for the Emperor to reappear. (Later in the struggles against Sheng, the Emperor was slain by the Mad Sultanate, returned from the dead within the year, and was forced to spend eleven years in a life of disguise married to a weaving woman whilst his plans and spells against Sheng came to fruition). On the other hand, when he was killed by Harrek the Berserk in Doblin he returned to Glamour in only seven weeks, which is the evident minimum.



Whenever the Emperor is killed the priests at Glamour begin the rituals which will allow them to aid the Red Emperor in regaining himself and the parts of his soul which may have been damaged by his death. They also guard the sacred portals which will allow the Emperor to return from the moon to earth intact.

There are fourteen known cases of the Emperor's death since he first appeared. The first of these was while he was unrecognised, but the other thirteen have been while he served his goddess and mother.

The Emperor has no father, but is the parthenogenic child of the Goddess. He is both her son and husband, the vital connection between the matrix of the Goddess and the physical plane. His presence on earth is another example of the Red Goddess' uniqueness in the world. Although he is often called her son and representative on earth, the Emperor is also known as more than just that to initiates of his cult secrets. He is the masculine portion of the goddess who is still on earth obeying her commands. Thus the Red Goddess exploits the mystic dualistic doctrines to her advantage by employing portions of herself where they are best needed, yet not so far that her portions are not mutually supporting.

The Emperor is worshipped as a separate divine entity, apart from his mother, by the common populace of the Empire. It is very easy to become a lay worshipper of his cult, and most cults will include it without notice to their worshippers. His shrine can be found in any Lunar moon temple and most allied temples as well. He is revered as a

god and his actions in the mundane and magical worlds have proved his worthiness of that.

As a god, the Emperor's functions are primarily to translate the needs and desires of his subjects into the proper forms of magical energy to send to their goddess, or to use as he himself sees fit in their aid. The interpretation of methods to use it are intentionally vague and give the Emperor the largest amount of free wielding magical energy available to any single mortal being in Glorantha at this time. Most of the power is channelled into the channels of lunar nature, as would be expected, but when necessary the Emperor can put immense power into his rites.

He is also the primary example of how a man in the Empire is expected to act. Unfortunately his activities seem to hold no sense for the common man, and many of the more arcane or decadent activities which he is said to engage in are those which would leave any sane human being soul cold.

Like some of the political organizations which preceded the Lunars in Peloria, the Lunar Empire believes that the entire empire is the personal property of the living Emperor.

Unlike the earlier empires though, the Lunars could count upon a single person to oversee their complex lands and keep track of programs and progress over lifetimes. The Red Emperor is the single, living person to whom all principle parties who aid in controlling the Empire must report to. His presence makes their loyalty much more dependable than some abstract deity or figurehead, and the Emperor's personality makes him much more of a complex figure to deal with than an abstract deity communicating through visions, dreams, or arcane languages.

Offenses against the Empire are offenses against the Emperor's person. He is Supreme Arbiter for all judgments, and the source of justice. The Emperor is also styled "Defender of the Lands", "Free-keeper of the Souls", and "Bridge to Heaven".

The Emperor and his immediate relatives form the crust of the ruling superstructure of the sprawling Empire; beyond this core the organization is divided into regional sub-units called Sultanates, ruled over by Sultans whose positions are inherited within clans. There are other diverse government organizations, usually organized along cult lines. To receive a task from the Emperor is considered an honour and a duty; recognized accomplishments always bring increased favour from him, and the concept of rewards for duties is disseminated throughout the Empire.





COVEN of FIVE



A Coterie of Daemons for RuneQuest - Part 1

By Jean Fiquo

Ah, Mehmet my son the Coven are an evil group, and one to be wary of. No matter how wily and cunning a magician you become, you should have a care with those conniving broo-spawn. Even the Fourteen Sons of King Ullam Bassim the Slaughterer were good to know compared to the Coven! No sorcerer's girdle will protect you against them, even the magic carpet of Amsrinam will not carry you away fast enough!

"There are five of them, Mehmet my son, and each is as terrible as the other. Sometimes they have things to offer, but always they are fated to laugh at the last. Remember that they are right in Ebbeshal when they say "a man can be deceitful, but only the Afreets can truly deceive."

Introduction

In a time that was not a time, when the world was in turmoil, five spirits of the underworld sat in a cold, quiet corner. They moaned about the deities more powerful than they, hissed resentfully at the mention of certain names, licked their wounds, and kicked a few mortals in, just for the hell of it. They soon came to realise that there was a common bond between them; they all had something to moan about.

Soon after, a pact, the Daemon Pact, was formed. In recognising a common trait in each other, they discovered that each could draw on the others' resources, and the Pact was the magical bond which made this workable.

Dealing with The Five

The Five are five daemons bound together, and generic to most RuneQuest worlds. If you wish to situate them in Glorantha then Fonrit; the Stinking Forest (in Dragon Pass); or the Kingdom of Ignorance are all suitable locations for them. Followers of the Five usually constitute broos, ogres, rogue trollkin, or tusk riders. In the city of Ebbeshal, in Fonrit, the state offers licences for those who wish to indulge in their worship.

The Five are never worshipped collectively, although a devotee of one may gain the use of Divine Magic from the others through the Daemon Pact spell. The Five may be interacted with either by summoning, or by visiting a specified place in the Otherworld. Worship is carried out exactly as stated in The Horned God cult in Gods of Glorantha, and hence can only be instigated through a summoning ritual.

Summoning Daemons

In Glorantha no two spells are the same, and magic is not as simple as *RuneQuest* would have us believe; even the seemingly clear cut differential between Spirit, Divine, and Sorcerous magics are shallow classifications imposed by the Jrusteli.

Specialised summons spells such as Summon <Omaya> observe similar but not identical rules to the summoning procedure given in *RuneQuest*. For this type of ritual, discount the Magic Point sacrifice necessary on the part of the summoner (although not the length of the ritual that would be inherent from this total), and place a greater emphasis on the finer details of the summoning ritual. Incorrectness could have disastrous consequences;



turning the deity immediately against his summoner, or calling forth instead a minion of the deity, hostile in intent.

Command, Control, or Dominate spells become irrelevant when dealing with this type of entity. Instead the summoner relies on tact, generosity, and sweet-talk.

Seeking Out Daemons

It is possible for some to travel to the Otherworld and visit various entities in their place of residence. The advantages of this vary, depending upon the entity visited. In the simplest sense, it allows the worshipper access to his deity, and so provides a type of Divination. With the Coven of Five, it also allows the traveller to employ the *Daemon Pact* spell.

Described here is a means of conducting this journey employing discorporation; shamans can undertake this route freely, although their physical self remains in the mundane world, and their fragile soul is at risk from both the physical and magical reality of the Otherworld. Interestingly enough, the Resurrect spell would incorporate a journey similar in nature to this on the part of the caster.

The shaman must begin his journey in the Frontier Region of the Spirit World (see *Deluxe RuneQuest Game-master Book*). Using the standard procedure, he must find his way through the Outer Region, and into the Inner Region. Once here, his journey is nearly at an end, and on a roll of 86-00 he will have reached the desired point in the Otherworld. He must still find the entity for whom he is searching, of course. You may choose to design a rough encounter table for, say, the Chamber of Eternal Heat, in which the daemon Currol can be found.

The Daemon Pact

The Coven of Five are bound together by their *Daemon Pact*. Quite simply, this is a spell which allows the worshipper of one of the Five to draw upon the spells of another. The *Daemon Pact* spell is described below.

The Corner of Bemoaning

The Corner of Bemoaning is the place where the pact was formed, and where the five can be found together. Only the foolish or the mighty travel there.

Currol sits in the centre, providing red light and dull warmth for the other deities.

Egrekol stands next to him, warming a cauldron of bubbling blood from which he drinks occasionally using a large iron ladle. Every now and again (just when Egrekol

gets near to the bottom), the cauldron refills with blood sacrifices made by his worshippers.

Gordol sits in a corner, keeping a wary eye on fifty or so wretched-looking slaves from the Pits of Perdition, giving them the occasional crack of the whip. Often the slaves are engaged in a fruitless task, such as digging a hole, and using the refuse to fill one they have dug earlier, only to fill the new hole with refuse from the old, and so on. The slaves are always the same, even if a visitor saw half a dozen die last time he was here.

Larcemal squats eagerly near the slaves, waiting to pounce should one fall or try to break his chains and flee. Sometimes Gordol gives her one anyway. Larcemal stands at the head of a tunnel which contains thousands of writhing spiders. None enter the Corner of Bemoaning, however.

Ornaya is furthest away, not visible, but nevertheless there, in some dark recess.



Currol

First Among the Five

"The first among the five is Currol, first because he is of Fire, and from the river of Fire the world was formed. Mehmet my son, beware Currol the Master of the Flame which Destroys. This is a lesson which I am loathe to teach you, but which must be learned. A magician's weapon is knowledge; knowledge protects him more surely than the thousand-jewelled armour of Kirijann, and is a sword sharper than the steel-biting blade of the wizard of Enklosa.

"Currol is a pillar of fire or a skull formed of the metal of darkness or of iron. His flame is red, and within burns eternally his form like the skeletons which guard the citadel of Kurinam. His scream is like the roar of a thousand thousand furnaces in the hottest pits of Kalabar.

"Remember well Mehmet my son, the tale of the witch-king Mosasu the Blueskin, who called forth Currol to defeat his foes in the Jungles of the land of the Golden River. Mosasu commanded Currol to burn down the Jungles of the Embyli. Currol's price was that he should consume again what he devoured for Mosasu. Dutifully, the witch-king set aside lands of his subjects to be devoured in honour of Currol, and this was duly burned. Then the army of Mosasu marched to war."

"Gleefully, Currol accompanied the army of Mosasu into battle, and a great victory was won. But when the witch-king returned to his lands, he discovered his family and all his favourite subjects slain by burning; equal in number to those Embyli who perished by the Afreet Currol.

Special Divine Spell

Daemon Pact

1 point self, duration variable, one-use

This spell must be cast in the presence of one of the Coven of Five, other than the patron deity of the caster. It allows the caster to learn any of the reusable Divine spells offered by the daemon whom the caster is in the presence of, on a one use basis. The spell lasts for as long as the caster is in the presence of the daemon concerned.



Consumed by grief unparalleled even by the weeping of women on the Great day of Loss, Mosasu threw himself into his Pit of Four-Thousand Vipers. Remember well the deceitfulness of the Afreets, Mehmet my son."

Introduction

Currol is a destructive Fire spirit, associated at times with Lodril and Zorak Zoran. His usual form is a pillar of red flame, with a skeletal form within. He resides in an Underworld cavern called the Chamber of Eternal Heat.

Worship

Worship is conducted using a summoning ritual exactly as described in The Horned God cult in *Gods of Glorantha*. The Following Divine magic is available from Currol:

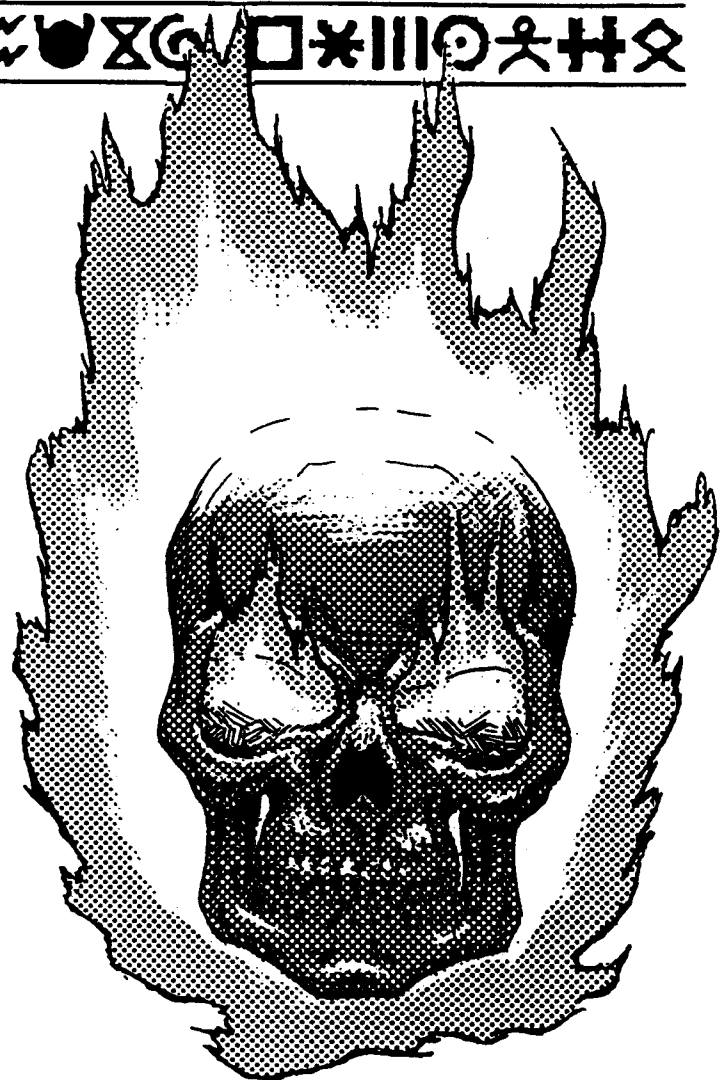
Common Divine Spell:

Summon <Currol>

Special Divine Spells:

Daemon Pact, Flame From Within (3), Summon Salamander (3)*.

**Note that Currol's Summon Salamander spell is a three point, non-stackable Divine spell.*



Special Currol Divine Spell

Flame From Within

3 points ranged, instant, reusable

This spell burns the victim's soul essence (Magic Points) to cause searing physical damage. If the target's Magic Points are overcome by the caster's, the victim receives 3D6 damage matched against his CON. If successful, the victim receives the full 3D6 damage to his total Hit Points and loses that many Magic Points as well. If unsuccessful the spell has no effect.

Seeking Out Currol

Currol can be found in the Chamber of Eternal Heat. Follow the procedure given in *Seeking Out the Five* should a character decide to travel here.

Currol manifests as an iron or lead human or troll skull, or as a 10m³ pillar of red flame with a human or troll skeletal form within. As a skull, Currol has his total hit points in the one location, his Soul-Flame is smaller, however, a mere 5m³. For his other form refer to the statistics given below.

Summons

The spell *Summon <Currol>* is not widely known. It may be learned from a pyromaniac broo shaman wandering in a wilderness, or read from a flame dance performed by a fiery familiar of a mystic from Kalabar.

Currol may be summoned anywhere, provided there is room enough for him to manifest. The ritual for his summons is complex, and involves many components. Among these are that the summoner should have shaved all hair from his or her body, and used it to produce a scented candle made from incense, wax, and animal fat. As this candle burns, the summoner will lose Magic Points equal in proportion to the amount of candle which has burned away. Of course, if this is placed too close to Currol, it will melt... Alternatively, Currol may choose to melt it anyway.

Currol usually has little to offer a summoner except his physical intervention. He is far more preoccupied with disordered destruction and spite than reasonable deals. Once begun, Currol can rarely be restrained.

Currol, Master of Destructive Fire

STR 55 INT 35
SIZ 40* DEX 30

*Currol's five meter high skeleton is encompassed by a furious red conflagration usually around 10³ in volume.

19-20	Head	20	24*
16-18	L.A.	18-19	24
13-15	R.A.	16-17	24
12	Chest	11-15	24
09-11	Abdm	07-10	24
05-08	L.L	04-06	24
01-04	R.L	01-03	24

*All of Currol's hit locations are either iron or lead (depending on his manifestation), and are damaged just as weapons made from that material. They are protected by the intense heat generated from his Soul-Flame.



Move: 9 m/sr	Hit Points: 70		
Magic Points: variable (2d100)	DEX SR: 1		
Weapon	SR	Attk %	Damage
Grapple ¹	1	240	5d3 crush + Soul-Flame
Soul-Flame ²	10	auto.	10d6-3d6 per meter from arc of fire
Directed			
Soul-Flame ³	4	auto.	10d6-1d6 per meter away from Currol
Kick	4	200	1d6+5d6

¹Currol's immense grip adds to the effectiveness of his Grapple attack. Having grasped his opponent, if he or she is still alive, Currol will attempt another Grapple roll to "hug" them; the result of this is that on SR 10 of the round in which they were grappled, they receive Currol's *Soul-Flame* damage to all locations than the usual three. Currol may undertake two Grapple attacks in one round (on SR 1 and 4) provided that both targets are SIZ 15 or less).

²Currol can direct his *Soul-Flame* attack over a range of 40 meters along a line over a 60° arc in front of him. at a cost of 4 magic points. Anything directly on this line receives the normal 10d6 damage; for each meter away from this line, this damage is reduced by 3d6. Thus, Phil the Jolanti, standing 2 meters away, receives only 4d6 damage. (Lucky Phil, ed.)

³See "Abilities" for full details about this attack.

Talents: Currol is well-versed in World Lore, and knows all about the Fiery Pits of the Underworld. His Dodge skill is 150%.

Abilities: Currol has one remarkable ability; his *Soul-Flame*. Some theologians theorize that the source of Currol's *Soul-Flame* is the spark of life which is a part of all souls, but which in Currol's case has been twisted to become a manifestation of destructive conflagration.

Currol's *Soul-Flame* does both physical and magical damage. Physical damage is rated at 10d6 less 1d6 for every meter away from Currol. This damage is automatic, and affects three hit locations of any unfortunates near enough to suffer it. Armour protects against this damage for a single melee round; check the *RuneQuest* rules to see if there might be in danger of melting. Similarly, incoming objects must suffer this quantity of damage before they harm Currol. 10d6 is enough to melt bronze and even iron: an iron sword becomes useless and molten after 1d3 strikes; a bronze weapon lasts but one. Magic is consumed by Currol's *Soul-Flame*. Match the Magic Points of the incoming spell (even if cast on a weapon) against Currol's 10d6 damage.

Currol's *Soul-Flame* has long since burned out any source from within, and like all destructive fires, he relies on new combustibles to maintain his flame. Consuming SIZ or entities with Magic Points boosts Currol's Magic Points total; there is no exact ratio for this - factors vary due to environment. Thus, Currol has no problems when in the Chamber of Eternal Heat, but is never seen on Valind's Glacier. In more typical areas, however, Currol consumes 5d6 of his own Magic Points per turn. If he destroys 50 SIZ points of matter, and/or 50 Magic Points of a person, spell or spirit, he gains 1d6 Magic Points.

Currol can also create salamanders by expending Magic Points. 4 Magic Points create 1m3 of salamander. Currol has no control over these creatures, which possess a similar sort of destructive bent as himself.

Vulnerabilities: Currol resides in the Chamber of Eternal Heat; if either of his manifestations are destroyed, he is banished to that realm. Currol takes three times normal damage from ice-associated weapons, spells or spirits.

Ornaya

Second Among the Five

"Hello again Mehmet my son; today I must teach you about the second of the five, whose name is Ornaya. Mehmet my son, beware Ornaya, Lurker in Inky Blackness. This is a lesson which I am loathe to teach you, but which must be learned. A magician's weapon is knowledge; knowledge protects him more surely than the thousand-jewelled armour of Kirijann, and is a sword sharper than the steel-biting blade of the wizard of Enkloso.

"Ornaya is second among the five, because light is always encompassed by darkness. Ornaya is never seen, for she is the Cold One, the One who Touches, the Roaming Shadow. Beware the wiles of Ornaya, Mehmet my son.

"In the Plateau Land, which is vilely called Umathela by the people who now rule it, there was once a magician numbered among the people who we call the God-Learners. This foolish heathen's name was Voin, the Fool of Irkham. Voin used his secrets to study and understand darkness, and many of his waking hours were spent in dark, malicious places where mortals should never tread. Never visit those places, Mehmet my son, even if the light of the Inspired Saint of Ebbeshal shines from within you, you should not tread there.

"So it was that in some silent place where no light has ever shone, Voin came upon the Afreet Ornaya. First he overcame the Shadow Children of Ornaya using a spell of Domination, then he overcame the Screaming Horrors of the Dark using a spell of Silence, and lastly he hid from the Prowling Blackness using a Conceal Soul spell. Then Ornaya spoke to Voin and asked him what he sought; and Voin replied that he sought knowledge. Willingly he opened his mind to Ornaya; now his head is emptier than the void which the gods strove to fill when the world-tree was thrown down. Remember well the deceitfulness of the Afreet, Mehmet my son."

Introduction

Ornaya is a wandering spirit; her "body" is composed of darkness, although she is not a shade. A number of darkness related creatures live within Ornaya's body, and are absolutely loyal to her. Some have theorised that these beings are actually a part of Ornaya itself. Ornaya dwells in a place where there is no light, only darkness and a seemingly eternal, flat, plain.



Worship

Worship is conducted using a summoning ritual exactly as described in The Horned God cult in Gods of Glorantha. The following Divine Magic is available from Ornaya:

Common Divine Spell:

Summon <Ornaya>.

Special Divine Spells :

Command Shade, Daemon Pact, Fear, Summon Shade, Summon Screaming Horror.

Note that no *Command Screaming Horror* spell is available; Screaming Horrors must be persuaded by other means. Interestingly enough, they have evolved no communicative means, so summoners usually trap them, or use spells such as *Mindlink*.

Summons

The spell *Summon <Ornaya>* can be found in many places. A typical place might be carved into a wall in a location sacred to Subere, the Primal Darkness.

The ritual must be conducted in a place which is absolutely black and absolutely silent. The place should be sacred to a deity associated with darkness (Kyger Litor, Subere, Arkat Kingtroll, and so on). There should be five individuals present at the summoning, each must be either blind, or blindfolded, and all should wear black. There must be room in the place for Ornaya to manifest.

The Prowling Blackness

STR 88 INT15

11-20	Left Claw	11-20	6/37*
01-10	Right Claw	01-10	6/37*

*Note that each claw can never be reduced below zero hit points. If a claw is reduced to zero halve the damage done by the Blackness. If both are reduced to zero the Blackness can no longer attack and must retreat.

Move: 5 m/sr

Magic Points: 74 average (7d20)

Weapon	SR	Attk%	Damage
Rip ¹	1	150	2d6+4d6+ Magic Point drain

¹The Blackness's Rip attack takes the form of cold, icy claws ripping at their target. These usually cannot be dodged or parried since the Blackness always attacks from behind or above its target. In addition, the Rip attack drains 1d3 Magic Points from its target if damage penetrates armour; these points may be added to the Hit Point total of the Blackness.

Skills: Lifesense Scan 110%.

Abilities: The Prowling Blackness is immune to psychological effects such as *Demoralize* or *fearshock*. It does not suffer from bloodloss.

Ornaya will always manifest englobing her summoner. When summoned, she is never accompanied by any Screaming Horrors, or by any possessed physical entities.

For a price Ornaya is most commonly known to impart knowledge about the deep recesses of the Underworld with which she is familiar. On the mundane plane, she will never leave ground sacred to a darkness deity, but might consider remaining in one at a cost. Ornaya's most common price is the heart of a Light cultist, and perhaps more than one, or one of a high rank, if Ornaya feels the job at hand deserves it.

Seeking Out Ornaya

To gain access to her without summoning or worship, Ornaya can be sought out on the Plain of Eternal Darkness, somewhere in the Underworld. Seeking her out here can be done using the same procedure given under *Seeking Out the Five*.

Ornaya

Ornaya, Lurker in Inky Blackness, is a disembodied

Ornaya, Lurker in Inky Blackness

SIZ 40m3 INT 42

POW 52

Move: 6 m/sr

Magic Points: 52

Weapon	SR	Attk%	Damage
Cold Damage ¹	10	auto.	1 to total hit points

¹This damage effects anything within Ornaya's "body". The damage can be location specific if only one location is engulfed.

