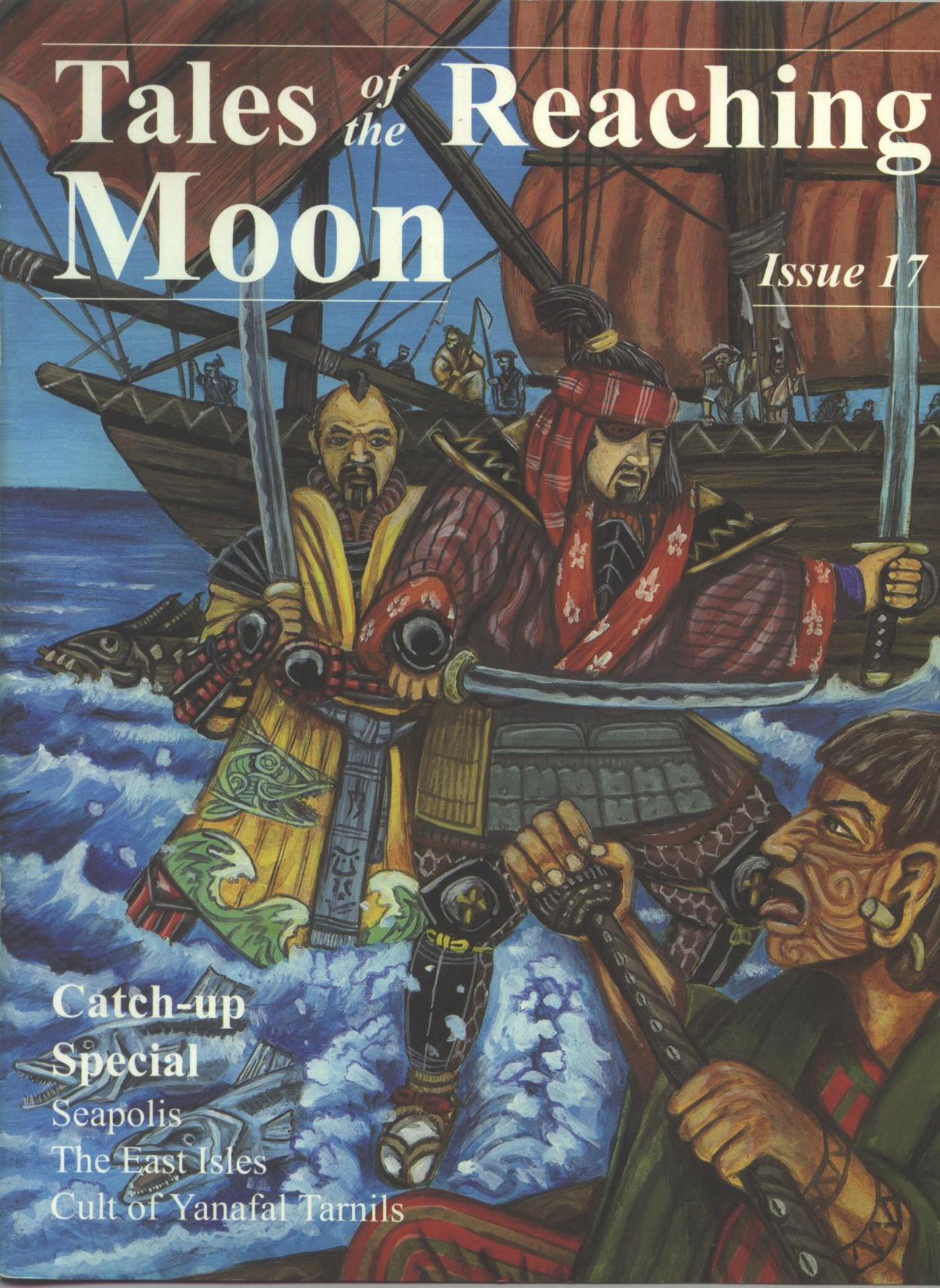


# Tales *of the* Reaching Moon

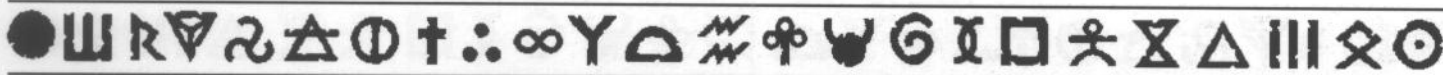
*Issue 17*



Catch-up  
Special

Seapolis  
The East Isles  
Cult of Yanafal Tarnils





## Tales of the Reaching Moon

The Gloranthan Magazine - ISSN 0960-1228

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**Contributions:** Contributions are gratefully received, most especially artwork. Write to the editorial address enclosing an SSAE or International Reply Coupon for a copy of our full Submission Guidelines. Submission guidelines are also available on the brand new *Tales of the Reaching Moon* website. All written contributions should be doubled spaced and typed. Contributions on floppy disc will be given preferential treatment! We can accept 3.5" discs **only** in PC format. 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

## Welcome

### Surprise! We're still here!

This fun-packed issue is full of more Gloranthan gold, but doesn't really have a theme. Instead we've gone for lots of themes, all vacuum packed together for extra freshness. Within you will find articles on Lunar gods and regiments, the East Isles, Seapolis and the evil Vormaini pirates. Plus the standard number of stories (Jaxartes returns!), reviews, rumours, and cheap jokes. Have Fun! There are no refunds.

### Gloranthan Hot Goss

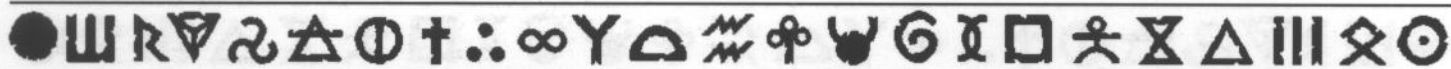
Greg Stafford writes that Issaries, Inc. is now extant as a privately held California corporation. They are undergoing the application and review process to allow sale to the public as well. He had frankly hoped it would be done by now, but the legal process is slower than anticipated. Nonetheless, the outlined proposals are still planned.

Anyone wishing updates should do two things: 1. Send a letter of interest and mailing address to Issaries, Inc., 950A 56th St., Oakland, CA, USA, 94608. 2. Check the website (address below).

