

# Tales of the Reaching Moon

The RuneQuest™ Magazine

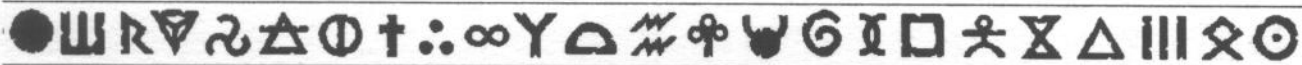
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# Sea Special



- ◆ *The Cults of Dormal & Magasta* ◆ *War Fleets* ◆  
◆ *The Wolf Pirates* ◆ *Three Great Scenarios* ◆  
◆ *Reviews* ◆ *Maps* ◆ *Gossip* ◆ *Much More!* ◆



## Tales of the Reaching Moon

### The RuneQuest Magazine

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Advertising rates are available from the editorial address. When replying to adverts remember to mention "Tales..." even if you got the ad from another magazine!

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## Contributions:

Contributions are gratefully received, especially artwork. Write to the editorial address enclosing an SSAR or International Reply Coupon for our writers guidelines. All written contributions should be doubled spaced and typed. Contributions on floppy disc will be given preferential treatment! We can accept IBM 3.5" discs in various formats - write for details. With artwork contributions please don't send originals by normal post, good photocopies are preferred.  
As ever, the generous reward for publication is a FREE copy of the issue!





# EDICT

## Ahoy There!

Welcome aboard our sea special! We hope you have a pleasant journey. The object of the issue is to take all of you land-lubbers away from Prax for a while, by providing you with the means to visit other parts of Glorantha (and maybe write about them in a future issue!). Next stop Pamaltela...

What, no Warhamster? I'm afraid so. We still have to iron out a couple of bugs before we can present you with a fully playable set of rules. I hope to present them in issue #12 - an issue which looks like it's taking on a martial theme.

UK Price Rise! You'll notice that the cover price has risen to £2.50. This is in response to the need to break even on copies distributed through Esdevium and Virgin Games. The subscription price will rise to match this next issue, so you have been warned! It is a calculated risk: I want to get *Tales* into as many shops as possible because *RuneQuest* needs as high a profile as possible if it is to survive. I hope you will support me in this.

## Hot Goss

*Shadows on the Borderland*, Avalon Hill's latest pack, is out now. It will be followed by *Dorastor: Land of Doom* and *Strangers in Prax*. After that Ken's not sure, but possibly *Gods of Dorastor*, which is material that fell out of *Dorastor* because of space restrictions. In the more distant pipeline are two further supplements, *The Praxian Companion* from the Megacorp, and *Soldiers of the Red Moon* from MOB. Greg Stafford writes:

"Sales of *King of Sartar* have been good - much better than RQ sales! Therefore, my priority project these days is the second book in the series. I am busy at work translating some newly discovered documents which are revealing to me the intricacies and details of the Solar Mythology which underlies the Lunar Mythology. I have learned many new myths, and many new deities as well! I have finished some new material, notably *The Glorious Book of the ReAscension of Mighty Yelm Godfather, Emperor of the Universe*.

Furthermore Nick Brooke has contributed new material on the Carmanian Empire."

The latest rumours suggest that the book will be out at the end of the year, and might be a Solar book rather than a Lunar book.

## US Distribution

According to David Gadbois, US distribution of *Tales* is suffering because US shops are refusing to take it, and also refusing to take *RuneQuest* supplements. They don't seem to think RQ will sell - something of a self-fulfilling prophecy. RQ needs to sell well in the USA and Canada to have a long-term future, so I'm asking all my US and Canadian readers to get out there and exert a bit of consumer pressure on the shops. I may not be far wrong when I say that the future of RQ depends on you!

## Convulsion '94

Leicester University, 22nd - 24th July.

Yup! It's back. *The Role-Playing* event of the decade returns. If you are serious about *RuneQuest* and Glorantha, and want a damn fine time to boot, then you can't afford to miss it. Our Guests of Honour will be Greg Stafford, Sandy Petersen, and Ken Rolston. We have planned an Aussie style RQ tournament, The Cthulhu Party Party, Eat at Geo's, Gloranthan Panel, Heroquesting Brainstorm, Live-Action Trollball, *Pendragon* and *Cthulhu* tournaments, and our 100-player Gloranthan freeform *How the West was One*. The convention is limited to 200 people, and we expect places to be filled very fast. See the enclosed flyer for details, or write to the editorial address enclosing an SSAE.

## RuneQuest Convention

Baltimore, MD, 14th - 16th January 1994

Plans for RQNEQUEST-CON in the U.S. are coming along quite nicely, so I hear. The guest-of-honour list is impressive: Greg Stafford, Sandy Petersen, Michael O'Brien, Ken Rolston, and even one Divad Llah. More celebrities are being added all the time - they're currently working to recruit some veteran Chaosium freelancers to run *Call of Cthulhu*. Kevin Jacklin and yours truly will be in attendance to host *Home of the Bold*. On the schedule are multiple RQ, *Call of Cthulhu*, *Pendragon*, and *Empire of the Petal Throne* tournaments; *Masters of Luck* and *Death* playtesting, Live-Action Trollball, and

numerous seminars on Glorantha, *Call of Cthulhu*, Tekumel, and the future of *RuneQuest*. (Hmm... strange how this sounds suspiciously like our own *Convulsion*...)

Membership is likely to be \$30 for the weekend, and an extra \$10 for HotB players (but don't quote me on that). Registration materials will be available by the time you read this. Contact: David Cheng, 313 East 85th Street, Apt 2C, New York, NY 10028 USA, Tel: (212) 472-7752.

## Citadel RuneQuest Figures

As I mentioned in issue eight, Chessex in the USA still have stocks of the old Citadel RQ figures. In the UK the £:\$ exchange rate is too weak to import them, but there is now a shop in Germany stocking them. They cost between DM 3.50 & 4.40 each. Send an SAE and International Reply Coupon (from you local Post Office) to: Imp's Shop, Zinglersrae 51, 7900 Ulm, West Germany. Phone +49 731 61 94 63.

## Questionnaires

Many thanks to all of you who have sent yours in. The response rate is 20% so far, but it's got to be higher - I want 25%! So far all the glory goes to Australia with 39% and the USA with 38%, closely followed by Germany with 32%, and then the UK and Sweden, with 19% and 20% respectively. The other major countries such as France, Germany, Norway, and Finland are all way behind at around 10%. So send those questionnaires in!

## What? Another Character Generator?

This one's also for the Amiga. You can "create and roll races and give them professions, weapons, spells, armour, skills and misc. items." It isn't all there yet but it is constantly being improved. To get your copy just send three formatted floppy discs and an SSAE to: Wayne Gaudin, Flat 12, Daval House, 102 Newtown Road, Newbury, Berkshire, RG14 7BT, England.

Hey! Why can't someone do one for Windows or DOS? Now that would be really useful...

## On the road again?

There's a chance that I'll be moving from my current hovel to a new wattle-and-daub one sometime in the foreseeable future. To help pave the way for a smooth transition please address all correspondence to 'David Hall', and not *Tales* or anything else. This will aid interception of my post. Oh, and remember those SSAE's.

David Hall







Country to battle a coven of foes while righting wrongs both ancient and modern. The scene-setting here is particularly fine, the barren Wastes being admirably presented, while the climactic broo-bash includes many staging hints and suggestions to help the beleaguered gamemaster make it more memorable for his players. While there are more "problem-solving" aspects to this adventure than I am comfortable with, plausible sources of help are suggested, so even thick PCs like my own could complete this adventure.

Supporting background material includes the revised full write-up for the head-hunting, brain-draining Cult of Thanatar, "What My Father Told Me" sections for Ogres, Broos and Yelmalions, and "What The Priest Says" for Ogres and Broos – the latter are rather lame, but do contain some buried treasures.

The scenarios appear free from egregious errors and omissions, and cross-refer back to the rules in a user-friendly manner: there are a surprising number of four-armed character stats, but given the illegible way in which hit locations have been presented since Sun County this is an understandable (if not pardonable) error. Internal art ranges from poor to adequate: my criticism is naturally muted after the execrable depths plumbed by past RQ releases, but this aspect could certainly be improved in future products. Only one Glorantha-glyph leaps to mind (different scripts for different Western languages), while many more intriguing nooks and crannies of the world are opened to our consideration by allusions within the text.

"Gaumata's Vision" is, to my mind, the most satisfying of the three scenarios. It is also, by some coincidence, the only one that doesn't involve burrowing into cave complexes — am I showing my age here? Mind you, familiarity does breed contempt, and the other two scenarios share the distinction of having been previously published in Games Workshop's "White Dwarf" (back when it was a proper magazine) in '84 and '87. While it's nice to see them again, in this improved, expanded and updated format, it would be even nicer to see more new material of the quality of "Gaumata's Vision." Maybe this isn't a problem for the American market, but it is surely a drawback given the ageing and decrepit nature of the UK's RuneQuesting populace.

"Shadows on the Borderlands" is intended to be compatible with existing RuneQuest campaigns, would tie in perfectly to a campaign set in "River of Cradles" or "Sun County," and ends with an exceedingly tempting (if slightly contrived) invitation leading in to the next RuneQuest release. As it contains three different styles of scenario, it is likely that there is something for everyone in this product, even if not all of it will suit everyone's taste. The supporting background material guarantees that this pack's usefulness will continue beyond the game sessions needed to complete its scenarios. All in all, A Good Buy.



— reviewed by Nick Brooke

*More entries from Goliard's Ten Thousand Gods of the East Isles... (XXIX. 21-014.e)* The lonely Isle of Pines is a beautiful place, inhabited by the handsomest people of all the East Isles. They live in idyllic splendour: the isle is ringed by golden sands, and the waters teem with fish and other sea bounty. The soil is rich, and the natives need hardly stir far from their huts to gather coconuts, breadfruits, loquats, yams and countless varieties of other produce (some which I have never encountered elsewhere). This island paradise is spoiled only by their twin deities Otu and his wife Mara, who in the six years between my visits, began feuding. Naturally enough, the males have sided with Otu; the females with Mara, causing no end of domestic disharmony and making my second stay on the Isle of Pines most unpleasant. (XXIX. 21-014.f) The people of Cacama Cay have a most unusual godling, a purple-skinned infant born in pre-history. The nursing mothers of island take turns to nurture it, and report that over the last several generations it has begun to crawl. The god-child has a number of wondrous, yet trifling powers, but the people of Cacama predict a era of greatness for them when it reaches maturity. The infant has no official name, for children there are not named until they are weaned. (XXIX. 21-014.g) Axayaktal, god of the Tizocmerenes, found himself being supplanted by the activities of missionaries from the Haragalan Commonwealth. In a jealous rage, Axayaktal brought terrible earthquakes upon the island, and boiled the lagoon until all the fish died. Chastened by their god, the people of Tizocmer drove out the missionaries and burned their temple. But because of their god's intemperate acts, famine struck the island and when a Commonwealth fleet sailed against them, they were in no condition to resist. Tizocmer is now a slave nation under the lash of the Haragalans, and Axayaktal broods in his dead lagoon. (XXIX. 21-014.h) Melekeok, the coral goddess of the Tamatam archipelago manifests annually as a... [unfortunately, the remainder of this extremely lengthy section has been removed, by persons unknown. Divinations reveal the transcript, which contained another 1066 of Goliard's descriptions of the Eastern Isles gods, has been destroyed. I call upon anyone who has read and can recall this section to assist me in its reconstruction. Theo. P.] (XXIX. 21-015) There are three serviceable paths up to the Plateau of the Gods. Firstly, there is the Bloody Path (accessible from the desert) upon which the stones themselves bleed and groan. At the top there lives a curious tribe of chaos beings who bar the way to all those not of their kind. The second path is called the Upward Crack, it is a narrow crevice which starts just to the south of Only Safe. Near the top it is extremely rocky and perilous to climb, and troll-like things often roll boulders down on helpless climbers. The third path is called No Go, and its gradual ascent makes it the easiest to climb. However, at the top, the path is guarded by the Castle of the Boggles, from which none have returned sane, or wholly intact. (XXIX.21.016) The greatest city-cult in the world is said to be that of Tondiji, a city in the Pamaltelan land of Fonrit. Inside the city walls, even major cults such as Yelm are subservient to the Tondiji-god. So I was told by a traveller, who claimed to have been there. Columbus Mercator, grey sage. (XXIX. 21-017) The Collator has asked us if we can recall any of the 1066 missing entries from Goliard's Ten Thousand Gods of the East Isles. Here is one







# The Wolf Pirates



by Grey Stafford

**T**he Wolf Pirates of Glorantha are a Third Age Phenomena. They are rapacious sea pirates who live by robbing merchants and raiding sea coasts. The original Wolf Pirates were Yggites, and came from Ygg's Isles, in Fronela.

Ygg's Isles are a small chain which lie west of the Fronelan coast. The people also inhabit the nearby coastal area of the Winterwood forest. The Yggites are culturally and linguistically unrelated to other Gloranthan peoples. They trace their descent from Ygg, the god of Winter Storm and the North Wind, and Nelarrina, a minor goddess of the Neliomi Sea. The people were mostly fishermen, sealers, and whalers. They were initially friendly with the Aldryami. Later merchants from Loskalm settled among them and controlled the export of lumber from the Aldryami of Winterwood. This relationship disintegrated as the Elder Races grew to find fault with most humans during the Second Age. The Loskalmi were ejected, though they are trying to get their trading rights back. The traditional Yggites were never ejected, and so even now they carefully maintain their lumber rights with the Winterwood elves which allows a limited harvest of wood and other plant materials by them, in exchange for quarter-yearly tribute and gifts.

The Yggites had lived quietly since the Dawn and were relatively unmolested, for their islands are so cold and desolate that no one who could reach them has any desire to remain there. Until after the Closing, the people provided little to history or mythology.

The Yggites, like many of the people encapsulated by the Syndic's Ban, thrived in their enforced isolation. They were further isolated by the Closing. Their whaling was wiped out, but they kept their use of small boats to fish and hunt seals among the islands. Their population grew until the islands were nearly overcrowded with people who were hungry.

In 1583 Dormal the Sailor, who first Opened the Seas after the Closing, visited Ygg's Isles. A sudden squall, raised by angry mer-men, drove his ships onto the rocks and one was utterly wrecked. The Islanders, curious about the strangers, came and helped Dormal afterwards, and he taught them his ritual. Some of them joined his expedition and sailed westward, out of the known world, with him. The shipbuilders studied the wreck, and shortly were making their own ships to bear their population overseas.

At first the Loskalmi fleet forbade any Yggite shipping. The Yggites joined with the Vadeli, and for a while gained restricted shipping privileges, but when the Vadeli inevitably betrayed their allies, the Yggites were under Loskalmi control again. They even sent troops and occupied the desolate islands, and tried to rule the folk.

The Yggites refused to alter their ancient logging programs to suit the Loskalmi, and did not build any ships for them. They paddled away in their fishing boats whenever the soldiers came close. Many hid in the Winterwood with the Aldryami, and warned the elves of the evil men coming again. Eventually the Loskalmi offended the elves. The Aldryami called upon an ancient hero, who had sailed the world, and received from him the plans for a warship. They built several in secret, and filled them with elves and Yggites. The Yggites summoned their sea friends to help the ships sail faster, and they called all their folk in from all the little islands. With a single blow the Loskalmi were wiped out, and Yggite independence regained.

But only for a short time. The Loskalmi were growing stronger every day as the Syndic's Ban kept melting away. They sent an expeditionary force to punish the Yggites, and to occupy Vendreog, one of their sacred isles. The Loskalmi even built a stout fort there this time, which they called Coldfort, and stationed many of their fast patrol ships

there. They seized many Yggites, and threatened them with horrible magic if they did not cooperate. Then they began to take the wood which they wanted from the Yggites.

Orstando Black Wolf was the leader of the next rebellion. He had been on the elf ships, and he saw how they had been made. He went with his fellows into the Winterwood again. There they killed the Loskalmi guards and stole the wood for their ship. In secret, using ideas and components from both the Dormal and the Elf ships, they created the first of the Yggite long ships. This was as fast as the Loskalmi patrol boats, had a shallower draft, and was easier to make. From it, Orstando was able to disrupt the Loskalmi enough to make a fleet of these ships, each manned by eager warriors.

The Loskalmi prepared yet another expedition. They had an even larger fleet and they came and hunted Orstando through all the isles. He escaped them constantly, but grew weary of the chase. After a while his kinsfolk begged him to stop, or to leave, or to drive the Loskalmi away. Orstando conferred with his god, and at last he asked for volunteers who would go away from the islands, and find a place to trouble the Loskalmi without troubling their own Yggite kinsmen.

Orstando prepared a plan, and he sailed through the isles and drew the Loskalmi fleet after him. They pursued him into the Sea of Fog, where they engaged him in a battle which was won by the Yggites, thanks to the help they got from the sea creatures. Unfortunately for him, this battle released them from their obligations to Orstando. Nonetheless, he escaped from the Neliomi Sea. He raided along the southern coast of Genertela for a couple of years before settling on Three Step Isles.

Three Step Isles had been abandoned since the Dawn. They were considered to be too barren for habitation. The Yggites found them to be just like home, only warmer.















## The God Learner "Thing"

STR 18	Move: 1 _____
CON 16	Fatigue: 34 _____
SIZ 15	Hit Points: 16 _____
DEX 9	Magic Points: 7 _____
APP 5	DEX SR: 4 _____

location	melee	missile	points
Right Leg	01-04	01-03	2/6 _____
Left Leg	05-08	04-06	2/6 _____
Abdomen	09-11	07-10	2/6 _____
Chest	12	11-15	2/8 _____
Right Arm	13-15	16-17	2/5 _____
Left Arm	16-18	18-19	2/5 _____
Head	19-20	20	2/6 _____

Weapon	SR	Attk%	Damage
Bite	10	73%	1D6+1D6
Claw	9	86%	1D3+1D6

**Skills:** Smell Life Force 90%; Consume Soul 80%; Dodge 47%.

## Body Storm Table

**Roll Event in round**

- 01-30** No Change.
- 31-50** Minimal change, intense boiling in one random location.
- 51-75** One random location increases by 1d3 HPs, another decreases by 1d3 HPs. Skin boils all over.
- 75-95** 1D3 random locations increase by 1d3 HP, 1d3 random locations decrease by 1d3 HP.
- 96-00** Whole location shifts or swaps with another location. *Very Confusing*: minus 20% from attack and parry rolls.

**Note:** If the same location is rolled for an increase and decrease there is no change. There is however a great visual spectacle as the region swells and contracts, the skin breaks open and the innards appear on the outside. The putrefying stench of this requires a CON x 3 roll to avoid losing one combat action.

many of their projects. The Shell Island was originally built by the God Learners to tap this power source at sea.

Marinto Blue was the God Learner who developed the idea of the Storm Spiral device. The very shape and nature of the island he designed moulded this power into a purpose, like a giant self-powered spell matrix. It only took the mind of a God Learner to activate and direct this energy in its many uses. The chambers within the island serve as the runic molds for the raw power – death, water, and air – thus allowing the energy to be channelled into the control of these elements, giving great destructive power.

The source that allowed the God Learners such control over the great elemental gods was *The Heart of Shell Island*. This crystal was "made" by Marinto upon the God Plane by melding the near-dead shards of three spirits into this semi-living crystal. The spirits had once been demi-gods of air, sea, and death, and mighty spells were needed to bind them into one – the secrets of which died with the God Learners. Even now the crystal is unstable in its unity and the

enchantment that binds it continually needs re-powering. It is this crystal which is the key to making the device a functioning whole.

The Upper Chamber is where the "pilot" God Learner sat, and it was through here the final energies flowed. Such was the energy that sometimes coursed through this chamber that no mortal could long endure controlling it, and so the disciples of Marinto would take short turns to control and use it; even then the effects on weaker souls could be lethal. Later scholars who explored the island theorised that some channel or control device would have been needed in the chamber and that no mortal mind could have stood such energies even for an instant. Whether such a device existed and was destroyed, or whether the God Learners are more powerful than scholars now credit them, remains unanswered.

When the end came upon the God Learners, the pilot of this device had his soul ripped from the world and utterly destroyed, but his empty body remained as a parody of life, perhaps sustained by the energies that still coursed through the island. Though *The Madman* kept everything in working order, with no one in the seat of control the device lay dormant. This changed recently due to the failed Heroquest of one Talion Dark-eye. Badly wounded in spirit and body upon the hero plane he sought to flee back to the mortal realm by the quickest route he could find. That route happened to be the path that opened to the Upper Chamber of the Shell Island. There his weakened body was destroyed by the hideous shell of the forgotten God Learner, and his departing soul consumed to fill the unfillable void of its lost life force. With this power source in the control chamber, the device has become reactivated, but the mindless creature has no control over its now random functioning.

## The First Cavern

A smooth-walled, now empty, artificial cavern, containing the spiral slide into the lower levels. If *The Madman* has alerted it, then the active "Floating Ball Harpoon" is in this room and will attack the PCs. It counts as an inanimate object with an AP of 15, but takes only half damage from slashing or impaling weapons. It has twelve harpoon spears, which it shoots at 80% skill, each doing 2D6 impaling damage.

From the base of the spiral slide the tunnel gradually slopes downwards and levels out at the crossroads. This site is haunted by three ghosts of MP's 12, 17 and 9 respectively, and they will attack all who enter it. *The Madman* is not immune to this, but has never been possessed and so they rarely attack him. The ghosts are those of the three beings sacrificed in the building of the magical focus of this dwelling, one a Zorak Zoran troll, one a Ludoch, and the other an Orlanthi warrior.

The tunnel to the north-east goes straight to the "Chamber of Death". The one to the east slopes down to the "water chamber", and the south-western tunnel goes to the "storm spiral".

## The Storm Spiral

Part of the way along the tunnel to the chamber is a steep climb, for which a Climb roll (-5% difficulty) is required to traverse. The chamber is a narrow tunnel gradually spiralling upwards from the first cavern. It serves as the focus for the powers of the air, and there is always a fresh breeze that blows downwards, and smells of fresh mountain air. Concealed at the highest point of the spiral is the door into the Upper Chamber. Unless the PCs know the door is there they will have to make a Search roll at minus 30%, and, unless in possession of *The Heart*, a Devise skill roll at minus 30% will be needed to open the door.





## The Upper Chamber

When this door is opened the PCs are blasted by a sudden rush of stale and evil smelling air, and a CON x 5 roll is needed to keep the bile down. In this chamber is the "thing" that is the remnant of the once proud God Learner pilot. The emptiness at the core of this pitiful monster is like a great hunger which sends the mindless being mad when it senses the "food" it hungers for - other souls. The decomposing remains of foolish Talion lie in various parts of the chamber.

The sight of the thing that dwells here is as gruesome and unsettling as many creatures of Chaos (for those GM's, like me, who feel RQ benefits from an informal use of SAN rules from *Call of Cthulhu*, this monster rates about 1d20!). Essentially this is still the same body from centuries past, though it has "evolved" somewhat over time - its hands have become talons, and its preserved body secretes a thick yellow-green mucus which covers all the chamber's surfaces. Its eyes are sightless pits that give glimpses of the agony of nihilism. Most spectacularly, however, even the shell of the God Learner is a target for the revenge of the natural world, for it appears that the very storm itself seems to have entered its structure, so that all the body's molecules are shifting constantly and unpredictably. The GM should improvise what state the body is in when the PCs come across it, but the table below allows for randomising the changes when in combat. Note that even if no change is the result there is a constant boiling under the skin, and sudden swellings and contractions here and there.

## The Chamber of Death

This large chamber has a dank and musty atmosphere, and a feel somewhat akin to an empty church at night - for those sensitive to such things. At three points of the cross lie skulls. Skull A is that of a Ludoch, B is human, and C is a Dark Troll skull. A Knowledge roll or Glorantha Lore roll may be needed to determine this, a good roll is necessary to distinguish the Ludoch from the human. At the "top" of the cross is a deactivated **organic machine** which is the thing that hewed these chambers under *The Madman's* instruction. If it has been reactivated it is an impressive foe. This beast is like a huge wingless Gorgon, it has a thick hide, some of it scaly and some like rhino hide. Its four digging arms are huge sloth-like clawed paws. Two of these digging arms no longer work, the other two attack once each per round. Its head is a shark's skull with a crystal in its only eye socket.