Talents: Ornaya knows many dark secrets, but is loathe to share them with anybody. Asrelia's halls are one of her haunts.

Abilities: Ornaya can engage any number of targets in her "body" in spirit combat, but must divide her magic points equally between each victim. Additionally, one MP vs MP attack per melee round has an effect as per the *Fearshock* attack of a shade.

By dominantly possessing an individual, Ornaya can impart knowledge (training through the usual means) in applicable skills such as darktongue, Navigate Asrelia's Halls, etc., or can drive the victim insane by attacking INT instead of Magic Points (INT loss is permanent).

By expending Magic Points Ornaya can create her Shadow Children - shades. Each Magic Point expended creates 1m3 of shade; the shade will obey her once.

A number of Darkness creatures reside within Ornaya. These are loyal to her, and usually consist of 1d10 Screaming Horrors and The Prowling Blackness. Sometimes there may be the bodies of dominantly possessed creatures in there also, although Ornaya is still limited to their typical sensual capabilities.

Vulnerabilities: If Ornaya's Magic Points are reduced to zero, she is banished to the dark plain where she normally resides.



spirit, whose presence is betrayed by a 40m3 cloud of darkness. She is not a shade.

The Prowling Blackness

This hideous entity is completely imperceptible except by senses which sense substance (dwarf Earthsense). The Prowling Blackness is a solid, invisible, form without POW or Magic Points. If it can ever be perceived the Blackness has the form of two floating, clawed hands. Some suggest that it is a physical aspect of Ormaya.

Screaming Horrors

Screaming Horrors are monsters which reside in the underworld, and which attack by disrupting sound dependant senses. In darkness they are invisible; in shadow or bright light they have been seen to have many different forms, sometimes humanoid. Screaming Horror characteristics vary tremendously; given here are guidelines only.



Screaming Horrors

STR 2d6	INT 3d6	POW 4D6	
SIZ 2d6+3	DEX 2d6+6		
19-20	Head	20	0/4
16-18	L.A.	18-19	0/3
13-15	R.A.	16-17	0/3
12	Chest	11-15	0/5
09-11	Abdm	07-10	0/4
05-08	L.L	04-06	0/4
01-04	R.L	01-03	0/4

*Screaming Horrors are usually humanoid

Move: 6 m/sr
 Magic Points: 14
 Hit Points: 10
 DEX SR: 3

Weapon	SR	Attk %	Damage
Scream ¹	1	auto.	1d6 to total hit points

¹No matter how many Screaming Horrors are present, only 1d6 can ever be sustained from this attack, unless a particularly immense Screamer has a scream which does more. Armour of any kind (except sonic) is useless against it. The scream usually affects All within 5 meters of the Screamer. Screamers are immune to damage from other Screamers.

Skills: Dodge 40 +1, Lifesense Scan 55+3²

²"Lifesense" is the ability to "see" life. It does not function on inanimate objects unless they are within the vicinity of a living organism. Effectively, living objects act like beacons or lanterns for these creatures.

Abilities: Screaming Horrors are invisible in the dark (-75% chance to hit); this invisibility decreases as light intensity increases. In direct sunlight Screamers are fully visible, but in pitch blackness darksense and vision are ineffective against them.

Screaming Horrors scream at all times; darksense dependent creatures have their sense severely disrupted by this scream (-75% to all skills dependent on Darksense).

Screaming Horrors have no CON characteristic, and are hence immune to disease, blood loss and incapacitation.

*Next Issue: "Coven of Five" Part Two
 Larcemal, Thing of Spiders; Gordol the Enslaver;
 Egrekol, Drinker of Blood...*

Prophecies of the Hero Wars

CHAOS PROMISES: Acac the Revivifier, 1472 ST

"Long ago came Jotimam, then Kajabor, then Wakboth. Then the mighty men and women of old fought us and we lost. Then Gbaji came anyway. Now the world is inside-out. Already has Gbaji come again. Soon will come the mighty men and women. But this time Wakboth and Kajabor will conquer. Then Jotimam destroys all."

Acac the Revivifier was a pen-name of an author claiming to be a broo. His writings entered Fonrit in 1472, mingling horrendous curses upon humanity with enigmatic prophesies of cosmic ruin. Several attempts to seek out and kill Acac failed utterly.

The "mighty men and women" referred to in the prophecy are presumably the combatants of the Hero Wars. Gbaji, of course, is the deity of seductive chaos, Wakboth the chaos god of evil. Kajabor is the destroyer, chaos god of entropy, and Jotimam was the Void at the center of the world, now transformed into Magasta's Pool. The meaning of the prophecy is obscure, but clearly threatening.

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BROO SOCIETY

Notes from Nochet

A Perspective

by Mark Holsworth & David Hall

Additional Input by MOB

This work is a translation of documents found in the XXVIIIth and XXIXth volumes of the Nochet Collectanea. Introduction and Notes by the temple Collator, Theodopolus Pandarus, are signified by italics.

(XXIX.9-91)

Broo Sexuality and Society

by the lector Marius Hippolytus, field instructor, Imperial Military College, Alkoth.

(It would ridiculous to assume, of course, that Hippolytus himself penned this entry: more likely, it is a paraphrase of a chapter in the "Light of Action", a Lunar military manual produced annually by the Imperial Military College at Alkoth. We have a 1604 edition in the reserve collection, spoil of the Building Wall war. Just who set this excerpt down here, and his reasons for doing so, are unknown. Theo. P.)*

The key feature of all broo society - whether feral or wild, and even amongst those veteran skirmishers who serve as auxiliaries in the Lunar army - is that of the "Big Brother" (BB). This is the only natural social relationship that broos achieve is due to their unique sexuality. Broo sexuality is masculine parthenogenesis. It is parasitic and ultimately fatal to the raped host, which need not be,



and in fact rarely ever is, another broo.

Indeed, the host need not even be female, although a female host will greatly increase the chance of a broo foetus developing successfully. To my knowledge, female broo do not exist. *(Not so! According to Baythir Teen's Menagerie of the Wastelands, some 15% of broo there are female. He does not elaborate on the female's role in broo sexuality. One wonders if Hippolytus, whose knowledge of brookind is prodigious, was in fact aware of female broo, but suppressed this information because it did not fit in with his Big Brother theory? Such is the perfidy of our Lunar brothers in Learning!)*

A common chaotic gene allows the broo foetus to both incubate happily in the host's womb or viscera, drawing sustenance and even borrowing genetic material. Such borrowing is apparently quite random, which accounts for the wide variance in broo features, even in those with mothers of the same species. Broo are born physically mature, though necessarily small. They are able to chew and digest meat, even in the womb.

The BB is an older or tougher broo to whom another broo shows "respect" to. In order to keep this situation stable, a BB may allow his "Little Brother" (LB) to find its own LB, and thus become a BB himself. In this way, pyramids of feudal power are established. Broo often desert their BB for another, if the other is perceived to be a stronger leader. Similarly, an LB may turn on his BB, and if successful, gain an instant following of LBs.

A LB shows "respect" to his BB in return for the BB's "help". In order to understand this arrangement I will now explain exactly what broo understand by

A Report by Theodopolus Pandarus, Collator of the Nochet Lhankor Mhy temple of wisdom, on Broos.

The broo is the most populous of all the chaotic races in Glorantha, the bane of hunters, herders, farmers and nomads. The destructive, plague-spreading nature of the broo has too long been a hindrance to a realistic, detailed examination of their biology, sociology and linguistics by the serious scholar. These instructions are intended for the use of decent people who may be forced to deal and fight with broos and is not intended to encourage contact with broos.

*For more information about this book and the Imperial Military College, Alkoth, see "Light of Action" in *Tales of the Reaching Moon* #2.



the words "respect" and "help". "Help" in the broo language is the same sound that a new-born broo makes the first time he is hungry after eating his mother. The "help" offered by a BB will include food and instruction. (*Baythir Teen summarizes the basic instincts of the broo as "survive, breed, kill and spread disease, in that order"*). "Respect" requires the LB to obey his BB implicitly. The more sophisticated BBs may provide their LBs with magical support, weapons and even armour. Due to a perceived "trickle-down" effect, LBs respect and encourage greed in their BBs.

Broo language is an unscrutable mishmash of many tongues, body postures and animalistic grunts. (*Hippolytus may call broo language "unscrutable", but in fact several attempts have been made to set down the broo tongue on paper.*) Feral broo have the most widely variable vocabularies, generally based on the egocentric ideas of their BB. There is also evidence of a sophisticated form of body language for silent communication.

Many broo will understand snippets of the local predominant tongue, though they themselves may not be able to mouth it. It is essential that at least the chief BBs of broo irregulars understand the basics of the Lunar tongue, and commanders are advised not to employ broo who lack knowledge of simple commands. Those broo with long service of the Empire may speak New Pelorian fluently, though in a degenerate fashion.

Just how much a broo will do for you, and just how long he will follow your commands depends directly on how much he respects you. In dealing with broo a strong hand must be shown at all times if you want his "respect". The broo will probably try hard to win back-downs and compromises. Acquiescence is always regarded as a sign of weakness by broo. Winning their respect is difficult; regaining it after losing it, doubly so. (*As evidenced by the behavior of various broo auxiliary units in Occupied Sartar, who seem to swing back and forth from loyalty, much to the chagrin of their commanders,*

not to mention the dismay of the Sartarites.)

Lunar commanders who must employ broo are advised to retain the natural BB structure intact, merely grafting human officers into it at appropriate levels. Care must be taken to select the right sort of soldier to deal with the broo; my personal preference lies with NCOs straight from the Danfive Xaron Punishment legions, who themselves work under a sort of BB system.

(XXVIII.765-61)

Some Broos of Note

by Thredbo the Traveller, wild sage.

(*Unlike the others, this entry is not from the "Light of Action" manual. Rather, it is the work of Thredbo, sometime sage of this temple. My thanks must go to the grey sage Salokin Dyoll for letting me gain access to Book XXVIII of the Collectanea, which he still steadfastly refuses to return to the reserve collection. Theo. P.*)

Broos of note are very rare, but some deserve description.

Perhaps most worthy of all broo is the Wild Healer of the Rockwoods, a broo born out of the so-called "Big Brother" system and now almost legendary. Legend he is not, as I can attest, having met and conversed with him several times on my travels upland. The Wild Healer is a thoroughly peaceful creature, although often the target of fame-seekers and Storm Bull berserks.

Similarly, in far-off Prax once lived a broo known as "the Cleansed One". Disgusted by his chaotic being, this being is said to have purified itself in the waters of the River of Cradles, also known as the Zola Fel.

In the Lunar lands lives another "worthy" broo, Cory Nahave, a shaman declared by Telleman Ergeoi (*the famous, controversial Carmanian philosopher*) to be the wisest chaotic he had ever spoken with. Cory Nahave served the Sultans of Darjiin for a century, but is now reputedly resident on the Moon.

Also a notable Lunar broo was Centurion Trigaurden, the three-limbed giant broo who served with Yana Aranis in the Second Pentian War (*also known as The Nights of Horror*). Trigaurden was very much within the "Big Brother" system and controlled his 106 "Little Brothers" with great discipline. Out of pure fear they would travel upwards of 40 km a day to keep up with their leader's mighty strides. (*Trigaurden's skeleton is now said to be incorporated into the defenses of the Temple of the Reaching Moon in Mirin's Cross, Saird.*)

Ralzakark is styled King of the Broos in Dorastor. It is said that visitors to his court at Fort Wrath must pay a toll of one

(XXIX.9-119)

Broo Dietary Requirements

by Orestes Batterspoon (of the University Guards Field Kitchen)

(*This is another excerpt from the "Light of Action" manual. Again, who wrote it down in the Collectanea is unknown. Theo. P.*)

Broos invariably have tough stomachs, and while most prefer meat, many are able to digest rough fodder. Practically immune to disease, they will happily gorge themselves on all manner of carrion or refuse (even their own kind), at any level of putrefaction. As a consequence, despite the numerous problems associated with maintaining broo skirmishers in the field, they present no problems for the field kitchen.

Broos prefer red meat, and fight furiously amongst themselves for fresh liver or lightly seared intestines, which they will attempt to swallow whole. Excessive quantities of milk will induce vomiting and Malia's Bottom (*the "runs", as we call it*), but this will not stop broo from drinking it in large amounts.

Broo take a perverse delight in consuming human flesh, and must be supervised carefully during the occupation of captured cities. Other favourite items include very sweet wine and other sugary foods. A special recipe for major celebrations, or when attempting to restore discipline, is Blood-sweets. (*Bloodsweets are also a very useful trade or gift item, according to Lassivirus, an old Issaries friend of mine*)



Bloodsweets

Ingredients

Fresh blood, sugar (or heavy fruit syrup, or honey), baking soda.

Method

The sugar is dissolved into the blood and mixed thoroughly in proportions of 4:5 over a low fire. Boil and simmer for five hours (*Lassivirus warns to keep broo upwind during this phase; the smell is enough to drive them into a ravenous frenzy!*) Add the baking soda and stir quickly. Pour into bread pans and allow to set.



magic item to gain an audience with him or continue through his realm. But who would want to visit a broo?

(XXIX.10-06)

Broo Military Dancing

by *Lergius Cassius deputy commander of Lunar forces, Duckpoint region (military district #14).*

(Again, taken from the "Light of Action" manual by our unknown recorder. Theo. P.)

Broo Military Dancing was invented by the Yanafarl Ta'arnils rune lord Fiscus Twelve Boom during Hon-eel's Wane (1464-1518 S.T.). Twelve Boom was given command of one of the first broo skirmish units employed in the field (incidentally, as a punishment for refusing another command). General Twelve Boom used his broo extremely effectively, but was murdered (and eaten) during a lapse of discipline. He is quoted as saying, "It relieves the aggression and energy of this hideous race."

A drummer is required to keep a steady beat, to which the broo may give a howling and grunting accompaniment. The dancing is quite unstructured, and involves leaping around, spinning and shaking. The only rule is that no participant may touch another, and overseers must take care to see this does not happen.

Before this rule was instituted, there was a tendency for the jostling broos to settle scores, bully, and commit acts of random violence on one another, under the guise of "dancing".

(XXIX.11-400)

Chaos Units in the Lunar Army

From the private correspondence of Griflet Asread, Sage of Lhankor Mhy at the Highest temple in Jansholm. Circa 1617 S.T.

...it is an interesting question, and from what little research I have been able to accomplish, I conclude that the Chaotic races make up less than one in twenty of the Emperor's Army. However, in reality the Lunar Army uses chaos in three distinctive ways.

Firstly, there is enslaved chaos, the prime example of which is the Crimson Bat. I also have had reports of a giant of a Walktapi which is kept chained near



Borni's landing in Tarsh, apparently it is controlled by Lunar magicians. Other documents speak of deranged Jack O'Bears and Dragonsnails, but I can find no corroborative evidence.

Secondly, there are chaos auxiliary troops, or more likely auxiliary hordes. These units are like most similar groups used elsewhere in Genertela, transitory and extremely unreliable. Yet, even so, the Lunar Army seems to get more out of these sorts of war bands than most, often being able to hold on to their services for more than one season. Typically broos are hired as light skirmishers, or as disease-ridden suicide troops to throw against an

enemy line, or catapult into a besieged city. Scorpionman tribes, and Ogre clans have also been hired in the past (most recently in the punitive raids on Brolia).

Lastly, there are those units and individuals that serve in the regular army. The latter are found in the army alongside human soldiers (though one wonders about the effects this has on morale) or in small groups of their own.

The actual units that serve in the Lunar Army are few in number and directly controlled by the Red Emperor himself. Also, it is unclear whether they exist as regular units, or whether they are always disbanded in times of peace. Very few



Broo Society

records exist concerning them except about their use in certain battles and campaigns, and in times of peace they are rarely mentioned except in rumour. Their organization also remains somewhat of a mystery; from the few testimonials I have it would appear that wherever possible a typical Lunar regimental organization is used.

In the recent past I have confirmed that use has been made of at least one regiment of Broo as light skirmishers, as this was organized in the Lunar fashion (I can send you my source if you wish?). I have assumed it to be regular in its operations. Another Broo regiment, which I have only hear rumours of, is said to be part of the Imperial Bodyguard, and to be composed of Humakti worshippers from Dorastor. These rumours are persistent, but unconfirmed, and my own inclination is to treat them with extreme scepticism.

Ogres are another source of regular troops. I have here supply returns from 1552 which suggest that at least two half-strength heavy infantry units have been formed. Their last documented use was during the siege of Boldhome in 1602. However their penchant for human flesh does pose some unique logistical problems! This was amply illustrated by the Ogre Riots of 1564 when a unit of them rampaged through Filichet. The official board of inquiry reported that upwards of 1000 civilians and 400 Lunar soldiers were eaten, before the unit's grievances were assuaged. Apparently their diet of half-starved slaves was not rich enough for them!

As we both know, Vampires have also been used by the Lunars in the past, and I have on record a number of testimonials by deserters that suggest they form part of a Vampire Regiment.

No, there are no reports of any Scorpionman units, if they existed in organized units they would certainly make formidable opponents.

Creatures such as Walktapi, Jack O'Bears, Gorps and Dragonsnails (and most Primal Chaos worshippers, for that matter) I would suggest are far too uncontrollable to be useful.

I would also suggest that worshippers of deities such as Krarsht, and Ikadz are less likely to be found in the army, and more likely found in the Empire's bureaucracy and government. There, I am sure, they find plenty of opportunities to perpetrate and spread their insidious practises.

Here ends my report, in the
name of True Knowledge.
Theo. Pandarus, Grey Sage.

RUMOURS

1. The runes for Krarsht should be Chaos and Fate, not Chaos and Undead as in Gods of Glorantha. R
2. The Yelmialio cult possess a unique spirit magic spell "Seek Sun Dome", which enables the caster to locate the direction of the nearest Yelmialio temple. T
3. The musical instrument of Zorak Zorani trolls is, unfortunately, trollkin. R
4. The existence of Grotaron in Glorantha is a really good idea. F
5. In years past, Chaosium's house campaign history was partly worked out using miniatures rules for large scale combat. T - look out for "Warhamster", Sandy Petersen's version of these rules in a forthcoming issue of Tales!
6. Slotted into the RQ production schedule are two new products - *Adventures on the Frontier*, a 60 page book of scenarios set around Pavis and Sun County; and *HeroQuest*. B
7. The Gloranthan edition of *Penthouse* magazine features explicit, full-colour pictorials of the very best in horse-nomad tent architecture. B
8. The concept of FREE INT will be removed from the RQ4 Sorcery rules. T
9. The Editor of *Tales* supped on such exotic Australian delicacies as witchettie grub soup, crocodile in mango sauce and emu scallopini when Down Under - stuff no sane Aussie would touch with a ten-foot barge pole! T

T = True R = May or may not be true at the referee's option.
F = False B = Generally true, but with a substantial false component.

cataloguing disease. The entry above (XXIX.16-116) being a flawless exemplar. It is then, left to the *Ætiographer* to postulate, research and record possible cures, remedies and alleviations for the sick. The first and foremost action one must take when dealing with an outbreak of the Britleskin disease is to immediately isolate those afflicted and to locate and stifle the source of infection. Note also that ordinary Healing magics are ineffective when treating the skin lesions of the sufferer; yet the Repair spell seems to have an effect! A full cure can only be achieved with the assistance of a Healing Spirit, or powerful rune-magic. The disease is both horrible to live with and difficult to die with: a victim may live out ten years or more before dying of another cause. *Mirashi, Healer-Priestess of Deezola, The Binder Within*. (XXIX. 16-120) Fed up with bread and meat? Come to Ragar's stall on Greens Street and get some cabbage. (XXIX. 16-121) Of Guilmar the Fat, king of Seshnela, it has been said (though not in his hearing) that "he was a man of splendid abilities but utterly corrupt. Like rotten mackerel by moonlight, he shines and stinks." (XXIX.16-122) The seven principal mouths of the Oslir; the Canopic first, and then, in order, the Bolbitinic, the Sebermytic, the Pineptimic, the Mendestic, and Tانيتic and the Pelusiatic. (XXIX. 16-123) As related to Khost by N'qoboka, fire-priest of the M'dlaka impi: "This we know. All things are connected like the blood which unites one family. All things are connected. Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of the earth. Man did not weave the web of life: he is merely a strand of it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself." (XXIX. 16-124) Smoking elven dreamweed, White Niall, that same elf-friend who yearned to be the Pavis Champion, fell into a deep slumber and had this awful vision: "...and lo, the traitorous elves of The Garden, feeling themselves spurned by

W R V 2 7 0 T : . A Y D P W U X G I O * I I I O A H A



The Crimson Bat

Steed of the Red Goddess

I. Mythos And History

The Crimson Bat was once a natural animal, but was horribly mutated by the flood of chaos which infected the world in the Great Darkness. It became one of the myriad horrors which ade up the legions of chaos. It survived the destruction of the armies of chaos in the last battles of the Gods War and haunted the hero plane, a nightmare of chaos might.

In the Third Age, the Red Goddess left her people to visit the elder gods, forging her place among their pantheons to earn her apotheosis. While she was on this heroquest, powerful enemy lords took the opportunity to strike. Their armies converged on her capital. At the climax of the seige, the Goddess returned, riding the Bat. The battle, a Lunar triumph, was ever after known as the First Battle of Chaos. Since then, the Bat has been the symbol of Lunar chaos, hated by the Empire's foes, and distrusted even by many Lunar faithfuls.

The cult of the Crimson Bat concerns itself little with any afterlife. Common folk believe that the souls of the Bat's worshippers are forfeit after death. Everyone knows that anyone or anything eaten by the Bat is utterly lost, body and soul. Death in the Bat's maw means annihilation, not just death. This is a major reason for the terror inspired by the Bat.

The Bat's runes are those of Moon and Chaos.

II. Cult Ecology

The Crimson Bat and its priests are part of the Lunar College of Magic. It is extremely important to the Lunar Empire as a weapon of war. Not least among its abilities is its psychological effect on foes - more than one potential rebellion has been quelled by the Bat's mere presence. The Bat's few worshippers and priests travel with the creature.

The cult has no true holy days, but the Bat must be fed every Black and Dying day (Waterday and Clayday of the common Theyalan week), or catastrophe occurs.

III. The Cult In The World

The Bat is an evil. Not even Lunar citizens claim otherwise. However, through its evil, it brings great good to the Lunar Empire and thus justifies its existence. The priests are important officers in the Lunar College of Magic, and they ride the holy steed of the Goddess. Both civil and military authorities usually cooperate fully with

the cult, at least overtly.

The Crimson Bat is found in the forefront of battle when the Lunar Empire is at war. In peacetime, it is stationed in frontier kingdoms, especially less populated lands, where its depredations can cause less harm. It continually wanders, travelling from land to land, a gruesome reminder of the might of the Red Moon.

The Bat serves as its own temple. It priests receive all their available Rune Magic from it, despite their small number. The Bat has no shrines.

The Bat's cult varies in size, as priests and initiates die or are fed to their god. Generally, it consists of 10-20 priests and 15-100 initiates. All travel with the Bat.

IV. Lay Members

A prospective lay member must acknowledge the power of the Lunar Empire and provide the Bat with an intelligent sacrifice. Lay members must assist the initiates in their search for fodder. He must donate all his personal magic points but one to the bat when accepted.

Lay membership is not permanent. On the following week, a lay member must provide another sacrifice or his status is cancelled. Since the Bat is nomadic, this is normally not a problem, and most lay members let their status lapse as soon as convenient.

In return, lay members are eaten by the Bat only after all noncultists have been devoured.