Even so, Robin D. Laws has been contracted to write the new Gloranthan RPG and work on the project is progressing apace. I'm told that we should expect something very unlike *RuneQuest*; the game won't be based on the BRP system. Current plans are to demo a playtest version of the game at the Glorantha Con VII in May and at *Convulsion 4* in July. Robin's writing credits include the *Feng Shui* RPG, plus work for companies such as Atlas Games, FASA, Mayfair, Steve Jackson Games, Pinnacle and *Wizards of the Coast* on game lines including *Over the Edge*, *Earthdawn*, *Deadlands*, *Underground* and *Talisanta*.

An Introduction to Glorantha book is also in the works for release before the new RPG, authored by Rob Heinsoo and Greg Stafford.

Chaosium now have a Gloranthan web site with old and new articles, a Greg Sez column, Lhankor Mhy library, as well as the latest Issaries Inc. news. You can find it at <http://www.glorantha.com>



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## Megacorp News

Tales now has a world wide web page at <http://www.tang.demon.co.uk/TOTRM/front.html>. So get surfing!

The *Best of Tales* compendium is unfortunately delayed yet again. Expect it out at the same time as Tales #18. And what of Tales itself? Well, issue #18 will be a Sartar/Lismelder special issue and issue #19 an Upland Marsh special. Issue #20 will probably cover a number of themes, including the East Isles, Grazers, Vormain, and Esrolia. Drop me or the associate editors a line if you have something you reckon should go into these issues.

A *MIG II* is also planned with all the latest product information and additional sections on miniatures, conventions and freeforms. It's due out at Convulsion 4. Plans for other products are actively fermenting but are subject to gaining permission from Issaries Inc.

## Other Zine News

Well, *Codex* is dead. It ain't official, but if you kick something enough times without getting any response, and there's a funny smell coming from it, then you can be pretty certain...

However, there is new life exploding from John Castellucci's *RQA* zine. Issue #6 has been printed in the USA, and the European and Australian editions will soon follow. This issue covers the Stinking Forest and its denizens, and is no doubt scenario heavy. Unfortunately, it will be the last issue of *RQA* for now, at least until there is a new Gloranthan role-playing game.