## The Water Chamber

Apart from the interesting design of these chambers there is little of note about them on first inspection, except for the secret trap door to the underwater chambers. These chambers act as the foci of Water and are the magical centre for many of the devices energies. The place has an oppressive aura, and those sensitive to the magical and spiritual (roll under POW x 4 to be affected) will develop a blinding migraine which effectively halves all their skills. The pain gradually recedes upon leaving the chambers.

## The Underwater Chambers

These chambers are a recent expansion of the shell caverns and are only of use if any of the PCs have the ability to breath underwater. Note that there is a half meter gap of often stale air between the water and the roof of the chambers. These chambers were originally designed by *The Madman* for the hideous warping of sea creatures to send into the deeps, but *The Madman* lost interest in this a few centuries ago. The GM should feel free to change the stats to match his parties abilities.

Some of the chambers are empty, though each is shut with a magi-

## The Organic Digging Machine

STR 24      Move: 2  
 SIZ 24      Fatigue: Limitless  
 INT 1      Hit Points: n/a  
 DEX 18      DEX SR: 1

location	melee	missile	points
Right Leg	01-03	01-02	4/6 _____
Left Leg	04-06	03-04	4/6 _____
Abdomen	07-09	05-08	4/6 _____
Chest	10	09-13	4/9 _____
R. Upper Arm <sup>1</sup>	11-12	14-15	4/7 _____
L. Upper Arm <sup>1</sup>	13-14	16-17	4/7 _____
Right Arm	15-16	18	4/7 _____
Left Arm	17-18	19	4/7 _____
Head	19-20	20	6/* _____

1 - This arm is defunct.

\* Only a special or critical hit to the head that penetrates the armour will affect the head. It results in the deactivation of the machine from the destruction of its power crystal.

Note: The machine can only be defeated by deactivating it, immobilising it, or rendering its arms useless. It has no general hit points.

Weapon	SR	Atk%	Damage
Right Upper Arm	6	70%	5D6
Left Arm	6	70%	5D6

cally locked grille of AP 20. The marked areas contain the following:

A) A Ludoch warrior with chaos feature. The Ludoch is insanely hostile to all.

B) A small skeletal shark with considerable amounts of flesh still clinging to it. It is not hungry (for obvious reasons it couldn't stomach the adventurers) but will interpret any intrusion into its pen as hostile, and attack.

C) A zombie sea troll. It has some cunning and should know of the PC's approach through its sonar and thus will lie in wait for them out of sight.

i) A Blue Elf prisoner Blue called Shalutha. He can talk a little tradetalk or local Orlanthe but he is very close to feath from starvation. To allow him to escape down the water chute is certain death, but to carry him through the caverns might kill him also. The elf is naked and looks to have been tortured.

ii) Here floats a silver disc half a meter in diameter. It acts as a matrix for the divine spell Float.

iii) In this chamber float the slowly decaying bodies of a Sea Troll and Blue Elf locked in combat. To touch the body of one provokes its spirit to attack the PC, they have MP 12 and MP 15 respectively. The Blue Elf carries a sea dart and a lancet embedded in the Sea Troll.

iv) In this chamber a magical air bubble bobs around randomly. It moves of its own free will and can only be controlled by a holder of *The Heart*.

## The Water Chute

*The Madman* will seek to escape pursuit down this chute and into the sea. He has the ability to breathe underwater and will always be sane



## Ludoch, with Chaos Feature.

STR 17 Move: 4  
 CON 14 Fatigue: (38-4)= 34  
 SIZ 21 Hit Points: 18  
 INT 12 Magic Points: 18  
 POW 18 Dex SR: 3  
 DEX 10  
 APP 08

location	melee	missile	points
Tail	01-06	01-06	2/9
Abdomen	07-10	07-10	0/7
Chest	11-12	11-15	2/9
Right Arm	13-15	16-17	0/6
Left Arm	16-18	18-19	0/6
Head	19-20	20	0/6

Weapon	SR	Atk	Parry	Damage	AP
Trident	5	101	43	2D3+1D6	7
Buckler	7	24	89	1D4+1D6	7
Tail Slap	7	59	-	1D4+1D6	

**Spirit Magic (86%):** Bladesharp 4, Heal 2

**Skills:** Listen 97%, Dodge 53%

**Chaos Feature:** After death his spirit attacks his slayer in spirit combat, he will use any possessed body to attack any other PCs until defeated in spirit combat.

enough to cast protective spells. One apt end for the *The Madman* might be at the mouth of the very weapon he loved. However, there are advantages to him surviving, a mad but potentially powerful remnant of the God Learners is a quirky enemy to use on the players throughout a campaign.

If the PCs decide to follow *The Madman* down the chute, they must make Swim rolls. The Whirlpool does 1D6 damage per point of the Wind STR outside, to a random hit location (soft armour counts as protection) each time the PC fails his swim roll. A special swim roll is needed to escape the Whirlpool. In addition a further two rounds of damage will be incurred as the character swims to the surface after escaping.

## Removing the threat of Shell Island

Shell Island's power will be broken immediately if the shape of any of the chambers in the upper caverns is changed, or by making a significant hole in the outer shell tube to divert and dissipate the flow of the winds down it.

If the PCs discover the Upper Chamber and dispatch the "thing" then the island will be deactivated, but will continue to traverse the oceans randomly - only a threat to those foolish enough to approach it to within ten metres.

The key to the device is its heart and should that crystal be destroyed or taken from the island for a long period of time then the island will become vulnerable to the effects of nature, and slide beneath the waves within a year. If the crystal is not removed but is not maintained by sacrifice of MPs (i.e. *The Madman* is dead) then the same thing happens.

## Skeletal Shark

STR 26 Move: 10  
 CON 14 Fatigue: 40  
 SIZ 28 Hit Points: 21  
 INT 2 Magic Points: 09  
 POW 9  
 DEX 12

location	melee	missile	points
Tail	01-06	01-06	2/7
Hindbody	07-10	07-10	2/9
Forebody	11-12	11-15	2/9
Right Fin	13-15	16-17	2/6
Left Fin	16-18	18-19	2/6
Head	19-20	20	2/7

Weapon	SR	Atk%	Damage
Bite	6	92	2D6+2D6
Fin Slash	9	61	2D3

**Skills:** Smell Blood 102%

## Zombie Sea Troll.

STR 26 Move: 5  
 CON 14 Fatigue: 54  
 SIZ 28 Hit Points: 22  
 INT 2 Magic Points: 9  
 POW 9 DEX SR: 3  
 DEX 12  
 APP 4

location	melee	missile	points
Right Leg	01-04	01-03	4/7
Left Leg	05-08	04-06	4/7
Abdomen	09-11	07-10	4/7
Chest	12	11-15	4/9
Right Arm	13-15	16-17	4/6
Left Arm	16-18	18-19	4/6
Head	19-20	20	4/7

Weapon	SR	Atk%	Damage
Claw	6	83	1D6+2D6
Bite	9	67	1D10+2D3

**Skills:** Darksense Scan 70%; Darksense Search 79%, Swim 103%

The reaction of the Ludoch to the actions of the PCs is up to the GM. However, if the PCs have been successful in reducing the power of the device they are likely to earn the friendship of the local Ludoch tribes.

## Acknowledgements:

Special thanks must go to David Hall, the most bodacious editor. Also thank you Michael Moorcock for twisting my mind enough to ever conceive this idea. I'm sure his works, especially *Hawkmoon*, had something to do with my thinking up Shell Island. Last but not least, thanks to Greg Stafford, Sandy Petersen and Chaosium.





# Dormal

## The Sailor

### Mythos and History

One of the greatest catastrophes of the Second Age end was the great curse, formed by the evil sorcerer Zzabur, which swept all ships off the sea's surface. This was called the Closing, and was an irresistible force which pushed all ships from the seas. For centuries, ships could only travel on interior seas, or closely hugging the coast. The exact nature of the Closing is not known, nor is the reason for its ending. Even Dormal never claimed to have broken the curse, just to have side-stepped it. Yet it was broken, and it has not returned, yet. Dormal was a native of Kethaela, called the Holy Country. He was fostered on the benevolence of that land. Using the researches of others, he finally braved the hostile seas. Others had tried often before him. Many methods had failed.

Dormal, with the guidance of friends and heart, succeeded. In the spring of 1580, Dormal opened the oceans by sailing to Handra and Three Step Island and returning to Kethaela without mishap. This was a remarkable event, and the Pharaoh immediately ordered more ships built. Dormal took his original ships and some new ones and set off eastward in a voyage of exploration and liberation.

Dormal first returned to the city of Handra. The people there had wasted no time in exploiting their enlightenment and were already building ships. A fleet of boats was scuttled around the Mournsea befriending the native Triolini. Dormal set off from Handra late in 1580, but the growing bluster of winter forced the fleet to take refuge in Alatan. The island's ruler, a hard and cruel man named Jobar, tried to kill Dormal and seize his ships. Instead, he was killed and another made king in his place. In 1581 Dormal sailed to Pasos, through the Seshnegi Islands, and across the sea to the Vadeli Isles. He spent the rest of the year seeking Brithos, home of First Sorcerer Zzabur, but found only howling mists and sea horrors. Instead, Dormal discovered the Red Vadeli Isles and their previously unknown inhabitants, and entered there. In 1582, Dormal sailed back to Seshnela, mapping the new cities and ancient ruins of that land. In Laufol, wizards tried to detain him, but failed. Then he sent northward to Fronela, where the Loskalm fleet (sheltered from the Closing in their bay) came to fight this foreign invasion. Dormal defended himself and proved the worth of his craft. He befriended the Loskalm king, and stayed the winter in Fronela.

In 1583, Dormal sailed northward to the glacier, and then moved west. His last known stop was Ygg's Isles, where one of his ships was wrecked. On he sailed eastward to find Luathela, despite warnings from the savages of Ygg's. From there, say his priests, he sailed to immortality and godhead, whence come his current powers.

Dormal's native land, the Holy Country, was the first nation to construct a deep-seas fleet. As Dormal sailed westward, teaching his craft, the Kethaelans travelled to the Mournsea, allying with the Triolini and trying to suppress the ships of that resourceful city of Handra. In 1582 the first naval battles of the Third Age occurred. Alatan's new ruler quickly made his own ships. He sent them, with soldiers, to the coast, where they seized cities, turning them into ports. He then began raiding all nearby lands. The Mournsea Triolini sent to Kethaela for aid, and in the summer of 1582 fifty ships from Alatan destroyed forty-two Kethaelan ships. Many islanders paid tribute to Alatan after that.

A number of places built fleets for trade and defense. Those of major note include Kethaela, Alatan, Pasos, the Vadeli, Arolanit, and



Loskalm. Each of these nations had a healthy number of ocean-going vessels afloat by 1583 and each dominated their region of the shore. The Vadeli had few natural resources and immediately began carrying others' goods for profit. They prevented any shipping from crossing the Brown Sea to the Brusteli Isles. They themselves outfitted a magnificent fleet and went there claiming to be messengers of the god Dormal sent to rule the land and save the inhabitants from the sins of their ancestors. Thus they ruled for eight years before others reached the island and fomented rebellion.

The Vadeli sailors did not stop in the Brusteli Isles. They crossed the Dashomo to the remnants of the cities in Vralos and Enkloso. These people resisted stoutly, but fell to the warriors from the north.

The Vadeli coast wars in Enkloso gave time for the people of eastern Pamaltela to prepare themselves. A strong naval tradition remained in the enclosed Maslo Sea. The Dynast, Hoom Jhis, saw an opportunity for commercial splendour and sailed west, forcing the Marthino coasts to succumb to his rule. In 1594 Hoom Jhis fought the Vadeli. The Vadeli fleet was wrecked on reefs, but the Maslo fleet was shattered.

Despite Hoom Jhis' efforts, most of the local ports gained independence. Hoom Jhis and his merchant navy still dominate the eastern coast for shipping and trading rights. Kethaela continued in a difficult war with the Alatan pirates. In 1585 Pasos attacked Alatan, but the pirates sailed east and left their isle to be sacked. The Kethaelans combed the Mournsea and, with help from merman allies, found and destroyed the pirates. A treaty was made with Pasos to suppress ships from the Alatan area, and the pirate kingdom promptly



broke into a number of small pirate communities. In 1586 a formal expedition set sail eastward from Kethaela. When it reached Teshnos, the Kethaelan admiral established the port of Dosakayo. Treaties, force, and judicious evasion gained passage through both Fethlon and Trowjang, where many small-boat pirates dwelt, including yellow elves. Next year, the fleet sailed into Kralori waters, hoping for the best. Instead, they met the Kralori inner sea navy and were destroyed. Reports of this reached Kethaela in 1588. The Pharaoh consolidated trade with Dosakayo and left the Kralori alone. The Kralori built a deep-seas navy, but the Dragon Kings were content to patrol their own waters and ignore the outside world. However, intrepid Kralori merchants went forth, trading with Teshnos and exploring the fabled Eastern Isles. Trade from there began to trickle into Kralorela about 1589. Even during the Closing, it was possible to sail from one island to another in the Eastern Isles. One important island is Haragala. When Kralori merchants came with their news that the seas were opened again the Haragalan potentates fortified their nation and wrought a fleet to defend themselves.

Haragalan and Kralori ships reached Teleos about 1595. They made no attempt to cross the treacherous Togaro Current, but were pleased to meet sailors from Maslo who did so in 1598.

By 1598 all the seas of mankind had been opened. The curse of four centuries had been broken in less than 20 years. Trouble was everywhere, and old systems broke down as local navies and leaders

established themselves. Mermen, unused to ships, also caused problems, but by 1600 all the seas of the world were navigable.

Dormal worshippers are buried at sea, with prayers varying with the deceased's culture. Even those Dormal initiates who die land-bound are frequently returned to the ocean in ceremony, if only by means of a friend's row boat Dormal's runes are those of Communication and Ocean, He is also sometimes associated with Mobility.

## Cult Ecology

Every living sailor today knows of Dormal and his breaking of the Closing, and every living sailor is grateful to Dormal for his livelihood. Dormal's cultists are trapped between the sea and the storm. They try to use both to their advantage, and they must placate both at times. Mermen can be of enormous help to a sailor, but many merfolk seem to have nothing but enmity towards humankind. Thus, sailors are usually cautious but friendly when they deal with mermen. Chaos, of course, is everyone's enemy.

Dormal's holy places are the sites he made landfall at during his epic voyage. In the lands that worship him, these places have been made into gigantic shrines, sometimes housing the hulk of one of his wrecked ships. Dormal's holy days occur on the Water day during Fertility week of each season. The High Holy Day is that holy day during Sea season. In practice, ships are usually at sea during the holy day, and cannot participate in a sacred service. Initiates caught at sea during the holy day can make up their service at any time during the coming season when they are in a port holding a temple. Dormal's priests located in ports must always be ready to hold a small holy day service for any ship's complement at need. This service is paid for by the sailor's offerings, as all good initiates must donate 1/20th of their current cash to him.

Dormal's religious services are short and high-powered. Most sailors do not wish to spend all day in religious mummery, especially if they have only a single day in port.

## The Cult In The World

Dormal, despite its ubiquity, is not a politically powerful cult. Dormal's priests concern themselves with the sea and seamen, not national policy. Sailors are the hands of the fleet not the brains.

Ironically, Dormal's cult is not popular in Genertela, where it originated. The one great exception is Kethaela, where sailors are almost unanimously of this cult. Sailors on the Manirian coasts and, to a limited extent, in Teshnos worship Dormal, and small temples in Malkioni ports to the west cater to ships from Kethaela.

All along the northern coast of Pamaltela Dormal is worshipped, as is the case in Teleos and Loral. There are also temples to Dormal on Justela's human shores. Though Dormal is remembered in Pasos and Loskalm, and known of in Kralorela and Haragala, the sailors of those lands do not worship him as a deity, preferring their own ancient gods.

Large ships (those with complements over 50 or so) often have a complete Dormal shrine aboard, and a ship's chaplain is hired to act as confessor and support for the entire crew. Navies sometimes have special holy boats which hold the equivalent of a minor temple or even a major temple. Most temples are found in seaports, and these can be of any size. The spell available at Dormal shrines is always Predict Weather.

Most large ports catering at all to Dormal sailors have the equivalent of a great temple, here many sailors worship during the course of a season. Smaller ports, or those located in areas where other sailor gods are more important may only have major or even minor temples. Generally speaking, shrines are only found in tiny coastal villages or on ship board. There is no particular organisation to Dormal temples. There must always be enough priests on hand to handle whatever worship services become necessary, and this can be





quite taxing in large ports. At great temples, one of the priests, usually the most respected, is designated High Priest and this functionary takes care of all administrative, economic, and legal work. A high priest of Dormal rarely officiates at a ceremony.

## Initiate Membership

An applicant for initiation is accepted automatically if he belongs to no other cult and if one of his parents is an initiate of Dormal. An applicant not meeting these requirements must pass the usual ritual tests. Skills checked are Ceremony, Boat, Craft Wood, Swim, and World Lore.

An initiate of Dormal's cult must donate a twentieth of his current cash to his ship's priest whenever he enters port. This 5% is simply deducted from the pay on many ships whether or not a particular sailor is an initiate. Initiates of Dormal may be sorcerers or shamans. There are no racial restrictions.

In many lands, such as the Holy Country, it is considered bad luck to sail with a non-Dormal seaman aboard, and such seamen have trouble getting berths. Dormal provides spiritual camaraderie between crew members and a man who can prove he is an initiate of Dormal can get a job aboard most ships. The cult teaches the sorcery spell of Open Seas. Dormal sailors can gain Dormal divine magic on a one-use basis.

## Acolyte Membership

Devoted initiates of Dormal may become acolytes. The requirements for acolyte membership are standard. They may not receive offerings from initiates. They may officiate at worship services and act as part-time chaplains. They have access to reusable divine magic.

## Rune Priest Membership

Dormal's priests act as spiritual and magical support for the common sailors — the backbone, hands and feet of any seagoing nation's navy and merchant fleet. They work as hard as the sailors they serve, and are capable of understanding and sympathizing with their transient congregations.

A priest of Dormal must pass all usual priestly requirements and fulfil all normal restrictions. In addition, he must know the Open Seas spell. Usually, they are retired ordinary seamen — this is very much a commoner's cult, and few rich men or nobles even consider worshipping Dormal. A priest must retire from ordinary sailor life and devote himself to spiritual things. A Dormal priest may take service as a ship's chaplain or at a portside temple. He must use 90% of the offerings given to him by worshipful sailors for the maintenance of

## Dormal Special Sorcery and Rune Magic

### Open Seas

(Sorcery)

*Ritual Ceremony*

This spell takes 10 minutes to perform. It must be cast each time the ship weighs anchor or casts off. If the spell fails, then the instant the ship leaves sight of land, the Closing reaffirms itself and brings catastrophe to the vessel.

All open-seas sailors every here in Glorantha know this ritual or else have an expert on their ship who knows it. Otherwise, sea travel would be impossible.

### Predict Weather

2 points

*Special instant, nonstackable, reusable*

When this spell is cast, the user knows approximately what the natural weather will be like for the next 24 hours. This spell cannot account for the actions of storm demons or the use of weather-affecting spells.

his temple or ship, or for the relief of crippled or otherwise land bound sailors. The remainder is used to support the priest.

**Common divine magic:** All

**Special divine magic:** Predict Weather

## Associated Cults

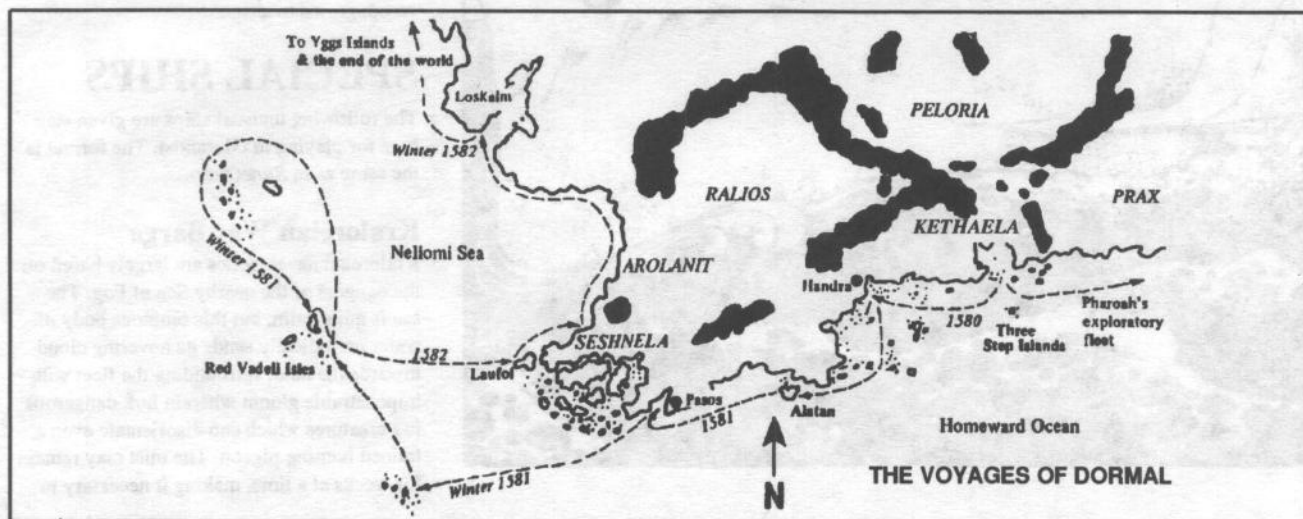
### Brastalos

On his travels, Dormal entreated the Bride of Magasta, Queen of the Seventh Wind, the Eye of the Storm. From her, his priests obtain the Rune spell Decrease Wind.

### Magasta

Fearsome Magasta was also met and befriended by Dormal. He provides the spell of Float

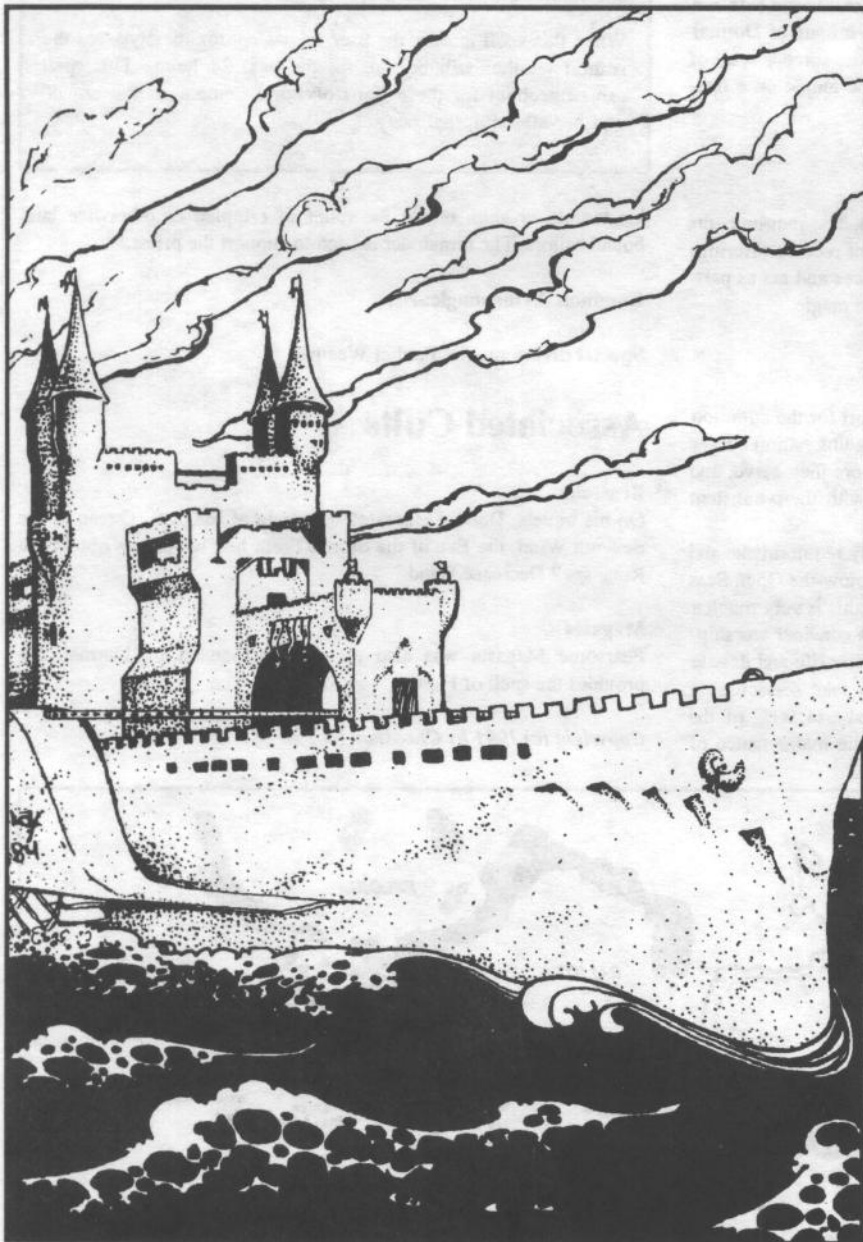
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# War Fleets of Glorantha

*Or, Cement Ships and Leafy Sails*

By Greg Stafford



There are several major sea powers in Glorantha. Only those which have large war fleets are mentioned here, though many countries own large fishing and merchant fleets. The various types of merchant ships are not detailed in this article.