V. Initiates

Initiates do not come from the ranks of the lay members. A potential initiate must present himself before a priest. The candidate must fulfill all the standard requirements, proving his capability in the four following skills: Ceremony, Search, Track, Weapon Attack. He must know the spirit magic spell of *Slow* or the sorcery spell of *Hinder*. He must be in good shape, neither a cripple nor an imbecile. He sacrifices a point of POW to the Bat and donates all his worldly goods to the cult (though he still retains use of them).

Initiates obey the Bat's priests. They seek out food for the Bat, accompany the priests on hunting expeditions, and accept lay members when necessary. An initiate has become part of the Lunar armed forces and cannot leave the cult under penalty of death before he has served for twenty years, unless the initiate is permanently crippled. He must sacrifice at least one magic point to the Bat each Black and Dying day.

Special Crimson Bat Skill

Bat Mastery

(00%)

This Magic skill enables the user to control the Bat under normal conditions. Only one person can attempt this skill at a time, and it gives control for a full day. If the Bat has gone on a rampage through lack of food, this skill is useless. However, after it has fed itself and is again satiated, the skill can be used to bring it back under control.

The skill can be raised by experience, (though the local populace will not cheer the student when he fails), but is more normally trained by the priests. One must accompany the Bat to be trained or research this skill.



THE CRIMSON BAT

This is an awesome chaos demon bound to the service of the Red Goddess.

The Crimson Bat has a 90 meter wingspan, and weighs almost exactly 1000 metric tons. Its body length, from head to tail, is about 20 meters. It is always accompanied by its cult of from 10-20 priests and 15-100 initiates.

The Crimson Bat

STR	340	Move:	10
CON	1200	Hit Points:	702
SIZ	204	Fatigue:	1640
INT	13	Magic Pts:	app. 2500 .
DEX	20		(MPs vary with worship & food supply)
		DEX SR:	1

location	melee *	missile	armor/hp
r leg	01-02	01	85/176
l leg	03-04	02	85/176
abdomen	05-06	03-06	85/281
chest	07-08	07-11	85/281
r wing	09-12	12-14	85/234
l wing	13-16	15-17	85/234
head	17-20	18-20	85/234

* beings with a SIZ of less than 70 or so do not use this table — they just hit the nearest portion of the Crimson Bat.

weapon	sr	atk%	damage
Breath Cloud	1	Auto.	3d6+10 acid cloud
Chaos Scream	1	Auto.	fear
Eye Spit	1	Auto.	destroys magic
First Tongue	2	750	12d6+40 acid + 2d100 constriction
Scnd Tongue	3	750	12d6+40 acid + 2d100 constriction
Third Tongue	4	750	12d6+40 acid + 2d100 constriction
Tentacles	5	100	3d6+10 acid + grapple
Bite	10	500	33d6 + 2500 acid (add food mps to bat's mps)
Wing Buffet	10	Auto.	wind, STR 136

Notes: Each combat round the Bat may use every one of its attacks on the listed SR. Each attack can be directed towards a different target (or group of targets).

Breath Cloud: has a range of 750 meters and blankets an area 50 meters across, affecting every hit location of every creature caught within.

Chaos Scream: by spending magic points, the Bat can emit a dreadful, madly chaotic keening which affects all creatures within 4 km except the Bat's initiates. All creatures must match the magic points spent by the Bat vs. their own magic points on the Madness table. Results are as per the Madness table. The Bat's Chaos Scream and Bite attacks are effective vs. spirits.

Eye Spit: by spending magic points, the Bat can spray chaotic blood from its eyes, drenching everywhere within 80 meters of the Bat. Everyone struck by the blood loses 1 point of divine magic per each magic point the Bat spent. Divine magic currently affecting the target is eliminated first, then divine magic for which he has sacrificed. If not all spells are eliminated, the target chooses which he retains.

Tongues: the first tongue has 150 HP and a 100m range. The second tongue has 125 HP and a 200m range. The third tongue has 100 HP and a 300m range. Anything grabbed by

Initiates are fed to the Bat only after all available lay members have been devoured. The priests train initiates in the cult skills when time is available, thus honing their abilities.

VI. Priests

Priests are the masters of the Bat. They ride it into battle and control its actions in accordance with the wishes of the Lunar Empire. They are appendages of the Bat, fulfilling its needs before all else.

A candidate for priest must have the skill of Crimson Bat Mastery 90% or more. His chance for acceptance on 1d100 is equal to his POW x 2 plus the number of intelligent beings he has personally captured and fed to the Bat. A priest must dedicate himself to the Bat wholly, giving 100% of his income and 100% of his time to its service.

They can belong to other cults as well, but the bat is always their primary cult, and they must stay with the bat, worshipping at other temples only when convenient. He need not donate any magic points to the Bat, though this is not forbidden. Priests are only eaten after all initiates have become Bat fodder.

Common Divine Magic

Dismiss Magic, Extension, Mindlink, Warding.

Special Divine Magic

Absorption, Glowspot, Shield, Power Drain

Special Crimson Bat Divine Magic Spells

Absorption 1 point
ranged, temporal, stackable, reusable.

This skill works as does the normal RuneQuest spell, with two exceptions. First, it is half-again as effective in screening out magic (drop all fractions), ie. a single point stops two points of divine magic, or three points of spirit magic or sorcery. Second, all magic points absorbed go directly to the Bat and are not made available to the user.

Glowspot 3 points
self, temporal, nonstackable, reusable.

This spell causes the user to glow with a lurid crimson light, with a radius of 20 meters. All Lunar magic cast from the glow acts as if cast on the day of the Full Moon.

Power Drain 2 points
ranged, temporal, nonstackable, reusable.

The target of this spell gains the ability to drain magic points by touch, much as does a vampire. When he successfully touches an opponent, whether or not in combat, he can match his magic points vs. his victim's magic points. If he overcomes his victim, that victim loses 1d6 magic points, which flow directly to the Crimson Bat.



VII. Associated Cults

Primal Chaos

The source of all chaos provides the spell of *Chaos Feature* to its scion.

Red Goddess

Priests of the Crimson Bat can join other Lunar cults, though the Bat must always remain their primary cult. They are able to become initiates of the Red Goddess if they qualify.

VIII. Miscellaneous Notes

Feeding The Bat

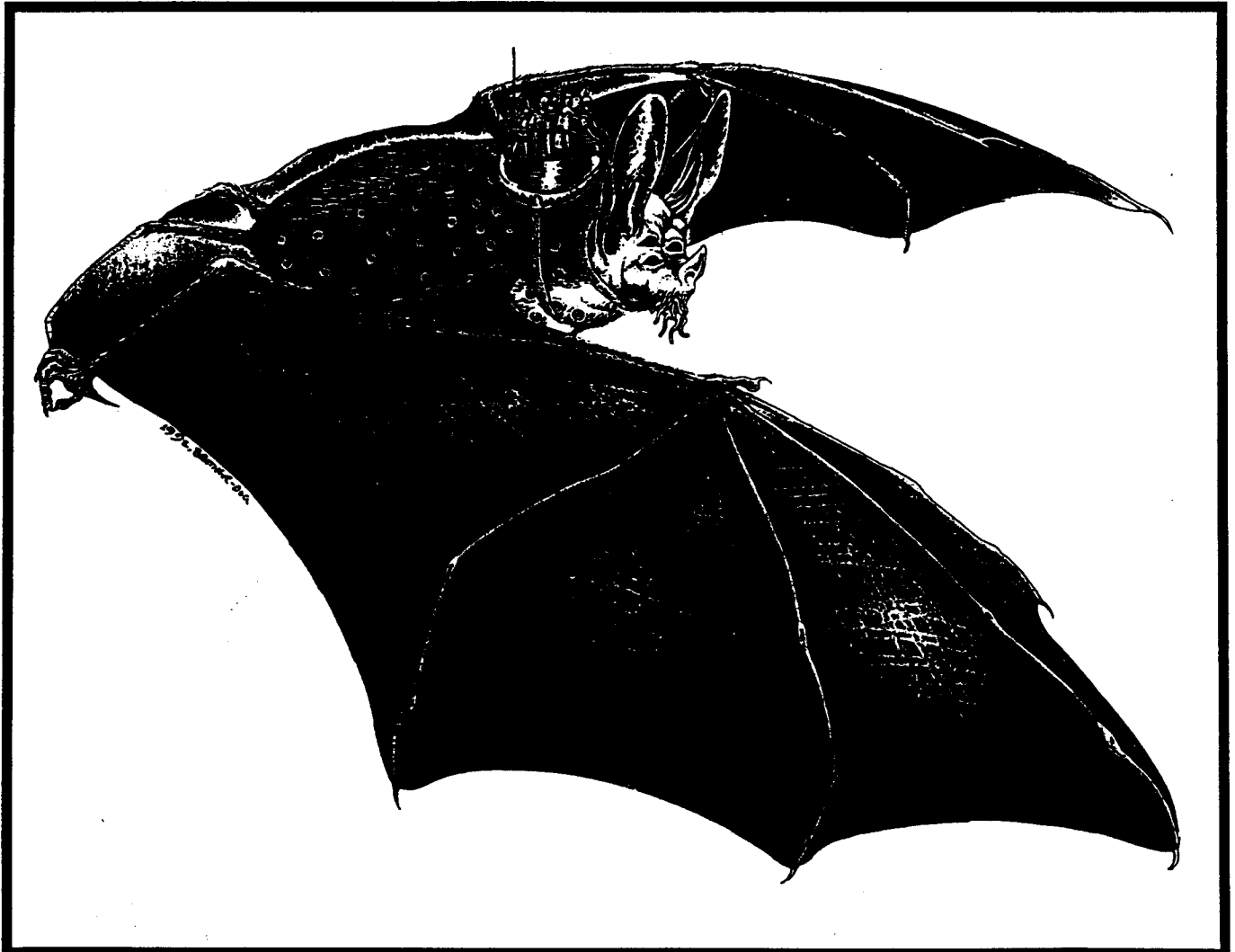
The Crimson Bat must eat at least 5000 points of INT and POW each Black and Dying Day. Each creature fed to the Bat contributes his combined INT and POW to the total. On the average, approximately 220 humans suffice for each Bat feeding day, each donating 23 - 24 to the necessary 5000 point minimum. Of course, 500 or so cattle would serve as well.

Bat Hunger Table

Food Points needed to sate Bat if:

Phase of the Moon	One day missed	Both days missed
Crescent-Come	10,000	15,000
Empty Half	20,000	30,000
Full	40,000	60,000
Full Half	80,000	120,000

If a Black or Dying feeding day is missed, the Lunar Empire pays the price of Chaos. The Bat transforms, and starts to lose its ability to remain on the material plane. Until it has been satiated, its hunger can only be satisfied by feeding upon initiates of any Lunar cult. The amount of food it must devour is listed on the Bat Hunger table, above. If not fed all the initiates necessary to sate its hunger in a single day, those initiates that are devoured count towards satisfying it, but the amount of food it demands still grows normally. For example, if the Bat did not feed on a Black day, and devoured one unit on the next Crescent day, it would need to devour 15,000 food points of initiates on the next Empty half day to be satisfied.





a tongue is popped into the Bat's mouth on SR 10 of the same round unless the target can overcome the Bat's STR with his own STR or reduce the tongue to 0 or fewer hit points. The tongues have no armor, though the Bat's priests may cast defensive spells upon them.

Tentacles: the Bat's lips continually shoot out tentacles. Each round, the Bat attacks with 1d100 tentacles against an equal number of targets. Anyone hit by a tentacle is pulled into the Bat's mouth on SR 10 of the same round, unless he overcomes the tentacle's STR (a separate 1d100 roll) with his own. These tentacles can only attack targets within 10m of the Bat's mouth.

Bite: the Bat's jaws can unhinge to swallow unimaginably large things. Ordinarily, it can swallow anything with a SIZ up to 70. On a critical bite, it can swallow anything with a SIZ up to 204.

Wing Buffet: the wings can make a wind with a STR of 136.

OTHER ABILITIES

Magic Points: The Bat's magic points are equal to the number of magic points devoured on its last feeding day plus the number of magic points donated by its initiates and priests since then.

Ticks: the Bat's body hosts a number of SIZ 4 ticks. Anyone climbing aboard the Bat (except an initiate of the Bat) is attacked by 1d6 ticks each combat round. Each tick has only one hit location.

GIANT CHAOTIC TICK

STR	5	Move 1
CON	56	Fatigue: 61
SIZ	4	
INT	1	
POW	20	
DEX	15	

Body Armor/Hit Points: 12/30.....

Weapon	SR	Attack	Damage
Bite	3	180%	8d6

When a tick penetrates armor, it attaches itself and drains 4d6 fatigue (blood) on each ensuing round. Once the victim has lost fatigue equal to the total of his combined STR and CON, the tick drains STR (permanently) instead. Anyone bitten by a tick is automatically infected with Soul Waste, and must attempt CON rolls to prevent the disease progressing to serious or terminal stages.

Perceptions: the Bat's body boils with eyes. 1d100 eyes are open and watching on any given melee round, making it difficult to surprise. The Bat can see both the spirit and the hero plane. The Tongue attacks can grapple spirits and pull them into the Bat's mouth unless the spirit overcomes the Bat's STR with its own (only possible for the spirits possessing STR).

Resistance vs. Magic: spells cast at the Bat take normal effect. However, the caster permanently loses the spell, though he can relearn it (if spirit magic or sorcery), or sacrifice for it (if divine). When cast on a Black or Dying day, such spells donate their POW (for divine) or free INT used by the spell (for spirit magic and sorcery) to the Bat's food supply.



If the bat is not fed by sunset of the following Full Half day, it must return to the hero plane. If the bat is forced back to the hero Plane before it is sated, it goes into a frenzy in its frustration to remain in the material world. For one day, it retains the ability to strike at the mundane world directly from the hero plane. It plunders sufficient food to gratify its current hunger, after which it returns to the hero plane indefinitely.

The Bat's worshippers keep on the move - doing otherwise risks starvation. Local rulers usually help feed the Bat, so that it will go on its way. Prisons are emptied, slave pens decimated, even stray cats and dogs gathered.

Killing The Bat

If the Bat's physical form is destroyed, or it is not fed, the Bat is driven back to the hero plane, whence it must be summoned by difficult rituals performed by the Red Emperor himself. The current High Priest is fed to the Bat as part of resummoning ritual, after which a new high priest is chosen.

The Surrounding Population

The Crimson Bat roams the frontier, stopping every week or so in a new area. It has not entered the Lunar Heartland for many years. When the Bat enters an area, the people usually react in one of four ways:

- (1) they flee immediately, with as many of their domestic animals as they can, returning when the Bat has departed; they often to return to find their property confiscated or destroyed.
- (2) They hide, but the cult is expert at tracking down and finding people.
- (3) If captured, they join the cult as lay members, and betray non-cultists; since the Bat eats lay members when needed, this tactic is of uncertain benefit if the population is small or if everyone joins.
- (4) Some fight the cult; unfortunately, the cult is very strong compared to its usual foes, and always has with it the awesome trump of the Crimson Bat itself.

Most people are convinced that assisting the cult causes the least damage. They round up undesirable, traders from other countries, minor cultists, sick cattle, and the like, hoping that the offering is adequate.

The Glowspot

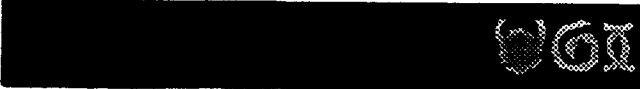
The Bat exudes a force, the power of the Red Moon. All Lunar magicians within its glow can use all magic as if the Moon were full. This glow extends in a radius around the Bat of some 20 kilometers.

IX. Description

The Crimson Bat has a 90 meter wingspan, and weighs almost exactly 1000 metric tonnes. Its body length, from head to tail, is about 20 meters.



Cult of the Crimson Bat is ©1992, Sandy Petersen and Greg Stafford



Ulforg

Master of Devotio

A Chaotic Hero-Cult
By Michael O'Brien and Jon Quaife

I. Mythos And History

Ulforg is thought originally to have been a broo, although nobody is certain. He certainly served his master Ragnaglar well, and willfully embraced the ways of chaos.

Ragnaglar, together with his spouse Thed, mother of the broos, and his lover Malia, mistress of disease, sought a realm of power and influence and found chaos. Chaos exists all around Glorantha, and has a tendency to reestablish itself - thus admitting such forces into the world provoked the Greater Darkness, an age of terror and destruction.

When Ragnaglar was slain by the Storm Bull, and the Devil was pinned beneath the Block, the leaderless chaos armies scattered. Skulking in the darkness, Ulforg unleashed his maddened fiends to ambush the weak and unprotected. Thus they came upon Revenant, a mortal.

Ulforg's encounter with Revenant is the only tale in which this doomed deity is named, and even then his identity is known only because Revenant is thought to be a Second Age quester. The casting down of Ulforg may have even happened within Time itself, perhaps Revenant had learned some of the Jrusteli secrets prevalent during the Second Age, and was thus able to displace this entity from his position in the Otherworld.

The tale goes that Ulforg and his followers were lurking outside the Castle of Black Glass, hiding from the troll deity Zorak Zoran, when they espied the lonely quester Revenant. Ulforg and his minions promptly fell upon him, rending terrible wounds in his body from which bled the Hero's darkness magics. In desperation, Revenant called out to Zorak Zoran, who heard his plea and hastened to the scene. There he set about the ambushers, pausing only to drink the mortal's escaping powers.

However, Ulforg had hidden himself nearby, and when the troll god went away, he attacked the dying Hero once again. Revenant beheld Ulforg devouring his body, and in a fit of anger and revenge

launched himself once more at the chaos monster. So strong was his onslaught that he all but destroyed the foul creature, and threw his spirit down onto the Mundane World.

To this day, Ulforg has remained but a whiff of malignant essence, haunting the area in the Pavis Rubble known as the Devil's Playground, where many chaos things lurk. Ulforg is connected with the runes of Air, Chaos and Disorder, like his master Ragnaglar. In his current condition, Ulforg has only the weakest grasp of any of these powers.

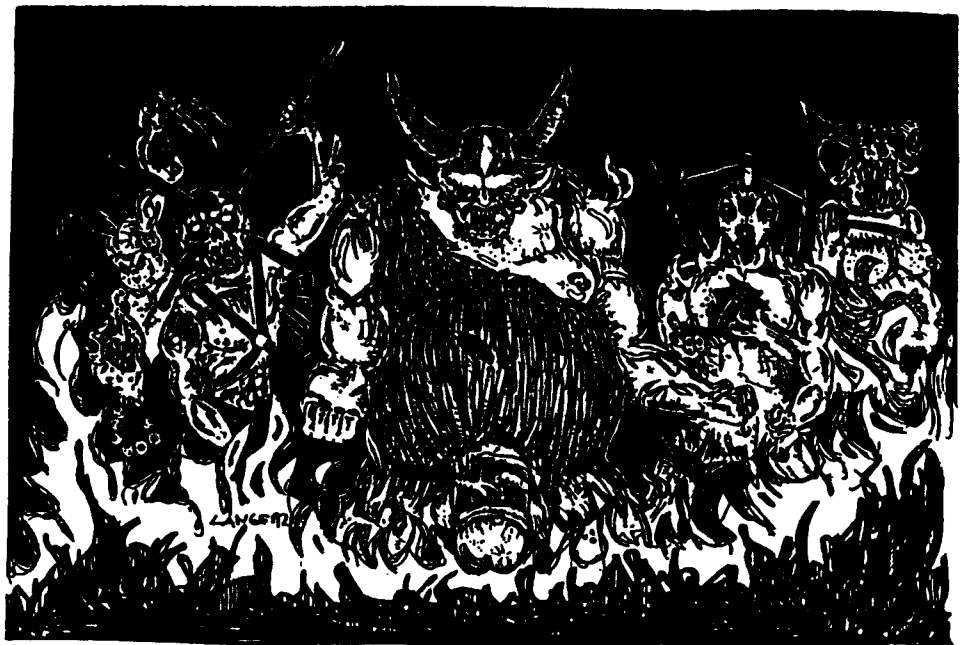
II. Contacting and Summoning Ulforg

Ulforg can be summoned in a few places, although most people are only aware one: the Devil's Playground in the Big Rubble. Other areas include a secret shrine to Thed located within the grasslands of the ruins, and a site known as the Jumble in Vulture's Country. Only a few chaos things know of them.

In order to summon Ulforg forth, the shaman must know the Spirit Spell Summon Ulforg. This can be learned from a broo shaman called Kaba Dee, who wanders in the Genert Wastes east of Bullford, from a spirit called the Lurker, who can be found by a skillful shaman in the Winter Ruins, or from a spell spirit sent by Malia to one of her shamans who must first fast for forty days and nights without food or water.

Once the spell is learned, the summoning ceremony may be performed. The summons procedure detailed in *RuneQuest* should be followed as given, although the shaman need not expend Magic Points in the usual manner to call forth the deity. The ritual takes nine hours to perform, and all the shaman's followers should be present during this time.

When Ulforg appears, he will usually manifest as a huge, bloated human with nacreous, glistening skin, protruding fangs, tremendous genitals and long, pointed horns. He usually wears a filth-spattered toga, and often





dribbles slime or blood. Alongside him manifest the spirits of those who have gone through the ritual of Devotio, but who have yet to pass on to their afterlives.

III. Requirements and Benefits

At this stage, the shaman and all his followers should sacrifice 1 POW to Ulforg, which establishes a link be-

tween him and them. All those thus initiated must now undergo the ritual of Devotio, except the shaman, who may opt out. Such is the nature of the ritual that a shaman may call together a large following, but few will remain initiates of Ulforg for long.

After completing the ritual, participants in the Devotio usually end up with POW 1. Such creatures are characterized by glazed eyes, slurred speech and awkward movement. All POW-based skills will have to be refigured.

As a further mark of their status, the participants are distinctively scarified by the shaman. Often he bites an ear off. It is forbidden for this wound to be healed by magical methods, and often the devotee will leap into his final attack with blood streaming from the mutilation.

IV. The Ritual of Devotio

Ritual ceremony, nonstackable, reusable.

This ritual allows Ulforg devotees to receive extreme magical power in return for the service of their souls to Ulforg for a limited period of time.

First off the referee should determine how many souls are currently in the service of Ulforg. This can be found by rolling 2d20+15. These are the spirits which manifest themselves with Ulforg when he is summoned, and they are the source of his special magic.

Once each initiate has made contact with Ulforg by sacrificing 1 POW to him, Ulforg sends a spirit to each worshipper. The spirit then engages the initiate in spirit combat.

For each round the initiate wins, he must sacrifice 1 POW to Ulforg, in return, he gains 1 point of the spell taught by that spirit cast on him with a 48 hour duration.

The initiate may continue to build up points of that spell if he so desires, or he may break off and sacrifice another POW point to call another spirit and engage it in spirit combat for the first round.

The spirits will engage passively, and will thus not reduce the Magic Points of the initiate. All spirits have 1d8 POW. One spirit can only ever enter into combat with one initiate. Thereafter it is free from Ulforg and can travel to whatever afterlife it might qualify for. These spirits are the souls of previous creatures that have undergone the ritual.

If the spirit is reduced to 0 Magic Points, then it can no longer teach the spell to the initiate. Each spirit knows a spell randomly determined from the Devotio Spell table, at left. The nature of the ritual is suicidal and most participants tend to reduce their POW to 1 in order to benefit most from it.

The ritual has three other marked effects on its participants. First of all, they are under the permanent effect of a *Fanaticism* spell for the duration. Furthermore, devotees need not sleep during the duration of the spell. Most prominently, however, the participant usually dies at the finish. When the spells finally expire, the participant must roll less than his POW x 1 or die. If the victim is a shaman, the POW of his fetch does not count for this purpose. The soul of the victim then passes to Ulforg until it is released by bestowing a spell or chaos gift possessed in its past life to a new summoner. Thus, Ulforg's supply of souls is provided for by his summoners. Victims who had no Spirit Magic or chaos feature still pass on a gift due to the nature of their chaos taint, either possessed previously, or gained as a result of such close association with Ulforg.