*Tradetalk* is bouncing with life and issue #3 should be emerging at about the same time as you read this. It's an East Ralios special. Issues #4 and #5 are planned as Islands and Holy Country specials and #6 will cover non-human races in Dragon Pass. For details on the zine and on the Chaos Society check out the web page at <http://members.aol.com/Glorantha/chaosoc.html>. There is also a review of *Tradetalk* #2 in the Zines Seen section.

*New Lolon Gospel* #3 is still planned and is expected in the second half of this year.

*Enclosure* #2 is shooting to be ready for the LA Glorantha-Con in May. It will include First Age history, playable articles on Aggar and Wenelia, and more. There's a review of *Enclosure* #1 in this issue.

The next *Drastic Resolutions* will be Volume Darkness with cults, sub-cults, hero cults, spirit cults, and demon cults, as well as new Darkness treasures, fungi, black elf potions, troll NPCs, and darkness beasties. Stephen is hoping for a mid-summer release. There will be NO cult of Kyger Litor! Volume Prax is reviewed in this issue.

## Avalon Hill News

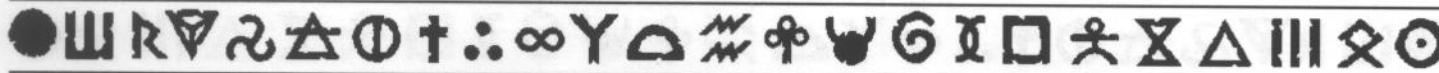
*RuneQuest: Slayers* is the new game that AH are now producing, with a release date of Summer '98. It will not be compatible with the old versions of *RuneQuest* and will not have any Gloranthan content. Nor will they continue supporting old *RuneQuest* versions. For more details check out their web page at: <http://www.avalonhill.com/rqslay.html>

## Errata

What? Sorry? There are none! We got *everything* correct last time. Surely not....

## Net News

David Camoirano is designing a conversion for the Civilization II computer game. The objective is to allow the use of Gloranthan cultures and atmosphere and produce a scenario based in Dragon Pass. Currently, a series of patches are available that replace all of the Earth civilisations with Gloranthan ones as well as most of the Wonders of the World. The first scenario should be up by the time you read this. Catch it at <http://members.aol.com/thecam/>



# Seapolis



by Simon Bray  
and Martin Hawley

## Overview

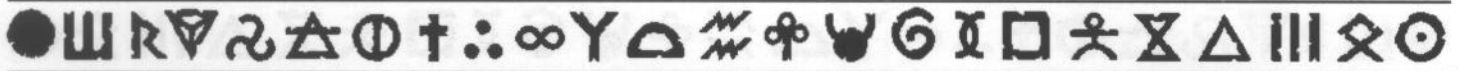
*Seapolis, known as the Jewel of the Bay, is a medium sized Port City, situated on and around forty-seven true and artificially created islands (Calpulli) separated by numerous canals, channels and pools. Famed for its elaborate harbour, it is the centre of Ludoch habitation within Choralinthor Bay, and was a significant strategic and military port during the time of the Pharaoh. The city is ruled by the High Admiral of the Boats, dry land designate of the Ludoch Mer-chief.*

*The port, situated at the northern tip of the Ard-Righ Place, is distinctively non-Theyalan in construction, owing much to sub-aquatic building techniques. The floating buildings of the original inhabitants yaw precariously around the stilted houses and halls like flotsam and jetsam, or clog the narrower canals and outer limits of the city, which rapidly merge with salt marshes and twisting, ephemeral, brackish channels.*

*The greatest calamity to befall the city was the Wolf Pirate assault of 1620 ST, during which many of the north-eastern calpulli were sunk, the Old Harbour was smashed, and much of the naval fleet was sent to its final resting place at New Reef. Seapolis is only now recovering from this tragedy, and life is slowly returning to normal.*

*The loss of the Pharaoh has not yet been accepted by the people of the Holy Country, despite strong physical and spiritual evidence to the contrary. Many prophets maintain that he will return again. Other, darker, prophets speak of the return of the Only Old One instead.*





# The Inhabitants

## Locals

The natives call themselves Pelaskans in veneration of their founder deity, Pelaskos the Fisher. They are hardy, rugged people, well adapted to life in the marshes and islands of the Rightarm archipelago. Men fish the coastal water and brackish lagoons in small ornate boats. They hunt wildfowl in the marshes stood atop great stilts, while women gather shellfish from the tidal flats or rocky outcrops and collect the cattail rushes to pound into flour.