The major world naval powers of Genertela are: the Kingdom of Loskalm, the Quinpollic League of Pasos, the Holy Country of Kethaela, and the Empire of Kralorela. The Patriarchy of Haragala is the dominant fleet among the Eastern Isles. The Maslo Naval Confederation and the Unity of Republics of Kareeshtu each have powerful fleets in Pamaltela. Finally, the aquatic Triolini rule the Brown, Jorkar's, Worms', and Dashomo Seas with the help of their sea beasts.

The Gloranthan navies have many ships which are unlike those of standard *RuneQuest*. Some are quite distinctive. The navies, briefly described, are:

- LOSKALM - Nordic longships\*, knorrs\*
- QUINPOLIC - Triremes\*, merchants\*\*
- KETHAELA - Triremes\*, merchants\*\*
- KRALORELA - War Barges, junks\*\*
- HARAGALA - Tall Ships, merchants\*\*
- MASLO - Penteconter catamarans, merchants\*\*
- KAREESHTU - Warsails, merchants\*\*

\*indicates a vessel with stats given in *RQ*  
 \*\*indicates a vessel with no stats given at this time

There are some ships which, although quite rare, are notable. The dwarf kingdom of Slon has a small but formidable fleet of floating cement castles to ply their trade with the dwarves of Jrustela. There are occasional mythic Waertagi ships reported again, which are kilometres long and launch smaller Fast-ships, which use neither oar nor sail but are propelled by denizens of the deep. There also exist some ancient elf ships, with hulls, decks, and superstructure of a single piece of wood, grown to shape.

## SPECIAL SHIPS

The following unusual ships are given stats here for playing in Glorantha. The format is the same as in *RuneQuest*.

### Kralorelan War Barge

Kralorelan naval tactics are largely based on the dangers of the nearby Sea of Fog. The sea is quite calm, but this ominous body of water periodically sends its hovering cloud towards the land, surrounding the fleet with impenetrable gloom wherein lurk dangerous fog creatures which can disorientate even a trained homing pigeon. The mist may remain for weeks at a time, making it necessary to



heavily provision the motionless fleet. This necessitated large ships, and ancient custom demands barges from which the Kraloreli soldiers can fight as if on land. The example below is a standard size, but some have been built which are large enough to house a cavalry contingent. The ships are normally oar-propelled by tireless zombies, with extra oars for the footmen to use in emergencies.

**Hull Type:** barge  
**Seaworthiness Max:** 15  
**Length:** 90m      **Beam:** 25m  
**Freeboard:** 4m      **Draft:** 4m  
**Crew:** 400 foot, 25 officers, 100 zombies  
**Hull Quality:** 15  
**Structure Points:** 125  
**Capacity:** 200 tons

### Haragalan Tall Ship

Haragalan ships are swift and sleek, but small, since they rely upon their magic rather than ramming or boarding. Haragala continues the East Isles' tradition of ships with tall, masted towers. They command a superior view of the sea and are able to direct their powerful sorcery and sun magic with terrible effect, or run if outnumbered. They have triangular sails, which reach only halfway up their tall masts, but use only oars in battle.

**Hull Type:** warship  
**Seaworthiness Max:** 15  
**Length:** 20m      **Beam:** 3m  
**Freeboard:** 3m      **Draft:** 3m  
**Crew:** 35 sailors, 8 officers,  
           15 holies, 10 servants  
**Hull Quality:** 12  
**Structure Points:** 40  
**Capacity:** 1 ton

### Elf Gallegas

A great fleet of these beautiful ships was grown during the Empire Age, but few are left now. They were grown by master growers so that their hulls, decks, and superstructure are a single piece of wood. The ship is ballasted by a layer of soil which fills the ship's bottom and also serves to root the mast tree. Because of the particular nature of this living mast with nearly fireproof leaf-sails, it is relatively clumsy, especially when sailing into the wind. It also has oars pulled by elf sailors, who double as marines in battles.

**Hull Type:** merchant  
**Seaworthiness Max:** 19  
**Length:** 20m      **Beam:** 5m  
**Freeboard:** 2m      **Draft:** 2.5m  
**Crew:** 65 sailor/marines, 10 officers,  
           15 gardeners  
**Hull Quality:** 25  
**Structure Points:** 90  
**Capacity:** 20 tons\*



### Kareeshtu Warsail

The people of Kareeshtu inherited a sailing secret from the long-dead culture of the Artmali, which was kept over centuries from everyone except the Jrusteli, who paid dearly for their error in robbing gods whom they thought dead. These are high-prowed sailing vessels with deep keels and special rigging, which allows them up to 50% more speed than the usual sailing ship. They sacrifice Capacity and Structure and must be relatively small, hence the Kareeshtu fleet is also very numerous. Their favorite tactic is quickly to mass around enemy vessels and board.

**Hull Type:** warship  
**Seaworthiness Max:** 20  
**Length:** 20m      **Beam:** 6m  
**Freeboard:** 1m      **Draft:** 2m

**Crew:** 20 sailors, 20 marines, 10 officers  
**Hull Quality:** 12  
**Structure Points:** 40  
**Capacity:** 0.5 ton

### Dwarf Floating Castle

The common dwarf ship is made of cement and reinforced metal, and is used for both war and commerce. It is big and ungainly, intended for defense, at which it succeeds admirably. It has tall crenelated walls and is topped by turrets fore and aft. The dwarfs have crafted their cement into many beautiful shapes, though the ships all show some wear from ancient battles. There are occasional patches of stone on some ships. They are propelled by screws moved by slaves who run along conveyer belts deep inside the ship.



Hull Type: merchant  
 Seaworthiness Max: 19  
 Length: 110m Beam: 25m  
 Freeboard: 7m Draft: 12m  
 Crew: 300 footmen, 50 sailors, 7 officers  
 Hull Quality: 50  
 Structure Points: 25  
 Capacity: 350 tons

### Maslo Catamaran

The dual-hull design of the catamaran has been traditional in northern Pamaltela since the first people reached the sea. The design is so popular that tradition demands it even in warships. The belief is that this design offers both speed and stability. Rowers work from both hulls, which are penteconter sized, but sleeker. Common tactics include much missile fire, boarding, and ramming. The rams are slung below the waterline from between the hulls and, when used in battle, are less likely to ruin the hulls of the ramming ships than on a single hulled vessel.

Hull Type: Two warship hulls  
 Seaworthiness Max: 30  
 Length: 30m Beam: 25m  
 Freeboard: 1m Draft: 1m  
 Crew: 100 rowers, 10 officers, 25 marines  
 Hull Quality: 10 each  
 Structure Points: 55  
 Capacity: 2 tons

### Waertagi Fastship

The Waertagi are an ancient sea-going race with an intimate relationship with sea-creatures, especially the merfolk. They were thought extinct, but have re-appeared since the seas were opened a generation ago. The people sail about in huge city ships, not detailed here, and use these smaller fastships primarily to raid land, observe surface fleets, and otherwise transport between their city ships and land. They have no oars or sails and are driven by sea-beings. These ships submerge just below the surface when a storm rises. They are often crewed for battle by sea monsters, such as giant crabs or devil shrimp. Their underwater allies are far more dangerous in a sea fight than these fragile ships.

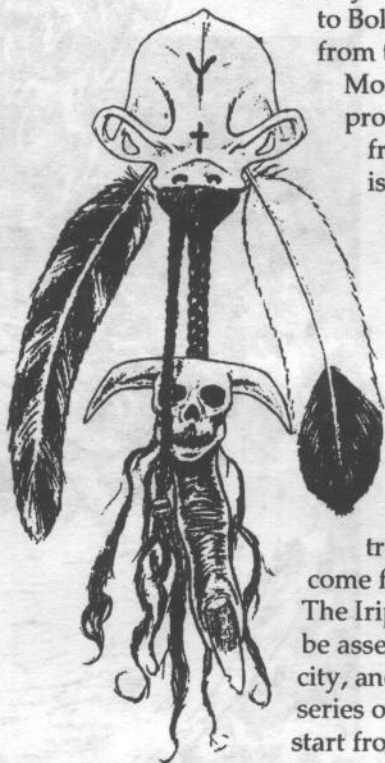
Hull Type: warship  
 Seaworthiness: Max: 12  
 Length: 10m Beam: 2m  
 Freeboard: 1m Draft: 1m  
 Crew: 50 warriors, 5 officers; or equivalent  
 Hull Quality: 10  
 Structure Points: 20  
 Capacity: 2 tons\*

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 This article originally appeared in Avalon Hill's Heroes Magazine.

*Tales of the Reaching Moon, in conjunction with the Sages of New Pavis, proudly present.....*

## The Praxian Plunder Competition

Hot on the heels of the Chaos Feature competition comes this fantastic new chance for you to own a piece of RuneQuest history. A rare copy of *A Rough Guide to Boldhome* has been uncovered from the archives of the Reaching Moon Megacorp. This booklet was produced for the Convulsion '92 freeform game detailed last issue. It contains previously unreleased material from the *Composite History of Dragon Pass*, a detailed map and gazetteer of Boldhome, and much more. It could be yours if you win this simple competition.



*What you have to do.....*

Send in a new magical treasure. The treasure must come from the Wastes or Prax itself. The Irippi Ontor temple at Pavis will be assessing these items for authenticity, and if enough are received, a new series of the Antiquities roadshow will start from Pavis.

If you have access to the RuneQuest 2 classic Plunder, then please use this format. Otherwise, please include a complete write-up of the item; its mythos, history, ownership, abilities and any other information you think necessary. Don't make your creation too outrageous; we're not looking for new gods or runes, but something unusual that fits into a niche in the current mythos of Prax.

The winner will not only receive the *Rough Guide*, but also consideration for inclusion into a new RuneQuest product, *The Praxian Companion*. Runners up will have their creations published in *Tales* and a free tour of the New Pavis library (travel expenses not included).

*Send your entries marked Plunder to the editorial address, or your local Tales Rep.*







# All at sea, ashore!

By Ian Gorlick

*This Waertagi cameo was inspired by the much briefer suggestion in "Elder Secrets of Glorantha".*

## On the Water

The player characters must be aboard a coasting vessel somewhere between Corflu and Kethaela. The adventure begins when they are captured by a band of Waertagi.

## Waertagi Fastships Ahoy!

The action starts when a squadron of Waertagi Fastships (see facing page) come speeding across the sea. They may at first be mistaken for a series of freak waves, or sea-creatures, so low are they in the water. These ships are faster than any other ship afloat and can sail a full point nearer the wind.

The Fastships will overtake and surround the party's vessel fairly quickly. The Waertagi call for their surrender: a few salvos of arrows should convince the ship's captain to do so. If not, then you can have fun with the boarding action. The Waertagi are skilled marine fighters, and take no chances. If they find themselves hard pressed, they can always summon sea monsters to assist in the assault. Any PCs or crew who jump overboard are quickly caught in the tentacles, claws, or other appendages of a sea creature and deposited onto a nearby Fastship.

## The Deal

Once the party has been overcome, or has surrendered, the Waertagi Captain attempts to tell them what he wants. The language barrier makes communication difficult. The Waertagi don't know more than about 15% in any language known to the party. The PCs should be very confused about the Captain's demand for a local "pirate", when what he really wants is a local *pilot*, a guide to lead a small expedition across the plains of Prax. He says the PCs will be rewarded for their trouble, but does not discuss a price.

The Waertagi Captain selects the player characters as the guides and keeps the ship and its other passengers and crew as hostages. The PCs are then transferred into one of the smaller Fastships, which sails rapidly to the Praxian coast, due south of the Block.

## On Land

A dozen Waertagi disembark, along with the PCs. Using a rope and pulley, a four-and-a-half meter long, elaborately carved boat is also deposited ashore. Once ashore, the Waertagi trade various pearls and exotic sea-shells with some local marsh-dwelling salters to buy a number of bison and sables to use as pack animals. None of the Waertagi can ride, and they won't permit the PCs to do so either

The leader of the Waertagi is called the "Aequor", a Waertagi rank. He carries an ancient leather-bound ruttier (a book of instructions for finding a route). The ruttier describes a series of bearings and distances that must be travelled, and landmarks that will be passed on the way. Unfortunately it gives many of its directions as complex calculations taken from star sightings which are unintelligible to anyone without at least 75% Navigate, even if the obscure Waertagi script could be deciphered.

The Aequor tells the PCs that they must follow the course described in the ruttier to "the place of rising water" (which for all the PCs know could be any oasis in Prax). He says that other Waertagi made the trip before, centuries ago. He also says that they must take the boat with them, but does not say why. Beyond this, none of the Waertagi will say what the purpose of their journey is. They will not even say it is a secret. They may pretend not to understand questions about it, or they may just ignore inquisitive PCs. (The actual destination is Moonbroth. If the PCs figure this too soon, they might convince the Waertagi to take an easier course than across the desert).

Later in the journey, when speaking to the PCs one of the younger Waertagi accidentally refers to their eventual destination as "the place of tides", but immediately clams up if the PCs question him about this new name. Shortly after, this Waertagi suffers an unfortunate accident (see below).

## Inland

The party makes its way inland, dragging the four-and-half meter long boat on skids. Inside the boat is a small bronze chest carefully lashed to a thwart; the Waertagi remain tight-lipped about it and its contents. (If the PCs somehow open the chest, which is magically sealed, inside is a chunk of bluish rock).

The Waertagi know nothing about overland travel, relying on the PCs to find water and suitable places to rest. The trip is plagued by small accidents of bad luck: leaky water skins; a scorpion in someone's boot when they put it on; one of the pack animals going lame; someone stepping on a rattlesnake; etc. The young Waertagi who accidentally let slip about "the place of tides" is grievously injured when one of the bison dragging the boat is stung by a wasp and unexpectedly bolts, trampling the unfortunate fellow to the ground and running him over with the boat. If he survives, this Waertagi refuses to speak to the PCs again.

The Waertagi suffer tremendously from the lack of water, but implacably keep going. When the water runs out they drink urine; if any of the pack animals die, they drink the blood. No matter how much the party dislike the Waertagi, they should be impressed by their determination and courage.



## Storm Bulls Do Their Block

The party will probably be close to death from thirst when they are intercepted by a group of Storm Bull cultists, mounted on high llamas and rhinos. The Storm Bulls take them to their camp near the Block, where an old shaman examines them. First he questions the PCs. Then he questions the Waertagi. The PCs have great difficulty following what is being said, but it becomes clear that the Aequor is trying to explain that another Waertagi party made a similar journey in ancient times. At this point the shaman turns deathly pale and cuts the interrogation short. He gives the Aequor a rune-staff, and explains that carrying it will ensure safe passage from any Praxian. If anyone can make a Praxian Culture Lore or a special World Lore roll they recognize the staff as a warning that the bearers are travelling under a curse and should be left alone.

## By the Dead Place

The party travels on, through even harsher terrain than before. Again the group is plagued by bad luck: the last member of the group looks behind to discover he's been dribbling precious fluid out of his water-skin for the last five hours; a promising oasis up ahead is spoilt, and the one after that is dry; the sky inexplicably clouds over one night, preventing the Aequor from taking his bearings; and so on. The Waertagi are completely out of their depth in the desert, but the ruttier takes them past the fringes of the Dead Place, one of the worst locales in Prax. As the Waertagi become clearly weaker, the party might be tempted to betray them. They would be able to overwhelm the Waertagi, and then could go back to rescue the hostages.

## Moonbroth

If they travel on the party eventually staggers into Moonbroth. Several of the Waertagi may be dead by this time. Their arrival is something of a spectacle for the inhabitants, but any nomads present keep their distance when they see the Aequor's staff. The Lunar chief priest at Moonbroth, a pompous and suspicious fellow, insists on knowing what the purpose of the expedition is, and can speak enough Brithini to communicate with the Waertagi captain. If the PCs have served the Waertagi well, the Aequor insists that they go away and not hear the explanation. Shortly after, the PCs see the priest fleeing in a panic into the inner sanctum of the Lunar temple. The Lunar troops are then ordered to take the Waertagi and PCs outside the walls of the Lunar fort and have nothing more to do with them.

## Blue Streak

The Waertagi lead the party to the main basin of the oasis. They float their boat out onto it. They wait a few hours, until darkness falls. It is a clear moonless night, and the stars of the Gloranthan sky are especially radiant. At some undetectable signal the Waertagi rise and begin to sing a strange and wordless tune. Several shoot flaming arrows into the boat. The dry wood begins to burn with flames tinged with blue. Then a geyser erupts, lifting the boat into the air. The flames become brilliant blue. The flaming boat rises higher and higher and the flames become bluer and harder to see. Eventually the boat disappears from sight.

Now a change comes over the Waertagi. Their grim and taciturn appearance is washed away, like the dust of the journey as they bathe in the oasis. One pulls out a hornpipe and begins to play a jig. They dance and sing and laugh, grabbing the PCs and trying to teach them to dance. The Aequor swear eternal friendship with the PCs, and promises gifts of pearl and coral and walrus ivory when they return to their ship.

## The Keeper of Secrets

The PCs should take matters in hand when arranging the return journey. Rather than trek through the desert again, passage down the River of Cradles would be a lot more pleasant. Now that the curse is lifted, the Aequor can spend the return trip explaining the purpose of the inland mission. The chest contained a piece of Annilla, the Blue Moon. The Mistress of the Tides and Keeper of Secrets is much feared by the Waertagi. They know that there are curses laid upon those who keep parts of her body, and their mission was to return this piece to her. Unfortunately, she is the Keeper of Secrets; to reveal the secret in the course of the mission would be to call down all her curses upon everyone involved. The small bits of bad luck that they encountered during the trip would be as nothing compared to what she could do if angered. This happened once before and the nomads still remember part of it: that's why the shaman gave them the staff and sent them off in such a hurry. The Lunar priest who insisted on knowing all will spend many years in his temple pleading with the Red Goddess to intercede with her sister.

## Annilla's Curse

What happens if the party does not complete the mission? If they betray the Waertagi then the curse transfers to them. They will find that no matter what they do, that piece of blue rock from the chest keeps turning up near them. They also find that they are experiencing an endless series of incredibly unlucky events. If they can ever find anyone who can explain things, then they will eventually have to complete the pilgrimage or live with Annilla's curse for the rest of their lives, which may not be very long.





## The Waertagi

The Waertagi are an ancient sea-faring race of humans who, as allies of the Brithini, dominated the seas in the First Age with their city-sized Dragon-Ships. Their power was extinguished by the God Learners early in the Second Age. They returned with a vengeance centuries later to destroy the island of Jrustela, only to be all but wiped out by the Closing, when Zzabur's great curse swept them and all other ships from the seas. Some Waertagi survived the Closing, lingering in some coastal cities and the Edrenlin islands off Pamaltela. In recent years the Waertagi have been seen again in their Dragon-Ships, though no one knows where they have come from, or where they sheltered during the Closing.

The Waertagi are green- and blue-skinned, often with long, webbed fingers and toes. They are considered part of the sea-people by other mer-folk, and worship the gods of the Magasta pantheon, along with the Invisible God. They dislike living on land permanently, and may sicken and die if away from the sea for too long.

For more information about the Waertagi, see *Elder Secrets and the Gloranthan Bestiary*.

## Surviving in the Desert

Water is hard to come by in Prax at the best of times, and is even more hard to come by when under Annilla's Curse. The party must carry water with them, and refill at every opportunity. Water can be carried in waterskins or canteens. One litre of water has an ENC of 1.

The standard requirement for humans is 5 litres of water per day; limit of comfort is 2 litres and subsistence level is 0.5 litres. The Waertagi require double these quantities. Praxians and other desert dwellers (such as the Agimori) can get by on half these amounts. The standard requirements for the pack animals is 25 litres; limit of comfort 10 litres and subsistence level is 2 litres.

Each day in the desert, a CON x5 roll must be made to avoid suffering from heatstroke and dehydration (this applies to the pack animals too). The following multipliers apply to the roll:

Standard water	-35
Limit of Comfort water	+10
Subsistence water	+20
No water	+35
Each point of ENC carried	+1
Head Covering	-10
Minimal activity	-15
Light Activity	+5
Activity	+15
Strenuous Activity	+25
Receiving adequate food	-5
Subsistence level food	+5
Travelling at night; resting during day	-20
Waertagi	+5
Praxian, Agimori, Desert Dweller	-10

If, after all modifications are taken into account, the CON x5 roll fails, the character loses 1D6 CON. A character who has had no water at all that day loses 6 CON. Hit points and fatigue may have to be refigured. A character reduced to 2 CON or lower is virtually incapacitated. A character reduced to 0 CON dies of thirst. CON can be regained at 1 point per day of rest, in shade, with plenty of water and food.

# Mirrorweed

The following is a short excerpt from Rodin Greenbeak's *Compendium of Gloranthan Fauna*. This well-travelled Grey Sage devised his own system of Nomenclature based upon Ocron Everseer's *Compendium of Species*.

## Mirrorweed (Choralinthor's Flutes) *Speculum Herba*

Mirrorweed is a variant species of the Maniran Reed Family located only along the shores of Choralinthor Sea, or Mirrorsea as it is commonly called. Mirrorweed grows in the standard small clumps of most of the reed family, and it only becomes unique around Sacred Time. At that time several additional sprouts appear that differ from the light green of the normal leaves. These newer shoots are silver-white in color, and they are much sturdier than their neighboring shoots. Natives to the area often gather these unique parts to construct pipes or flutes of majestic quality, for the sound they make resembles that of a gentle, soothing breeze passing through the reeds of the Mirrorsea.

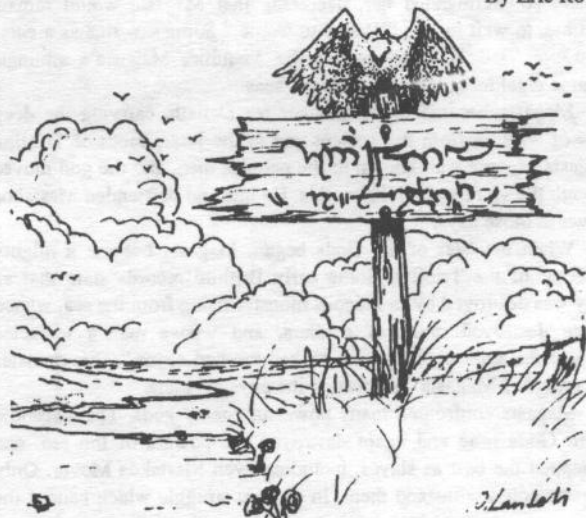
Regular Mirrorweed is often used to make a fine Esrolian salad which I can highly recommend. The leaves from Sacred Time harvests come even more highly recommended. While they can be used in the standard fashion in a salad, they are often boiled and dipped in Skullbrush Oil. This seals in their color and flavor and they are used to garnish many Esrolian cultural dishes. Personally, I prefer the Sacred Time leaves raw, with perhaps a bit of salt. They have a crisp crunch and slightly sweet flavor that lasts for hours.

### Gamemaster Notes

(1) Pipes and flutes made from Mirrorweed picked during the Sacred Time can give a bonus to the Play skill of up to 25%, depending upon the skill of the craftsman making them.