Devotio Spell Table

d100 Spell Taught

01-04	Absorption ¹
05-09	Befuddle ²
10-19	Bladesharp
20-28	Bludgeon
29-30	Conflagrate ³
31-36	Coordination
37-41	Countermagic
42-46	Endurance ⁴
47-49	Fireblade ⁵
50-53	Glamour
54-60	Ironhand
61	Light ⁶
62-66	Mobility
67-75	Protection
76-80	Reflect ⁷
81-85	Regenerate ⁸
86-91	Shimmer
92-96	Strength
97-00	Vigour

Notes to Spell Table:

- 1 -- This functions exactly like the Divine spell, except that two points are required to counter one point of Divine Magic, and one point for Sorcery or Spirit Magic.
- 2 -- Befuddle counts as a one-pointer for the purpose of this ritual. The recipient gets to cast the spell once per full turn. This casting works automatically, and uses the POW of the caster against the Magic Points of the recipient. Furthermore, the POW total used is that possessed by the individual before the Devotio ritual began.
- 3 -- Conflagrate causes the body of the recipient to burst into flame when he reaches 0 Hit Points. Each point causes 1d6 damage over 1d4 a meter radius.
- 4 -- Endurance increases the Fatigue total of the individual for the full 48 hours, rather than restoring lost Fatigue Points.
- 5 -- Fireblade counts as a one-pointer for the purposes of gaining the spell in this ritual. It is cast upon a single weapon for the 48 hours duration.
- 6 -- This spell may be cast anywhere on the body of initiate (including within it) for the 48 hours duration.
- 7 -- Reflect acts exactly like the Divine spell, except that one point counts as one point of Spirit Magic or Sorcery, as opposed to the Divine spell.
- 8 -- Each point of this spell causes the recipient to regenerate 1d3 Hit Points per wound per melee round for the duration of the 48 hours. The spells in effect from the Devotio ritual cannot be dispelled, except using Divine Intervention.



Stony Bones

Ulforg Cult Scenario

By Michael O'Brien

Over the recent week, the farmers on the outlying eastern reaches of Sun County and Pavis County have been gripped with fear: a succession of lone broo have penetrated the settled areas and carried out the most gruesome atrocities, slaying and destroying until they themselves are slain. Unlike most wild broo of the Wastes, clad in skins and only armed with their claws and teeth (or at best, a fire-hardened stick), whose usual tactic is to smash, grab and flee, these horrors are better equipped and actually seem to court death, running straight at their foes, rather than away from them! Each of these suicidal broo is distinctive in that they all have missing right ears.

The player characters are either a sworn chaos-killing party, or agents hired by Count Solanathos (Sun County) or Governor Sor-eel (Pavis) to investigate and eliminate the menace as expeditiously as possible. They are shown the bodies of several broo already taken. It is explained that one broo was actually taken alive, but mysteriously expired on the way to interrogation. The players are given a short time to examine the corpses before they are burnt. Each broo has a bloody gash where its right ear used to be.

The players are then directed to where the most recent atrocity took place, at a small farmstead on the fringes of settled territory. A farmer was killed attempting to drive off a lone broo which was systematically massacring his stock. Usually, his shocked neighbours explain to the characters, when the wild broo get in amongst the herd, a few shouts and a lobbed javelin is enough to drive them off. They can show the characters the dead broo: it's a small, runty one with an impala head and stripes like a zebra. It has one cloven hoof, and a human foot, bare with but three toes. Like the others, it is bereft of a right ear, and the whole side of its face is caked with matted, dried blood. It stinks, and should be burned immediately.

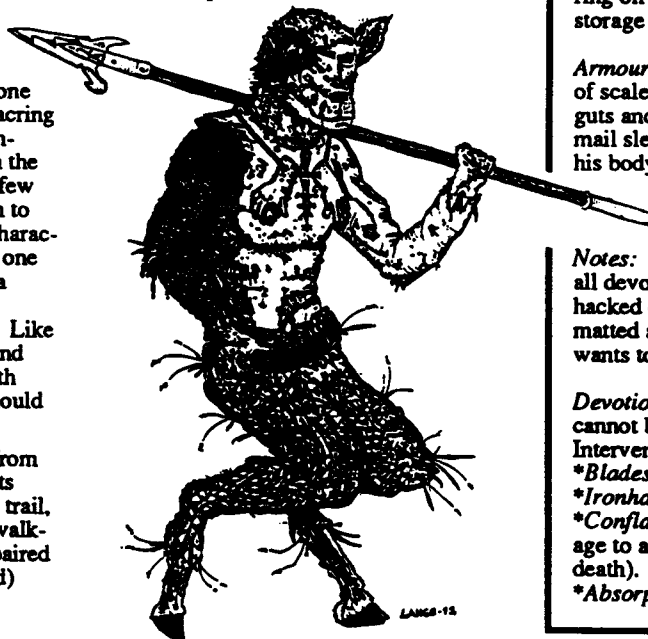
Tracking where the broo came from is remarkably easy. Unlike most of its kind, this broo did nothing to hide its trail, and instead of keeping to the cover, walked directly across the plain. The ill-paired prints (and occasional splash of blood) lead into the dry wastes of Vulture's Country.

Some eight hours hike into the wastes is a patch of uneven ground, strewn with rocks and boulders. The Praxians call it "the Jumble" and although there is meant to be water in there somewhere, they shun it as a place of ill-omen. The broo shaman Mundigak dwells there. Mundigak is dying and he knows it. As a fitting epitaph to his long, long life, he has summoned the foul spirit Ulforg, and is forcing his followers, one by one, to undergo the ritual of Devotio. He then sends them against the people of the valley, who have hunted him and his kind since he was born, and long before that too.

From the time the characters set off from the farmstead, the shaman has 24 followers left. He performs the Devotio ritual on one of them every hour. This broo then takes up his chosen weapons, has his ear hacked off, and then sets off towards the river valley.

As the player characters approach the Jumble, they will encounter one of Mundigak's followers every couple of hours (not all the broo set off in the same direction). The stats for two such broo are provided. Generate others as required, using the

Kosh Tapa



KOSH TAPA

Young male broo, Initiate of Thed and Devotee of Ulforg.

STR 17 Hit Points: 16
 CON 15 Move: 4
 SIZ 17 Fatigue: 32-12 ENC = 20
 INT 13 Dodge: 26 - 12 ENC = 14/2
 POW 01* = 07%
 DEX 10
 APP 10
 *original POW 17

19-20	Head	20	4/5
16-18	L.A.	18-19	2/5
13-15	R.A.	16-17	9/5
12	Chest	11-15	2/8
09-11	Abdm	07-10	8/6
05-08	L.L	04-06	6/6
01-04	R.L	01-03	8/6

Weapon	SRA	%	Damage	P%	AP
Butt†	7	69	1d6+1+1d6 --	head	
Spear†	5	81	1d10+3+d6 --	10	

† weapons are infected by diseases

Skills: Climb 56%; Jump 45%; Hide 48%; Sneak 50%; Broo Lore 13%.

Chaotic Features: None, the source of his shame. Born without a chaos feature or horns and taunted mercilessly by his peers for it, he seeks to prove himself to others of his kind by ending his life spectacularly and with distinction.

Diseases: As if to make up for his lack of chaotic features, Kosh Tapa has liberally infected himself with disease. Contact with this broo will expose the victim to Shakes, Soul Waste, Bleeding Disease, Slow Withers, Malia's Bottom and Joint Rot!

Special Items: Strung around his neck are a pair of severed hands, a trophy from his latest victim. The right hand has a tin ring on one of the fingers. It has a 7 point storage crystal mounted on it.

Armour: Kosh Tapa wears the remnants of scale trews stuffed with straw on his guts and legs, and has a scavenged chain-mail sleeve on his right arm. The rest of his body is wrapped in filthy skins, poorly tanned. Kosh Tapa has a goat's head, but it is hornless.

Notes: Kosh Tapa has the glazed look of all devotees, and his right ear has been hacked off. His whole right side is matted and caked with dried blood. He wants to kill a Storm Bull.

Devotio Magic (duration 48 hours; cannot be dispelled, except with Divine Intervention):

***Bladesharp-2** on spear.

***Ironhand-1** on horns.

***Conflagrate-3** (explosion of 3d6 damage to all within a 3d4 meter radius upon death).

***Absorption-2** (all Magic Points so gain-)



ed can be used to back up the *Befuddle* spells Kosh Tapa can cast).
 **Befuddle-2* (can cast *Befuddle* twice per full turn as if he had 17 Magic Points).
 **Coordination-1* (raises original DEX from 9 to 10).
 **Regenerate-2* (regenerates 2d3 Hit Points per wound per melee round).
 **Shimmer-1*
 **Glamour-1*
 **Protection-1*.

DABAR KOT

Older male broo, Initiate of Thed and Devotee of Ulforg.

STR 18 Hit Points: 16
 CON 16 Move: 4
 SIZ 16 Fatigue: 34 - 02 ENC = 32
 INT 08 Dodge = 88 - 02 ENC =
 POW 01* 86/2 = 43%
 DEX 07
 APP 03
 *original POW 08

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

Weapon	SR	A%	Damage	P%	AP
Butt†	8	106	1d6+1d6	--	head
2H Spear†	6	114	3d6+1d6	--	10

†weapons are infected with The Shakes

Skills: Climb 96%; Jump 85%; Swim 68%; Conceal 26%; Hide 88%; Sneak 90%; Broo Lore 16%.

Chaotic Features: Dabar Kot's whole body is a mass of weeping, oozing sores, and he stinks. Anyone within 10 meters of him must roll under their CON x 10 or fall into a dead faint for 20 - CON melee rounds. Anyone within 9 meters must roll CON x 9, and so on. It is possible to hold your breath and attempt to move away from him.

Diseases: Carries the Shakes.

Special Items: Dabar Kot wears his heart on his sleeve. Well, not his heart, but one of his victims.

Notes: Dabar Kot is unarmoured, and naked. He has the head of a sable. His devotion to Ulforg has not dampened his lustful ardour, and he seeks to impregnate as many victims as he can for the glory of Thed. He cares not whether the used bodies he leaves in his wake are live or dead: broo-babies can feed on living or dead matter.

Devotio Magic (duration 48 hours; cannot be dispelled, except with D.I.):
 **Fireblade* on spear.
 **Reflection-6*.

Devotio ritual described above.

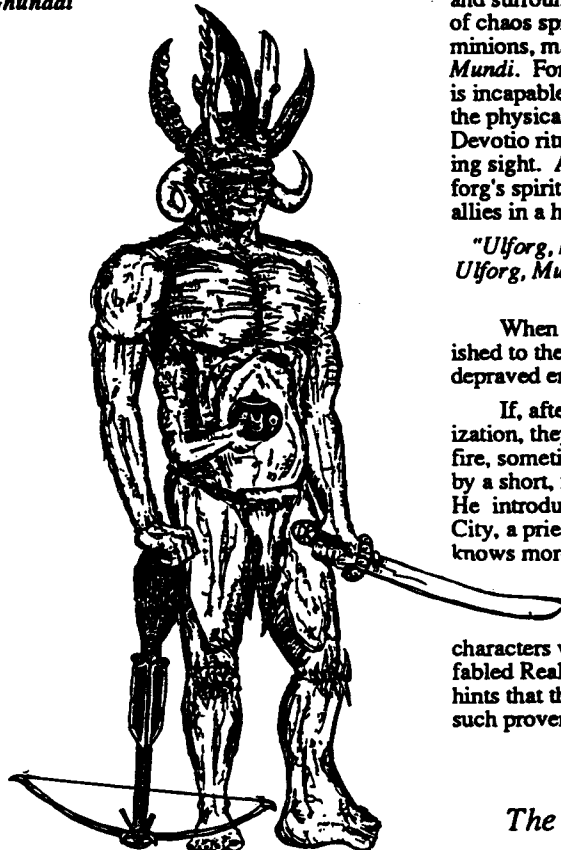
As the players approach the Jumble, they see a plume of smoke rising from somewhere in the center. This is Mundi-gak's fire, and *Axis Mundi*.

The Jumble is aptly named; move-ment through the area is at half speed. It is not possible to ride in the Jumble; horses (or similar beasts) must either be led, or left behind.

Mundigak's followers live among the rocks here, and those that have not yet undergone *Devotio* use the cover to their best ability. These broo do not have mutilated ears (yet). As they see the players approach, they attempt to drive them off, preferably with missile fire. Meanwhile, one of their number runs to warn Mundi-gak, who will then send out the most recent Devotee against the attackers, and hurriedly begin converting more. Instead of converting his followers singly, Mundi-gak will work on transforming a whole gang of broo this time - 6 in all (generate stats as required). This is less pleasurable for all concerned (especially Ulforg), but the need is pressing.

Eventually, the characters should fight their way to Mundigak. The broo shaman is seated, cross-legged, in a small open area in the midst of the jumble. Before him is a campfire, burning with a sickly green flame. Off to one side is a small, black pool, barely more than a puddle (but the water supply for all the broo here). By the pool is a pile of assort-

Ranah Ghundai



Dabar Kot



ed weapons and pieces of armour, which Mundigak has hoarded for years for this event. Mundigak remains as still as a statue throughout the combat, for indeed he is incapable of movement. His fetch however (which manifests as a pulsating patch of inky blackness) flies about above everyone's head, directing its master's magic. It is the task of Ranah Ghundai, Mundigak's faithful acolyte, to direct the final defence of the shaman.

Visible in the light of the green flame is an terrible visage: clad in a grimy toga, a grossly fat, horned figure, dribbling slime and surrounded by an appalling menagerie of chaos spirits. This is Ulforg and his minions, made visible by Mundigak's *Axis Mundi*. Fortunately for the players, Ulforg is incapable of interaction with those on the physical plane, except through his *Devotio* ritual. He is, however, a horrifying sight. As they watch the battle, Ulforg's spiritual followers join their earthly allies in a howling chant:

"Ulforg, Mundigak, Ulforg, Mundigak, Ulforg, Mundigak, Ulforg, Ulforg, Ulforg, ULFORG!"

When Mundigak dies, Ulforg is banished to the spirit plane until some shaman depraved enough summons him again.

If, after the characters return to civilization, they describe the evil spirit in the fire, sometime later they are approached by a short, furtive fellow, dressed in black. He introduces himself as Niall of the Real City, a priest of Revenant. He says he knows more of this spirit Ulforg, who is the Godtime enemy of his god Revenant. He says he will tell more if only the characters will go back with him to the fabled Real City in the Pavis Rubble, and hints that there may be further rewards for such proven chaos-killers as they...

NEXT ISSUE:
The Hero-Cult of Revenant,
Nemesis of Ulforg.



RANAH GHUNDAI

Former male human, Acolyte of Thed and Devotee of Ulforg.

STR 10 Hit Points: 16
 CON 24 Move: 4
 SIZ 07 Fatigue: 34 - 06 ENC = 28
 INT 16 Dodge: 77 - 06 ENC = 71/2
 POW 01* = 36%
 DEX 15
 APP 08
 *original POW 23

19-20	Head	20	13/6
16-18	L.A.	18-19	11/5
13-15	R.A.	16-17	15/5
12	Chest	11-15	10/8
09-11	Abdm	07-10	07/#
05-08	L.L	04-06	14/6
01-04	R.L	01-03	16/6

Weapon	SR	A%	Damage	P%	AP
Head Buttr†	9	75	1d6	--	head
Cutlass†	7	95	3d6+6	--	10
M. C'bow†	2	75	2d4+2	--	8

† weapons are infected with The Shakes and dipped in POT 10 poison.

Skills: Climb 76%; Jump 64%; Hide 108%; Sneak 98%; Broo Lore 56%; Plant Lore 76%.

Divine Magic: Worship Thed I; Fumble III; Chaos Spawn I (one-use).

Chaotic Features: Ranah Ghundai was once human, and over the past 56 years has been both blessed and cursed by chaos. He has gained the following beneficial chaotic features: raised CON, raised POW and skin armour. The Curse of Thed has effected him in the following ways: reduced SIZ; any damage penetrating his abdomen will kill him. He also has 23 toes on his left foot, a rudimentary third arm (which will help him reload his crossbow faster), and teeth growing out of his kneecaps.

Diseases: None, but all his weapons are coated in a special herbal poison of his own make.

Special Items: A stoppered clay pot, containing 37 doses of his poison.

Notes: Ranah Ghundai wears no armour, and is unclothed but for a breech clout. He has 7 horns, of various size and shape. Ranah Ghundai wants to harm and then kill a Healer, or similarly helpless person.

Devotio Magic (duration 48 hours; cannot be dispelled, except with D.I.):
 *Bladesharp-6 on cutlass and Fireblade on cutlass (this is chaos, Ulforg can do this!)
 *Regenerate-4 (regenerates 4d3 Hit Points per wound per melee round).
 *Shimmer-3
 *Countermagic-7
 *Light (cast inside mouth!)

MUNDIGAK

Male broo, Shaman of Thed and initiate of Malia.

STR -- Hit Points: na
 CON -- Move: 0
 SIZ 09 Fatigue: na
 INT 20 Dodge: na
 POW 21
 DEX --
 APP 01

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

Skills: Broo Lore 96%; Ceremony 155%; Enchant 101%; Summon 127%.

Spirit Magic (105%): Heal-10; Spirit Screen-10 (fetch) Visibility (2); various Summon and Bind Spirit spells.

Divine Magic: Worship Thed IV; Axis Mundi I; Summon Ulforg I; Sanctify I; Spirit Block VI; Reverse Chaos.

Fetch: INT 18 POW 36 (manifests as a patch of inky blackness, whirling and pulsating)

Spirits: Mundigak has been slowly feeding his bound spirits into the fire, as gifts for Ulforg. When they are all gone, and there are no more devotees, Ulforg must depart and Mundigak will die. Spirits left of use include three Ancestral spirits (determine randomly); a POW 18 Fear spirit and a large earth elemental with the chaotic feature "agonizing screams when moving". These can be summoned as required.

Special Items: Mundigak had numerous special items: charms, matrixes and amulets, most of which are now fused into his toughened skin. In any case they will be destroyed when he explodes.

Chaotic Features: Mundigak has but one chaos feature - "victim is immobilized" - and it is slowly petrifying him. His skin is quite literally turning to stone.

Diseases: None, but upon destruction of a vital location, his body will explode. Underneath the brittle shell is a seething mass of corrupted flesh. All those within 6 meters of the explosion will be sprayed with his remains and exposed to virulent Plague!

Due to unforeseen chaotic circumstances, the results of Oliver Dickinson's Chaos Feature Competition have been held over to issue #9.

"I'm so tough I..."



skin dive in gorp"
 Barthulan the White, Borist Wizard.

the new Champion invited chaos over the walls. The Crimson Bat, ridden by a Broo swept low over the cyclopean walls and consumed the plant kingdom. Thus did the first uprising of Pavis against the Red Moon fail..." Haunted by this sight, and wracked by whether it was true or no, Niall entered Labrygon's Puzzle Canal there to seek an answer in the magic painting hidden at its center. Neither he nor his companions have yet returned, although it be a season-and-a-day since their departure. (Native to the Sacred Ground in distant Prax, dreamweed is a smallish herb with grey flowers and tuberous roots: it is the roots that are smoked or eaten. Consuming it gives visions, some true, others false. Who can say what the veracity of White Niall's vision was? Theo. P.) (XXIX. 16-125) This is what Krang told me: Darkness was the first power to form from the ooze of Chaos, although some of the later powers were greater. These younger powers formed the Celestial Court, and later fashioned new things, which were often shared out among the world. The creations were given to Darkness first; this is why Darkness has so many secrets for some of these powers were



History is written by the victors, and the fate of the vanquished is oft left untold amidst the self-congratulation. Thus it is only in an obscure footnote of the Pharaoh's official History of the Building Wall War that we read of the decimation of General Alingans Wulinor's defeated XIIth Legion. One in ten of the survivors were, by the command of Appius Luxius (Lunar Provincial Overseer), ordered to serve time in a Danfive Xaron punishment legion. While ultimate blame must be placed on the head of the Provincial Overseer himself, General Alingans Wulinor was made the official scapegoat of the disaster and he and his staff shared the sentence.

What the Holy Country account does not tell us is that of those unfortunate enough to be decimated, a further one in ten (including the famed general himself) were tried in secret and sentenced to an even more horrible fate. Indeed, even the skillful Lunar historians of the war could not devise a face-saving enough explanation of Wulinor's fate, and whilst one baldly claims that he later "accidentally choked upon pickled herring's roe, perishing in a surfeit of foolishness", others prefer to simply state that he died in the rout.

In actual fact, Wulinor and the others selected were transported in secret to Alkoth, and were delivered by night to the gates of the White Crescent Rising Monastery. Lest prying eyes speak of what they saw, the coffle was disguised as a chain-gang of captive Sartarite rebels, who are regularly herded into the monastery.

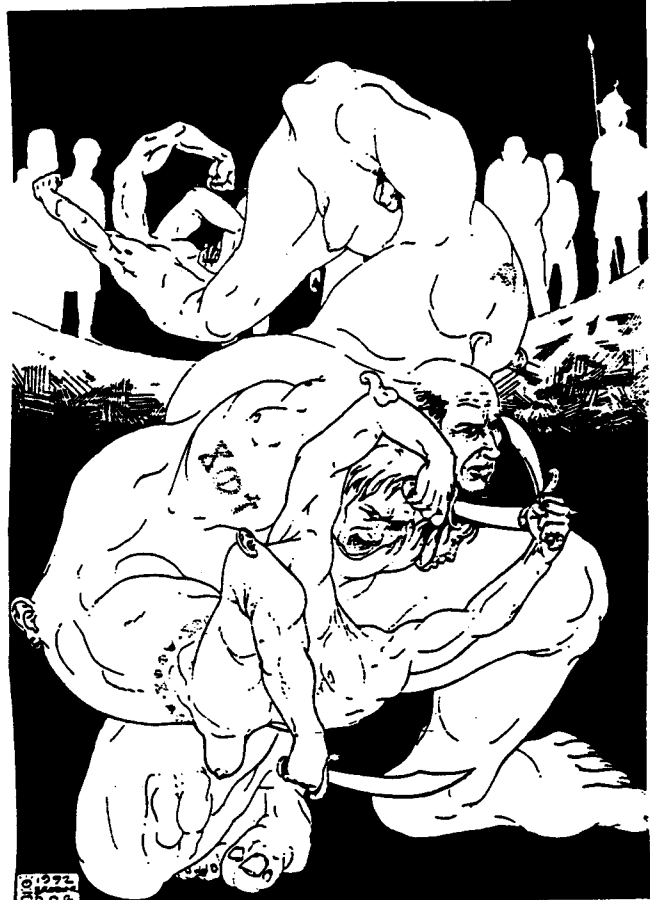
The monks of White Crescent Rising devote themselves to study and experiment on a grand scale (see *Tales Of The Reaching Moon* #2). Sequestered in their tower, they feel unconstrained by conventional morality. Consequently, the hapless Lunar soldiers were subjected to hideous experimentation, not just physical, but on psychical and spiritual levels also. Sixteen years later (1621), the perverted researches had come to fruition: the Gordayan were created and delivered unto the infamous Jovian The Tearful Son, a field commander at the Seige of Whitewall and a former member of Wulinor's general staff. One of the many bastards of the Darjin Sultan, Jovian acquired his epithet after suffering a hideous mutilation (the removal of his eyelids, nose, lips, ears, nipples, genitals, right hand and left leg below the knee) as punishment for conspiring against his father and other brothers. It is said that the myriad tears that stream down his face are shed in contrition for his past disloyalty; in actual fact, Jovian must continuously spray fluid into his eyes to prevent them drying out. At the cost of his sanity, Jovian has regained a measure of respect through diligent application in cult of Danfive Xaron for the past thirty-five years.