(2) Rodin neglected again to mention something. The bonus to Play from the pipes and even the lovely flavor of Mirrorweed is not retained unless a small ritual is performed before harvesting them. This is simply a short prayer of thanks to Choralinthor for his bounty and can be obtained from any local to the area.

By Eric Rowe





# Magasta

Lord of all Sea Gods

## Mythos and History

One of the hundreds of beings in the formless dark said to herself, "I am Me, and everyone should know that I differ." She sent that fact to everyone, and afterwards everyone oriented themselves by her location. She became known as the Last Silence, and all her descendants were different from others in the Shadow Times.

From the Last Silence came the First Drop, the inky underworld ocean called Styx which was both motionless and ever-changing at once. From her, Ever-flowing Mother of Water, sprang all wells and streams.

Mighty rivers roared from her womb, swirling and expanding to fill the void. From that Secret Power Zaramaka created himself, Great Elder, Keeper of the Source, Father and Mother of the Elder Three.

From the deep three rivers sprang separate and clear. Those three met and mingled, the way the waters of a river mingle with those of the sea, sometimes washing salty far up the river mouth, other times sending dark brown mud far to sea. Within the surge and turbulence, that never-ending ebb and flow, the gods who made the seas we know grew up and dwelt in fluid life.

The seas spread outward across the broad bosom of the Dark, flowing outward from the centre, the unknown Deep.

The Three Children of Zaramaka are Daliath, Framanthe and Sramak. They represent, respectively, Mind, Soul, and Body. Each had children by both siblings, and all were different. Magasta was a child of Daliath and Framanthe.

Magasta is a mighty and terrible god, born of eminent divine parents and imbued with great power. When he was born he disappeared from his nurses for three days, and became visible again only when lured by the music of the liquid syrinx.

One day, after the world was made, Daliath, Keeper of the Deep, divided the known world among the heirs of Zaramaka. He gave great things to his own children, but ignored the idiot brood of Framanthe and Sramak. Framanthe then ordered her own children (by Daliath) to tend the safety and well being of her other children (by Sramak), whom she loved no less because Daliath did not understand them. But Daliath countermanded her, decreeing that Magasta would remain separate, to wait for the "Waters to Come." Some saw this as a curse upon the land of Magasta, for the Manthie, Magasta's siblings, became regal lords of the oceans and seas.

Magasta became the messenger for Daliath, carrying the deep tales of wisdom from the ancient god to the lesser races of Triolini. Magasta became well known to the peoples then, and the god moved through the secrets of all the worlds. He met and befriended Mastakos Mover in those days.

When the War of the Gods began, Magasta became a mighty protector of the Triolini. Some early Brithini records state that an army was destroyed by "a hideous monster rising from the sea, whose glance destroyed ranks of soldiers, and whose maw's tentacles dragged the solid earth into its wicked toothed abyss." This monster was probably Magasta manifest on the physical plane.

Magasta confronted many powerful enemy gods. The awesome Storm Gods time and again destroyed the powers of the sea, and kidnapped the best as slaves, including even Mastakos Mover. Only Magasta could withstand them. In an epic struggle which caused the



Raging Sea to climb and flood the Spike, the Terror of the Deep drove off the storm gods, and held Vadrus underwater so long that he gave up his niece in tribute. When the Storm Gods sought to break Brastalos free, Magasta again defeated them, and subdued Brastalos to be his obedient wife.

Another time a worse monster, invisible even to most creatures of the Deep, stalked the worlds, wrenching beings from their lives into painful confusion. Like stagnant pools they stood, bewildered and unhappy.

Magasta took those lost souls of the sea, and sent, led and carried them through the Hidden Stream back into the First Drop, a mystery beyond the understanding of all but those gods who have drunk of Daliath's Well.

Magasta then sought and confronted a terrible creature which wielded Death. He defeated it, and made the thing his slave. It became Magasta's invisible Net of the Sea which drags all eventually into death. The new slave was renamed Robber, and rules over the lost souls which live in the sea but are not in its flow.

The powers of death and darkness were inherited by the son of Robber and Magasta. When Wachaza first came to his father to claim a share of the world Magasta asked proof of worthiness. Wachaza sent Magasta to visit Daliath, and ruled in the Throne of the Deep until Magasta returned. Magasta recognised his son's rights and







## Magasta Special Rune Magic

### Call Monster

*Ritual Summon spell, reusable*

**1 points**

This spell summons a deep sea creature or group of creatures. It is cast by a group of worshipers, led by a Priest. Each participant casts the spell in the same melee round, calling for the same creature. Each person who successfully casts the Call Monster spell may then expend as many magic points as desired towards the calling of the monster(s).

The spell succeeds if the priest leading the ceremony succeeds in a Summon skill roll and if the number of magic points sacrificed exceeds the total value of the creature's STR, CON, SIZ, INT, POW, and DEX. If several creatures are simultaneously summoned, the magic points expended must exceed the value of all summoned creatures' relevant characteristics added together. The statistics of the creature are determined after the summoning is attempted.

Unlike most Summon spells, this spell can call a creature that is native to the mundane plane. It can be used to call a pack of sharks, a plesiosaur, a sea serpent, a whale, a giant octopus, or other, more exotic monsters. The creature summoned takes 2D100 hours to arrive. It is compelled to swim to the summoning location before it can undertake actions of its own volition (besides battling obvious opposition to its course of movement).

The creature(s) do not arrive under the control of the summoners and either a Command spell must be cast or some agreement must be reached between the priest and the monster. Often the spell is used to summon powerful tribal Ancestors, or intelligent movable Whirlpools and Waterspouts (as per the spells).

Example: a small mer-klan, troubled by human pirates, resorts to Magasta to solve their problem. The mer-king commands all adult tribal members to join Magasta's cult and sacrifice for Call Monster. All 200 do so. The summoning is a success and each participant sacrifices 10 magic points for a total of 2000. The creatures called are sea serpents, which have an average stat value of 185, so the priest calls for 10 serpents (the actual rolled characteristic total turns out to be 1921). The serpents arrive in 2D100 hours and are kept penned in large submarine cages until the five clan priests each cast two Command Sea Serpent spells and the creatures accompany the clan warriors to the attack.

### Magnify Command

*ranged, special duration, nonstackable, reusable*

**2 points**

This spell must be stacked with a Command <creature> spell and boosted with magic points. The duration of the stacked spell is increased by 1 hour per magic point spent. This is in addition to Extension. If a Magnify Command containing 20 magic points were stacked with an Extension 6 (duration 16 hours) and a Command Undine, the undine would remain under the caster's control for 36 hours.

### Submerge

*ranged, temporal, stackable, reusable*

**1 point**

Each point of this spell cancels out the buoyancy of 1 cubic meter of any floating object, causing it to sink towards bottom. Large objects require more points of Submerge to pull down. Objects already sinking sink more swiftly. One point of Submerge is enough to sink a human swimmer beneath the surface.

Each point of Submerge cancels out 2 points of the Float divine spell.

If this spell is cast at a ship, each point of the spell cancels out 1/10 ton of the ship's capacity. When the ship's capacity has been neutralized, it is swamped. Thus, a 5 point Submerge spell would be needed to sink a typical large rowboat, with a capacity of 0.5 tons. It would take 150 points of Submerge to pull down a knorr.

### Whirlpool

*ranged, temporal, stackable, reusable*

**1 point**

Each point of this spell creates a whirlpool 1 meter in diameter and 3 meters in depth, with a STR of 1D6. Each additional point adds 1 meter to the diameter, 3 meters to the depth, and 1D6 to the STR. Creatures flying above the water surface are immune to the whirlpool's effects. Anything caught in the whirlpool must successfully match its STR vs. the whirlpool's STR or be caught in it and sucked under. A victim caught in the whirlpool cannot take any actions except try to escape until the effect ends or he can overcome the pool's STR. Non-aquatic beings caught in the pool must succeed in a Swim roll before being allowed a STR roll.

The captain of a ship caught in the whirlpool must attempt a Shiphandling skill roll. If he succeeds, he can match his ship's Seaworthiness vs. the whirlpool's STR. Success indicates that the ship escapes the pool. Each round of failure does 1D6 damage to the ship's Seaworthiness. If the captain fails his Shiphandling roll, the ship automatically takes 1D6 Seaworthiness damage.

If a Whirlpool is combined with a Waterspout spell, a target can be trapped and kept from leaving the area of the Waterspout — forced to keep taking damage each round.

## Rune Priest Membership

The priests of Magasta serve the most potent deity of the seas and possibly of the world. While his worship is harsh, it can also be rewarding, and during the rare times of their primacy, the priests can both revel in the raw power of destruction and reap the rewards of saving their people.

To become a priest of Magasta, the candidate must have been an initiate for the last five consecutive years. He must fulfill normal priestly requirements and the tribe must have a need for a new Magasta priest. Skills that must be at 50% or more are any Craft, Merman Lore, any Weapon Attack, World Lore, and Ceremony.

Great numbers of the tribesfolk occasionally turn to Magasta for aid during catastrophes. The priest must always be ready for such an influx and tend the worshippers properly, as well as lead them under the guidance of the tribal rulers.

He is subject to all normal priestly restrictions.

Though the priest receives a yearly 1-point POW increase, he must still sacrifice 2 POW to Magasta each year.

**Common divine magic:** all

**Special divine magic:** Breathe Air/Water, Call Monster, Command <fixed-INT sea creature>, Command Undine, Fear, Float, Magnify Command, Reflection, Submerge, Whirlpool

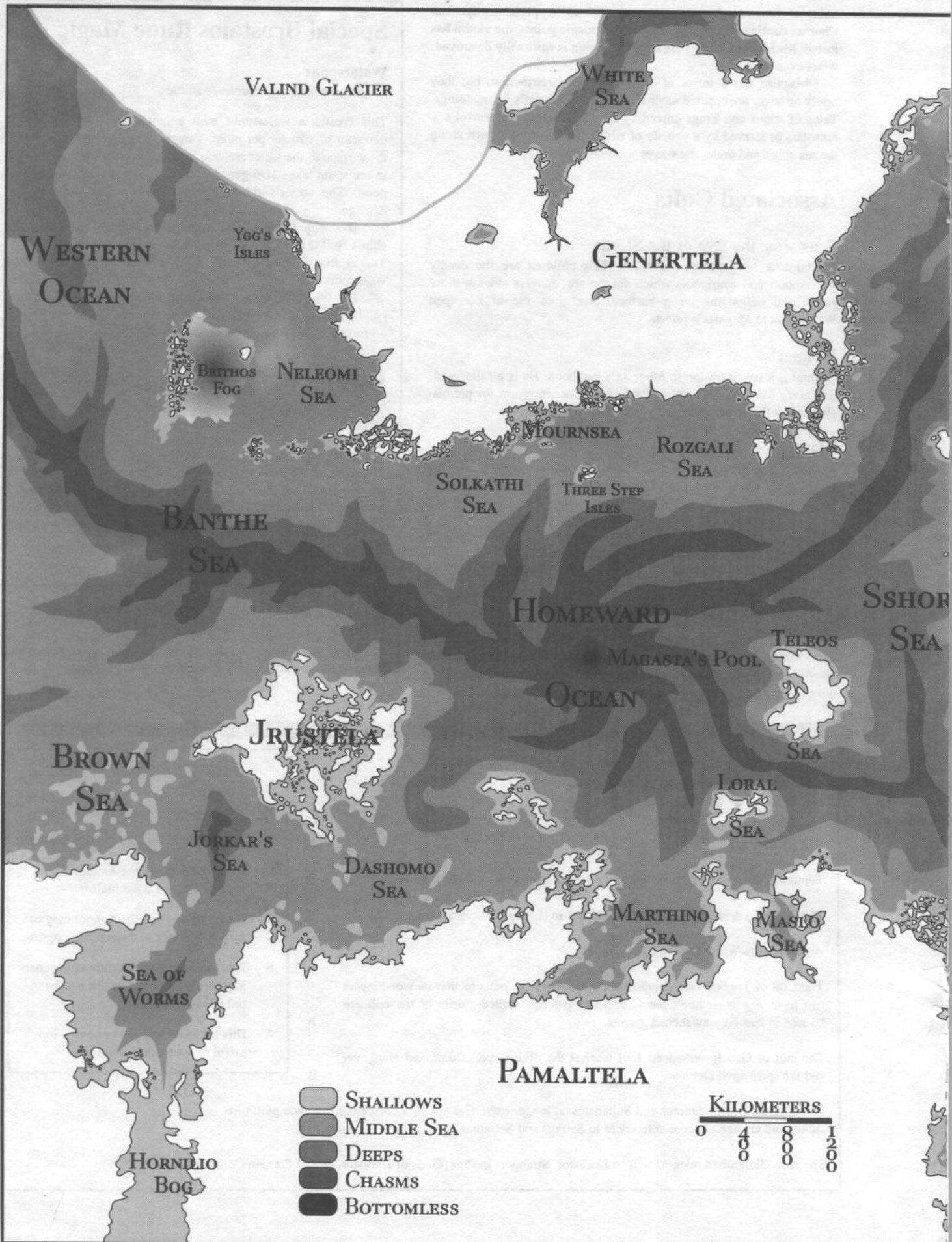
## Subcults

### Spirit of Retribution

If an initiate fails to sacrifice his POW to Magasta in a year, he must give up all Rune spells learned from Magasta. If he fails to do so, he will be attacked when he least expects it by the Churner. This fierce spirit has a POW of 30 and engages the victim in spirit combat. Each round the Churner overcomes the victim in combat, the victim loses 1







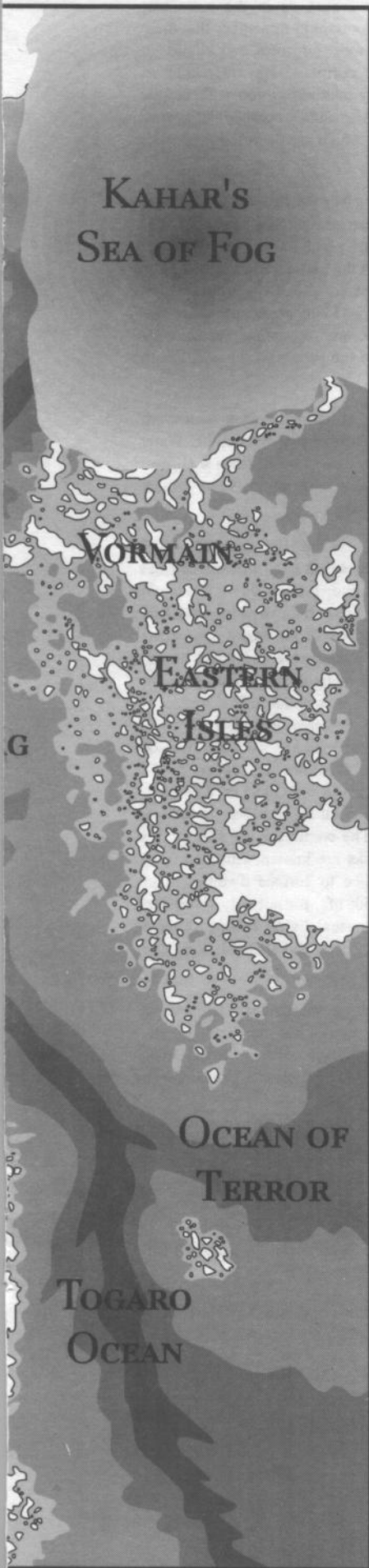




# The Oceans of Glorantha

by Greg Stafford

*Most of the Known World is covered by water, uninhabited at the surface, but teeming with life just below.*



## Description

The floating lozenge of Gloranthan earth is surrounded by water. Sramak's River, the elder ocean, swirls endlessly around the world. Branches of it whirl inward across the earth creating oceans. In the centre of the world Magasta's Pool swallows the world's waters like a gigantic, bottomless whirlpool. Rain clouds carry water through the air, into the sky, and over the land. Rivers cut their way across most surfaces. Water is everywhere.

Freshwater bodies are rivers and lakes. Saltwater bodies are either oceans or seas. Though many people use the terms interchangeably, properly the term "ocean" in Glorantha only applies to a body of water which is partly bottomless, because it either flows in over the outer edge of the earth or (in the case of Magasta's Pool) drops away into nothing. Seas are large saltwater bodies which wash over the earth, but have no direct links to the endless waters.

Many of the oceans and seas have great currents, called Doom Currents, which move in from Sramak's river then toward and around Magasta's Pool in a counter-clockwise direction. These usually flow far beneath the surface, but at times these currents rise from the deep and rage, swollen and angry, across the surface of the ocean like a mountain to water or the back of a giant serpent. Any ship caught by such a flow is drawn swiftly into the Pool, unable to escape unless they are very sturdy, well captained, and lucky.

## Mythic History (The Merman's Tale)

Water existed everywhere before land. The wise and ancient beings from beyond the Deep continued the creation so their descendants may be well fed and tended.

Land began when the Cosmic Mountain, called the Spike, pushed upward from the depths. The cosmic mountain expanded to make the Surface World. The first land was a perfect cube, with a measured square of ground to intrude into and share with the Surface World.

Rivers crept across the face of the earth, flowing upward to enrich the earth. The rivers drew strength from the limitless ocean, flooding the valleys and winding up the hills.

Land was good until it failed. Then sea rescued its child. When chaos invaded and destroyed the world, the centre of Earth collapsed and disappeared. All the rivers of the world reversed their course to aid their watery grandfathers. Sea tilled the gap, washing away the emptiness and evil. Magasta saved the world when he filled the Void with the life-originating waters.

## The Surface of the Sea

The surface of the Gloranthan oceans are troubled and dangerous even to the experienced and intrepid. The Doom Currents, sea monsters, often hostile mermen, and occasional pirates all hinder travel.



Furthermore, the surface of the Gloranthan world-ocean slants downward towards the centre, at the edge like a dish, and then more steeply. The areas where a ship might escape is named the Homeward Ocean. Doom Currents are commonest here. Where no ships (save the long-lost Waertagi Dragon-ships) may escape is called Magasta's Pool, and this is a tremendous roaring whirlpool which carries all within it downward into the watery depths of the land of the dead.

## The Depths of the Sea

The mermen have explained many things about the depths of the ocean to land people. Most people, hearing of this realm, disbelieve the tales because they are so strange, but some facts have been verified by magical means. Further, it is difficult to believe that both the Ludoch and the Ouori, who have



had no contact for centuries, would lie in the same way about the same things. It is important to remember that these facts are held in common by most informed and intelligent sea life. Similar facts and corroborating fragments of evidence have been gained by communication with the sea spirit Grandfather Salmon, the ancient Waertagi, and several species of whale and dolphin, which are the intelligent races friendliest to humankind.

To most sea beings, everything beyond the surface is called Food. One philosophy, popular among the Ouori, divides this into *Hard Food*, anything which falls into the water; *Soft Food*, energies brought to the sea including debris from rivers, sunlight, and magic power sacrifices from sailors; and *Wet Food*, explained below. Many mermen believe that everything created after the oceans' formation was done by Daliath and Framanthe to feed the people of the sea, Triolina's faithful followers.

The oceans are divided into horizontal layers dependent upon the amount to light penetrating into the depths. Water clarity is important here and so cloudy water has a shallower layer of lighted volume. Foggy seas also have a thinner lighted zone and less life in general.

The upper areas, richest in life, are the High Seas. The High Sea ends at the surface, beyond which only unnatural beings and contemptible Waertagi venture. Here thrive the algae and plankton upon which the food chain depends, and here lives the majority of sea life. Its depth varies depending upon the seasonal variants of temperature and wind, murkiness of the water, and amount of light. As a rule, if an air-breathing mermen can see in it without using magic or luminescence, then it is a High Sea area. It is also called the photic zone. As a Gloranthan average, we use 100-200 meters. When the ocean floor is within this upper, photic zone, we have shallows - known to the Ouori as Wet food. Some forms of sea life consider all air-breathers, including most mermen, as Wet food. The continents are surrounded by Wet food, and several banks are known with no nearby land to advertise their presence to surface dwellers. This region is by far the densest with life, for not only the waters but the bottom teems with unusual living things, covered with various forms of sea life, corals and shellfish, kelp and sea weeds.

The High Sea is home to more things than humankind imagines. The God Learners catalogued hundreds of air-breathing sea things, thousands to types of fish and shellfish, and tens to thousands of gooey and boneless organisms with various odd parts attached.

The next zone is the Middle or Niiadic Sea. It is considered the "normal" place to be in the watery domain, despite the fact that most merman only visit here for worship. Here is where all the Food from above is intended to go, and from here things descend to feed only the gods and spirits. These depths range from the lower edge of the High Sea (100-200 meters) to about 1000 meters.

The last zone, the abysmal abyss, is called The Deep. It is lightless and unknowable, holding the secrets of the sea. Here dwell great spirits, like King Undine and Tholaina; gods and goddesses, like Nelat and Wachaza; the tritons and those they serve. Only the great gods, Magasta, Manthi, and Natea, hold the secrets of reaching deeper from here, into the mysterious abyss of the Unreachable Waters where the truly unknowable gods exist.





## Mermen of the Oceans

Seven types of merfolk, called the Seven Kindred by their own kind, inhabit Gloranthan waters. Their stats are given elsewhere (see *The Gloranthan Bestiary*). A synopsis of their manners and distribution is given here for convenience.

**Dwerulan:** little is known about these creatures, the smallest of all merfolk. Some scholars claim they are not part of the Seven Kindred at all, but some other type of malign sea organism. According to these scholars, the Seventh Kindred are the blue elves. Dwerulans are found only in the Worm Sea.

**Gnydrion:** enormous monster merfolk who live in the abyssal depths to all oceans and rarely come to the surface. Most sailors consider these entities to be sea monsters, not mermen, but their partially humanoid forebodies and obvious intelligence cause scholars to classify them as the latter.

**Ludoch:** one of the two Great Kindred's. They sometimes co-operate with humans, and are rarely overtly hostile. They are quite widespread, living in the Maslo Sea, the Marthino Sea, and the Togaro Ocean. In the Eastern Isles and on the shores of Dinal are two powerful, organized kingdoms of Ludoch mermen.

**Malasp:** one of the two Great Kindred's. They are generally hostile to surface-dwellers and they plot both subtle deceptions and overt aggression against coastal nations. They mostly live in the Brown and Dashomo Seas.

**Ouori:** the walrus-folk. These gross and flabby merfolk are surprisingly friendly to humans, though they are also very secretive. They live only in the Western Ocean and Banthe Sea and are uncommon even there.

**Ysabau:** hideous merfolk who hate all sailors. They are found in all oceans, but are fortunately rare.

**Zabdamar:** strange magical beings whose women are beautiful and whose men are ugly. They come from the Sea of Fog and though they occasionally travel elsewhere, they always return home to this sea.

## The Bodies of Water

### Banthe Sea

This great current washes in from the Western Ocean carrying icebergs in its frigid waters. Its main current passes north of Jrustela, entering the Homeward Ocean somewhere Northeast of the Kumanku Islands. A secondary current runs southward into the Brown Sea. A wide trench, apparently bottomless, scars the deep open floor reaching Northwest and marking the place where the earth once broke. Life here is rich. Many species of whale and other large animals live off the krill-rich ocean. The cold water is the source of many peculiar animals, such as ice fish, walrus, and giant puffins.

### Brithos Fog

Between the Neliomi and Banthe Seas, east of the Red Vadeli Isles, teems the rolling steam of the Brithos Fog. It obscures the region once occupied by Brithos, which was present before the Closing but not present at the Opening.



### Brown Sea

Mermen say this ocean is brown because it is so turbid and shallow, hardly more than a kilometer at the deepest. It derives from the Western Ocean and its waters are very cold. Humans have rarely sailed these waters, but several tales are told of vast Sargasso seas populated with unusual monstrous creatures.

### Dashomo Sea

The Dashomo Sea is a placid ocean full of fish and sea life. The Hroarilli tribe of Malasp mermen, led by the frightening demigod named Terthinus, Voice of the Deep, live there and have taken control of all shipping over the sea, demanding tribute from all who pass by. They are aided by another tribe which lives in the rich waters of the Jrusteli archipelago.





**Eastern Ocean**

The water which surrounds the innumerable East Isles is called the Eastern Ocean. It is rich in life and continually criss-crossed by local ships and boats. The islands are so close together that sailing is never difficult, even during the long Typhoon Season, since a safe port is always near to hide in when a gale blows in.

**Homeward Ocean**

The ocean at the middle of the world. The raging whirlpool at its centre averages 200 kilometres at its mouth, though sometimes it is wider (Sea season) and sometimes narrower (Dark and Storm seasons). Observers can see the surface of the water tilting downward towards the swirl as they approach the sink. Ships caught in its current are doomed to drop into the bottomless hole, gone from the world forever. Its base empties into the primal ocean which sits, motionless, beneath all things.

**Jorkar's Sea**

The area between Slon, Jrustela, and Umathela is now controlled by an aggressive confederation of Malasp. An occasional Doom Current was known to rise here when humans frequented it during the Second Age, driving ships southward into the Worm Sea. Now only dwarf ships pass back and forth, and they say nothing of the currents.

**Kahar Sea**

Fogs, both natural and magical, blanket the surface of this body of water. Magic places, like the floating island of Kyclerela, hide there with lurking monsters, lost sailors, and insidious spirits. Life is thinly spread in the depths of this warm and stagnant sea. The lack of light suppresses the plant life upon which all else depends.

**Loral Sea**

The seas surrounding Loral and south to Pamaltela are called the Loral Sea. It is the centre of a kingdom of mermen.

**Magasta's Pool**

Although often used as a synonym for the Homeward Ocean, this term is also applied to the great whirlpool itself, where escape is impossible as the Doom Currents meet, swirling to make a vertical maelstrom. The Homeward Ocean is the surrounding region, and can sometimes be escaped.

**Marthino Sea**

This pleasant tropical sea teems with life. Colourful fish swarm over tropical

reefs. No great currents originate here. The native Ludoch mermen would lead a lazy and pleasant life, except that they continually war with baleful Malasp mermen from the Dashomo Sea.

**Maslo Sea**

The Maslo is a quiet and beautiful sea. Mermen there are usually Ludoch, but no great colonies have settled. During the Closing the sailors of this ocean were able to maintain a fleet of their double-hulled warships. A particular plague of this sea is the Mother of Monsters which lives on its western shore.

**Rozgali Sea**

The waters south of Prax and eastern Genertela have gentle currents washing westward. A thriving colony of Ludoch mermen intermingle with humans in the Holy Country's great circular bay.

**Solkathi Sea**

The waters south of western Genertela are called the Solkathi sea. A minor current washes eastward through the Solkathi.

**Sshorg Ocean**

This ocean is the home of a great Doom Current which washes northward from the Togaro, arching around north of Teleos and entering the Homeward Ocean somewhere near Waertag's Banks.

**Teleos Sea**

The water surrounding Teleos is called the Teleos Sea. It is notable for its long period of calm in the Sea and Fire seasons. For much of the year, this sea and its central island are isolated from the rest of the world by gales and typhoons.

**Togaro Ocean**

Also called the Ocean of Terror because it was the first great body of liquid to invade the land. It contains a powerful current, close to its source. This ocean is extremely warm, washing in from Sramak's Ocean where it exits from the Burning Seas. Sometimes patches of boiling water are carried in by the current. In its depths life is active and plentiful. At the top of the food chain is a type of huge armoured carnivorous fish. In the Eastern Isles and on the shores of Dinal are two powerful, organized kingdoms of Ludoch mermen. The Togaro Ocean is ravaged by hurricanes for half the year.

**Western Ocean**

Where Sramak's current comes out from under the vast Glacier of Valind the Western Ocean separates and moves towards the land. It is chill with many icebergs, and carries its coldness to the Brown and Banthe Seas.

**White Sea**

This frigid body of water is reportedly connected to the outer seas by a sub-glacial waterway over a thousand kilometres long. No mermen live here.

**Worm Sea**

This sea, between two great marshes, is full of gigantic leeches which attach themselves to whales, kraken and hapless ships. Though the monsters are found throughout the world, they concentrate, perhaps to breed, in this place. Life here is dominated by great swimming reptiles and dinosaurs.





# A Hard Landing

By Michael O'Brien



“Come on Murph, old pal, you gotta sponsor me in. I can handle a blade as good as anyone, and I’ve always wanted to be a Humakti... So why’ve I been an Orlanthi all these years? Sucked me in with all that “call of adventure” crap didn’t they? Look, I realize I’m a hell of an ugly bastard right now, but no-one ever got blackballed from Humakt for havin’ pimples. Besides, they reckon the rash’ll be gone by Windsday next... How’d I know that? Bloody priests sent the Impests against me, didn’t they? That’s why I want out of Orlanth. Pull up a pew Murph and I’ll give you the full story... Nah, won’t sit down meself, they gave me piles too.

“You know how we Orlanthi gotta do our annual six weeks workin’ for the priests; well, last year I found meself fightin’ Thanatari broo – got laid up with the Healers till Sacred Time shakin’ off the Crud – and the year before that they had me down at the border sneakin’ food an’ stuff into White-wall. This is back when there was talk that the Crimson Bat was comin’ down to finish off them Volsaxi rebels. The most terrifyin’ six weeks I ever spent in me life, Bat or no Bat. Well, the rebels are still there, and your priest’s always got some broo to kill someplace, so this year I think to meself, there’s gotta be some soft option I can take for me cult service where I don’t have to put meself at risk.

“That’s how I line meself up for this job standin’ guard in the Landing Room at the temple. “What could be easier?” thinks I. Standin’ around all day watchin’ out for the odd Storm Voice or Wind Lord teleport in. Six weeks hobnobbin’ with the gentry, never findin’ meself on the wrong end of a broo, what a breeze!

“Started out all right, didn’t it? Bein’ holy week an’ all, all of them Lords an’ priests were too busy makin’ the winds blow to get themselves into trouble. I just stood around all day lookin’ at the murals. Bloody nice paintin’s they was too. Come Freezeday though, and the runies are off. It’s only then that it dawns on me that the only time your priest or lord’s gonna beam in’s when he’s got more trouble than he can handle: and if a Wind Lord can’t handle it, what hope have I?

“First back is the Wind Voice Aleous, yeah the guy they burned last Windsday. Well, what was left of ‘im. Stupid bastard went to do a deal with the Inhuman King. Beams in

blackened to a crisp. Seems ol’ snake-face didn’t get the gist of what he was on about and torched him. I hollered for the medics of course, but there wasn’t much even Chalana Arroy could do. I’m down on the floor scrapin’ up what’s left of Aleous (yeah, I forgot to tell ya, I find out then that it’s me who’s gotta do the cleanin’ up), when all of a sudden SPLAT! Thumpin’ down next to me I see a great pile of iron, tin, silver an’ stuff, spread flat over the floor. I have to look again before I realise there’s a guy inside it! So, once more I holler for the meat-wagon, and they rush in, throw him on the stretcher and cart him off quick smart.

“I got the full story from one of the medics later. It seems Ignatius Orvost was tryin’ to notch up his seasonal quota of elves, when one shoots out his sylph from under him. Problem was, the crazy bugger was half-a-mile up when it happened. ‘No hassle’, thinks Orvost just before he hits the ground, ‘I’ll just D.I. out.’ Forgot that he was carryin’ a heck of a lot of downward velocity didn’t he? Boy he hit that floor awful hard! My medic friend reckons it took the Healers and a tinsmith two hours to cut him out of his armour. Later that week a similar thing happened when ‘Horseface’ Pandarus beams in at full-tilt on his warhorse. That’s how those murals on the west wall got smashed off.

“Now, I got great respect for them Healers (fixed me well and good after me run-in with them broo last year), but I wouldn’t want to be one of ‘em either. You know that party that set off to kill chaos in Snakepipe Hollow? Yeah, the one that I would’a been in if I hadn’t lined up the Landing Room job. Well, it seems that they didn’t get far into the ‘pipe before they run smack into a stinkin’ Walktapi. They set about destroyin’ the thing, and all but their leader Caspian Vur remembers to hold their breath. Now, this Wind Drake Vur takes a gust o’ gas up the beak and decides to bail out, takin’ the whole party with him. This is fine I guess, except one of his Storm Bull pals has already cast his Berserk spell and appears in the Landing Room all itchin’ for a fight. It took six Healers to calm him down, but not before he’d sliced up half his pals, split me shield in two and belted the plaster off the east wall. Another one of the Healers bought it when she bent down to give Vur mouth-to-beak resuscitation and copped a blast of second-hand walktapi gas.

“O’course, the job did have its funny side now and then. Like late once when I’m on night shift and ol’ randy Malcolm Thunderbrow pops in, trows round his ankles and backside bare to the moon. Now, he swore me to quiet, but let’s just say he was ‘helpin’ a junior initiate understand the deeper mysteries of the Orlanth cult’ when her ‘usband comes in and prefers he didn’t. Some say the only reason fat Mal became an acolyte was ‘cos Guided Teleport sure beat hidin’ under the bed or escapin’ through the privy door.

“T’was ‘bout the end of Truth week and I’m near half-way through me cult service when I really stuffed things up though. Nothin’s happened for near on a week, and I’m bored stiff thinkin’ maybe fightin’ headhunter broo weren’t all that bad, when all of a sudden this Lunar guy teleports in, scimitar in one hand, a severed head in the other. Now, it don’t take much nouse to work out that maybe this guy is Thanatar or somethin’, and he’s snicked off some poor sap of a Storm Voice’s head and is usin’ his spells to get around. So before he gets his bearin’s I hit him, hard, and I hit him again, and again, ‘til he stops movin’. Then I yell for the guard. What else could’ve I done?

“Only then do I find out that this guy I’ve just creamed is an Orlanthi secret agent, who’s managed to sneak in disguise into the Lunar camp to kill the commander. That’s whose head it was.

“Now old Leonidas the High Priest didn’t take it too well, me killin’ one of his best agents, particularly after the Healers couldn’t get him back. Still, me intentions were honest – I’m told the suspicious bastard even went as far as askin’ the divine to check me up – so Leonidas can’t chuck the Wind Fists at me, thank Luck. Even so, he gave me the Impests... yeah, I know its rude to scratch yer arse in public, Murph, I’ve rubbed it raw this last week... and I’ve still gotta do six more days out at the tin mine before me cult service is up.

“Anyway, come next Windsday I want out. Who wants to end up a Wind Lord if the Landing Room’s all I got to look forward to?

“So ya reckon you can get me inta Humakt, huh. Great!... Have I heard tell of your Rune Swords and their duellin’? Nah Murph, do tell...”









The second manifestation, Modor, is an Earth spirit who represents the anger and hatred of Nekeros. He is inclined towards greed, violence and physical action. Modor's character is important regarding his, and indeed Nekeros', attitude towards the daughter, Inyana. Modor embodies the part of Nekeros' consciousness which selfishly wishes to keep his daughter close as his last reminder of his murdered wife.

Aeponia is the final manifestation, and takes a female form. She represents the hope which still remains in Nekeros, and is kind, gentle, selfless, and loving. Aeponia desires to see Inyana free of the isle and happy. This is because, like all all Air-associated spirits and most mortals, she regards freedom and the capability to achieve change as fundamentally desirable for all living things.

## The History of the Barren Isle

Once the Barren Isle was fertile and bounteous, and even though sundered from its parent continent by a cruel sea god, supported many of the children of Ernalda. The island has existed since Godtime, although its location has changed considerably; if the PCs had the means they might deduce that the island is actually floating, and looks much like an iceberg in cross section. Some people believe in any case that the continents of Glorantha are actually huge floating islands, and the Barren Isle would seem to support this belief.

The spirit of the isle was born of an Earth deity and a proud Air god, a son of Kolat. The spirit of the isle adopted the title and name of King Nekeros, and took to wife a mortal princess. The union was a happy one, and love was strong between them; the fruit of their marriage was a daughter who they named Inyana.

In the Second Age the magical island could not escape the inquisitive exploration of the God Learner Empire: the Jrusteli. Initially they came politely with gifts, and King Nekeros greeted them as his custom demanded with friendship and hospitality. Eventually the greed of the newcomers got the better of them, and they began to exercise many of their magic tests and experiments on the isle.

This had a devastating effect. The special balance of the isle was destroyed, and all the bounteous plant life began to die — only the most hardy plants were able to survive. Many of the animals died too. Nekeros eventually banned the God Learners from the isle; they in response kidnapped his beloved wife and eventually murdered her. When Nekeros attacked the Jrusteli in vengeance, their trap was sprung, and with specially prepared magicks they captured and tortured the once proud king. They intended to harness all the magical energy of the island for their own purposes, but before they could complete the final ritual, the Cosmos rebelled against them and their work was left unfinished.

Only a few inhabitants remained: the imprisoned Nekeros and his daughter Inyana, a few hardy goats and smaller mammals, and a monster named Cyclops which the Jrusteli created and left behind. In the caverns beneath the isle, though, the God Learner creations which survived still toiled.

## The Adventure Begins

From a distance the island looks brown and rocky, with some evidence of scraggy vegetation such as ferns and thorns. It is about four kilometers long, and a rocky crag rises high in the centre of the island.

The initial reaction to this mysterious island will be one of disturbance among the superstitious crew of the boat (and maybe even among the superstitious PCs!) The general atmosphere will become one of unease. The captain in particular (if he has sailed this route before — and he probably has), will swear blind that he has never seen the like of it before. Something like:

*"By the splice that Dormal tied, where in the bottomless oceans can we be? I ain't never seen that there place before. Where's the mate? Oey, Kurt! Did you make certain of them there Seshnegi charts? I did a positionin' at sunrise, and mi' plot was right accurate, sure as the east wind!"*

Naturally the captain and mate will soon be bellowing out orders preparing to travel around it, but people will begin to whisper rapid prayers to their deities, fearing that the island is an omen of some ill event about to occur.

As if on cue, it will not be long before somebody spots a disturbance in the water heading out towards the ship — this could be as the boat is passing the island and people are beginning to feel a little reassured. No doubt some veteran crew members will immediately recognise what the disturbance is and shout out warnings, starting another flurry of activity among the crew.

*"May Hrestol spare us, it is one of the spawn of Wachaza, the seas have brought a demon upon us!"*

## The Magropeleucus

The monster which speeds towards the ship is no demon, but a mariner could be forgiven for describing it as such. The creature is a huge fish called the magropeleucus which thrives far down in the depths of the bottomless oceans of Glorantha. The fish possesses a bony exoskeleton with the characteristic teeth of most large predators. Its skin is transparent, revealing the internal organs of the monster, which give off a luminescent, pulsating, glow. The fish looks somewhat similar to the nearest terran equivalent, the argyropelucus, except that it is much bigger, and has an exoskeleton, and is a predator...

## King Nekeros, Spirit of the Isle

The once-powerful Lord of the Enchanted Island has been imprisoned in a Void created by God-Learner sorcery, and is no longer able to directly affect events on the island. Over the years of his imprisonment and torture, parts of his former self have been made manifest on the island. In the same way that the gods create lesser beings from their dreams, Nekeros has formed creatures from his anger, his despair, and his hope. Each of these are partial beings, understanding only what is in their nature, but it is through them that Nekeros hopes to free himself and his daughter, and to be revenged on the God Learners.

If he is freed from the God Learner's trap, Nekeros appears as a burly man with skin of gnarled bark, with hair and beard made of seaweed. One eye is the blue of the deep sea, the other the green of a lush hillside, and his teeth and nails are of flint. He wears coral armour, and carries a huge coral battleaxe. He shines with a cool green radiance, and speaks in a deep rumble, as though the ocean had given voice.

No statistics are given for the restored King Nekeros, since his powers are far beyond anything the player characters could control, or defeat.

**Notes:** King Nekeros (in all his manifestations) is an integral part of the island. None of the manifestations can be "killed" unless the island is destroyed, although they can be banished to the otherworld by reducing their Hit Points or Magic Points to 0. Once banished, a given manifestation cannot return for a period of days, perhaps even weeks or seasons. If any given manifestations' Magic Points total is reduced to zero, all three (who share POW, MP and INT) are affected. Consequently, neither of the remaining two can manifest until the shared Magic Point total has regenerated to 1 or more.



## Magropelecus

STR 58	Move: 8 (swimming)
CON 40	Hit Points: 54 _____
SIZ 68	Fatigue Points: 98 _____
INT 4	Magic Points: 13 _____
POW 13	DEX SR: 4
DEX 6	

location	D20	points
Tail	01-03	8/18 _____
Hindbody	04-08	8/22 _____
Forebody	09-13	12/22 _____
Right Fin	14	8/14 _____
Left Fin	15	8/14 _____
Head	16-20	12/18 _____

weapon	sr	attack	damage
Bite & Swallow*	10	75%	7D6

\* — Match damage against target's SIZ. If successful target is swallowed, if unsuccessful, target is not swallowed. In any case, the victim takes full damage.

**Notes:** The magropelecus is protected by its exoskeleton on its head and forebody, and by thick mucus elsewhere. This particular specimen is about eight meters long.

A victim who is swallowed may attempt to cut his way free. The inside of the fish has the equivalent of 12 armour points for protection. Damage exceeding this is taken to the fish's forebody. In order to cut free, the victim must reduce the hit points of the forebody to negative HP's equal to his own SIZ.

Only SR 3 slashing weapons may be used for this purpose. While inside the victim is subject to asphyxiation rules if he fails to hold his breath, and is subject to 1 point acid damage to each location for each melee round spent inside the fish. Note that these effects continue even if the fish is dead. Upon cutting free, the victim must still swim to the surface where he can hope to be pulled out of the water by his shipmates.

Normally the magropelecus would not be found on the sea surface, but this is an exception because the underside of the island provides such an ideal habitat for the fish. It is also abnormal for such a beast to attack a ship, but in this case the monster is driven by a frenzy which old Justeli pollutants spilling into its lair beneath the isle have caused.

### The Attack

The magropelecus' attack will be directed at the ship which the PCs are aboard, rather than the crew and passengers. Of course, intervention by the PCs or crew may cripple the assailant, thus "winning" the battle.

For the first couple of rounds the magropelecus will swim around the boat, perhaps presenting the opportunity for the PCs to throw missiles or spells. It will then attack the boat from beneath for a few more rounds, ineffectively attempting to bite it — during this time those aboard are unlikely to be able to take any action against it, unless the players are particularly ingenious. However, the second attack form which the assailant tries is the dangerous one.

The first time that the fish seriously damages the boat, those aboard are likely to be completely unprepared for it. The magropelecus will

swim up to the surface and with a flick of its huge tail send itself out of the water, into the air, dropping forwards to crash onto the deck of the ship before slithering back into the sea again.

The creature's tough exoskeleton protects it from much of the falling damage thus incurred, but inflicts a great deal of damage to the vessel which the PCs are aboard, not to mention crew who are injured or thrown overboard by the assault.

For each 10 SIZ points which it possesses, the fish causes 1D6 damage to the ship, in this case 7D6. This is compared to the Hull Quality of the ship, and if greater than this total, the excess is subtracted from the ship's Structure Points; in this case the Hull Quality total decreases by one point. If the structure points reach zero, the ship breaks up.

More seriously however, the ship may become waterlogged and sink. This is evaluated using Seaworthiness points. Match the damage done by the fish against the Seaworthiness points of the ship on the resistance table. If successful, the ship loses the full damage from its Seaworthiness total. If unsuccessful, the ship loses Seaworthiness points equal to damage in excess of its Seaworthiness total. If Seaworthiness reaches zero, the boat is completely waterlogged, and will sink within 1D3 rounds. Further details can be found in the Ships & Sailing chapter of Avalon Hill RuneQuest.

Study the statistics of your PCs ship carefully before running this encounter. It is unlikely that even the most sturdy cog will be able to withstand more than three of this monster's plunges without becoming waterlogged. In addition, it is entirely likely that people will be plunged overboard by the fish's attacks.

For each plunge, make all crew members roll DEX x4, subtracting the damage done by the fish from their total. Failing this results in being thrown overboard, and anybody in the water will be gulped down by the fish, which will have time to attack one victim in the sea each melee round. Astute individuals (such as the captain) may think to tie themselves to the ship.

### Concluding the Encounter

In the example given, a longship was used, although most trading vessels (knorrs or cogs) will prove slightly more resilient (again, refer to Avalon Hill RuneQuest, for typical stats for these boats). However,

### Example

A Wolf Pirate longship (Hull Quality 7, Structure Points 46, Seaworthiness 12) is attacked by the magropelecus. The fish crashes down onto the boat, and the referee rolls its 7D6 damage, scoring 22.

This is 15 points in excess of the longship's Hull Quality, so the ship's structure points are reduced by 15 to 31, and Hull Quality by 1 to 6 as oars are smashed and timbers ripped from their holdings.

The referee now matches the 22 damage against the longship's Seaworthiness of 12 on the resistance table, working out at 95%. He rolls a 44, and so the unfortunate longship loses all of its Seaworthiness points, its low draft resulting in the ship taking on too much water to stay afloat. The referee rules that it will take 2 rounds for the boat to sink, since it is an open decked ship.

If the percentile roll had failed (ie, the referee had rolled above 95), then the seaworthiness of the ship would have suffered half damage (11 points), reducing the total to 1. Thus the boat would have barely stayed afloat, although the crew would all be up to their waists in water, and would not expect their vessel to survive another attack from the fish.





it should soon become clear that the boat will be unable to withstand the battering it is receiving from the assailant.

The basic intention of this encounter is for the PCs to finish up on the island, preferably with help from Aeponia, although this may prove unnecessary. It may be that one of your PCs has a spell which can drive away the fish (Dominate Fish, Sever Spirit, Sunspear), or manages to wound it sufficiently to do so.

If this is the case, and the ship was damaged, then the captain will wish to take the ship ashore to assess his damage and possibly make repairs. If it was not, or even if it was, then either the captain or the ship's magician will say that the attack was an omen from the gods, and that they should go ashore and give offering to them.

(If any of your PCs are sly enough to try a Divination to verify this, the god will confirm it as true if that deity is worshipped by the character as a member of either the Storm or Sea pantheons; any other deity will simply deny personal responsibility, and will know nothing more).

If the PCs and crew do not have the resources to drive away the monster, then at the last minute Aeponia will come to the rescue. This may be to drive away the monster by manifesting as a STR 50 blast of air (Hurricane level), and then gently push the damaged ship (and it must be damaged — otherwise there's no reason for her to do it!) ashore, or (if the fish destroyed the character's boat in one go) to pick a few survivors out of the water.

The number of survivors Aeponia can carry is limited according to her STR — check the rules for sylphs for this. She will, however, go back and forth, hoping that not too many will drown or be eaten by the fish in the meantime. Thus, one way or another, some of the PCs at least will arrive on the shores of the Barren Isle.

## On The Island

Eventually, the PCs, with or without the ship's seamen, will find themselves on the shore of the Barren Island. It is an unprepossessing shingle beach with patches of rotting kelp, and piles of driftwood littering its grey shores. There is a strong smell of 'ozone' from the seaweed.

Whether she aided them or not, Aeponia will speak briefly to the survivors:

*"I am glad that at least some of you have survived, although I am sorry for those who could not be saved. I have seen, though, that you have strength and courage, and that, perhaps, will prove the salvation of this Isle. There is much that is strange here, and all is not as it seems. I am Aeponia, and I will aid you if I can, and watch over you — although you may not always be aware of me. I wish you well, but I must leave now. Perhaps we will meet again, if you are in need."*

She then disappears amid a gust of wind, despite any demands for information from the characters. However, a Scan roll by one of the PCs will reveal a figure in the distance, moving along the beach. This is the Shade of Nekeros, collecting driftwood and seafood, as is his habit. If the PCs approach him, he will initially be wary, and try to avoid them, but he will talk to them, and invite them back to his shack to share his evening meal.

His shack is a rude hut on the beach, made from planks of driftwood. There are gaps in the walls and roof, and the shack sways alarmingly (but does not actually collapse!) when a strong gust of wind comes in off the sea. The PCs are offered a wooden platter piled with mussels, limpets, seaweed, and other slimy and unappealing delicacies from the sea, all uncooked. There is also a stone jug with surprisingly sweet fresh water. Nekeros eats slowly, seemingly indifferent to the food. He appears listless and depressed, answering all questions in a monotone, punctuated with sighs.

## Aeponia, Manifestation of Hope

Aeponia is formed from Nekeros's hope of eventual freedom, and from the elemental air of the island. Normally, she cannot be seen, or perceived at all, although she is capable of creating an aerial form from the winds of the isle, and will use her powers in this form to aid the characters in any way she can. When she does this, the faint shimmering figure of a nude woman can be seen amidst the winds. Note that it will require a scan roll in order to determine the colour of her eyes — she has one blue and one green (of course). She is unable to manifest underground.