Jovian's affliction has earned him a reputation for mercy with the naive romantics of the distant Lunar Heartlands, but this is quickly dispelled when you get to know him know him better. The Gordayan were fashioned at his behest to form part of his elite chaos shock troops. Jovian's flagrant use of chaos has made him infamous among the common Lunar soldiers and their Orlanthei foes alike, as has his brutal methods of stamping out discontent in the ranks and foment in the villages. Chaos troops are hard to control at the best of times, and the Tearful Son's twisted mind concluded that by turning disciplined veterans into chaos corps, he could build a crack chaos regiment that would crush the rebellious Orlanthei once and for all. That he could "volunteer" his despised former C.O. to join this project only added to his pleasure.

Jovian's plan almost succeeded: unfortunately, each of the engineered beings was driven irrevocably insane by the

Gordayan

By Jason Prince



process. One particularly unhinged Gordayan literally tore itself apart on the long journey south and in attempting to drill them, two more were killed (along with a larger number of ordinary hoplites). Jovian personally ran through another in frustration on the parade ground before his rage was vented. That night he drove two of those left into the wilds; one down south in the vicinity of Whitewall, the other into the uplands of Sartar. That his human troops know they are out there discourages them from deserting, and the atrocities Jovian hopes his monsters will commit will demoralize an already downtrodden populace.

The last Gordayan Jovian has kept, more as a pet than chaos-trooper. For the Tearful Son believes that this one contains at least part of the psyche of his former commander, Alingans Wulinor. One of its three faces certainly has a marked resemblance. It is kept in a deep pit outside the general's tent outside Whitewall. It is both a martial law decree and for Jovian's amusement that luckless criminals are regularly thrown into the ditch.

Melded and wrought from the original Lunar soldiers,



each Gordayan, and there were at least seven, look like the parts of several humans, male and female, fused and warped together. Each maintains a basically anthropomorphic shape, but a gnarled, twisted arm may end in multiple sets of hands. Although each has a bulbous head of several faces, minor body parts such as fingers, ear lobes, genitalia or breasts may hang or protrude from any part of the body. Faint tattoos bearing stylized Lunar symbols may be perceived across the marred surface of their skin.

The personalities of those who were formed into the Gordayan are but shattered remnants of the creature's mind. Through exposure to the raw essence of chaos, the monks successfully corrupted their minds to hate; yet they were unsuccessful in their attempts to temper the Gordayans' feelings towards their Lunar creators. In fact, the monsters despise their creators more than anything and are enraged by Lunar symbols. On nights of the full moon, they have been seen screaming and flailing at it, as if to destroy it or drive it away.

The Gordayan are touched by chaos, disorder and undeath, and need never sleep nor rest. They are immune to disease, poison and extremes of temperature. Gordayan never eat their victims.

Like those who made them, they are firmly bound up in the Lunar cyclical magic. On nights of the full moon, they behave as if *Fanaticized*. During the half moon phase, their abilities are unaffected. On nights of the crescent moon, they behave as if *Demoralized*. During dark/dying periods Gordayan fall into a stuporous malaise (treat as if *Befuddled*).

Of the seven sent to Jovian, three remain alive, including two at large in the wild. Who knows how many more of these horrors the perverted monks of Alkoth have created, and for what purposes they may be used?

Scenario Hooks

*Village elders ask the adventurers to hunt down the horrid beast that is mutilating and killing their stock.

*The Lunar provincial government also offers a modest bounty for the apprehension of the chaos horror, in keeping with their efforts to ingratiate themselves into the populace's favour. The high command are unaware that Jovian released the monsters on his own initiative, and may be forced to remove him from his command if given evidence that he did so. Jovian will use all the chaotic force at his disposal to protect his position and hide the truth from his superiors...

*Captured PC rebels may be thrown into Jovian's pit to fight his pet Gordayan. If his feeling particularly magnanimous, the Tearful Son might let the criminal keep his weapon.

*Adventurers working as Lunar soldiers or mercenaries may be ordered to transport a Gordayan from one location (ie. the White Crescent Rising Monastery in Alkoth) to another (Sartar or a similar troublespot).

*Wulinor's still-grieving widow has learned, by secret divination, that her husband's spirit is not yet laid to rest. Curiously, the cryptic response she received indicated that her husband is not alive either. The adventurers (Wulinor retainers/agents?) are dispatched to learn the full story.

*The player characters get caught up in the midst of a boistrous Storm Bull or Zorak Zorani hunt for the chaos horror.

*The PCs encounter a band of monks from the White Crescent Rising monastery, looking for suitable candidates for a Gordayan Mk. II. One of the characters has a quality they're looking for...

Gordayan

Characteristic	Average
STR	6d6+11 33
CON	---
SIZ	4D6+10 24
INT	2D4+2+3 07
DEX	2d6+2 09
POW	21+1d6* 24
APP	awful ---

Move: 5
Hit Points: current SIZ+4
Fatigue: n/a
Magic Points: 24

*This is a set figure which does not fluctuate. If a Gordayan casts any spell, it loses POW equal to the number of points in the spell..

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

Weapon ¹	SR	Attk%	Damage	Par%	AP
Breath x3	1	55	Special ²	--	--
1h Sword ³	6	85	wpn+3d6	85	10
Throttle	6	65	Special ⁴	--	--
Bite x3	6	45	1d4	--	--
Punch	6	75	3d3+3d6	50	15
Kick	6	70	1d6+1+3d6	45	15

¹The Gordayan can use two of its attacks per round, in addition to its breath attack.

²Each Gordayan's mouths may use its breath attack once per full turn. The target must resist the breath as if it were a knock-back attack, equal to the Gordayan's POW. Furthermore, the victim must resist with his magic points or suffer a soul-freezing blast of magical energy which does 3d3 *Disruption*-like damage.

³Jovian's Gordayan has a scimitar; the others may have whatever they may have found.

⁴The Gordayan grabs at anyone in reach with its multi-handed arm and attempts to throttle. Match its STR against the target's. Once pinned, a victim takes 2d6 damage per round. Meanwhile, the Gordayan continues to belt the victim with its other fist or weapon.

Skills: Sense Life 65%.

Spells: Each Gordayan knows scraps of spirit magic (1d6 points), that were once known by the unfortunates who were combined to make the creature. However, to cast magic, the Gordayan must expend current POW.

Languages: Understand New Pelorian 35%, Gibber in New Pelorian 07%.

Armour: Armouring enchantments (8+2d6 AP per location) protect the creature's hide. Eac has also had it general hit points increased by 1d6+1 points.

Special Abilities: Never surprised; Mind or emotion affecting spells have only 05% chance of success.

Chaotic Features: Regenerates 1d6hit points per melee round in a random damaged location (double this on night of the full moon; cannot regenerate at all during dark/dying phase); Incapable of walking backwards; Detect Life and Detect Undead *both* reveal this creature.



Jaxarte Whyded's Praxian Journal

translated from the Pavic by Michael O'Brien

"Jaxarte and the Chaos-Fiends"

Shortly after Jaxarte's recovery from his ill-fated mission as a Lunar emissary to the Bison tribe (as described in *Tales* #6), his uncle, Prax Governor Sor-Eel, ordered him to carry out a census evaluation of the Morokanth tribes living in the Bilos Gap region, beyond Duke Raus's grantlands to the south of Pavis. Jaxarte, who was infatuated with the duke's headstrong daughter, Lady Jezra, looked forward to spending several days in her company before travelling further south to the morokanth.

Jaxarte left the city of Pavis on Waterday-Stasis-Earth 7/46 (1617), travelling on one of the duke's newtling rafts. However, before Jaxarte reached Raus's settlement, his raft was attacked and overturned by outlaw newtlings from Five Eyes Temple, hostile to the newtlings in the duke's employ.

We take up the episode from here. Once again, Jaxarte's writings are annotated by the Grey Sage Floriat Fedora.

Floriat's Notes

(1) As an privileged initiate of the Seven Mothers cult, Jaxarte would have had access to a range of Lunar spells. There is traditionally a qualifying period before initiates can sacrifice for certain rune magic - ranging from one season for a simple Divination through to twenty seasons or more for Lune summoning spells - but the aristocracy were known to flaunt such rules when it suited them. Jaxarte's muddled effort to summon the Lune (*described in Tales* #6), perhaps shows the folly of this practise, giving raw initiates powerful magic before they are ready.

(2) The Lunar sign of peace: there are two Lunar signs. The first is to raise the right hand vertically and side-on to the viewer; the other is a wave, but with the middle and ring fingers held in the palm. This is very difficult to do without holding these two fingers down with the thumb,

"...my arms flailing about desperately, I made slow but desperate progress towards the shore. Around me, I could see blurred shapes of newtlings wrestling one another in the water. My two escorts, weighed down by their heavy armour, simply sank like stones. Then a large wave slapped me in the face, and, taking a mouthful of cold river water, I went under.

Seconds later, I felt a brawny arm grasping for me. It managed to take hold of my hair, so I quickly reached out with my hands and grabbed the arm around the wrist. As I was yanked ashore, I could feel that the arm was clad in a sleeve of bristly, almost painfully sharp hairs, but when taken out of the water I saw that in fact my rescuer was a goat-headed broo, and the hairy covering was its natural hide! I recoiled from its touch in horror, but the broo still kept its grip on my hair.

In its other hand the broo had an ugly club raised, to strike me. I thought of casting my rune magic at it, but remembered how I botched my last attempt to summon a lune (1). And also, that I had heard some broos had the chaotic power to reflect or absorb magic. At an utter loss what to do, I offered it the Lunar sign of peace (2).

To my relief, the broo lowered its club and even let go of my hair. It gave me a wave, which may have even been the Lunar sign of greeting (3). Perhaps it was one of our own broo (although it was not wearing Lunar kit), for I had heard that broos and other chaotics could join our army, even though I had never actually seen one (4).

I couldn't have been all that far from Raus Fort, and I wanted to stay by the river in the hope that a passing boat might rescue me. But the broo pointed to a cloud of dust over a rise in the distance (nomads?, I wondered), and beckoned me to follow it. It led me upstream for a moment, and then turned into a rocky gully. As Yelm began its fiery descent to the horizon, we scrambled up the rocky incline towards the distant glow of a campfire. I was being taken to the broo's hideaway, and from the shifting shapes around the firelight, he had companions!

These fiends of chaos were an appalling sight. I had of course been taught by the good sisters of Teelo Norri in my schooldays that the Lunar way accepts and encompasses all creatures: great and small, lawful and chaotic. The sisters had even shown us engravings of chaotic beings, so that if we encountered them we could tell them about the Red Goddess. I remember my classmates and I, with gaping mouths and wide eyes, staring at a picture of a goat-headed broo, clad in a neatly-pressed linen kilt and ludicrous straw hat, sharing his plate with a smiling citizen. And another: a scorpion-man, taking a group of laughing children for a ride on his back (how much then did I too wish I could sit on top of a scorpionman!). Perhaps the most bizarre of this collection was that of a walktapus, graciously climbing into a boiling pot, to provide a meal for a group of starving villagers standing around the fire with adoring faces. How different were my first chaotic beings in reality!

W R V 2 P O T : . A Y D P Z W U X G I O * I I I O A K A

My guide was perhaps the most "normal" of all, in that if you took away the filthy skins it was wearing and replaced them with the linen kilt and the straw hat, it would have looked not unlike the broo from my childhood etchings.

It lead me into a small open area amongst the rocks, where the flames of the campfire cast fitful shadows on the boulders around it. As we clambered in, I put my hand out onto a large stone to steady myself: to my surprise, it grunted at me and moved away, on stump-like legs! Later, in the fire-light, I could see that it indeed had moss growing about its shoulders, and some cruel types had even carved all manner of lewd graffiti into its stony hide! (5)

Around the fire sat three large figures, and a smaller one with its back to me on the far side, apparently preparing a meal. The largest of these figures I first thought was a minotaur: its huge head had enormous curved horns, and its great torso was covered in shaggy hair. It was, however, a bison-broo, for all broos are male (6); they are fecund and can mate and breed with almost anything! (7)

Beside the bison-broo sat another of almost squid-like appearance: I gasped and held my breath for a moment, thinking it was one of the foul Walktapi, whose poisonous breath can kill a man at 10 paces! But my guide dragged me closer and so, with lungs bursting, I saw in the firelight that although it resembled a walktapus, it had a normal broo-head (although its mouthparts were surrounded by dozens of writhing tentacles, which dripped slime).

The most appalling sight of all these fiends though was the last: it looked like a normal bald-headed human infant of normal proportions, only it was wider and taller than a man! It sat there, naked, its pinkish skin covered in scabrous sores, playing knucklebones in the dust with "Squid-face".

I mentioned there was one other - a smaller figure, squatting with its back to me on the opposite side of the fire, busy preparing the meal. Clad in a black robe and cowl, I was unable to see what horrors the hood hid beneath it. As I broke into the circle the robed figure turned, and I gasped in dreadful anticipation at what I was going to see! To my utter surprise, it was the pale face of a young woman, and the black robes she was wearing was the habit of a Teelo Norri nun!

"Oh!", she said, startled for a moment. Looking into my blank face, she added somewhat incongruously, "I'm sure we have enough for an extra guest."

What in the Goddess's Name was a nun doing here, in the wastes of Prax, cooking dinner for a pack of chaotics? I almost fainted from shock and surprise. Before I could continue, the girl announced that dinner was ready, and proceeded to hand steaming bowls of corn mush to her attendant menagerie (8). I myself received a bowl, but before I could think of placing spoon to lips, she suddenly announced that first we must say Grace, and thank the Red Mother for her bounty. The chaos monsters dutifully dropped to their knees, and "Rocky" hissed at me when I was not quick enough to follow.

The nun's name was Mellissa, and she was a Lunar Heartlander like myself. Of noble, yet spurious blood (9) she had been entrusted to the care of the good Teelo Norri sisters as an infant. A year younger than myself, after taking her vows (10) she had left her convent in Good Shore to carry out missionary work in the provinces. In the confusion of a nomad raid on her caravan en-route to Pavis, she became separated from her sisters, ending up in the company of these chaos fiends. She had been with them six days now (11). Mellissa considered it her mission to care for these "poor unfortunates" as she put it, whose welfare she had taken upon herself to see to, and whose salvation she considered her mission to bring about. All this I learnt over our bowls of corn mush; meanwhile, the chaos fiends babbled to themselves in some indescribable tongue. Occasionally, Baby Face would turn to the Squid and whisper, pointing first up at the Red Moon, and then to Mellissa, who would cheerfully wave back at them. I thought their behaviour was rather curious, but Mellissa simply thought it "cute".

The Red Moon rose full behind us as we finished our repast, and Mellissa called her curious charges together for a session of worship. She

but to do the sign correctly the thumb must be outstretched. It is unknown which of the signs Jaxarte effected at this time.

(3) The Lunar sign of greeting is upraised left hand.

(4) There are apparently chaos creatures in the Lunar Army, but none served in Prax.

(5) This creature was, no doubt, some sort of chaotic gargoyle. I have read somewhere that it is possible to carve into a gargoyle's skin, and even sculpt it into the likeness of someone.

(6) This is a common fallacy: in fact, there are female broo, to the number of approximately fifteen in every hundred.

(7) Jaxarte is absolutely correct here, however. In a series of unsanctioned experiments, the [now-disgraced, missing, presumed eaten] sage Bald Epirus attempted to mate a captive broo with a variety of subjects. The unfortunate hosts included both male and female (and gelding) herd beasts, mules and horses; and a succession of goats and sheep. He was finally restrained by the shocked High Priest, before he could continue his experiments on a pair of herd-humans. Bald Epirus vowed, in the name of "science", to continue his researches, and fled into the Rubble. Unfortunately, during Epirus's flight, his captive broo wriggled free of its tethers and let all of the host creatures go. It took the Storm Bull cult many weeks to track them down, and some were never recovered. Bald Epirus was last spotted in the Devils Playground area, in pursuit of (and being pursued by) a number of chaos creatures.

(8) It is unlikely that the chaotics were sitting down to corn-mush; in Prax, oilseed or date mush is more likely than the expensive foreign import.

(9) In other words, Mellissa was born out of wedlock, a not uncommon event in noble circles of the period, apparently. Mellissa's mother was Dalessenya, a particularly wilful daughter of the under-Sultan of Alkoth. Her father's identity is unknown, although it is reported that a servant by the name of Simeon, thought to be a eunuch (but obviously not), was impaled above the palace gate shortly after Dalessenya's confinement.

(10) Teelo Norri was the name of the im-

"I'm so tough I...



*put a flea collar on the
Crimson Bat"*

*Fogaa-Rides-Like-Wind,
Pentan Raider.*



cent waif Danfive Xaron waylaid on the back streets of Torang, out of whose body the Red Goddess was created. The Teelo Norri "cult" has no formal structure, and real priestesses as such do not exist. The Teelo Norri nuns are directly overseen by the Seven Mothers cult hierarchy. They make a vows of spiritual purity, moral innocence and sexual continence, and can be identified by their characteristic black habits and almost total lack of guile. In actual fact, Mellissa at this stage was still a novice, and had only taken the first of her preparatory vows.

(11) This would make the date of this meeting Wildday-Stasis-Earth season, the night of the full moon (and significantly, a Thed-cult holy night).

(12) Mellissa wrote a lengthy treatise on this thorny theological problem later in life, which was widely praised by religious authorities. A copy is available in the temple library. Despite Sister's Mellissa's prestige, it makes for astonishingly dull reading.

(13) Jaxarte's description leads me to conclude that "the Squid" was in fact none other than a shaman-priest of the evil chaos goddess Thed, the Mother of Broos. The dark shape he saw was possibly the shaman's fetch-spirit, which, according to certain library sources, may only be seen by certain people one percent of the time.

(14) Jaxarte was probably assailed by a unique Thed magic which makes the victim suffer an instantaneous loss of coordination. In a similar circumstance, the fabled Storm Khan Kragor Three-Balls cut off his own head with his greatsword after a broo opponent cast this spell at him (see Vellex Minor's short monograph "17 Extremely Stupid Ways to Die" in the reserve collection).

(15) No doubt using the Kyger Litor jumping spell, first learned by Gerak Kag, the trollish invader of the Big Rubble.

(16) The Squid probably fled to the High Holes, a chaos-inhabited oasis deep in the Vulture's Country. Despite efforts by both the Storm Bull and Zorak Zoran cults, this chaos monster was never brought to rights and may even be at large to this day.

(17) A Pol-Joni, Onari is known in Sartar for his saying "a true warrior waits for aught but breath to fill his lungs before pressing into battle", and his ill-fated attack (at night!) on the famous troll Grubfarm. His comrade D&D presumably also had a real trollish name: what "D&D" really meant has long been argued about; the most widely-accepted version is that it stood for "drunk and disorderly". However, the only surviving portrait of this fellow (appended below) belies such an appellation, instead suggesting (in my opinion) a sobriety and self-restraint uncommon in trolls.

(18) One of the two ways membership lists are kept in the Lunar cult (the other is Paper Lists). Wood List members have their names kept on record for five years. Paper List members must join at every full moon, after which the old paper list is burned.

(19) Jaxarte was able to do this, because as a novice, Mellissa could still leave her order with good graces. In fact, many married women are drawn to the Teelo Norri order, serving in a part-time voluntary capacity as Canonesses. Most famous of these would have to be Yol-

climbed onto a large, broad boulder on one side of the clearing, which I noticed had been daubed over with Lunar runes and motifs. Underneath, in the firelight, I could just make out older, less pleasant runic carvings, and I began to wonder if this place had more significance to the chaos fiends than a just a hidey-hole.

Babyface and the Squid both hissed at me when I initially refused to join in Mellissa's ceremony, but it was her crestfallen expression that finally compelled me to take part. I don't know how much the chaos fiends understood of Mellissa's short homily on "The Problem of the Uncontrite Confessional" but they seemed to enjoy the community hymn singing that followed (12). Mellissa's voice was angelic, and her face rapturous as she sung the Goddess's praises, seemingly oblivious to the horrors grunting along in time with her. Although I had been looking forward to renewing my acquaintance with the lady Jezra, the beautiful daughter of Duke Raus, just hearing Mellissa's singing was enough to stir my heart, let alone her radiant beauty, made even more obvious by the stark contrast of her chaotic disciples.

As night deepened, the chaos fiends prepared for sleep. Mellissa did her rounds, tucking each one into their filthy blankets or skins, and blessing them. She then returned to the fire, where we huddled together for warmth, and talked long into the night. I spoke of the wondrous architecture of the Heartlands; Mellissa spoke of the Goddess's mission to save and liberate the world, and the day when the lion and the lamb, the Lunar and Orlanthi, the troll and the elf, and the broo and the Storm Bull would live in harmony together under her bounty. Eventually, we asleep in each others' arms.

I was awakened later in the night, when I felt Mellissa's slight frame shift beside me. Turning over, I saw her sleeping form rise, carried by the wheezing Babyface over to the rune-marked stone where his comrades - Rocky, the Squid, the Bison Broo and Goathead - stood assembled. It was then I noticed with horror that the Squid was wearing an elaborate headdress, and carrying in one paw a bone staff surmounted by a human skull, and in the other a huge flint dagger. Above him, for a fleeting second, a thought I saw a dark, immaterial shape pass in front of the blood-red full moon (13).

While Babyface and Rocky held the still-dozing Mellissa down on the stone altar, the Squid raised the flint knife. The chaos fiends then began a slow, harmonious chant (completely unlike their cacophonous and discordant hymn-singing earlier in the night). I struggled to my feet, attempting to draw my scimitar and save dear Mellissa from her fate. As I ran forward, the Squid gestured in my direction, and I felt the sickening rush of rune-power slam into my body. It was as if my fingers suddenly turned to jelly, and my legs to straw. My weapon went flying as I fell over my own feet, thudding headlong into the ground (14).

Before I could coax my slackened limbs into movement again, there came a roaring and clattering sound, mixed with shouts and brays. A huge dark shape passed over me. It was a armour-clad horse, and mounted on it, a huge, horned helmeted man, bellowing some song and waving about a huge axe. The horse stumbled on the rocks, but the man leapt free, and charged into the mass of chaos, literally cutting Goathead in half and knocking a great chunk out of Rocky's stony hide, sending chips and splinters everywhere. Scant seconds behind the human warrior came another, who seemed to leap in from the sky (15). This one was huge, and wielding in both hands a huge mace that shone with a blackish sheen in the moonlight and seemed to moan of its own accord as it swung through the air. The warrior's huge snout and inhumanly long arms marked it as a troll, as even I, a Lunar Heartlander, could tell.

The troll proceeded to pound the hapless Rocky into powder; meanwhile, the human had surmounted the altar and stood over Mellissa's still-prone body, defending it from all sides. However, as he turned to parry a powerful blow from the Bison Broo, the Squid cast its foul chaos magic again and the brave fellow collapsed beside Mellissa, his body going into quivering spasms.

This only served to enrage his troll comrade who, throwing aside all thought of personal safety, leapt to his friend's aid. With a single sweep of his maul, he stove in the side of the Bison Broo's head and burst Baby Face's bloated stomach. Baby Face promptly exploded, showering every-



one with putrid vileness. Meanwhile, the Squid had slipped out between the rocks and out into the wastes, where for all I know, he still hides now, waiting to return to the river-valley once to once again perpetrate evil deeds (16).