STR	30 <sup>1</sup>	Move:	10
INT	22 <sup>2</sup>	Hit Points:	1 <sup>1</sup> _____
POW	30 <sup>2</sup>	Magic Points:	30 <sup>2</sup> _____
APP	24 <sup>3</sup>		

1 — Aeponia has no physical form, she is purely a type of elemental spirit like a sylph. Just like a sylph, Aeponia can be banished from the physical plane by destroying the hit points of her elemental body. As a sylph, Aeponia's size is always considered to be 12m3. However, her STR and Hit Points will always add up to equal 31.

Aeponia can distribute points between STR and Hit Points at any time; it takes her 1 SR to interchange any number of point. Thus, at her worst, Aeponia could grant herself 1 Hit Point but direct a wind strength of 30. If her Hit Points or Magic Points are reduced to zero, the manifestation as Aeponia ends.

2 — These characteristics or attributes are the same totals for all manifestations.

3 — Aeponia is intangible to senses which operate only on the mundane plane, unless she chooses otherwise.

**Skills:** Orate 58%, Sing 100%, Human Lore 80%<sup>4</sup>, World Lore 84%<sup>4</sup>, Listen 100%.

4 — Identical skills to manifestation as Nekeros.

**Special Abilities:** Once a day Aeponia is able to cast the following Divine Magic spells; Spirit Block 4, Reflection 4. She can also form a body from air, as indicated above.

**Notes:** Aeponia cannot be perceived on the mundane plane except in her aerial form. She can be easily seen amidst her aerial body, however, by those with such spells as Second Sight or Mystic Vision. In this case, she can be seen as a beautiful woman, naked, with feathered wings (and no Scan roll is required to see her eyes).

Aeponia is able to "speak" by moulding her element of air to make sounds comprehensible as speech to humans.

## Talking to Nekeros

Nekeros has actually lost most of the memory of what has befallen him and the island, and confuses Cyclops with the God Learners. He believes that he was once the King of this island, before the monster came, and that Cyclops destroyed the island, and ate his wife. He also knows nothing of Aeponia or Modor (since they only appear when he is not there!). He is terrified of Cyclops, who he tells the characters is: "2 miles high — no-one can kill him." He is generally rather incoherent.

He tells the PCs the following:

*"My name is Nekeros, and I have inhabited this isle since I was young. I was a king, you know. Wait ..."*



## The Shade of Nekeros

Not only was the domain and life of this sad figure ruined by the evil workings of the Jrusteli, but his very nature was wrecked by them. Nekeros appears as an old and broken man, with one green eye and one blue. A small vestige of his old power and vigour can occasionally be seen in him, but this once proud and magical ruler is now reduced to living in a humble driftwood shack on the far side of his island and acts and moves in most respects like man wracked by age. This manifestation is formed from Nekeros' weakness and hopelessness.

STR 25	Move: 3
CON 25	Hit Points: 20 _____
SIZ 15	Fatigue Points: 50 - 5 = 45 _____
INT 22 <sup>1</sup>	Magic Points: 30 <sup>1</sup> _____
POW 30 <sup>1</sup>	DEX SR: 2
DEX 16	
APP 10	

*I — Note that these totals are the same for Nekeros, Modor, and Aeponia.*

location	melee	missile	points
Right Leg	01-04	01-03	0/7 _____
Left Leg	05-08	04-06	0/7 _____
Abdomen	09-11	07-10	0/7 _____
Chest	12	11-15	0/9 _____
Right Arm	13-15	16-17	0/6 _____
Left Arm	16-18	18-19	0/6 _____
Head	19-20	20	0/7 _____

weapon	sr	attack	damage	parry	points
Stick	6	60%	1D6+1D6	19%	4

**Skills:** Boat 55%, Climb 60%, Dodge 40%, Jump 52%, Fast Talk 25%, Orate 38%, Sing Woefully 78%, Animal Lore 68%, Craft Wood 44%, First Aid 40%, Human Lore 34%, Mineral Lore 60%, Plant Lore 82%, World Lore 84%, Conceal 47%, Sleight 31%, Listen 53%, Scan 72%, Search 84%, Hide 58%.

**Special Powers:** Nekeros was once a king, and still retains vestiges some of his divine powers of kingship. Once a day Nekeros is able to cast the following Divine Spells; Command Human, Heal Body, Cloud Call

**Equipment:** Anything which Nekeros owned in the past was stolen by the Jrusteli. When he requires it, Nekeros can get food by grovelling to the Cyclops. He usually carries a pile of driftwood, and wears his ragged sheepskin tunic.

**Notes:** Nekeros' feeble condition is due to the havoc wreaked on the island by the Jrusteli. His Command Human ability works in a similar manner to the Divine Spell Command [ Species ]. Aside from the fact that this version works on a sentient race, Nekeros can only actually give the subject of the ability three commands within the 15 minute duration, although one command may last the whole duration (for example, "wait here").

At this point he fumbles about in the piles of rags in the shack and pulls out a dented circlet, which an Evaluate roll will reveal as copper. He puts it on crookedly, and looks rather comical.

*"But my only companion is my daughter, who has shared my sorrow, but even she has been taken from me now, so I am alone."*

If the PCs ask about the island:

*"Once it was fertile and green, with groves of trees and animals of all*

*types, but since the monster came, he has despoiled it. He burned the trees, leaving the land a wasteland. Then he roasted all the animals to feed his voracious hunger — they had no fear of him, you see. Now only a few goats survive on the crags, but he is still hungry, and so he has taken my daughter. I wish that I could do something, but I have tried before, you see, to no avail."*

About his daughter:

*"Her name is Inyana; she is beautiful, kind and dutiful. She is everything that a daughter should be, the only one who shares my exile."*

About timber etc to make a boat to leave the island:

*"There are no trees on the island; the monster tears them up, and burns them. He has made a wasteland of this island."*

Hopefully the PCs will get the idea of rescuing his daughter, and go off to seek out the monster. Nekeros tells them to head for the rocky hills at the centre of the island, but will not leave the beach.

If the PCs attack Nekeros, he will fight back with surprising strength, and thereafter will not allow them to approach him — they will see him in the distance, picking up driftwood on the shore, but however much they approach him, they will get no closer. Nekeros is still the spirit of the isle, after all.

## Meeting Cyclops

Cyclops' lair is a huge cave in the rocky hills. Around the cave mouth there are piles of bones — close inspection will reveal them to be of sheep, goats and the like. There is also a cage made from the trunks of trees lashed together with ropes as thick as a man's arm, and a huge firepit with a 3m long skewer beside it (see map #2). There is a young woman already in the cage: this is Inyana, Nekeros' mortal daughter.

The first sign the PCs will get of Cyclops' presence will be when they hear him bellowing in the distance. If they head towards the noise, they will soon come across the monster himself — he towers 16m high, and is easily visible. When they see him, he will be trying to start a fire with a small flint boulder and a large (ENC 20) lump of sharpened iron, in order to roast his next meal: the old man's daughter, Inyana.

Characters may try to sneak up on him. If so, then add 10% to their hide skills due to the brush and ferns which are around this area. Unless they state that they are approaching from downwind, Cyclops may be able to smell them when they get close (and no, he doesn't say "fee fi fo fum...").

## If The Characters Are Not Noticed

After Cyclops has made his fire and sharpened his skewer, he will settle down for a nap. The characters may then attempt to rescue Inyana from the cage or attack the sleeping giant. If the characters need help with this, Aeponia may manifest and try to aid them in any way she can, so there is a reasonable chance that the characters will be successful. See 'If Characters are Captured' for details of the cage, and of Aeponia's options.

## If The Characters Are Noticed

If Cyclops perceives any of the PCs, he chases them, bellowing that they should "Come to Cyclops — Cyclops Hungry!" If he catches any characters, he will attempt to grab them and thrust them into the huge sheepskin bag which he carries on his back. Cyclops is a terrifying sight. The ground shakes as he strides across it faster than a man can run — a normal human comes up to Cyclops' calf. He has a bitter, acrid stink, and his bellowing will deafen anyone too close to him.



Cyclops is trying to capture the PCs to go with his next meal, and will not try to kill or damage them unless he is wounded. A serious wound will enrage him and he will then begin to try to crush the PCs with fists or kicks.

It is likely that characters will realise that they can go for his eye; if he is blinded he will be enraged beyond belief. See Cyclops' stats for the hit location of his huge eye. If this happens, he will try and detect the PCs by smell.

If it looks like all the characters are likely to be killed by Cyclops, then Aeponia will attempt to help them, perhaps by knocking him off his feet with a strong blast of air and temporarily stunning him, allowing some to escape.

## If Characters Are Captured

If Cyclops has captured any PCs, he will pile their armour and weapons in his cave, and put the PCs into the cage with Inyana, before bolting it with the trunk of a tree. He will then finish a fire from brush and wood stored within the cave, and inform the PC's that "Cyclops wait 'til fire make embers, then roast and eat!" He grins broadly (not a pleasant sight) and busies himself sharpening his long wooden skewer. After a few turns he begins yawning and settles down for a nap.

Inyana will be friendly to the PCs (particularly to any especially brave or handsome men), and will help to heal anyone who has been injured. She will be pleased and excited to meet the PCs (the first new people in 600 years). She does not seem to be particularly concerned about the prospect of becoming Cyclops' dinner, but is concerned about the characters. She is quite impressionable, and if any attractive male character tries to charm her she is very likely to become infatuated with him.

She believes that Aeponia (and Modor, who she will tell the PC's about) are merely the familiar spirits of her father, who lives on the

## Cyclops

Cyclops is a 16m tall giant created by the Jrusteli. He has a single huge eye in the centre of his forehead and a lipless mouth rimmed with fangs. He has three fingers on each hand, and three toes on each foot, and is dressed only in a loincloth of sheepskins. His skin seems to be made of grey, weathered, rock. He is the same type as the creature which the Lunars unearthed in Feroda and made into the Watchdog of Corflu. He is kin to the *Merrilach*.

STR	109	Move:	6
CON	48	Hit Points:	67 _____
SIZ	85	Magic Points:	30 _____
INT	6	DEX SR:	3
POW	30		
DEX	8		
APP	6		

location	melee <sup>1</sup>	missile	points
Right Leg	01-04	01-03	10/22 _____
Left Leg	05-08	04-06	10/22 _____
Abdomen	09-11	07-10	10/22 _____
Chest	12	11-14	10/27 _____
Right Arm	13-15	15-16	10/17 _____
Left Arm	16-18	17-18	10/17 _____
Head	19	19	10/17 _____
Eye	20	20	5/5 _____

1 — in melee combat, characters must roll 1D8 for hit location, unless they are airborne.

weapon	sr	attack	damage	parry	points
Fist	6	45%	1D4+11D6	55%	arm
Kick	5	38%	1D6+11D6	-	-
2H Grab	6	55%	1D6+Held <sup>2</sup>	-	-

2 — when Cyclops has grabbed someone, they are held immobile if below SIZ 14. Otherwise they may roll STR vs STR to escape his grasp. If they do not escape they will be thrust into Cyclops' bag on SR 9.

Skills: Smell Blood 52%, Scan 230%, Listen 50%, Swim 0%, Speak Archaic Tradetalk 30%

Magic Items: Cyclops' bag is magically strengthened and has 20 AP's. Characters contained within may only use SR 3 slashing weapons to try and escape (basically daggers, shortwords, and the like).

Special Abilities: Apart from ripping up trees one handed, crushing boulders between his fingers and leaping tall buildings at a single bound, Cyclops has no special powers.



beach. She knows nothing of the Jrusteli complex, although she does remember her father having once been proud, strong and powerful when she was young. She does not remember her mother.

In order to escape from the cage, PCs must remove the bolt (needing a combined STR of 100 to move it), or hack through a bar of the cage (not easy without weapons). They will need to do 30 HP of cutting or fire damage to escape from the cage; doing anything noisy (such as hacking at wood!) may awaken Cyclops (50% chance).

If the PC's call for Aeponia, or some time after Cyclops has gone to sleep when they have given up hope of escaping, they will hear the wind rise, and Aeponia will manifest. Inyana will be pleased, and will greet her warmly, but will not be much help otherwise. Aeponia will try to use her powers to help the PCs out of the cage, although it should be up to them to suggest how. She can add her strength (of 30)



## Inyana, Nekeros' daughter

Inyana is the (mostly) human daughter of King Nekeros and his mortal wife. She appears to be a young, attractive girl of about 18, and is essentially innocent of the outside world. She has been kept like this for over 600 years through the power of the island. She does partake of her father's essence somewhat, and has some of his power over Air and Earth.

She is strikingly attractive, with big blue eyes and long brown hair which falls to her waist. She wears a thin robe of green silk, and moves gracefully and unselfconsciously. She is also bright, enthusiastic, and interested in everything. After she meets the PC's, she becomes torn between her duty to her father, and her longing to see the world.

STR	9	Move:	3
CON	12	Hit Points:	11 _____
SIZ	9	Magic Points:	22 _____
INT	16	DEX SR:	1
POW	22		
DEX	22		
APP	19		

location	melee	missile	points
Right Leg	01-04	01-03	0/4 _____
Left Leg	05-08	04-06	0/4 _____
Abdomen	09-11	07-10	0/4 _____
Chest	12	11-15	0/5 _____
Right Arm	13-15	16-17	0/3 _____
Left Arm	16-18	18-19	0/3 _____
Head	19-20	20	0/4 _____

weapon	sr	attack	damage	parry	points
Slap	6	70%	1D3	55%	arm

**Magic:** (Spirit Magic 107%) Heal 6, Shimmer 6

**Skills:** Sing Poignantly 92%, See 60%, Listen 50%, Swim 77%, Speak Tradetalk 70%, Courtesan 12%, Human Lore 30%, World Lore 10%

**Special Abilities:** Inyana has some control over the elements of Earth and Air, so that she can summon winds, or move earth. She does this through her singing, which is poignant, and very beautiful. In game terms, she can summon 1m<sup>3</sup> of Earth or Air elementals per MP which she spends. The elementals will remain and do her bidding until she stops singing.

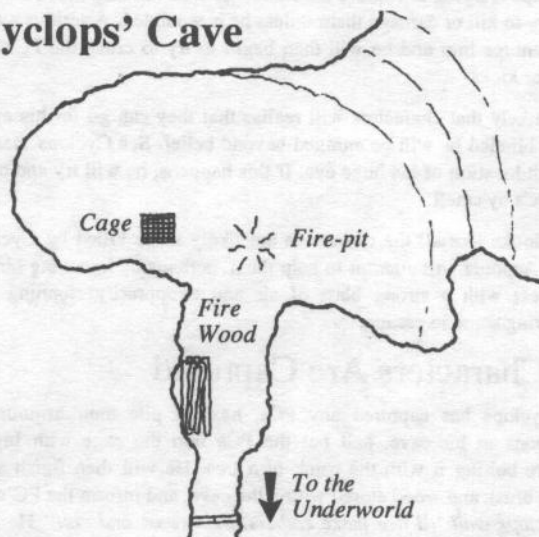
Whilst Inyana is on the island, she draws on her father's power, and will never age. Even if she leaves the island, she will age slowly, living perhaps three normal lifetimes.

**Notes:** Inyana is a dutiful daughter, and will obey the requests of any of Nekeros' manifestations (they are all her guardians, in their own way).

to attempts to move the bar, get the characters weapons from Cyclops' cave, muffle the sounds from around the cage, or anything else that seems reasonable.

If the characters still can't get out, even with her help, she will be prepared to attack Cyclops in order to help free the captives. One possible scenario is that she waits until Cyclops wakes up (after a few hours) and opens the cage to get out the first character for his dinner. Then she plunges the skewer into his eye. This might blind him, allowing Inyana, and at least some of the captives, to escape. Again, ideally, the PC's should suggest this as an option.

## Cyclops' Cave



## Cyclops Cave

If the characters manage to go inside Cyclops' cave, either by force of arms or by stealth, they will find that it is strewn with bones, rocks and piles of rags. There is also a store of tree-trunks, which Cyclops uses for fires. This, combined with the wood from the cage, could be used to repair the characters ship or to create a raft (if they are very brave!).

If they have got this far into the cave, then they will see that at the back there is a huge stone archway in the rock. It has two carved stone gates which are closed. There is an inscription on the archway, written in archaic Seshnegi, which reads "Forbidden to all without Mandate Sufficient." This is the entrance to the underworld complex created by the Justeli many years ago, and leads into the depths of the island. A Search or Tracking roll will reveal that someone small (Modor, in fact), has used this path fairly recently. Moving the gates requires a STR of 30.

## Once Inyana is Rescued

Once Inyana has been rescued, Aeponia will manifest (if she hasn't already) and try to persuade the characters to take Inyana off the island, saying:

*"You are saved from the monster for now, but it is certain that he will hunt you again, for his hunger is never assuaged. Leave this island, I beg you, before it is too late, and take Inyana with you. To leave this place is her only hope."*

Inyana will say that she cannot leave her father, but Aeponia will simply say, "Take her, please. I can do no more," and leave.

## Meeting Modor

The characters will only meet Modor after they have rescued Inyana. Almost as soon as Aeponia has left the characters, probably while they are investigating Cyclops' lair, they will see an ugly little man climbing across the rocks towards them. This is Modor, who is convinced that the only way to protect Inyana is to keep her with him. He is bad tempered and aggressive.

*"Hoy, you there. What are you doing with that girl? She's nothing to do with you. I'm her guardian, and I'll not have her mixing with the likes of you!"*

If the PCs ask Inyana if he is her true guardian, she admits this, but says that she would rather stay with them.





"Quickly, quickly - come on, hand her over. She's just a stupid girl who doesn't know what's good for her, and you're just a lot of pathetic weaklings who couldn't defend her against the monster if your lives depended on it. Which it does!"

If the characters challenge him to prove that he is a better guardian for her than them, then with bad grace, he will duel with one of the characters (the character can decide the rules, but Modor will simply try to cripple his opponent, whatever the agreement). If she is not handed over to him, he will try to seize her by force, attacking the characters without warning, hoping to surprise them.

Whether he gets Inyana or not, he will make his escape through the archway at the back of Cyclops cave, telling the characters: "And don't follow me either, if you know what's good for you", before pulling the huge gates behind him. He will try to conceal himself (and Inyana) in the Mines of the Underworld, avoiding the other areas, since the ancient magic of the God Learners still bars him from the rest of the Underworld.

If the characters manage to keep Inyana, for as long as she stays with them Modor will make other attempts to take her. He will do this until he succeeds or is dispelled by the PCs. Modor is crafty, and may erupt from the earth and grab her, or create a diversion elsewhere to lure characters away, then disappear beneath the earth returning to Inyana to abduct her.

Inyana herself will make no attempt to escape from Modor, although she would prefer to be with the PCs, and will follow them if they rescue her.

## The Mines

If the characters follow Modor and enter the gates into the mountain, the first thing they will notice is a deep throbbing noise like the slow

heartbeat of a sleeping giant. This gets louder as they enter the Mines.

These caves have been mined out of the rock of the island over the centuries by the Merrillach. The walls have obviously been roughly carved, and there are piles of rocks and earth littering the corridors.

There seem to be three distinct types of rock in the rubble, which have been mined from the earth of the caves - sharp jagged black rocks, powdery yellow rocks, and crystalline red rocks. A special Mineral Lore roll will identify the black rock as a substance known by alchemists as Phlogiston, a frozen form of fire, although the others are not identifiable (since they occur nowhere else on Glorantha).

There is a team of half a dozen Merrillach still mining the black rocks for the Forge. If characters are seen by them it will cause consternation amongst the miners, and one of the Merrillach will be sent to get Speaker-of-Truth. The others follow the characters around at a distance, muttering amongst themselves in ancient Seshnegi.

There is little else of interest in this area, except for Modor of course, who will yell at the characters to keep away, then attempt to ambush the party if they come too close to where he is hiding.

## The Underworld

PCs entering the Machine Room or the Forge will be hindered by the Merrillach, who are still awaiting the commands of their masters (who died 600 years ago). They will stand in the way, refusing entrance to these rooms, but will not attack PCs unless they attempt to interfere with the machinery.

Everywhere the PCs go in the Underworld they will hear the 'heartbeat' of the forge and see clanking machines tended by these pale single-eyed dwarves.

## Modor, Shadow Manifestation

Modor is a small gnome-like figure with pointy ears and a sour grimace. His squinty eyes are one blue, and the other green. Closer examination of his grey complexion would reveal that his body is actually made of clay. He has no beard, and is usually bad tempered. Remember that Modor is regulated by the traits of anger and greed, although he certainly isn't stupid and will always try to escape if things are going badly for him.

STR	30	Move:	3
SIZ	8	No Total Hit Points	
INT	22 <sup>1</sup>	Magic Points:	30 <sup>1</sup>
POW	30 <sup>1</sup>	DEX SR:	3
DEX	15	ENC =	16.
APP	10		

1 — These characteristic totals are the same for all manifestations.

location	melee	missile	points
Right Leg	01-04	01-03	3/10 _____
Left Leg	05-08	04-06	3/10 _____
Abdomen	09-11	07-10	3/10 _____
Chest	12	11-15	3/12 _____
Right Arm	13-15	16-17	3/7 _____
Left Arm	16-18	18-19	3/7 _____
Head	19-20	20	3/10 _____

weapon	sr	attack	damage	parry	points
2H Spear	8	218%	1D6+1+1D6	155%	8
Med. Shield	9	117%	1D6+1D6	206%	12
Thrown Spear	3/9	204%	1D8+1D3	—	—

**Skills:** Climb 98%, Dodge 114%, Jump 85%, Fast Talk 44%, Animal Lore 68%<sup>2</sup>, Craft Wood 44%<sup>2</sup>, Craft Bone 52%<sup>2</sup>, First Aid 40%<sup>3</sup>, Mineral Lore 60%<sup>2</sup>, Plant Lore 82%<sup>2</sup>, Conceal 95%, Devise 52%, Sleight 84%, Listen 74%, Scan 55%, Search 30%, Hide 58%.

2 — Identical skills to manifestation as Nekeros.

**Special Abilities:** Once a day Modor is able to cast the following Divine Magic spells; Shield 3, Truespear, Berserk.

Modor can regenerate Hit Points in each location at a rate of 1D3 per melee round. He cannot be incapacitated since he has no CON characteristic, and cannot suffer from blood loss, since he has no blood either! In fact, Modor can be dismembered completely without killing him, and can only be banished to the otherworld through MP loss, or through having his head separated from the rest of his body, which reduces his MP by 1D6 per melee round.

Modor can travel through earth or stone if he wishes, at his normal movement rate. When he does so Modor's spears and other magical equipment travel with him. He cannot carry anyone else with him, however. When inside earth or stone Modor has no way of "seeing", although his sense of direction is innate. Thus this ability is good for general directional use, but not for situations where this ability could be utilised only with a little finesse (such as in melee).

**Equipment:** Modor carries five throwing spears and his shield. He wears a stout leather tunic, and cuirbouilli limb and head armour. When Modor manifests, this equipment will always manifest with him in pristine condition.

**Notes:** When Modor throws a spear he has a 41% chance of impaling. If he uses a spear in melee, this chance rises to 44%. If he casts Berserk, these chances increase still further. A roll of 00 is always a fumble, and a roll of 96-99 is always a miss.



## The Merrillach

The Merrillach were created by the Jrusteli to be workers in the underground complex of the island. They are pale single-eyed, unbearded humanoids, 3 to 4 feet high, made from the same rocky substance as Cyclops (but lighter coloured, and unweathered). Many of them appear damaged, with obviously bent and withered arms and legs, humped backs or clubbed feet. Some have broken limbs which have been crudely splinted with rough black metal. This causes the Merrillach considerable discomfort, and they sometimes moan quietly as they carry out their duties.

STR	1D6+6	9-10	Move: 2
CON	1D6	3-4	Hit Points: 4
SIZ	1D3+3	4-5	Magic Points: 7
INT	2D6	7	DEX SR: 3
POW	2D6	7	
DEX	2D6+3	10	
APP	5	5	

location	melee	missile	points
Right Leg	01-04	01-03	2/2 _____
Left Leg	05-08	04-06	2/2 _____
Abdomen	09-11	07-10	2/2 _____
Chest	12	11-15	2/2 _____
Right Arm	13-15	16-17	2/1 _____
Left Arm	16-18	18-19	2/1 _____
Head	19-20	20	2/2 _____

weapon	sr	attack	damage	parry	points
Fist	9	25%	1D3	25%	arm
Spanner	8	27%	1D4	-	-
Screwdriver	8	23%	1D6	-	-

**Spells:** (*Sorcery Ritual 85%*) Ritual of Transformation

**Skills:** Repair/Maintain Machinery 97%, Speak Archaic Seshnegi 30%, See 30%, Listen 35%, Obey Orders 97%

**Notes:** the Merrillach are fairly shoddily made and are not very durable. Frequently they get damaged or burned in the course of their duties, and are crudely 'repaired'. When they get too badly damaged, they go to the Birthing Toad, and undergo the Ritual of Recycling. This gives them a new body whilst they retain the skills which they require.

## Speaker-of-Truths

Unlike most Merrillach, who have very specific duties, Speaker has skills appropriate to dealing with visitors and managers, and acts as both a tour guide and foreman. He speaks Tradetalk (from 600 years ago) and is flexible enough to understand the characters wishes, and to try and accomodate them. He is responsible for maintaining the complex in readiness for the final Ritual of Transformation, and will be eager to proceed. Speaker has the maximum possible stats for a Merrillach, plus:

**Spells:** (*Sorcery Ritual 100%*) Ritual of Recycling

**Skills:** Speak Archaic Tradetalk 50%

## Speaker-of-Truth

Once the Merrillach are aware of the intruders, they will send for their

foreman, Speaker-of-Truth, who speaks Tradetalk with very archaic idioms. He will hail the characters from a distance:

*"Hold thee, base fellows. What dost thou beneath and why follow'st thou yon vexed Gnome? Art allies to him?"*

If the PCs can assure him that they are not friends of Modor, he will consent to be their guide to the complex. He will also try to ascertain whether the PCs are God Learners who have come with new orders for the complex (he calls these 'the Coming Ones').

*"I high Speaker-of-Truth, and thy guide shall be. Poor indeed is our estate, but rich our promise. Soon shall come th' Transformation, if indeed ye be the Coming Ones. Be ye such?"*

If the characters say that they are the 'Coming Ones', Speaker will then start asking them all sorts of technical questions:

*"Long since hast the calibration of the gyrocampulum eluded us. Speak it, in good haste that we mayst to other matters repair."*

When the PCs are unable to answer (or answer wrongly), Speaker will assume that they are novices and direct them to the library.

*"Ah, thou art but fresh of understanding! Come goodly novices, let us repair to a place where thou mayst thy subtlety refine, ere thy toils commence."*

Otherwise, Speaker will take them on a guided tour of the place, and will happily answer any questions (although most of his answers will be gibberish).

## The Forge and the Machine Room

The forge and the machine room in the underworld represent something akin to a huge alchemical industrial plant. The air in the Forge is filled with an acrid stench and particles of black dust which soon coat the party and sting the eyes. The noise is deafening and the air clogged. The *Ironpecker Forge* is the source of the booming 'heartbeat' which echoes throughout.

The Machine Room is a massive man made room filled with fantastical clanking machines. The machines come in many shapes and sizes, from artefacts a few feet in size up to grotesque constructs scores of feet high which graze the roof of the room. Some have moving parts — pistons, chains, conveyors or wheels — whilst others appear to be doing nothing. All of them are decorated with carvings of men or beasts and many are forged into the likeness of dragons, serpents, fish or birds cast from a black metal. Pipes and cables connect the machines, and Merrillach are everywhere fitting parts, pulling arm or leg-levers, turning face-wheels, rerouting serpent-conveyors, checking, examining and maintaining. The impression is of a meeting of huge metal creatures tended by hundreds of tiny slaves.

The rooms are dully lit by the glow from various furnaces and the Hydra's belly-forge, and the characters will be barely able to hear each other because of the din made by the machinery. The pall of acrid dust which fills the chambers prevents vision beyond 10m. Piping and machinery fill every available space, covering the floor and obstructing even the walkways. 'Conveyors' are composed of lengthy metal serpents with heads at each end, swallowing goods into their open-topped bodies which whirl from side to side moving their load in a peristaltic-type motion, or rows of eight-armed dwarfs, rotating at their waists, passing an item from one to the next.

Some operations transferring items from one device to another nearby are done by griffin type machines that pick components up with their beaks, or by troll-like machines whose long arms pivot at their shoulders and lift components over their heads. Dragons or hydras blow jets of flame wherever heat is required, and valves sculpted as sea mammals expel steam or other liquids.





Components conveyed overhead are carried in the claws or hands of hundreds of monstrous metal delivery-eagles, angels or harpies who descend to collect their burdens in the arms of metal gods whose arms can reach to the ceiling. Support cables for the delivery-machines, whose weave encloses thousands of grinning or grimacing faces, run from one gaping pulley to another, turned by a huge steam-powered minotaur operating an enormous geared handle, standing atop a vast boiler.

The various furnaces in the Machine Room are heated by fire-breathing dragons and tended by cackling demons whose arms are seemingly impervious to the flames. Throughout can be seen the Merrillach whose worship and labour maintains the machines. All machinery, aside from its ornate craftsmanship, is dull-looking, dirty and worn.

The Jrusteli alchemists who designed the plant did so in order to produce a liquid called Pom Fluid, which bestows longevity. The isle's unique mineral resources, combined with essence tapped from bound Nekeros, are here processed to produce the fluid. The refinement cannot properly occur until the completion of the Ritual of Transformation, since it requires absolute control of the isle's material and magical reservoirs. Nekeros' humiliation is the final element in this near complete process. Until then, the plant produces an inferior 'Hom' Fluid.

Most of the machinery in the plant is designed either for the creation of Pom (or Hom) Fluid, or the maintenance of the system.

## The Pom Fluid Production Machines

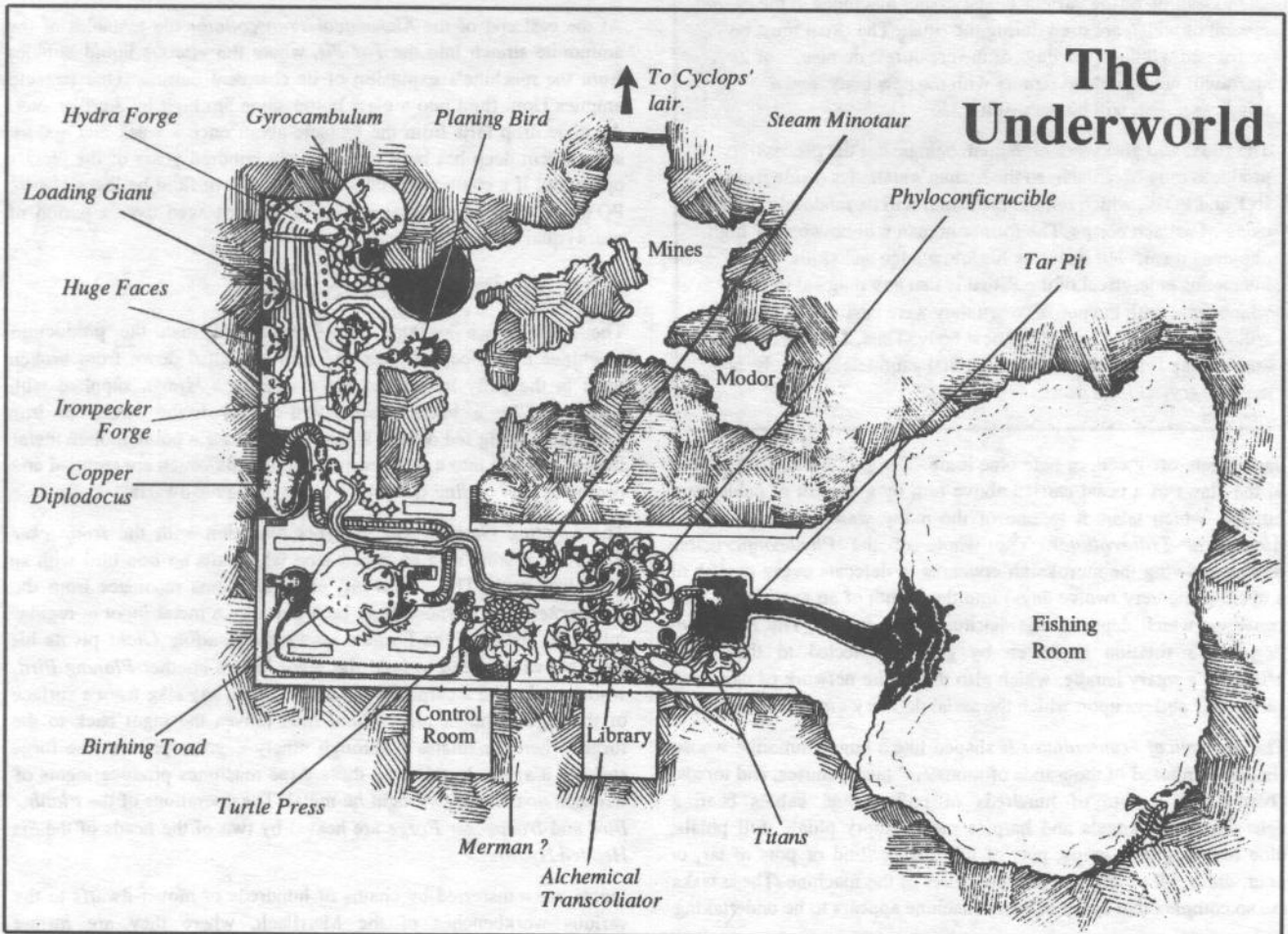
The machinery involved in creating the Pom Fluid is immensely complex since many tons of minerals must be refined to create a

single drop. The refining process takes decades. The *Six Headed Hydra* lies coiled in the north of the forge. Its belly is a huge furnace fuelled by phlogiston which is thrown in by six untiring iron gargoyles. The hydra's tail operates an enormous bellows, blowing jets of flame through its six heads heating the various machines of the Forge.

Three *Huge Faces* (12m high) along the east wall of the forge receive blue and red veined rocks which the Merrillach dump in their mouths by the basketfull. In their mouths is a slurry of molten rock, each one heated by a head of the *Six Headed Hydra*. From time to time (maybe every week or so), accompanied by a flurry of activity among the Merrillach, one of the faces closes its mouth blowing clouds of noxious vapour into the forge. When a face opens its mouth again it is empty, the contents having poured as a brown sludge into a downward sloping furrow in the floor, deepest at the south end of the forge.

At this southern tip sits the *Copper Diplodocus* which sorts and spits minerals from the furrow into the mouths of two serpent-conveyors. Waste sludge is conveyed to the *Birthing Toad* and the good stuff to the *Phyloconfricruble*.

The *Phyloconfricruble* occupies the eastern end of the machine room and is actually a composite of thirty or so lesser machines. It comprises a huge funnel fashioned like a helical shell into which the serpent conveyor empties the *Copper Diplodocus'* expelled fodder. The funnel is supported by twelve strange morokanth-like beasts who gasp and gargle as they suck the fluid from it. Perched upon the rim of the *Phyloconfricruble's* funnel are twelve goblins, each with a stick in one hand with which they prod the morokanth-like creature beneath them. When this is done the creature leans back and opens its mouth, enabling the goblin to reach into its throat and remove either a



## God Learner Rituals

### Ritual of Transformation (Tap Life)

This ritual is an enhanced version of the Tap spell, and enables the caster to drain the life force (all the characteristic points) from a bound spirit, and convert it into POW. This POW may be used for whatever purpose the caster desires — enchantments, POW storage, whatever. If all the life force is drained from a spirit, it becomes a mindless shade of its former self, entirely enslaved to its master, without hope of escape.

The ritual requires 1 Magic Point and produces 1 point of POW, for each point of characteristic tapped. Many people may combine their MP's in this ritual, but there is one principal Caster.

This act is an affront to the Cosmos, and the caster has a 5% chance, per characteristic point tapped, of being cursed as if they had been affected by a Corruption spell. Even if the Caster escapes this fate, *all* the participants will be forever tainted by the ritual.

Since King Nekeros and the island itself are one being, the version of the ritual which the God-Learners intend will tap the entire island directly — a massive source of POW.

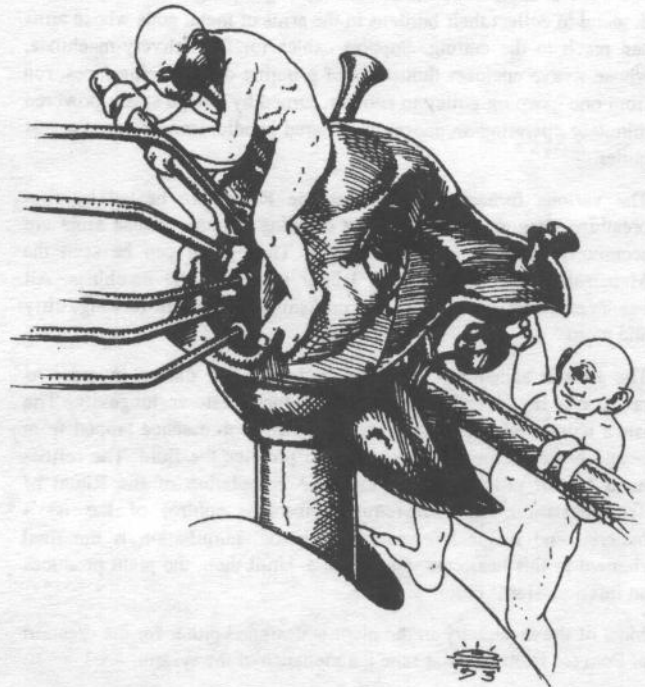
### Ritual of Recycling

This ritual re-animates the bodies of creatures (alive or dead) which have been cast into the Birthing Toad. The personality of the recycled creature is preserved, but its body is re-formed. It can be cast only by the Merrillach, since it requires a deep understanding of the various God-Learner machines in the cavern, several of which are used during the ritual. The ritual must be performed within seven days of the creature's demise, or its spirit will not be able to reunite with the new body, and a mindless golem will be the result.

The ritual will also work on human beings, but the process produces only Merrillach, so the human's statistics (aside from INT and POW, which remain the same) will be randomly rolled using Merrillach norms. The former human will now be a 4' high one-eyed dwarf, but retaining his knowledge and skills. One interesting side-effect of the Ritual is that any magical items which were with the person when they were cast into the Toad will be formed into part of the new body. Thus, a newly recycled human may find themselves with metal gauntlets for hands, or a magical crystal for a heart.

dark-green, off-green, or pale blue lump. The goblin places this lump in the claws of a beast carried above him by a system of cables and pulleys, which takes it to one of the many waiting mouths of the *Alchemical Transcoliator*. The whole of the *Phyloconfricible* rotates allowing the morokanth-creatures to defecate every twelfth of a cycle (once every twelve days) into the mouth of an awaiting worm-conveyor which deposits this detritus in the tar pit. The *Phyloconfricible's* rotation is driven by gears connected to the *Steam Minotaur's* rotary handle, which also drives the network of overhead cables and pulleys upon which the aerial delivery-creatures depend.

The *Alchemical Transcoliator* is shaped like a huge ammonite whose shell is composed of thousands of monsters' faces, anuses, and torsos. Overhead a system of hundreds of pulleys and cables bearing delivery-eagles, angels and harpies move empty phials, full phials, blue lumps, green lumps, pots of lubricating fluid or pots of tar, or pour, drain, fill or empty various features of the machine. These tasks are so complex that every delivery machine appears to be undertaking



something different. Two mechanical titans oversee the entire procedure, tweaking the occasional jaw, prodding an eye-button, or replacing a broken delivery-machine with a new one brought by a Merrillach.

At the east end of the *Alchemical Transcoliator* the tentacles of the ammonite stretch into the *Tar Pit*, where the viscous liquid bubbles from the machine's expulsion of its chemical detritus. One tentacle empties Hom fluid into a glass bottle some 5m high by 3m diameter. A single drop falls from the tentacle about once a week and a store some 10cm deep has built up in the six hundred years of the plant's operation. If a character drinks any of the Hom fluid he loses 1D6+2 POW; he may later discover that he has not aged over a period of years equal to the POW lost.

## The Maintenance System

The maintenance system is less sequential than the production machines it services. Bronze and iron is melted down from broken parts in the belly furnace of the *Six Headed Hydra*, supplied with phlogiston by a black-metal wurm-conveyor and teams of iron gargoyles. A big red demon sitting in the furnace pours molten metal from a crucible into a number of ingot moulds which are emptied and passed to the *Loading Giant* by a chain of mover-dwarfs.

The *Loading Giant* works in synchronisation with the *Ironpecker Forge*, consisting of a huge bed atop which sits an iron bird with an anvil-like beak. The 'heartbeat' of these rooms resonates from the *Ironpecker Forge* whose huge beak smashes a metal ingot at regular intervals. Between the Forge's blows the *Loading Giant* pivots his arms above his head to hold the ingot before another *Planing Bird*, whose beak, like a carpenter's plane, scrapes any slag from a surface of the ingot. The *Loading Giant* then moves the ingot back to the forge, where he rotates it through ninety degrees prior to the forge striking it again. In this way these three machines produce ingots of wrought *ur-metal* or wrought *hu-metal*. The operations of the *Planing Bird* and *Ironpecker Forge* are heated by two of the heads of the *Six Headed Hydra*.

Ingots are transferred by chains of hundreds of mover-dwarfs to the various workbenches of the Merrillach, where they are further





*My Dearest Lord,*

*I beg indulgence to swiftly speak of th' Accomplishment which hast me greeted (in thy name, as is verie).*

*As thou knew'st long hence, this Merrie Isle hast Mana aplenty. Our Labours art in truth near complete, both in the base Form and in subtle Art, and soon come'st the completion of the Seventh Ritual Puissant of Transformation Intractable (as thou predicted ere time!). The Mana entire of the Spirit of th' Isle shall then to us ensue, for our veriest Pleasure.*

*The Spirit (which itself height Nekeross the King!) did'st manifest Parts of Earth and Air which agitate daily, more than'st seemly. A Cyclops fierce (comlie to mine Feroda golem) I have fashioned to defend us, and though he dost vent his Groanes full loudly, the problem's at an end.*

*My hope is that thee and thy Lady Fair enjoy health full well.*

*Onward to the Future Fair!*

S.

Handout #4

*My Lord,*

*As you suggested after the preliminary surveys, this island is proving to be a fine source of Magical Energy. Development of the project is continuing apace, and the results of our endeavours on both the material and mystical planes will shortly be brought to fruition. The Ritual of Transformation will be completed on schedule, and the entire mana of the island spirit will be available for our use.*

*The spirit (which calls itself King Nekeross!) has manifested two irritating spirits of Earth and Air, since his imprisonment, so I have created a Cyclops (similar to the Guardian at Feroda), with which I am guarding the complex (although he is rather noisy). All is now under control, and I am fully confident that we will complete our work in this place successfully.*

*I hope this report finds you and your lovely mistress in the best of health.*

*Onward to a bright future!*

S.

Handout #5

processed into sheet materials or bars by heat-dragons, goblin-rollers and other weird machines. Fine components are manufactured by the Merrillach crafters, and fine materials are passed from one workbench to another via overhead bearer-harpies. Hundreds of machines facilitate the Merrillach's manual tasks such as jaw-presses, nose-borers, fist-hammers, tongue-scrappers, small finger-clamps or large finger-clamps, not all of which are active. Against the south wall of the Machine Room stands an enormous metal *Merman* which the Merrillach seem to have forgotten the function of, and in the Forge the *Gyrocambulum*, shaped like a Pamaltelan Hoolar bearing a hammer in each of its four hands, stands above the Hydra awaiting calibration.

The Merrillach themselves are remade in the *Birthing Toad*. This is a machine shaped like a huge toad fed by a hopper set into the top, which is formed into the likeness of its gaping mouth. The *Birthing Toad* takes damaged Merrillach (or humans), as well as sludge processed by the *Copper Diplococus*, and extrudes small quantities of a fleshy-clay substance onto the back of a conveyor-centipede whose chitin plates act much like a conveyor belt. At the far end of the centipede a *Turtle Press* fills its mouth with the magic clay and clamps its jaws closed to form the bodies of new Merrillach. These bodies are then spat into a nearby skip, shaped like an oyster shell, ready for Speaker-of-Truths to perform the Ritual of Recycling.

If PCs go too close, a group of Merrillach will attempt to herd heavily armoured PCs (whom they assume to be badly damaged) into the Vat. If the PCs are so foolish as to be herded close to the huge mouth the operators will attempt to throw them in, together with a number of damaged Merrillach, who will make no attempt to resist.

## The Tar Pit

This stinking pit is constantly being filled by pipes from the machines, many of which empty a noisome liquid, a black tarry substance, into it, forming a lake of tar. The Tar Pit is filled to the top, but is prevented from overflowing by a large trough which drains the sludge down out of the machine room into a natural cavern beyond. The trough is some 5m across, and a 2m wide metal walkway runs along the side, allowing access to the cavern beyond.

## The Fishing Room

The rocky floor of this large natural cavern slopes gently down to the shore of an underground lake. The trough containing the overflow from the Tar Pit pours tar into this lake, poisoning the water and leaving it mildly acidic (although the PCs are unlikely to be able to verify this). There is a slick of black filth coating the water of the lake and the rocks on the shore. It also coats the skeletons of a pair of Magropelicus (SIZ 60) which have been washed up on the shore.

Attached to the wall of the cavern is the skeleton of another, slightly smaller (SIZ 40), fish of a different species. It has a 2m long metal hook through its jaws, and is arranged to look as though it is hanging from this, although large metal hoops in fact hold it to the wall. There is an inscription below it in archaic Seshnegi which reads "Thou shoulde have seene ye One which did'st get away!"

In the lake is the Magropelicus which attacked the characters boat (or another, smaller one, if they killed it). This lake connects to the sea below the island, and the fish is drawn by the sludge, which it eats, but is maddened by the pain caused by doing so.

If the characters approach within 5m of the shore, on a successful Listen roll they will hear a sound in the water. One round later the magropelicus will rear up out of the water and crash onto the beach, attempting to crush the PC's. Since the characters are on land, and the fish is in the water, it should be reasonably easy for them to evade - make DEX rolls; everything but a fumble will avoid it.

If no-one gets close enough, after a while the magropelicus will begin to thrash noisily around in the tarry water. It is obviously in distress, but stays in the lake for as long as the characters are in the cavern.

## The Control Room

This small room can be reached from the Machine Room. Affixed to the west wall of the room is a black metal panel, running the length of the wall. The top edge of the panel is about 2m height above the floor and the panel is studded with many levers, buttons, and irregular projections. All are etched with fantastical designs, with buttons as eyes, levers as limbs etc. On the wall above the panel is a circular







dribbles, putrefying to a black sludge as it drips to the floor (actually, this is the same as the substance in the Tar Pit).

Nekeros will speak briefly to the PCs:

*"I thank you for freeing me from my prison of centuries, but too much damage has been done, and I must now make an end. Take my daughter and leave this isle, for it will not long survive."*

He then turns away from the PCs, and begins to slay the Merrilach, one by one, with his great copper axe. The Merrilach will panic, and try to run away, or grovel in front of him, wailing softly. If Inyana is present, she will plead with him for clemency but he will be implacable.

The machines will make horrible grinding noises, and the 'heartbeat' will become more and more erratic, as the complex goes out of control. Great gouts of smoke and flame will begin to belch from the machinery, and the whole complex will begin to vibrate, causing the big machines to sway ominously and huge chunks of stone to fall from the roof.

Make it clear that the PCs should get out of there as soon as possible, since the island itself is beginning to break up and founder, destroyed by the uncontrolled Power which has been released. The PCs must fight their way through falling rocks and debris to the surface, and then make their escape from the disintegrating island, clinging to the floating flotsam. If their boat has been destroyed (which is likely), give them the opportunity to climb into Cyclops cage, which can then be converted into a makeshift raft.

The last thing they will see as they drift away is Nekeros fighting with Cyclops on the top of the island's central mountain as the island sinks beneath the waves. If they have befriended Inyana, she will summon a wind which will blow them to the nearest shore after a few days. Otherwise they will drift helplessly until they are washed up on an unknown shore, or seen by a passing ship – Wolf Pirates maybe?