When Mellissa finally awakened and surveyed the carnage and broken bodies of her "friends", she broke down and wept. Meanwhile, the troll stood over his companion, grunting a magical incantation in his own tongue. The human soon got his feet, ashen-face and shaken, but not permanently harmed.

So it came to pass that Mellissa and I were rescued, by the curious duo Onar Onari - the horned-helmeted Storm Bull cultist - and his trollish Zorak Zoran companion, known only as "D&D"(17). They had been offered - through a discreet intermediary - a reward for Mellissa's recovery: divinations by the Seven Mothers temple had revealed that she had been captured by chaos, although they could not have told the worried priestesses that Mellissa was in fact was a most willing captive. That I was rescued too was my own good fortune, as reports of my disappearance had not yet reached uncle.

On our return journey Mellissa wept many tears for her slain "friends", and would hear nothing of their attempts to sacrifice her to their abominable gods. When she returned to Pavis she even went to the temple to say prayers for them, and had their names entered on the Wood Lists (18).

In the circumstances, my trip to the bestial Morokanth was thankfully postponed, and I was able to spend much of my free time in Pavis in the company of the lovely Mellissa. During this time my feelings for her grew stronger, and come the beginning of Dark season, I summoned up the resolve to actually ask for her hand (19). Mellissa was thrilled, and said how wonderful it would be to have me by her side in her new missionary posting!

"And where is this, my love?" I asked her, dreaming of walking around the architectural glories and gleaming spires of the Pharaoh's City of Wonders, or perhaps even the vibrant city-states of far Ralios while Mellissa preached to the eager masses.

"In the Forest of First Reward, dearest", she replied rapturously.

"And where is that darling heart?", said I, for I had never heard of such a place.

"Oh, 'tis often called the Foulblood Woods (20) by the ignorant and misguided", Mellissa said with a frown, "I intend to travel to the Queendom of Jab, and there convert the scorpion-queen Gagig Twobarb and her arthropodal people to the ways of the Goddess."(21)

Needless to say, I was crestfallen..."

Floriat Fedora

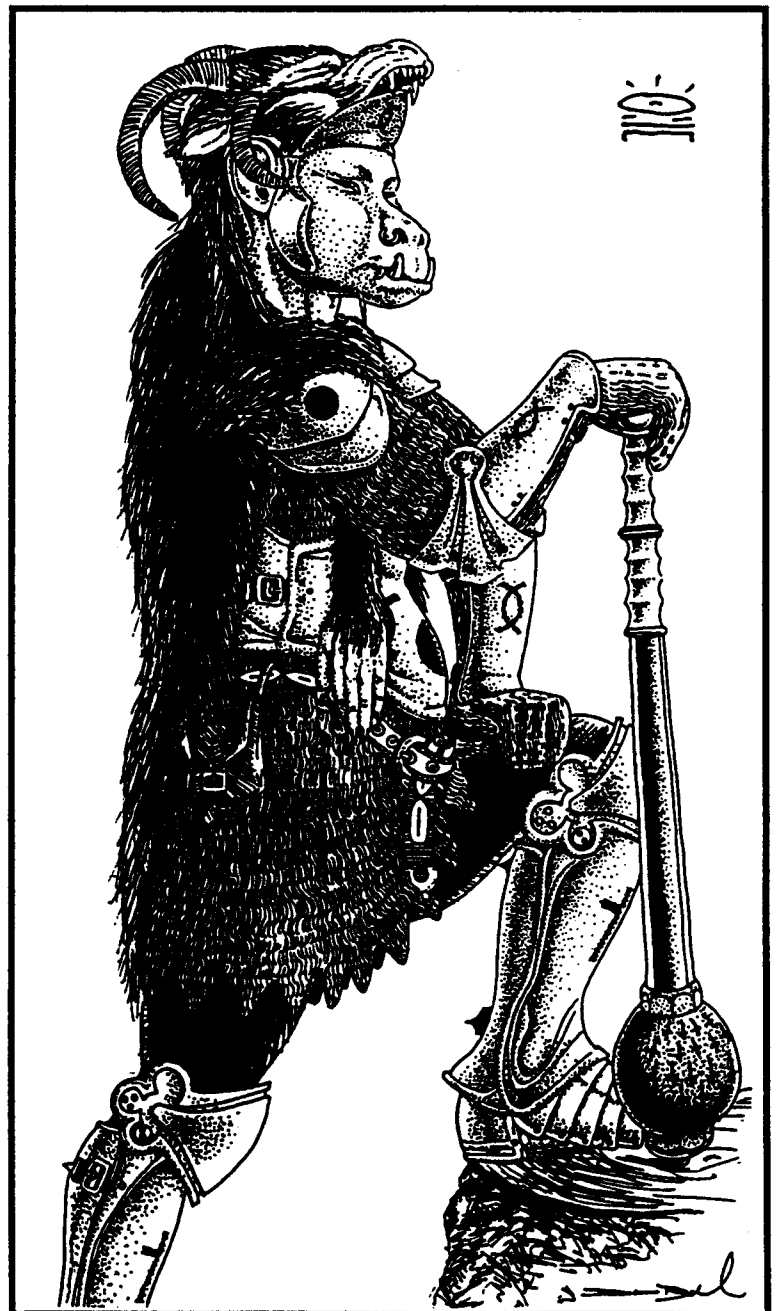
Jaxarte's entry abruptly breaks off here. Obviously, Jaxarte did not marry his sweetheart, nor accompany her to the Queendom of Jab, where, as Mellissa's future history tells us, she was singularly unsuccessful at converting the scorpion-queen and her minions. Her piety however, drew her to the attention Icilius Overholy, General Priestess of the Provincial Church. Mellissa became her protege, and eventually served a seven year term as General Priestess herself in the middle of the eighth wane. It is not recorded that Mellissa ever met Jaxarte again, nor did she ever marry.

anela the Taloned Countess of Carmania, who spends one week in seven at the largest Teelo Norri orphanage in the empire, serving as a common drudge.

(20) The Foulblood Woods is a major bastion of chaotic activity in the Heortland province of the Holy Country. It was formed in mythology from the footprint of Motion god Larnste, who stamped on the incipient Krarsht as she seeped from the ground. Krarsht bit Larnste's foot and the foul wood was formed from his infected blood. It is called the Forest of First Reward by chaotics, for here Krarsht had her first feeding.

(21) This queen of chaos unified her realm by defeating and eating three other local scorpion queens and thus winning their followers.

Below: The famous troll warrior "D&D" who posed for Brother Dog in 1622, shortly before his demise on the Giant Cradle.





Tired Of All That Pansy Elvish Sensitive Third Age Roleplaying Crud?
Wanna Harmlessly Unwind By Cracking A Few Skulls?
Know What You Need?

LIVE ACTION TROLL BALL!



John Hughes introduces Glorantha's most exciting cultural export

"Come the night, Bagwhan fight! Come the night, Bagwhan fight!"

"What's the next bit?..."

"Errr... Death to Chaos!"

"Death to Chaos?"

"Hey you, stay dead!"

"No impaling weapons on the field!"

"Death to Chaos!"

Ahh, the joyful symphony of troll battle cries. Ouch! Bagwhan Broobasher swiped defensively at the Kyger Lager halfback, menacing his giant inflatable banana. She backed away slowly to her own half, leering, bashing her inflatable hammer in frustration against a teammate who just wasn't quick enough.

In midfield, the referee had retrieved the trollkin's head from the Broobasher crusher, and was putting it back together for another play. Bagwhan cautiously backed away from the sideline, out of range of the waterfilled balloons and jeering spectators. He kept a careful eye on the bunch with the garbage bin full of water. Too close to them and he'd end up like a kraskid at a Zorak Zoran temple bash. A haunting cheer wafted across the field like a month dead broo; "Here we go, here we go, here we go..."

Bagwhan gestured at the sideline army. 'Pansy chaos elves!', he jeered. It was not a good time to get distracted. Ten minutes to go and the Broobashers were two goals down. With the trollkin losing its head more and more frequently, scoring was becoming increasingly difficult, especially now that the giant referee was actually playing for the opposing team.

Bagwhan raised his head and sniffed the air, bellowing. "Wall of Death!" The Broobashers, or at least those that remained standing, took up the call. "Wall of Death! Wall of Death!" Nobody, not even Bagwhan, knew what the Wall of Death was, but when you're two down in trollball with only ten minutes to go, anything is worth a try.

It seemed like a bloody silly idea when we first thought of it. Live-action trollball. Still, we needed some light lunchtime entertainment for a roleplaying convention. And so it came to be that at *Necronomicon I* in October 1989 we organised a game of the world's first live action rolesport.

Four years and many games later, its still a bloody silly idea.

For those who came in late, Trollball is the Uz sporting phenomenon first detailed by Greg Stafford in 1982's *Trollpack*. Not so much a sport as a way of life, Trollball is the key through which many outsiders come to understand Uz culture. A gonzo trans-dimensional mutation of American gridiron, the aim in trollball is to place the living portion of a trollkin (called 'the ball') across your opponent's goal line. No chaos or impaling weapons on the field of course, and its considered impolite to kill spectators without provocation. Beyond that, almost anything goes...

Playing the Game

Live action trollball is a fairly fluid game, and only a basic understanding of the rules is necessary. It works well with anything between five and fifteen players per side. We use an honour system for hits similar to the SCA — take a hit to a limb and that limb is out, take a hit to the head or body and you're dead. How long you stay dead depends on the rules variant you're playing, and if you can get away with cheating. If you're running a large number of players then bodies have to be dragged to the sideline for healing; if not, you stay dead till the next play (same as the trollkin). Often in trollball, it's the last person left standing who will score the touchdown. If you want further sophistication, take a look at the rules provided in *Trollpack*, and adopt them as you see fit.

Once you've grasped the motivating factor behind trollball (random violence) the actual setting up of a game becomes much simpler. There are four key elements to a satisfying encounter: the trollkin, the referee, the weapons and the roleplaying.

Trollkin

Early experiments using a small human as our fill-in trollkin proved unsatisfactory. Humans proved difficult to dismember and it became difficult to recruit further volunteers. We eventually settled on a three foot long rag doll whose limbs and head are attached to the body with strips of velcro. The trollkin is considered 'alive' as long as the head remains attached to the body, and this is the portion you play for touchdown. If the trollkin 'dies' then the referee puts it back together and begins a new play. Trollball being what it is, its a good idea to have a backup doll to hand.



Referee

A good referee is essential to a trollball game. (S)he must be able to control unruly players, and beat them into a pulp when necessary. A knowledge of the rules helps, but is not mandatory. On the Australian circuit, we have the unique talents of Robert Prior, who is not adverse to appearing on the field in a long dress and six plastic (silicone?) breasts. Despite an ~~incredible, overwhelming,~~ slight bias towards Sydney teams, Robert has made Oz Trollball what it is today.

Weapons

The best weapons for Trollball are inflatable poolside toys — blowup sharks and rafts, rubber rings and giant inflatable bananas. Inflatable hammers are available from the sideshow alleys that haunt agricultural shows and community festivals. Morning stars are easily made with blocks of foam rubber. Water bombs should be provided to encourage spectator violence. Over the years, we've had some fairly unusual weapons appear (rubber chickens filled with lime jelly, a fifteen-foot inflatable replica of the *Red October*) so safety-conscious weapons testing is *essential*. The easiest way to do this is to have a member of the opposing team test your weapon before play begins. She beats you senseless with it for three minutes: if you're still standing, the weapon is safe. Of course, the referee must have final say in weapons selection.

Roleplaying

The most important thing to grasp about Trollball is that it is a rolesport. More than scoring touchdowns or dismembering trollkin, roleplaying is what makes trollball the sport of heroes. In the early days, we once had a gridiron team arrive from Monash University in full kit. Arghhh! (We took over an hour to talk them out of their helmets and shoulder pads; once they did, we trounced them!) Its the chants, the insults, the songs, the rubber chickens, the facepaint, the Kyger Lager t-shirts and the random attacks on spectators that make Trollball such a satisfying experience. In trollball, you learn to appreciate the beauty and poetry that dwells in the heart of an Uz.

*Trollball — a game for heroes,
(plus all the trollkin you can eat)*

Final note

Trollball rolesport, despite its propensity for dismemberment and wholesale violence, is completely safe if you observe a few basic precautions. In four years of playing on the Australian convention circuit we've never had an injury (excluding trollkin, of course). With careful checking of weapons and prior briefing of players, even a short-sighted, doughy bookwyrn like the author can find sporting immortality. *And it's bloody good fun!*



John Hughes, aka Bagwhan, is a line backer with Bagwhan's Broobashers, current holders of the Oztralian Trollball Ashes.

Where Reality Ends
The Adventure Begins!

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LITTLE GUY?

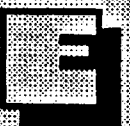
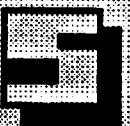
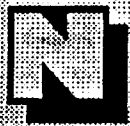
Tiny Trollballers wanted for the Sazdorf Under (SIZ) 19's. See Trainer Bill Bludgeon at the 'Beer & Brawl' pub, Badside.

WET WEATHER TROLLBALLS FOR SALE

well-trained newtlings recently 'imported' from Five Eyes temple many colours - all sizes (contact your local Argan Argar dealer) *Put Yours Away For A Rainy Day!*

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Argan Lager are proud sponsors of the Redstone Wallbangers. *Carn' da Bangs!*



Zines from around the world again feature in our irregular review column!

from de MOB:

Magus #11

January, 1992 A4, monthly. 52pp. 25 mk. [Finnish]

Magus is the Finnish RPG pro-zine, produced by Fantasiapeli Oy, who also publish the Finnish language version of RQ. *Magus* is of a professional standard, with glossy full-colour covers and some very classy art. The maps too, are a treat.

Magus takes in a variety of RPGs, including those not yet in translation. RQ gets a good coverage in the four issues I've seen (#7, 8, 9 & 10), with issue #9 featuring an article set in Dorastor and a lengthy scenario by Mark Morrison. Issue #11 has a wonderful cover of a pensive-looking lady broo, and features a RQ scenario by myself, and another RQ article I can't make head nor tail of (my Read Finnish is even worse than David Hall's 2% Read Swedish!) Both Mark's and my own scenarios will later feature in *Tales of the Reaching Moon*, in English.

Contact: Magus/Jyrki Tudeer, Rauhankatu 1 c A 1, 20100, TURKU, Finland.

Thot #2

April 1992, A5, 44 pp. 50kr. (Swedish)

The first issue of this Swedish fanzine was a "RuneQuest Special". Issue #2 appears to be a grab bag of all manner of stuff. The artwork ranges from bloody good to bloody awful. The editor is "our man in Sweden", Jussi Hyvönen. Jussi is also involved with the very classy pro-zine *Grey Ooze* (issue #2 out now!); *Thot* is apparently his part-time fan effort which he does for fun.

Contact: Jussi Hyvönen at the address on p.1.

PerChance #6 & #7

September 1991, December 1991. A5, 40 & 44 pp. 70p.

Issue #6 features Neighbours II - Death Comes to Ramsey Street, a "sic, sic, sic" scenario with its own unique gamesystem (but strangely no Kylie or Jason.) *The Game With No Name* is a Spaghetti Western roleplaying system based on Chaosium's *Ringworld* combat and *RuneQuest* character generation systems. It looks damn fine - the only thing it doesn't cover is how all those extras in Spaghetti Westerns seem to be able to talk without their lips moving... Finally, there is the first part of a three linked scenarios for Cthulhu by Gaslight based on the characters in Bram Stoker's *Dracula*.

Issue #7 (the "Krazy Kut-throat Khristmas Issue") features the second part of Cthulhu by Gaslight scenarios set in Paris, 1912. To accompany this there is a well-researched article about background material and atmosphere for Paris adventures, with evocative quotes from Henry Miller and other Parisian habitués. Issue #7 also features a shorter *Cthulhu* scenario, and a new character class for *Cyberpunk 2000* and a lengthy RQ adventure set in Prax.

Both issues are excellent value and well worth a look. Get them from: Jim Johnson, 44 Hillcrest Drive, Doagh Road, Newtownabbey, BT36 6EQ, United Kingdom.

Aslan #12

A5, 63pp. £1.50 (inc. p&p)

As one of the many letter writers puts it, *Aslan* is "gloriously pompous", to which I might also add self-righteous, opinionated, verbose and, at times, excessively self-indulgent (issue #11 contained a 27 page "subzine" which is essentially a writeup of a sci-fi freeform involving just nine people. *Yawn.*) However, *Aslan* is also extremely thought-provoking, often witty and mostly a damn good read. And no matter how much the editor tends to get on his high horse, he still hands over 13 pages of this issue to Letters from his readers, many of who want to take umbrage. Apart from the mega-letter col, issue #12 discusses a surrealist game system, *Citizen Kane*, aspects of roleplaying, and more. It also comes up with a surprising solution to the question "Was Sherlock Holmes Gay?"

You can get it from: Andrew Rilstone, 10 Marlborough Grove, Fishergate, York, YO1 4A, United Kingdom.

Tatou #8

January-February 1992, A4, 48pp. 40 Francs.

The latest issue of this French prozine (published by Oriflam, the same crowd who produce the beautiful French translation of *RuneQuest*) covers *Hawkmoon*, *Stormbringer*, *Cyberpunk* and RQ. The RQ section features translated material from *Moon's* Humakti issue (#5), and it looks damn fine.

Contact: Oriflam, 132 Rue de Marly, 57158 Montigny-lès-Metz, France.

Australian Realms #6

July 1992. A4. 32 pp. A\$4.50

Australian Realms, which styles itself as the Australian roleplaying gaming magazine, is back in print, having been revived by a band of enthusiastic West Australians. Issue #6 due out in July 1992. *Australian Realms* intends to cover the gamut of RPGs, including fantasy, horror, super-heroes, sci-fi and cyberpunk. Hell, they might even feature some RQ! I've not yet seen a copy of the new look zine, so I can't tell you much more.

For more information contact the editor, Nick Leaning, at: *Australian Realms*, P.O. Box 220, Morley, WA 6062 Australia.

Heard But Not Zine...

There have been all sorts of rumours about a possible resurrection of *Different Worlds* magazine flying about for years - so many in fact, Chaosium call it the "zombie magazine": it keeps on coming back from the dead. I have no clear details as to which company may be staging the latest resurrection (except that it is definitely not Chaosium), however back issues of *Different Worlds* are still available.

Contact: Different Worlds Publications, 2814 19th Street, San Francisco, CA 94110, USA.



LETTERS

In this Letter Col, Tales takes the opportunity to cover a wide range of topics from both recent and past issues of the zine, as well as comments concerning issue #7.

The HeroQuest Issue (issue #7)

Mark Holsworth, Coburg, Vic., AUST.

The *HeroQuest* Special is a brave and valuable issue. If this was the *HeroQuest* rules you couldn't expect much better production value. As a GM I have been using heroquest features in my Pent campaign for a few years so I was very interested in what others have to say and write about the matter. So now I will have my say (thank you *Tales* for democratizing the creation of HQ rules in a small way - let the players decide the rules, they are going to anyway).

Do we need new rules for HQ or do we need a new attitude for scenario design? I am on the less rules and more on the "myth and mystery" spirit plane scenario side. I have been led to this through my Pent campaign where I have two shamans, an illuminated shaman's assistant and a ruelord.

My PCs expect and plan their life to be heroes. I have been taking into account what the local people think the PC heroism is and their reaction to this, e.g. deeds done in distant lands are always more heroic. This led, incidentally, to propaganda exercises: military excursions and hiring chanters and story tellers. I use an accumulative measure for heroes which is based on a number of features: social status, cult status, heroic deeds, numbers of students/followers, etc. I have not used WILL although characters have tended to retire after achieving a certain heroic dimension. And I have not been using any *Pendragon* features.

HeroQuesting Basics (Issue #7)

Jamie Keith MacLaren, Newmarket

I enjoyed very much your seventh edition, in particular "The Whole World in Your Hands", "Glorantha the Game" and "The HeroQuest Quiz." These three articles together provided a much clearer picture of heroquesting than has previously been seen in print.

My least favourite article was Steve Marsh's "HeroQuesting Basics". Much of

what he writes is well-reasoned and ties in well with the other approaches that you published. My problem starts with his emphasis on back-doors to hell and the power-gaming slant evident in the examples cited.

This view of questing was too highly powered for my tastes. For example, I believe that anyone attempting to reopen the Lightbringer's Paths should already be a well-renowned hero, with a deep practical knowledge of heroquesting. A brief comparison of a PC's abilities compared to those of Garundyer (*the Orlanthe Hero of the Seven Storms of Ralios*; see *Genertela Book*, p.70. Ed.) should illustrate this. A referee following these rules could easily end up with players that rival Sir Ethilrist or even Harrek the Berserk. In brief, a reasonable article best taken with a pinch of reality.

The most recent manifestation of the Hero myth could be said to be *Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey* where the time heroes journey to Hell, defeat Death, sneak past heaven's guardians, then speak with God and gain a useful ally to defeat their enemies and become Rock Stars. *Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure* was less mythic but was essentially a heroquest. I think that anyone who hasn't got a clue what it's all about should watch these films.

The HeroQuest Issue (issue #7)

Stephen Marsh, Wichita Falls, Texas, USA.

Congratulations! It was very, very well done. Reading the various HQ/RQ articles made me think that using *Pendragon* as the basis for heroquesting is probably the best way for most people to handle the concept. Thus, to run HeroQuests, one uses *Pendragon* (divide all skills by 20 for *Pendragon* numbers - thus with the 39 top on *Pendragon* there is a top end of 780%, high enough) and some cards (for various magic/mythic items and effects) and a set of the tiles Chaosium put out and then run quests on them. This does not translate well for mass-combat situations, but works great for storytelling.

The HeroQuest Issue (issue #7)

John Dalman, London

What is the general form of HQ? As

I've experienced it, it is a stylistic modification of the actual roleplaying, rather than a type of setting or scenario. Characters are acting within a mythological framework. They know that to some extent they are playing roles themselves, or assisting others to play a role. This double role-playing affects characters' and players' behavior: the different roleplaying experience is what makes HQ play special for players. Some characters don't take to it and can't shape their actions appropriately. They usually get into severe trouble and give up heroquesting rapidly.

Given this, I consider the "Super-RQ" approach inappropriate to me. You just can't take a myth and shake it: you have to go with the flow and change it subtly, if at all. If you're taking the part of a hero, you'll have the same successes and failures if you do the job reasonably well; saying or thinking the right things at the right time matters far more than your 375% Broadsword. Play the role - but as yourself. Trying to emulate a myth slavishly tends to have null effects - but pushing it too far is dangerous. Still, if there was a recipe, there'd be holiday camps on the slopes of the Spike.

WILL: I feel less confident here, because none of the RQ or non-RQ HQ's I've played have used anything of the sort. Changing myths is hard work: it's much better to find the one that does the right thing already. David Hall's comments on Steve Marsh's rules are the most sensible version I've seen, but there is a problem of semantics: "Free will" includes both freedom of thought and freedom to act. Now these aren't the same thing at all (although some politicians would have you believe that they are). Someone may have great freedom of action, but no capacity to use it in original ways (eg. George Bush). On the other hand, a starving poet in his garret has almost perfect freedom of thought, but little of action. Is the process of becoming immortal a loss of "Free Thought" and an acquisition of "Force", or what? The two properties aren't necessarily complementary: many people are unfortunate enough to have little of either, while the "freest" state of all has both. This may be complex, but we're definitely trespassing on the wilder shores of philosophy and language and it as well to keep our ideas straight.



"Whole World in Your Hands" / *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* (issue #7)

John Dalman, London

"Foremost and generally, the HQ game must be transformational and satisfying" [*Tales* #7, p.13].