## Completing the Ritual

The PCs may spend time in the library learning enough of the secrets of the Jrusteli and then command the Transformation Ritual themselves. The island is then theirs to command simply by ordering the Shade of Nekeros in the mirror to do their bidding. He will now appear dead-eyed and ancient, and will obey all orders in a monotone. The island can be moved to wherever the PCs wish to go, and travels at a speed of 30 knots. This is the only vestige of the Jrusteli magicks which will be available to the PCs as a result of the Ritual, even though the manual promises much more (since the time of the God Learners, magic itself has changed – perhaps it would have worked

back then).

The oceans, like the heavens, have their roving bodies whose movements orchestrate and reflect events in the realms of gods and men. The Jrusteli intentions in controlling the isle went far further than its direct exploitation, but the Jrusteli magick is broken, and all that can come of it is Evil. Consequently the pollution from the *Tar Pit* will increase dramatically, surrounding the island with a slick of filth and causing the local aquatic life around it to be Corrupted and attack PCs, shipping, or anything else around. Additionally, the PCs will not know the correct rituals to maintain the, now completely barren, island-ship, and after (at most) two or three voyages, the island will irreparably break down.

And, as well as all this, they will (quite rightly) be tarred and feathered by any right-thinking people that they meet for meddling with things that Man Was Not Meant To Know!

## Avoiding The Underworld

It is possible that the PCs manage to evade Modor and simply leave the island (with or without Inyana). They will need to steal wood from Cyclops, or hang around on the beach picking up driftwood for a long time in order to repair their ship (or create a raft!).

In this case, it will be very hard to convince Inyana to leave her father, unless she has fallen in love with one of the PCs in which case she will follow him anywhere.

## Loose Ends

If the characters succeed in restoring King Nekeros to his former glory, they can stay on the island for a while, if they choose. Gradually, as the seasons pass, the island will come to life, with groves of fruit, coral beaches, colourful flowers and friendly animals – a regular paradise, in fact. When the island is completely restored, after the next Sacred time, Nekeros will tell the PC's that it is time for the island to sail to the Gates of Dawn, to follow the path of its destiny. The characters must leave the island at this point, unless they wish to sail off into the mythology of Glorantha.

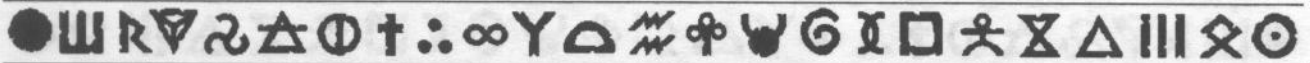
There is a good likelihood that Inyana will wish to leave the island (to be with her new love, perhaps). If this happens, her father will sorrowfully let her go. He promises Inyana that the island will come to her every hundred years, should she choose to return (which should give the PC's something to think about).

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I can recall, verbatim: ...of all the many and varied islands which make up this sprawling archipelago, perhaps Jawambo is one of the strangest For this island, which was once highly populated, is now completely deserted Although its buildings still stand, only jungle creatures inhabit them now I found the reason for this mass exodus inscribed on the walls of Jawambos only temple: "We, who have listened to the wisdom of the Prophet from the Turquoise Waters, have been given an insight into the future of the world and leave our homes to walk beneath the clear waters so that we may help in the Battle for Genertela's Heart." Eudoxus, assistant deputy chief librarian. (XXIX. 21-018) Another of 1066 missing entries of Goliards Ten Thousand Gods of the East Isles, recalled by Eudoxus, assistant deputy chief librarian: "Travellers wishing to move between the islands of the Ujokto chain should be wary of accepting offers from the Glaiystyn, a magical water-horse which haunts these shores It appears as a sleek, aquatic pony, offering its back to anyone seeking to cross between the islands. If the offer is accepted, it then plunges back into the water with its prey." (XXIX. 21-019) "In the realm of True Things, where all that was once existed, a great garden belonged to the sorcerer Jeneer When Jeneer fell from the laws of Malkion, devils seized him, destroyed him, and infested what remained Later the Remaining Law killed the Devil's body there What was once Jeneer's Garden is now called Preacks by its savage residents." From the History of the Sins of Mortals, Nolos Cathedral of St. Talor. (XXIX. 21-021) "The Doctrine of Indestructibility teaches us that the True From of things cannot be altered Things may only be refined towards Purity, or Polluted away from it As it is with the rebirth of souls, necessary for continued progress to a pure form across many lifetimes, it is actually a service to pagans to remove the accretion of impious experience with the world Shom of such pollution, their next incarnation may, at the Creator's whim, allow true progress along Malkion's path. Thus the tapping of pagans allows them faster return to their unpolluted form, and Union with Solace." Archbishop Korfossen the Unknown, Commentaries on the Book of Galvost, 1239 S.T. (XXIX. 21-022) "Those who heed not the Word of Malkion are no better than minions of the Devil Draw the life force from them however you wish, for the Glory of your Will!" So saith







into the unknown universal soul of the waters. Some beings, whose descendants cling to them, remain afterwards as stale ghosts, but eventually fade away.

### **Why am I here?**

Magasta has formed you for the Current of Life. You are like the rivers which wash the depths of the sea, always changing and moving, yet always there. The strongest currents go for a long distance, but even they begin and end. Both you and the greatest oceans and gods come from nothing, and when the flow is over, end in nothing.

While you are here your duty is to make your own current, to shape the flow of your life to serve your community and world.

### **How do I do magic?**

All the world is an ebb and flow of energy and matter. Some forces are more apparent than others, but you can train yourself to harmonize with those around you. They can be known, called upon, and join themselves to you like a tributary.

### **I have heard of other powers. Can you tell me about the...**

#### **...Sky Gods?**

These sterile entities of the Far Place are the source of bad living. Once these were gentle forces, friendly to Life in providing warmth and light. But they grew proud and arrogant, jealous of their gifts which they took away to the Far Place. Their pride killed them, they suffered terrible dooms, and now that Life is renewed the worst among them are condemned forever to a waterless existence. Yet they have been tamed and give us again the pleasant gifts of old, as intended.

#### **...Storm Gods?**

These enemies brought Death to us, and although Magasta took its secrets and used them to save the world, the Storm Gods misused them to bring misery and trouble to all watery beings. These monstrous gods pounded seas into submission and imprisoned legions of life within ice. They carried off our gods as slaves. Always Magasta and Orlanth have been rivals, and only Brastalos and some of the Tribal Founders are worthy of respect at all.

#### **...Earth Goddesses?**

These gentle goddesses are bountiful friends of the sea. Ga, the Earthess, is the magical child of Zaramaka, made as a servant and worker for Sramak, the least of the Elder Three. She provides rich sustenance to him, and to all the Last Growth bodies which require nourishment on the physical plane.

#### **...Darkness Gods?**

The inner powers of the sea are ancient and forbidding. They loom and glower within everything, ever ready to seep or leap out. Within each person, and within each god, lurk those powers, and sometimes they burst out unhindered. Many are recognisable and controllable by the powers and intercession of Magasta. We do not revere them, or give them Power, though we know them.

#### **...Lunar Gods?**

Secret powers move the universe, and the cyclic powers of the Lunar world were ours until revealed by the upstart goddess called the Red Moon. Stealing and revealing our ancient lore is not bad enough, for this goddess also abuses the power to control chaos. Thus she tempts the return of the chaotic stagnation which could destroy the world.

#### **...Spirits?**

All the world is full of lost, meaningless spirits who do not know their place in the order of the spiritual oceans. Until all are cleansed by Magasta, and the ebb of the deep reaches all turgid recesses, the world will have these detached lonely entities mindlessly clinging to lost ways of life.

#### **...Chaos gods?**

The gods of evil must not be tolerated in any form, especially the insidious mental and spiritual gyrations performed by persons far removed from their own inner selves.

#### **...Monotheists?**

These arrogant people claim knowledge which is similar to Magasta's, but which is founded on baseless claims.



## The Gods of the Sea Pantheon

### **Annilla**

(also *darkness and lunar pantheons*)  
*mystic goddess of the secret Blue Moon*

This goddess was powerful in the Gods Age, but her empire and powers were destroyed. She went into hiding, from whence she sent her invisible forces to harass her enemies.

Annilla is responsible for the ocean tides of Glorantha. Her invisible powers are also felt whenever an assassin strikes, a village disappears without a trace, or a priceless artifact vanishes from history.

Once per cycle, the goddess plummets from the top of the sky dome, via the Pole Star gate, through the atmosphere and straight down Magasta's Pool. Simultaneously, the tides precipitously fall from highest to lowest in a single day. At this time, she can sometimes be seen by keen eyed observers who know where to look and which spells to use, and is called the Blue Streak in various languages throughout the world.

### **Brastalos**

*storm bride of Magasta*

She is most noted as the wife of Magasta and psychopomp of the sea pantheon. She is the Eye of the Storm, and is always at the center of the world above the Homeward Ocean. The children of Magasta and Brastalos are the deadly waterspouts and whirlpools which dot the places where the air and sea meet, a plague to the goddess.

### **Daliath**

*keeper of wisdom*

Deep within the cosmic sea, past the wilderness of the hadal depths, near the bottom of Magasta's entire realm, lies the Well of Wisdom. Within that godly spring sparkles the magic nectar sought by even the



greatest gods. Its divine properties defy description, but even a small drop is considered a great treasure among the gods.

Daliath is the keeper of the well, and he regularly imbibes of its potent wisdom. He arranges the difficulties and creates the defenses which discourage questers, and doles out the precious fluid to those few who succeed.

### **Dormal**

*god of boats and sailors*

Dormal, a humble craftsman from the city of Nochet, received inspiration from the god Magasta and instruction from Hunlarni the Wise. Galaaz the Shaper was shipwright, using old plans tiled upon his warehouse floor. Dormal made his prayers, met his sail, and went out across the open sea for the first time in over 400 years.

Dormal outfitted a fleet and set sail westward, where he eventually disappeared into the sunset land of the gods. He set other fleets in motion, which circumnavigated Magasta's Pool and opened the continents to each other.

Dormal's rites and ceremonies are used by all captains now, although other ship designs have been resurrected. Certain hero rites were inaugurated after Dormal's spirit was contacted on the Spirit Plane.

### **Framanthe**

*goddess of the deep*

The brooding and mysterious power of the deep flows from this goddess. She is the soul of the primal ocean, the embodiment of its power and energy. Understanding her is a mystical experience. Although almost every prayer and ritual of the sea folk includes a thanks to her, almost no active worship of Framanthe exists.

### **Golod**

*fish-father and god of ugliness*

Golod is the favored husband of Triolina, the goddess of sea life. He is a huge fish which can take several shapes.

One time Golod sought the love of an earth spirit, but Ernalda forbade it anyplace within her self. The young goddess tore away and floated upon the sea, thus creating Kylerela, the Floating Land. Born there was Eormal in one of his incarnations.

### **Iphara**

*(also storm pantheon) goddess of fog*

In the days of trouble, Iphara pulled close to herself, wrapping her body about her like a thick gray cloak for protection. Since that time she has always appeared that way and within the fog of her body are held the powers of illusion and fearful mist-monsters.

Sailors curse her, and sometimes the unlucky hear her, mumbling and chuckling over her gruesome tally of ships sunk with their crews because of the fog. Every year her violent brother, Valind the North Wind, comes to mock her futile vapors and sneer at her ineffectualness. But every year he returns in embarrassment and confusion — the woe and destruction of ships caused by the fog has ever exceeded that caused by storm or violence.

### **King Undine**

*(also primitive pantheon) source of sea magic*

This is the child of Heler and Triolina, and all undines are descended from him. There are several upper echelons of these creatures who are not available to priests or magicians to command, but some are known and worshipped. One of those is Tidal Wave, another is Ship Beater, a third is Island Gulper. One son of Tidal Wave is called Sog, who is famous for his many stations of worship where the ancient Waertagi used to land. Sog is also father of the three Father Undines

who are, in turn, the fathers of the nine Giant Undines whose clans are the source of the many different elementals of the Neliomi sea and its many rivers.

### **Magasta**

*lord of the waters*

Magasta is the son of Daliath and Framanthe. Magasta is the moving force of life in the waters. His vast family personifies the tremendous primal forces of the sea, but Magasta directs them. He is King of the Sea Gods, master of life and death within the depths.

### **Mastakos**

*(also storm pantheon)*

*the god with no home, charoteer of Orlanth*

Mastakos is always pictured as a dynamic indigo-skinned man lashing his steeds as he urges his chariot to greater speed. He is only a driver, and just behind him stands the great lord Magasta. His sacred steeds are portrayed variously — among the merfolk of Jrustela, Mastakos drives seahorses who pull a giant albacore, while among the merfolk of the Dashomo Sea, his steed is always the squid Teutho.

### **Mirintha**

*the sea nymph, ancestor of mertribes*

Mirintha is more often known by her title of Sea Nymph Mother. By the Undine King, she begat hundreds of daughters, called Mirintha or naiads. By Phargon, a powerful person with a body like a man and a lower half like a fish, she begat seven strong sons who looked like their father and became the founders of the mertribes which now people the seas.

### **Murthdrya**

*goddess of sea elves*

Murthdrya is also called Sea-Aldrya, and is the mother of all ocean vegetation. When she mated with Grandfather Mortal she also became the mother of the sea-elves.

### **Nelat**

*god of purification*

Nelat is Purifying Water, and those who wish to be bathed and begin life anew must gain his aid. He is also one of those who must be passed if one wishes to gain access to his father, the Lord of Wisdom.

### **Styx**

*(also darkness pantheon)*

*goddess of oaths and black waters*

The Styx is the Last Drop of Darkness, and gave birth to Zaramaka, the first true water. She is the main river of the underworld, though some texts call her a pool or well rather than a river. A few legends even mention a great Black Sea of Hell where limitless waves wash a lifeless gray shore.

She is also known as the Garrote of the Gods, for she can cause even immortals to choke and suffer if they swear upon her name and break it. She is aided by several families of Furies. Mortals usually shun swearing by the Styx, pledging their word by other oath-guardians.

### **Tholaina**

*(ocean pantheon) queen of sea beasts*

She is mother of all of the animals of the waters by several mates. By







## LETTERS

### Revolution in Freeforming!

**Brian Duguid**  
Turriff, Scotland

Contrary to Kevin Jacklin's assertion, he didn't bring the "free-form" to the UK. *Aslan's* Andrew Rilstone could, I'm sure, attest to the many he has been involved in, mostly but not always on a smaller scale than Home of the Bold. And about four years ago myself and a friend, Mike McLean ran a game called Macauder Mansion for about 30 characters at Aberdeen University which worked *exactly* the same way Kevin's description of HotB, and was itself inspired (I think) by similar events which Andrew Rilstone helped organise at York University.

**Nikolas Lloyd**  
Jesmond, Newcastle

I was dismayed to find a lot of ignorance about Live Action Role-Play in the very long interview with Sandy Petersen. In truth LARP is a British invention, and the United States was very slow to catch on, and to the best of my knowledge it is still very rare over there, whereas it is flourishing in this country.

The rule systems are very advanced. My club has referees, who have to prove themselves qualified in the rules, and who are subject to scrutiny by senior referees from other branches. In *Fools and Heroes*, the system is advanced enough to have many spells and abilities, and yet no need for little cards describing powers, as mentioned in the SP interview, nor "battle-boards" recording how many hit points the various characters have left.

*\* I think we're getting two rather different, but similar, games mixed up here. LARP has its roots in D&D /RuneQuest-like swords and sorcery games with long-term character development in a Fantasy environment. Free-forming (or Interactive Literature) is a one-off game inspired more by the theatrical, or murder mysteries, than Fantasy. I'm not sure an LARP approach could cope with the politics and romance of The King's Musketeers or the intrigue and double-dealing of Casablanca. Combat has a high profile in LARP and a low profile in free-forming.*

### One Vision?

**Glenn Glazer**  
Los Angeles, USA

I take exception to the *tenor* of Jon Quaife's remarks in #9. These are just the sort of comments that will stifle creativity and everything else that does not match up to his needs or his sense of what is "official".

### One True Way?

**Aidan Dixon**  
Bromley, Kent

The idea of "falling into a One True World trap" seems vague, but dangerous. There are many different approaches to Glorantha; boardgames (Dragon Pass) and miniature rules (Warhamster), and different RPG rules (PenDragon Pass, HotB, Heroquest?). All the ones that I've seen are good. Each looks at Glorantha in a different way, but all are firmly based upon it.

Different perspectives (à la Matter of Honour) are vital if the game is not to

stagnate. I've made alterations and additions to what's been written by Chaosium; some to suit my players, some to suite myself, but would they suit you? I like Greg Stafford's Glorantha, I like mine, but I might not like yours.

If *Tales* sticks with a standard Glorantha, even if looked at in different ways, then we all have a common point of reference. Those of us with the imagination (and time) can then "do our own thing" with it to our hearts content. If *Tales* intends to promote RQ (and attract more readers), it should aim to be accessible and useful to the greatest possible range of people, not to become a forum for discussion of esoteric what-ifs by the cognoscenti.

It's a fine line to tread of course. Much of Glorantha's appeal is its variety and colour. Simple utilitarianism would rob *Tales* of that appeal. There's so much more to Glorantha than Dragon Pass, where most campaigns are probably set. For my money, the balance seems right for now, taking into consideration the upcoming "Sea" and "Pamaltela" special issues.

**Derek Holmes**  
Wallasey, Wirral

The tone of *Tales* does tend to come across as "Greg Stafford's One True Gloranthan Way" or "If it isn't Greg it isn't Gloranthan". I'm sure that's not what he wants. If *Tales* must continue to plunder Chaosium's notebooks for Gloranthan background information try and present it in an interesting and entertaining way, i.e. encompass it into a scenario or into a short story. Personally I have had a bellyful of Gloranthan trivia.

*\* Nothing that appears in Tales should be regarded as being "official". Even articles by Greg Stafford and Sandy Petersen are sometimes based on spurious sources and*





are wrong. The only things that appear in *Tales* that are official are those things that you, the reader, chooses to be official. That said, there have to be some basic Gloranthan reference points - some universally agreed facts or assumptions. Unfortunately, not all of these are in the public domain, or even agreed. In the end, the bottom line is that we only publish in *Tales* what we think is good enough, and which doesn't radically contradict our current reference points. Note that "our" reference points may be different to yours, may be different to Greg Stafford's, and will definitely change over time. But we're the editors, and that's life...

## Where's the Rules?

David Ford  
Romford, Essex

While I do enjoy Gloranthan background, esoteria, and cult write-ups, I would like to see more rules articles, otherwise the magazine feels unbalanced.

\* There has been a dearth of rules articles recently, mostly due to the fact that *RQ4* will probably scupper any rules that we publish! However, we do have planned the *Warhamster* rules, some variants on the *Divine Magic* system, and some *Archery* rules.



force from them however you wish, for the Glory of your Will!" So saith Sorana the Leopardess, renegade Ralian sorcerer. (XXIX. 21-025) If you are reading this, then I have finally succeeded. My name is unimportant, but my dire warning is. I speak of the return of the God Learners, for their foul seed lies within us all - and we must forget it! The language we call Tradetalk is their seed. Do not mock! Think! Is it not convenient that there is one language which all can speak, that reduces the problems of communication between nations across all of the continents, known and unknown? Is it not unnatural or unusual that while Tradetalk exists our own languages exist too? It is because it is, was, and will be, the language of the foul God Learners! It contains within it their secret - a secret which must not be known lest they return and the world be destroyed and Chaos reclaim all. I have warned the peddlers of this doom, the cults of Issaries and Etyries, but they paid me no heed, and their leaders have tried to poison and kill me to stop my warnings from reaching you. Surely these cults are not God Learner constructs too? My last chance before the assassins reach me is this book. We must forget Tradetalk, we must embrace our own languages again! Before it is too late... (XXIX. 21-024) As the above entries attest, many Sages are naturally curious about the workings of sorcery. I must caution you against this interest, because in its own way sorcery is nearly as dangerous as chaos. Sorcerers study the rune of Law, that much is true. But where Sages of the Lord of Knowledge seek the lofty heights and intimate understanding of Law and Knowledge, sorcerers grasp the Rune like a pickaxe, and use it poorly, like some common tool to be forged, worked and ultimately discarded when no longer useful. This failing can be seen in the desperate clangour of their various sects; all claim to espouse "Malkion's Truth", but each is branded false by the others. Such is the result when the fundamentals of Creation are suborned and mistreated by the material desires of ordinary men. Has this attitude not been shown barren by the God Learners? Consult Pantholin's Fall of Jrustela for that answer! Paiglus the Philosopher, Priest of Lhankor Mhy.

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**FREE!** Copies of the *RQ Digest* to anyone who wants them. Send me three formatted IBM 3.5" discs and I'll fill them with the eight volumes to date, as well as all the Discussion articles. Jamie O'Shaughnessy, 14 Landside, Leigh, Lancs, WN7 3JT.

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## The Eye of All Seeing Wonder #1

Autumn 1992, A4, 36 pp. £2.50  
(£3.00 outside the UK)

This is a fanzine for the old classic *Empire of the Petal Throne*, the game inspired by the fantasy world of M.A.R. Barker. EPT is itself undergoing a well-deserved renaissance with the publication of new and old supplements by TOME. The game world, Tekumel, is as detailed and complex as Glorantha, and an excellent source of ideas and inspiration for all RuneQuesters.

This issue includes an introductory scenario set in Jakalla, The Epic of Hrugga, information on the legions of Tsolyanu, and tips on soldiering and swordsmanship. The centre pages make up part one of Tirikelu, the editor's own rules for Tekumel (the game's rules have always been a problem). The mix of articles is good, with lots of background, and not too much rules stuff. The production quality of the zine is excellent, though it could do with a lot more artwork.

For your copy send a cheque to Dave Morris,  
1 Rusham Road, London, SW12 8TJ.

## Beaumains #1

October 1992, A4, 40pp. £1.75.

This is the *Pendragon* fanzine that I previewed last issue, and which I've now managed to get a copy of. The issue includes three adventures for *Pendragon*, news, game and book reviews, and adventure ideas. All of these are interesting, very useable, and competently done, though at present the zine is very much Gareth Jones' own labour of love and reflects his personal (and chummy) style of writing. The layout of the zine is basic, and most of the artwork isn't up to much.

I think the zine deserves support and encouragement, as it has the potential to be very good. It is the only *Pendragon* zine I know of, and it would be nice to see some support for it from Chaosium.

For your copy contact Gareth Jones, 69 Atherley Road, Shirley, Southampton, SO1 5DT.

## The Chaosium Digest

The Chaosium Digest is an electronic mail forum for the discussion of Chaosium's various games. This includes (but is not limited to): *Call of Cthulhu*, *Etric!*, *Elfquest*, *Hawkmoon*, *Pendragon*, *Ringworld*, *Stormbringer*, *Superworld*, *Worlds of Wonder*, *Arkham Horror*, *Perilous Encounters* and *Stomp!* It doesn't include *RuneQuest* as that already has its own forum.

Copies are sent out every Sunday, or whenever there are enough articles. So far, *Call of Cthulhu* and *Pendragon* seem to be the most popular systems, with *Stormbringer* following on behind. The *Call of Cthulhu* stuff is mostly based around rules, reviews and general discussions, while the *Pendragon* stuff includes a good number of adventures.

For further details contact Shannon Appel on Internet at [appel@erzo.berkeley.edu](mailto:appel@erzo.berkeley.edu)

## The RQ Digest

The Digest has gone through something of a metamorphosis recently. It's now to all intents and purposes a daily discussion and gossip digest, with the occasional articles. Though it is encouraging to see that interest in RQ is such that it can be produced daily, it's a pity so much of it is devoted to rules! We'll have to see what we can do about that...

Next, a quick correction to the review last issue. The Internet address:

[RuneQuest@Glorantha.Holland.Sun.COM](mailto:RuneQuest@Glorantha.Holland.Sun.COM)

is meant for submissions, while

[RuneQuest-Request@Glorantha.Holland.Sun.COM](mailto:RuneQuest-Request@Glorantha.Holland.Sun.COM)

is the "contact" address that people can send their requests to. Got that?

## Next Issue:

## Great Southern Land, The Pamaltelan Special

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