A transformational game makes changes in the players and the characters. A common result is the feeling of having learnt something at an interior level, without being able to express it well. However, beware of oversimplification and unreasoning Joseph Campbellism. Joseph Campbell isn't a foolproof guide to the construction of heroic plots: for a horrible example, look at Lewis Shiner's book *Fronterra*, which is entirely based on Campbell and is extremely poor. Don't assume that there is only one kind of satisfying heroic plot. The most satisfying HQ adventure I ever played was a quest to find singers to play parts in an opera - weird, but that was what the character most wanted to do, and having exhausted mundane means, he resorted to heroic ones. Much more like Mike Dawson's Mostali example than a Campbellian plot. In the general case, HQ construction is like any other kind of adventure construction: it needs to get under the character's skins. One kind of character will love a "heroic" plot - but will the players always want that kind of character?

"The Rune Czar Speaks" (issue #7)

Jamie Keith MacLaren, Newmarket

It was very encouraging to see a contribution from Ken Rolston. This must be the first time I have read the words of a representative from Avalon Hill and felt optimistic afterwards. Let us hope this is a sign of things to come.

The HeroQuest Issue (Issue #7)

Greg Stafford, California USA

Some comments on *TotRM* #7. These are going to be utterly random, and probably not answer the questions people want answers for, but there is so much in the issue, and I am only going to address the issues filled two criteria:

1. They piqued a comment from me; and
2. I had a pencil in my hand at the time.

"Designing HeroQuests" by Steve Marsh: he mentions "the illuminati or those with the gnosis." I would have just called them initiates.

David Hall's "*The Silver Fox Quest*". Page 6: Paragraph 2. Odayla would have caught the Purple Stag by skill, not "more by luck".

Paragraph 4. Was Odayla going to skin the Silver Fox without killing it? Even in the God Time things were killed. Yes, I know that death had not been invented yet. But then, neither had Life.

Page 7: Paragraph 2. Surely you mean an Energetic/Lazy roll, not a Temperate/Indulgent, to stay awake? Also, why give them a WILL x 1 or POW x 2 roll if they fall asleep? Failure is failure.

Paragraph 3. A DEX x 4 roll gives a

pretty good chance to succeed. Seems like too much. This is a fox!

Paragraph 5. Benefits and costs are up to the GM? My complaint is this is bad game design. You ought to explain it for the GM.

Paragraph 6. The decision to give deer meat to the fox, or return its tail, and subsequent consequences, are the types of information that are cult secrets. The tail would be the focus of the spell, and not merely an optional token.

Box 1: These rewards seem awfully generous.

"*The Whole World in Your Hands*" by Mike Dawson. First I have to say that the article suffered from translation from person to person. It illustrates why I don't like to talk about things before they are really solid. But I did, and so...

Some corrections here: Greg Maples is NOT doing work for *HeroQuest*. The word is *mesocosm*. Compare with *Macrocosm* and *Microcosm*. It is the "middle world", the world of society.

Mike does not see what "transformational" means in this context. It means that the hero must be changed by the experience. He must experience some growth or decay.

Sartar Tribes Map (issue #6)

Tim Leask, Mitcham, Victoria, AUST.

Walter Moore's Sartar Tribes map in issue #6 was a delight. This, and Jon Quaife's Greydog Inn map in issue #5, are indispensable campaign aids and make the zine well worth purchasing. How about running a centre spread that we can pull out and stick on the wall, maybe featuring the other half of Jon's Greydog-Sartar campaign map?

De MOB: This idea has certainly been discussed by the editorial staff.

Daughters of Darkness (issue #6)

Bernie MacHall, Mitcham, Vic., AUST.

It is stiff competition to decide which of *Daughters of Darkness* and *The Lost City Eldarad* is the worst RQ product ever released, but the worst piece yet published in *Tales* would have to be "The Chronicles of Khafre-Menes". Promoting something as mediocre as *Daughters of Darkness* is a waste of everyone's time: does *Moon* have shares in this product or something? The truth is more likely that you owed its author a favour.

The italicized background material is a total waste of time, being useless to anyone except those unfortunate enough to have purchased *Daughters* already, and you wouldn't wish that on anyone, would you?

The Subdual Combat rules are just too safe and cosy. As Greg Stafford said in his Battle Skill article (also in issue #6), "the proximity of death is a constant spectre in RQ... it adds greatly to meaning of the character's lives." Brawls in B-grade Westerns aside, there should be a fairly high risk of causing permanent incapacitation, or even death, and char-

acters should be mindful of this. People do get seriously hurt or killed in pub fights and street brawls all the time, whether intentionally or not. In my experience (having worked behind the bar at a football club's Thursday Nite "sleaze-a-rama" disco), there are no such things as "good-humoured brawls" or "attacking to subdue": after the initial pushing and shoving, it's usually hell-for-leather until one of the combatants goes down or they are pulled apart. Quite frankly I would rather see "Student News" or "Computer Corner" appear in *Tales* before another *Daughters* article.

Earth Sister Cults (issue #6)

Marion Dhwyde, Bayswater, Vic, AUST

Is this Earth Sister cults drivell official Chaosium material? Doubt it, but because it uses the same cult format/layout as Maran Gor, Humakt etc. readers may be led into thinking so. Whether it is Chaosium material or not, I found the Nyanka spells to be not only patronizing of the whole reproductive-birth process (which Earth cultists would, I imagine, treat with great reverence), but also down right silly and possibly even offensive to some readers: trans ferring pregnancies is whacko enough, but "Males give birth through the navel"??? The whole reason why earth/fertility cults were so strong in ancient times was because females gave birth and males couldn't. Does the unfortunate recipient of a "Transfer" spell have to be willing? It's instant, so I guess you could just go up to someone on the street, pat them on the back and *BINGO*, they've all of a sudden got a lot of explaining to do in a few months. Makes that old Irish joke of the pregnant gal wondering if it's hers not all that funny any more! It would make more sense that these spells transfer the pain of the pregnancy (similar to the Xiola Umbar spell "Couvade"), but not the actual fetus.

De Hall: That's the way I would play this spell.

And two minor niggles:

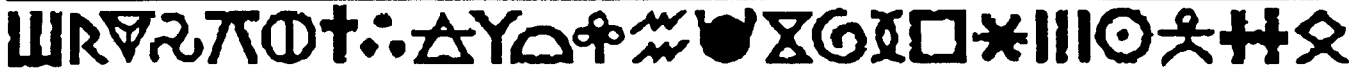
(1) Rumour no.8 in issue #6: The Lunar city of Yuthuppa, "famous for its magical torches that stay alight for a week after being lit" is in fact so famous that it is mentioned on p.40 of the *Genertela Book*. Your rumour column should contain details otherwise difficult or impossible to contain, not stuff anyone can find out by a simple browse through their RQ collection.

(2) "Common Spirits in Sartar" in *The Old Hare's Riddle Scenario* (issue #7) states that buttercup maiden plants call for "father honeybee" to visit them. Unless Gloranthan bees are very different to Earthly ones, "father" honeybees (drones) do nothing of the sort: Jon Quaife should be reminded that it's the female worker bees who do the pollinating of the flowers. The males just sit around hoping the Queen will notice them.

Notes From Nochet (issue #6)

Nick Brooke, Richmond, Surrey

Entry XXIX.12-72 (*Tales* #6, p.14)



describes how a Lunar soldier captured by the Teetons, a Pentian tribe, secured his release through payment of a ransom of "several horses". Are you familiar with the expression "coals to Newcastle"? The Gloranthan equivalent must be "horses to Pent"! They are the one thing Pent has plenty of, and this excerpt has them asking for more! I'd have thought they'd demand crafted goods - metal weapons and armour - in ransom instead.

A Matter Of Honour (issue #5)

Martin Crim, Fredricksburg VA, USA

Death is the most powerful, dramatic, and mysterious Power Rune. Those who worship it must use intuition to understand it. There is no complete rational certainty, because there are plenty of deceivers in the world. Humakt offers spiritual certainty to replace the fear and doubt everyone feels. By taking a leap of faith and giving up any hope of resurrection, the Humakt initiate confirms to himself the certainty of death and an honorable afterlife.

Dedicated Humakti "crawl inside" Death. On a mundane level, they become one with their swords. On a higher level, they enter the trinity of slayer-slaying-slain. Through great spiritual experience, they approach the ineffable inner mysteries.

Sharp, painful, spiritual beauty brings tears of joy to those whom Humakt inspires. Such a person has compassion for those who fear death. He has conquered his own fear, but does not blame others for fearing. That's why the deaths he delivers must be quick and sure, not through disease, poison, or torture. Slow deaths enhance fear, and prevent the dying from learning through death. Deaths by surprise, at the opposite extreme, do not give the dying person time to embrace death.

Humakti feel that everyone deserves a chance to die consciously. That is why only the ignorant say, "Death is too good for him," or "Say your prayers!" The wise say, "Death may do him some good," and to their enemies, "I am going to kill you now; you may wish to prepare yourself."

A Matter of Honour (Issue #5)

Jamie Keith MacLaren, Newmarket

I would to see articles along the lines of issue five's "A Matter of Honour" on a regular basis. Each issue you could formally ask for readers to briefly give their views on a different aspect of RQ or Glorantha. I feel that this would allow for a more varied and flexible approach to RQ and would encourage potential contributors to other sections of your magazine to test the water with their approach and interpretations. Suggested topics could include illumination, the nature of chaos, a sorcerer's outlook, shamanism, tribal society, guilds, Lunars and cult outlooks.

Melisande's Hand (issue #4)

John Hughes, Canberra AUSTRALIA

"Melisande's Hand" ranks as my all-time favourite *Moon* article; a well-

rounded story strong on Gloranthan feel and spoilt only by its limited opportunities for female characters. I believe that an Eumal or Babeester Gor custom could allow for the participation of female warriors, with the provision of some sort of "ghost marriage" for the victor. Ghost marriage is practiced by several African animal herding tribes whose culture and society seem similar to the nomads of Prax. In ghost marriage, an important woman may "marry" another woman by acting as "groom" would in financing (with weapons or herd animals) the all-important contracts between the kin groups involved in the marriage exchange. The "bride" then takes male lovers and bears children. These children are socially defined as the children of the female "husband", who in turn is their "father". Of course, these events take place in a society where questions of kinship and clan affiliation are of the utmost importance, and where marriage is much more than simply a joining of two people. The clan identity of off-spring is of crucial importance, and the number of "wives" (or "husbands") one possesses is a mark of one's standing and authority.

While I'm on a high rhino, the portrayal of women in fantasy gaming has always been an area of severe disappointment for me. Why are all commercial fantasy modules written for 14 year old boys? The traditional (read "sexist") fantasy elements of *RuneQuest* coupled with the detailed combat system can make the game a male-only rules-orientated combat bash. Some articles published in *Moon* give the impression that women simply don't exist on Glorantha: the lack of female readers detailed in the Questionnaire response shows the outcome). I know that this is not Greg Stafford's vision of the world or his game. The mythological and cultural complexity of Glorantha gives us plenty of encouragement to shake off the pseudo-medieval *DnDisms™* that dominate most of the fantasy genre, but not enough designers or GMs seem to take up the challenge: "Err, yeah, I'll seduce the barmaid. Hrrmm." Greg has given us a cluster of societies where fertility and conception can be

magically controlled, where female deities their cults influence every aspect of daily life (eg. Ernalda, Kyger Litor, to name a few) and where several major cultures are matriarchal (trolls, Esrolia, the Lunars, etc.) and many more are matrilineal. Instead of perving at the page three dryad how about making an effort to make *RuneQuest* a fit place for women as both characters and players? If we don't use our imaginations constructively, we make as well be playing ADnD™ modules. RQdeserves better than this.

De MOB: Our dryad actually appeared on page 5 of issue #4. Seriously though, John has made some extremely valid and constructive points, which Tales concurs with.

A Pentian Cosmology (issue #3)

Nick Brooke, Richmond, Surrey

Very probably not *the* Pentian cosmology, as there must be many of them, perhaps as many as there are shamans or tribes. Another cosmology of the predominant steppe cultures of Pent could be: "the Cosmic Tent", an obvious motif for Pent nomads, living in yurts. In this description, the stars are holes in the fabric of the Sky Tent through which the light of Above shines; the tent is stitched together at the place other peoples call the Love and War Stars. The Underworld is the burnt-out ash below the firepit in the floor of the World Tent. And the axis mundi itself is the central life-giving fire around which the worshippers gather.

(Nick gives three more alternative Pentish cosmologies: "the Cosmic Horse", "the Cosmic Eagle" and "the Cosmic Sword" Ed.)

I admired the author's use of "the first mortal, Sheng Seleris": this was an audacious touch, and ties in with the incredible youth of present-day Pentian culture, rebuilt in many cases from the ground up in the century since the Nights of Horror. Most peoples can remember the old world ending over 1600 years ago (or at the end of the Second Age, for some); the Pent shamans can talk to their great grandparents, who lived through it.

never passed on, but were kept hidden in the darkness. (XXIX. 16-126) Turnips, Leeks, Loquats? Waymoles, Breadnuts, Yams? You can get them all at Ragar's. (XXIX. 16-127) It has come to my notice that the Collator has been growing plump on excessive quantities of vegetables recently. It has also been noticed that "advertising" has been seen in these tomes. Perhaps the Collator needs be reminded that Truth and advertising do not mix well. *A Higher Authority*. (XXIX.16-128) Life is too short to learn Auld Wymish. (XXIX.16-129) In the cold hills of Sartar, nourishing livestock during the dark and storm seasons has always been difficult. Unable to forage on the frost-covered turf, the animals subsist on hay, which must be hurriedly cut in the darkening weeks of the earth season. Even then, most of the herd must be slaughtered. I propose to alleviate this problem by continuously running a fine stream of water across the breadth of a field, thus preventing ice crystals from forming. My recent experiments with a small undine in the temple coolroom were quite promising, and even now, I am attempting to secure a suitable hillock and herd to further my investigations. (XXIX.16-130) The sorcerer's familiar is an unnatural creature; a freakish homunculus germinated outside lawful procreation. (XXIX. 16-134) The horsemen of the Pentian steppe claim that their ancestor is the ancestor of all men, but to other men he gave gold, silver, fine clothes and salt, and to them he gave bravery. (XXIX. 16-135) The Seshnelan city of Estau resisted Arkat's armies



RENT-A-ROGUE

From the Pavis Brotherhood of Beggars

By Trevor Ackerly and Michael O'Brien

The Beggars Guild of Pavis and its nefarious hold over the poor of that city was discussed in issue #4 of *Tales Of The Reaching Moon*. Led by their King of the Beggars, Fandrikus Pharzool, the guild provides various services, both legal and illicit, for a mixed clientele. Lunar and Pavis alike might spurn the city beggars like curs out of their way, but certain individuals are aware of and exploit the beggars' usefulness.

Listed below are various members of the Beggars Guild that are available for hire. Some, notably Mawton and Canard, are only associate members of the Brotherhood, who owe their primary allegiance to the Trickster cult. All are careful to supply the correct percentage of their earnings to Fandrikus Pharzool, King of the Beggars in Pavis.



**Bung
the
Bright**

Bung is a black man who claims he's from Pamaltela. To prove it he sells castings of what he says is Pamalt's *Comprehension* spirit magic spell. He does a roaring trade among the Lhankor Mhy apprentices at exam time.

Fee: 5L per point of *Comprehension* required. Bung claims he knows up to 5 points of the spell.



Mawton the Glutton

Knows the *Swallow* spell, and will eat anything for a price, ie. incriminating evidence, stolen goods, etc. Will later regurgitate for an additional fee. Rumour has it that Mawton likes to eat small animals (and even children). A former eunuch in the service of the Pharaoh, Mawton is grossly fat and completely hairless.

Fee: 50L per gulp; Mawton will accept payment in food and drink.



**Wonkl'
baldarky
the
Rubble
Guide**

Wonkl'baldarky is a trollkin escapee from the Rubble, who hires out as a guide to the troll territory. He has now more or less sold himself to chaos for a chance to increase his personal power, so he can one day wreak revenge on his former masters. Wonkl'baldarky is one of the Pavis contacts for the local Krarshti drool (priest), but even Fandrikus Pharzool is unaware of this.

Fee: 2L per hour; half this rate during daylight.



Grovman the Sandreader

Tells "fortunes" in the bazaar, by scribbling in the dust. Grovman also has a surprisingly keen knowledge of local affairs and the doings of important figures in the city. Grovman has been a beggar all his life, and was deliberately deformed by his father for the task.

Fee: Consultations begin at 5 clacks, but the more you pay, the less cryptic Grovman's answers tend to be.



Canard the Snout

Will spread all sorts of rumour and gossip for a price. Canard knows the very effective *Lie* spell. The riot-provoking rumour that the Crimson Bat was on its way to Prax was probably started by him, as are the various tales about Governor Sor-Eel's private life. Canard's appearance would be nondescript but for the fact he has no ears.

Fee: 10L for general rumour; 100L for treasonous utterances; 525L for use of *Lie* spell.

Unkle Kevin the Spirit Guide

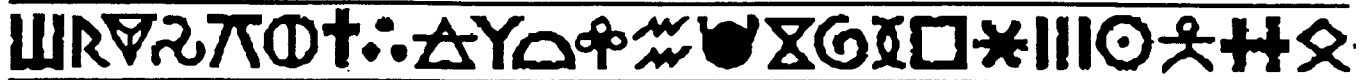
Unkle Kevin is an incredibly emaciated, one-eyed, bald and almost toothless baboon, the last of his once-proud tribe. A vagrant and *hazia* addict, Unkle Kevin is hired out by the Beggar's Guild as a "spirit guide."

Fee: For a starting price of 100L (or the equivalent in dope) he can take a customer by hidden paths to his tribe's secret spirit place in the Rubble, now known only to him. A permanent *Axis Mundi* exists at the site.

Assorted Beggars

Useful as lookouts, guides, diversions, informants, messengers etc.

Fee: 5 clacks each per day. Beggars are cheap, but unreliable.



Flora Chaotica

Being the surviving remnants of a text on the flora of Prax and the Wastelands, compiled by a number of unknown scholars in the years before the destruction of Pavis.

The Pitfall Plant

by Paul Lee

"The savages who ride this desolate land are, of course, scientifically ignorant, but one can glean fragments of Truth from their much-embroidered tales. To become a chieftain or khan in one's tribe, a savage must hunt and kill a thing of chaos in the Devil's Marsh. I have heard described a hazard in this area which I surmise is attributable to botanical phenomena.

"The savages tell of the "Falling Holes", where small animals, mounts and sometimes even riders too, fall into concealed, slime-coated pits.(1) If not rescued quickly by their comrades, the unfortunate suffers horrendous injuries and ultimately death. This unusual plant I have catalogued as F. Desilio Chaos, or, in the vernacular, the "Pitfall Plant".

"This large plant only thrives in extremely moist soil where its hollow trunk forms a large underground vessel. The mouth of this vessel opens at the surface and is covered by a lid, formed out of a highly-modified leaf. The lid is surrounded and camouflaged by what appears to be small plants, grasses, fallen leaves and other debris, but are in actual fact clever mimics evolved out of smaller leaves around the lid. (2)

"When trodden upon the lid readily gives way, precipitating the hapless victim into a pool of burning liquid which is continually secreted by the inner walls of the plant, collecting in the bottom of the vessel.(3) (The depth of acid is dependent on seasonal factors: in Fire

for a year-and-a-day, for it was protected with magic cords tied all round its perimeter, secured with a knot so complex and tight none could untie it. Arkat grasped God-Cleaver, his sword, and cut the knot, and so took the city. This legend offers an explanation as to why Estau is now an open city; it is interesting too, that Estau is the major rope-producing center of Tanisor. Goliard the Peripatetic. (XXIX. 16-136) Reading about Estau just now reminds me that this city was one of the strongholds of the fabled Vampire Kings of Tanisor (another was the Red Ruins). These just rulers worshipped the Light Side of Nysalor before Arkat's coming, but turned to Gbaji and vampirism to defend their land against him. Capybarus the Thinker. (XXIX. 16-137) When the dwarves saw how Lokarnos kept gold in large wheel-shaped disks of even weight, their minds turned to coins. So, they made little brass disks to buy and trade with, called clacks, after the sound of their minting. The elves later convinced people to make clacks out of copper, in honour of Mother Earth, but some dwarves stubbornly insist on minting brass clacks, even though they are rarely worth more than their weight in raw metal, even to other dwarves. (XXIX. 16-138) Sex rots the

season, they are completely dry and enterprising savages sometimes dig them up to use as containers.) Escape from the chamber is impeded by a ring of thorny spines that grow around the lip.(4) The creature thus trapped is then slowly digested by the plant. (5) When the Pitfall Plant is still feeding, it is apparently safe to stand on its lid; this is sometimes performed as an act of bravado by the more foolhardy of the savages. (6)

"A desert-burned tracker told me of a similar phenomena in the great Krjalki Bog of the Wastelands: this type however possesses great sticky tendrils with which it can drag its prey into the vessel. (7) Both species are demonstrably chaotic, and some are said to possess a variety of aberrant and exotic features.(8) The tracker I spoke with told me of one plant which was immune to his Fireblade magic, and another that seemed to scream as its tendrils blew in the wind. And the khans of Prax talk of a gigantic Pitfall Plant in the midst of the bog which has a ruby the size of a man's fist growing in the center of its lid, taunting anyone to collect it..."

Gamemaster Notes

(1) The SIZ of these plants vary greatly, ranging from immature specimens that could swallow nothing larger than a rat, right through to monsters which could take in a horse and its rider. Roll on the following table to determine the SIZ of a Pitfall Plant:

Pitfall Plant Table

2d8	SIZ	Swallow	Camouflage	Acid
2-3	Tiny	SIZ 1 (rat)	90%	POT 1
4-5	Small	SIZ 3 (small dog)	75%	1d2
6-9	Medium	SIZ 7 (child)	60%	1d4
10-13	Large	SIZ 13 (adult)	45%	1d6
14-15	Huge	SIZ 21 (troll)	30%	1d8+1
16	Enormous	SIZ 50+ (horse & rider)	15%	2d10

Note that even if a victim falls into a plant smaller than his own SIZ, damage will still be taken, eg. a SIZ 15 human would still fall into a medium-sized Pitfall Plant, up to his waist.

(2) Generally-speaking, the larger a pitfall plant, the less effective the Camouflage becomes (see chart).

(3) This liquid is in fact an acidic digestive juice. The depth and POT of the acid depends on seasonal factors: during the dry Fire season the plant remains dormant, the vessel is empty and usually won't open at all, even if trodden upon. In Earth season, it rouses again, filling to about 25% depth. In Dark season, it fills to 50% depth; in Storm season, to over 75%. In Sacred Time, Pitfall Plants are literally almost overflowing with acid, particularly if it has been a wet winter. In Sea season the plant gradually empties, from 90%+ at the beginning of the season right down to bone dry. The acid causes its POT in damage each round to each hit location exposed. Once armour has been eaten through it is destroyed and will no longer give protection.

(4) Each plant has six such spines; spine damage is equal to the die-value of the acid, eg. spines on a medium-sized Pitfall Plant cause 1d4 damage. These spines can impale.



(5) Bones, corroded metal and other hard objects (such as magic crystals) may sometimes collect in the bottom of Pitfall Plant vessels.

(6) Unless the plant has just been observed swallowing something, standing on one is inadvisable. The chances of it still digesting an earlier meal are small.

(7) The Krjaki-Bog species has tendrils instead of the spines, but is otherwise identical. Each tendril has both size and hit points equivalent to the die value of the acid, eg. the tendrils on a huge plant are 1d8+1 meters long and have 1d8+1 hit points. Each tendril has an attack chance of 25%. In addition, the tendrils ooze a sticky glue-like substance with a STR equal to the POT of the plant's acid. The glue effect is cumulative if more than one tendril strikes the same target.

(8) Pitfall Plants are inherently chaotic. Each plant has a 05% chance of having 1d4-1 chaotic features (evens, a beneficial feature; odds a reverse feature). Gamemasters must determine how particular chaos features apply to a Pitfall Plant.

The Tackymat

By Andrew Brisbane

"Though resembling a large pile of animal dung - common enough obstacles on the herd-rich plains of Prax and the Wastes - the "Tackymat" is actually a vegetative equivalent of the amorphous Gorp. (1) I have given it the scientific designation, "Chaos Faex". If a Tackymat is trodden upon its soft outer crust is broken, revealing a powerful reservoir of acid and corrosive enzymes underneath. Exposure to these digestive juices causes severe burns and corrosion. (2) Magic, such as Disrupt, will eliminate the menace, as will fire. (3) Tackymats are especially despised by trollkin, who often survive on long scouting expeditions by eating animal excrement. Travellers in from Dragon Pass report a related species there which spores over a wide area and is said to closely resemble sheep or goat droppings. This I have not been able to confirm.

"Every Sea season each Tackymat sprouts a single ovoid flower, pure white and of exceptional beauty. Unfortunately, the flower exudes a most repugnant stench which makes it irresistibly attractive to flies, and little else. (4)

"Although known to be chaotic, Tackymats are not known to display the often idiosyncratic characteristics sported by other chaos beings. (5)"

Gamemaster Notes

(1) Adventurers have their Animal Lore percentage roll to determine that the plant is not real manure: one big hint is that, except when flowering, it has no odour at all.

(2) Creatures who step upon a Tackymat suffer 6 points of acid damage directly to the foot and leg. Armour absorbs this damage, but is eaten away in the process. Unless helped out those stuck must roll their DEX x 3 or continue to take damage. If the DEX roll succeeds, the victim has successfully removed what remains of his limb from the Tackymat.

(3) Physical attack is just as ineffective against a Tackymat as it is against a Gorp. It also looks very silly. Tackymats have only one hit location, cannot move, have 1d6+1 hit points and 1d6 POW.

(4) The stench is so overpowering that anyone within 2 meters of a flowering Tackymat must roll under their CON x 5 or retch. A fumbled roll indicates the victim has fainted.

(5) In actual fact, all Tackymats possess the chaotic feature "Appears harmless until attacked." Tackymats may have an additional chaotic feature on a roll of POW x 1.

The Seeds Of Wakboth

By Paul Lee and Derek Prout

"Farmers and nomads alike have reported to me the curious phenomena where, in an otherwise normal stand of vegetation - whether trees, brush, grasses or crops - an aberrant plant may suddenly sprout and grow (1), sometimes to full height in less than a day. (2)

"The origins of such curious plants may appear baffling, but I attribute their existence to the demise of Wakboth the Devil. Before his cataclysmic battle with the Storm Bull, the Devil wallowed in wreckage of Genert's Garden, consuming a great meal of crushed and mangled nature gods, plant spirits and dryads, as well as the wondrous trees, flowers and other plants that grew there. Thus bloated, Wakboth strode to battle in Prax where, at his moment of victory over Storm Bull, he was crushed under the Block. The seeds in the Devil's stomach were sprayed into the air by the impact, and blown by the winds all over Prax. Even today such a seed may fall, take root and sprout. (3)



"Unfortunately, regardless of the plant's outward appearance, its physical composition is tainted by chaos. (4) The fruit (if any) of such plants is irresistibly attractive to creatures of chaos: broods in particular seem to be able to sniff them out for miles according to farmers I have talked with. (5) Humans should not consume this forbidden fruit, and must ensure their stock keep well away from such plants too. (6) When discovered, such vegetation should be carefully documented and then burned."

Gamemaster Notes

(1) What sort of plant appears is limited only by the Gamemaster's imagination: every plant that there ever was grew in Genert's Garden. Thus a delicate rose bush might suddenly sprout forth in the middle of the Praxian desert, or a mighty oak tree in a stand of palms at an oasis. Or the vegetation that appears may have no earthly analogue: countless species of Godtime plants were destroyed in the rape of Genert's Garden.

(2) Still imbued with their mythic potential, these plants initially grow at a phenomenal rate, regardless of the ground they land on. Whether they prosper or not depends on the suitability of the conditions, eg. the rose bush above would soon wilt and die in the desert.

(3) In fact, plants grown from the Seeds of Wakboth may have



chaotic features (10% chance of 1d10 features - evens, a beneficial feature; odds a reverse feature).

(4) The Devil's corpse swelled and putrefied under the weight of the Block. It ruptured forming the foul morass of the Devil's Swamp out of the canal which Waha had dug there to wash the chaos horror away.

(5) Chaos creatures are indeed attracted to the plants they recognize as "sprouts of the Devil". If fruit cannot be consumed, a chaos being is just as likely to eat the whole plant (or as much of the plant as it can). Eating one of these plants brings a chaotic being closer to its master, but can easily kill the creature in the process. A chaos creature only benefits once from eating such a plant. Roll 2d6:

2 - Poison: POT 1d20. If the creature survives, it can eat and try again.

3 - Beneficial chaotic feature; roll on the table in *RuneQuest*.

4 - Reverse chaotic feature; roll on the Curse of Thed table in the *Cults Book*.

5 - Gain a random one-use divine spell from a chaotic source (GM: select or randomly determine a divine spell from one of the chaos gods cults from the *Cults Book* or *Cults of Terror*.) This costs the creature POW equal to the points of the spell. If the spell is stackable, it is 2d4-1 points in strength.

6 - A random chaos divine spell takes effect on the creature. If the spell is temporal, the creature must make a POW x 3 roll every 6 hours: if the roll succeeds, the spell remains in effect. This effect costs the creature POW equal to the points of the spell. If the spell is stackable, it is 2d4-1 points in strength.

7 - 1d6 chaotic features, each a 50% chance of a reverse feature.

8 - Raise a random characteristic by 1d6 points, lower another by 1d6. Ignore species maximums. If a particular stat is reduced to zero, see *RuneQuest Creatures Book* for more information.

9 - Raise a random characteristic by 3d6 points, lower all others by 1d8 points each. Ignore species maximums.

10 - The creature is transformed into a random chaos being (eg. dragonsnail, broo, gorp, krashtkid) yet retains its own INT and POW.

11 - Chaos feature (50% chance reverse feature) and roll once more. If poison is rolled, it is POT 2d20.

12 - Chaos feature (50% chance reverse feature) and roll twice more. If poison is rolled, it is POT 3d20.

Note that the above table is just an example of effects: gamemasters may have their own ideas - possibilities are as limitless as chaos itself.

(6) Such plants are extremely poisonous to non-chaotic beings: POT 10+1d20. If the creature survives, it is permanently tainted by chaos, and must roll on the above table.

DEVIL'S PLAY

Another Griselda Tale By Oliver Dickinson



Most any time you go into Lilina's you're liable to hear Hanufa yakking, being as her voice is kinda penetrating, but I have to say, I never hear her so loud and clear this time.

"So, my friend," she is yelling, "you are thinking, must have been easy, yes? Devil's Playground is no problem, you just walk in, walk out, no worries at all? I tell you, I will not do again, not for one fistful of Wheels!" and she holds up her fist to the guy who is catching all of this as if she is aiming to belt him out.

"Take it easy, Hanufa," he cries, pulling back. "You gotta admit, it's kinda hard to believe it was so dangerous, when there ain't a mark on you." Just then, who walks in but Griselda and Wolfhead and his two best boys, Kroked and Fylchar, and Hanufa turns to them.

"Well, here is people who can tell you different," she says. "Wolfhead, Griselda, please to come tell idiot what is like in Devil's Playground. He is thinking, we must have it easy down there."

The guy looks like he wants to crawl into the woodwork as they come over, but they are looking all relaxed and meaning no harm to anyone. Wolfhead says, "Well, I can scarcely believe it myself, we get out with barely a scratch. We were luckier than I ever counted on being, personally."

"Why none of my hair is white is more than I know," says Griselda, "and that yell you gave when the zombie grabbed your leg must have scared me out of a year's growth."

"If it had been you, they'd have heard you clean to the Temple," answers Wolfhead, quite sharp. "I could feel it right through my mail, like a vice."

"No offence, Wolfie," says Griselda, patting his arm. "I doubt anyone here could have done any better."

"For what are you fooling about in the Devil's Playground, anyway," puts in Lilina, who is listening with much interest like many of us.

Wolfhead glances at Griselda, who shrugs and says, "Can't do any harm to tell it now, and, look, there's Olaf with his tongue hanging out," and we all laugh, because for sure there is nothing Olaf loves better than stories about her doings.

"OK," says Wolfhead. "I'll tell some of

it, but you all gotta help me out, because I never did care to talk for long. Also, I could use a drink, which I seem to remember is why we come in here."

"I buy," says Hanufa, all puffed up and proud, "and I will help tell, because I see what no one else does."

"Damn right," says Kroked, and gives her a big hug, and she hugs right back, to the amazement of all present, for we never reckon them for a number before.

"True enough," says Wolfhead, "but let's get things in their proper order, and first is a drink." So Lilina gets busy, and everyone gathers round to listen.

Wolfhead takes a good pull, and says, "I guess where it all starts is, we make a deal with the Pavis cult, which if we do something right will get us out of our hole, square us up with most of all the cults which matter. It's that smart priestess Broosta who deals with us on behalf of her husband, the real wise guy, ol' Fleeter Nemm himself, and can she bargain! What it comes down to, we gotta accompany this old-time priest of Sunny Boy* into tunnels is under the Devil's Playground that he knows are there, and see what is to be found.

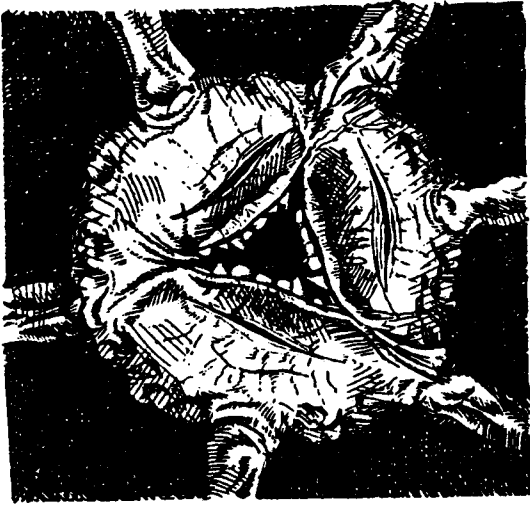
"Big Nygg, he'd been our go-between in setting up the meeting, he says, 'Well I never sold no charts', and Krokkie here, he says that's our death warrant, but we all wanted out of the Rubble the worst way, and it's the best chance we're gonna get. So we go with the priestess to the Temple, all but Simbal who'd snuck off somehow while we're dickering. They are gonna send some tough initiate with us, and they'll let us send around for friends to side us, too, but nobody had the nerve, except Hanufa."

"Well, maybe if I am not full of beer, I will think twice," says Hanufa. "But once this Pavis man gets me to understand my friends need me, I say sure, why not? But when I get there, none of you is looking very happy, and what is it you say to me, Kroked?"

Kroked scratches his head. "Something about it being Chaos-hunting, could be tough and we might not all make it," he says. "But you didn't seem to let it bother you."

"We had too much time to sit and think," says Wolfhead. "I never like that.

*Yelmalio



Well, we made a fair bunch, for this same initiate, guy called Zalvur, looked pretty handy with his axe, and the old priest, he was stone blind but he handled himself well, though one of us was gonna have to look out for him. Also, I had my bit of extra help, by which I mean some poison, and we mostly put it on our weapons, since it had worked so well for us when a Chaos gang tried jumping us." He finishes his drink and says, "I never talked so much. Grizzie, you take over a while."

"Right," she says. "Well, we left the temple early in the morning, moved along nice and quiet through the Rubble until we reached the spot we were heading for, this great big tree. The priest had to do a ritual here, and like all rituals it takes for ever, and we hang around getting bitten half to death by the insects and feeling jumpier by the minute, but finally it's over, and there's this big dark hole showing in some masonry at the bottom of the tree. He tells us to walk down, never mind the darkness, and sure enough, there are steps, but that darkness is so thick, the torches won't work till we're at the bottom, and then they are dim.

"We found ourself in a round tunnel, smooth as if it had been cut. When the priest had been there before he went east and met Broos, so we went west, since our job was to get information, first of all. Shortly we came to wall that looked very high; but the priest could hear so well, like blind people can, that he knew there were people at the top. Since they showed no lights, they figured to be Trolls or Dwarves. So Zalvur called out in Mostali, but that didn't raise a spark, so Wolfhead, who was taking most of the decisions, told me to try Darktongue, though the priest didn't like it."

"You shoulda heard her," says Wolfhead, chuckling. "Jabbering away like you were long-lost pals, even having yourselves a laugh."

"How anyone can laugh down there!" puts in Hanufa. "I see nothing funny. I do not like it at all in the dark and the silence, but Griselda is one very brave person and she is not afraid of Trolls or the dark or

anything."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," says Griselda, cutting her off, for she never likes people running on about her when she can hear. "Anyway, I got some information. These Trolls were guarding their territory against Broos and six-legged monsters with big mouths and such. They knew of me, and the leader said maybe we'd meet, if the Chaos trash didn't eat me, and I said no chance, if Trolls couldn't do it, and that tickled them."

"So we went the other way," says Wolfhead, "back to where we started, and it was clear we had to go on, because we hadn't got much information at all. We come to a branching of the tunnel pretty soon, and the priest says, right, and after a while we

come to another and he says, left, and then again, right, but after that he is just plain confused, with tunnels going off every which way. It was clear, we hadda have a system."

"It was me suggested looking for tracks," says Fylchar, real proud.

"So you did," says Wolfhead. "but we couldn't see none there, so we went back the first fork, and here I seen human tracks, and others along a different branch.

We moved along there, cautious-like, until we reached a big cave with a stream and even a little bridge, which made a nice change."

"Yes," said Griselda, "but the priest remembered that this was where the torches started going really dim, and Zalvur got a bad case of the jitters and wanted to go back. But you wouldn't."

"Damn right," says Wolfhead. "We hadn't got near enough to impress ol' Fleeter Nemm, I thought and so I said, we oughta light more torches and go on, and the priest said I was right. So we done that, and went on until I couldn't see the tracks, and we talked on what to do because this darkness was magical, no doubt of that. Finally the priest offers to put a spell on me, which'd make me see like a cat long as there's any light at all, and would last a whole day, and I went for that. It sure made a difference, but I still went wrong on the tracks, found the human ones had split off back a piece, and the priest said if the torches weren't getting dimmer we weren't getting to the heart of things, so back we go again, follow the tracks along another fork. Then the torches started going, for sure."

"Which you isn't notice, with that spell," said Griselda, "but I would like to assure everyone here that there is nothing quite so hard on the nerves as having the light get dimmer and dimmer, when you're underground and a long way from the exit." Up till now she has been pretty chipper, in fact they all have, but her voice is slightly strained as she finishes this. Kroked rubs his hand over his face, looking very down, and Fylchar says quietly, almost to himself, "You can practically

feel that darkness," while Hanufa bangs on the bar and says, "My hand is shaking so, the torch nearly go out, and is all I can do not to turn and run when the light is finally all gone."

"When that happens, and suddenly I couldn't see either," Wolfhead goes on, "and I sure could appreciate how everyone else was feeling. Well, Zalvur reckons we must be close to the magic that's making this darkness, and the priest wants to use a spell to point to it, but I showed him it was crazy to think of walking into darkness, and we wouldn't see where it was pointing, would we? So he comes up with another spell, which makes light like the sun shine off his head, so I can see just fine and the others like in twilight, and he lengthens it too, so we will have plenty of time. Then he does his spell for finding magic, and sure enough it points to a close source."

"We moved up on it quiet as we could," says Griselda, "and saw where the rock dropped away. So we agreed, Wolfhead would crawl to the edge, with the priest behind to give light. You have to admit that took nerve, though our light could have been seen by anything below, and yet we heard nothing."

"And I listened hard enough, you bet," says Wolfhead. "But nothing. Then I inched my head over the edge, but of course I couldn't see down. So Zalvur brings the priest and he puts his head over the edge, so the light can shine all ways, and holds out his magic pointer, and then I get a good view. I see a big stone in the middle, and lots of stuff stacked about in boxes and sacks, and a rope ladder hanging down, and at the bottom, wait for it, there are skeletons and what look like Trolls, which the priest's pointer is pointing at. But they don't act like they know we're there."

"Which makes them zombies," says Griselda, "and the priest figures that stone is likely to be the source of the dimming magic, and ought to be destroyed. But first we had to get this undead trash out of the way. Luckily, they had no weapons."

"I wanted to let them come up the ladder and knock them off," says Kroked, "but we decided to try a bit of slinging first on them skeletons, being as they got no armour, and haul up the ladder while we're doing it. At first we weren't doing so good, but Grizzie got going with her magic ring, knocked down two -"

"One was which was my bird," growls Wolfhead. "Then we started popping their skulls good, and Krokkie helpfully let down the ladder for them zombies. We held one at the top, which blocked the rest, but then we learned a bit about how hard zombies are to knock out. Finally I must have cut a tendon or something, because it collapses, and then Krokkie and Hanufa rush the next over the edge and it falls on a third, knocks it off the ladder. Zalvur says we oughta throw the first one over, which by now he's smashed up so it can't move, and we got a good swing and landed it right on top of another."

"It was not at all nice to hold that



zombie," says Hanufa. taking a long pull at her beer, "but is good to see them knock each other down and smash the skeletons."

"After that, there was only one zombie on its feet," says Wolfhead, "and I'm game to go in and finish it, but it grabbed me before I got off the ladder. That's when I yelled."

"Which is when Griselda is most brave," Hanufa cries, "for she jumps down to help him."

Griselda shakes her head. "Dumbest thing I've done for some time; I must have got carried away by all these brave deeds. I didn't even land well, but rolled with it and came up, and then the zombie picks Wolfhead right up and throws him."

"Coulda been worse," says Wolfhead, "but I was very short of breath for a while there. Luckily, them zombies are not fast movers, and the others can get down and finally take the last apart, though the one we threw was still twitching some."

"Then we can finally get at the stone, which seemed like an altar," says Griselda. "Just bashing it had no effect, but it was not part of the floor, so I thought we could lift it up and throw it."

"I like that 'we'," says Wolfhead. "But she was right. Me and Zalvur and Fylchar and Hanufa picked it up and threw it at the wall, but it just chipped, and then Zalvur has a great idea, we use this rope he has and haul it up to the top, then drop it. Took a lot of heaving, but when we let it go, it smashed straight off, and everything lit up like day in there from the old priest's light spell. He could feel it was gone, said his god must have been watching out for us, but he was right pleased."

"So was I, to be able to see proper," says Hanufa, "Priest says he will commend us to his god, which is nice to say, though my people worship Yelm himself, not this little Yelmialio, why do some people here think he is so great?"

Wolfhead waves a hand. "I got no opinion on that. Anyway, we all felt as if a cloud was off our minds, and got down to looking in the boxes and sacks. I'm not about to say all we found, but it was sure worth having -"

"Some very fine food," says Hanufa, licking her lips, "which I was glad of, because I was starved by this time."

"Yeah, you'd still be eating it," says Kroked, digging her in the ribs. Hanufa giggles, but Griselda says sharply, "So would you. You were all acting like it was over. It was me who made you get moving."

"Well, Hanufa's right, it was good stuff," says Wolfhead, grinning at her. "Anyway, we picked up what we could, that we had sorted out as worth having, as we started back careful and smartlike, with the priest's light working for us."

"Just as well," says Fylchar, "or I couldn'ta spotted nothing in that cave."

"Yeah, there was a little reception committee there for us," says Wolfhead, breaking in again as if he wants to tell most of the story, despite what he was saying at first. "Well we hadda rush 'em,

because someone drops her sword," and he glares at Hanufa. "I got off a good shot and knocked one down, which Zalvur chopped, but the others got away, though I'd hit another and the poison offed it. Most seemed to be these six-legged things the Trolls had mentioned, but some were, like, crossed with Broos. We knew they'd wait for us in the tunnels, so we put more poison on any weapons that we had used, and any who had 'em put up protecting spells. The priest knows these six-legged things, says they had chewed out the tunnels, they were creatures of some Chaos god and very dangerous, which I could certainly believe! He had plenty of information on them, but it didn't make us at all happy."

"They could jump about, spit sticky stuff, poison us with biting, or magic us with their tongues," said Hanufa. "I never hear of such things before."

"And he said they stay underground and tunnel all over the world," Kroked throws in. "Which is one reason why no one who isn't some kinda hero should go down there. But we faced 'em well enough, didn't we, Hammie?"

"This is where the priest's spells really come in handy," says Wolfhead. "I could see way ahead of the light off of him, and spot where they were waiting. I told the rest what I could see, which was three monsters and one of the Broo-crosses in two passages, and said Zalvur, who was at point, should act like he was unsure. It musta fooled them, because I got a chance to nail one monster ahead of me and we were on them before the Broo-cross could yell."

"But now I see what no one else sees," cries Hanufa in great excitement. "Is one more monster in third tunnel. So I shout and face it. It sticks me up, but only my shield arm, and it miss me when it jumps. Griselda gets it with a dart." - "Poisoned", puts in Griselda - "and we are not doing too badly, except that Kroked gets stuck and Zalvur is not able to kill the Broo."

"They kept sticking us, in fact," says Wolfhead, "but all had got hit with something poisoned, and we managed to stay ahead of them until they dropped. Fylchar surprised that Broo with some coughing dust, best idea he ever had, and I stuck it deep with my spear, so it just lay down and coughed itself to death. We were all getting untangled and aiming to take trophy, when Kroked came running, saying there's more on the way."

"I heard 'em when I went to pick up my throwing axe," said Kroked. "Nasty scrabbling sound, couldn'ta been anything else."

"So we all held our breath and ran through the dust cloud, which seemed to help keep them off," said Wolfhead. "Snakefang sells good stuff. But we couldn't go fast, because Zalvur had turned his ankle, and one got through and nearly snuck up on me in the rear. But I heard it in time, knocked it over, and that good ol' poison did its stuff. I took a claw for a trophy, and just as well."

"We all got out before the priest's light spell ended," says Griselda, "and made it back to the Temple without trouble, and there were all these priests and such waiting for us, mostly looking hostile. That claw was a good argument when one asked how could they believe anything we said. Zalvur spoke up well for us, said it was Wolfhead's shooting - and you were shooting well that day - and the priest's spells that got us in and out so easy, and Fleeter Nemm backed him and the priest for truth-tellers. They all changed their tune when we told the whole story."

"In fact, it got downright uncomfortable," says Wolfhead. "You'd think we were genuine heroes, the way Fleeter Nemm's going on, but then, we had turned up some stuff he thought would be real useful -"

"No more on that," says Griselda fast. "Let's just say we got good treatment from him and the others, and everything of the best while we were in the Temple."

"It worked out OK," says Wolfhead. "In fact, we're real respectable now, might do some work for old daddy Pavis. But if I'd known what it was gonna be like..." He shakes his head, and for a moment he looks kinda odd about the eyes; so do they all, in fact, like they'd just woken from a nightmare. No one speaks, until finally Kroked says, "Going after Chaos stuff is for crazies like the Storm Bulls."

"Yeah," says Wolfhead, and looks round at us all. Maybe, how we tell it, it sounds easy, but there's no way you can get the feel, not without going down there, which I would not advise, personally."

"In fact," says Griselda, "you can take it like the old song:

*You can bet your last clack -
and the shirt off your back -
we'll never go back there again."*

Next Issue...



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