Shamanism is still common in the backwaters, with all families learning how to venerate or protect themselves from the spirits of the marshes. Magasta is worshipped as the unfathomable Sea King. Pelaskos is the man's God. He teaches the correct way to survive. Women hold Oyster Girl, wife of Pelaskos sacred. Of importance to the Islanders are the local spirits such as the Twelve Sacred Birds, Sun Fish, Sea Wyrms, Sea Dragon, Shallows Mistress, Cauldron Keeper, and many more that feature heavily in countless myths. Shrines to these spirits can be found throughout the islands.

The Government of the Islands is controlled by the underwater folk. The fishermen are dependent upon the good will of the sea folk for their livelihood, and have always accepted this form

of leadership. The Admirals or Ard-Righ are the Merchief's Two Legged representatives amongst the tribes and speak with his authority. From amongst the Ard-Righ is selected the Ard-Righ-Mahalgasta or High Admiral of the Boats, who co-ordinates the tribes from Seapolis.

Those Pelaskans encountered in Seapolis are usually bringing their catch to market, or are working in salt pans south of the city. Many have settled in the city or have become sailors in the Pharaonic fleet, but none forget their wilder heritage.

## Holy Country

Each of the other five regions of the Holy Country maintains representative emissaries in Seapolis, these varied individuals occupy separate Calpulli, often forming isolated cultural enclaves with associated Camora.

Their influence over the Senate varies with the demands of their own cultural needs. Caladrland has never been friendly due to ancient hostilities, and their calpulli has been deserted since the Pharaoh's disappearance. Esrolian influence is growing as the recovering city relies more on that country's grain trade. Many Esrolian men have settled in Seapolis to escape the clutches of the Matriarchy and to avoid the Lunar Empire's encroachments. They make up a good percentage of the active sailors. Heortland has attempted to increase its stake by assimilating its own coastal

dwellers into Seapolis politics. Much aid for the civil war in that country leaves Seapolis' port on a daily basis. God Forgot's only representative in the Islands is the mysterious Brithini Guard of Iron Fort; it is said that the Brithini created some of the strange innovations such as the Couloir Dredger and the Automated Library Ladder. The Shadow Plateau only maintains a skeleton staff, in deference to the Pharaoh's Treaty.

## Caudate Ones (Tailed Ones)

The Caudate Ones are mostly Ludoch. The rest include newtlings, a smattering of Sea Elves, not forgetting to mention the shoals of fish and herds of Dugong, which graze the sea grass meadows of the crystal waters.

From their hidden oceanic cities the Ludoch rule the Islands. They have always done so. The Merchief sends his representative amongst the Legged Folk, to claim his annual tithes and blessings, and expects that once a year the High Admiral will follow the hero path of Pelaskos and make the Sea Kings Tribute. Ludoch police the waters around Seapolis. No ship may enter the harbour without a merman escort. Those who defile the city's waters are hunted and beaten by the Merchief's warriors. The Merchief also sends newtlings and intelligent fish to be his eyes and ears. Nothing can happen within the Islands without his knowledge.

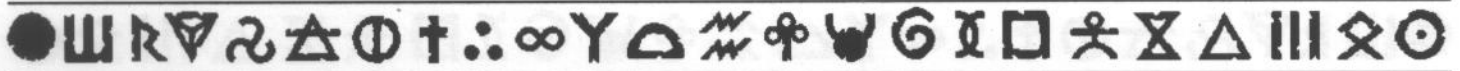
## A Seapolis Timeline

The Dawn - Seapolis reputed to have been founded by Pelaskos and Oyster Girl. Through rituals and magic the alliance with the Merchief was made. The city was but a simple village of content fishermen and marsh people, situated upon the edge of the Kingdom of Night.

- 365 The Osentalka experiment: the Merchief sends his Newtling ambassadors. Waertagi raids begin on all coastal regions.
- 375 The Sun Stop. Nysalor is born.
- 420 The Bright Army of Nysalor holds Kethaela in its grip.
- 440 Arkat lands in Kethaela. He then liberates the land from the Bright Empire. The House of Black Arkat is built in Heortland.
- 500 The God Learners are formed.
- 578 The Empire of the Wyrms Friends becomes the governing council of Dragon Pass.
- 718 The Jrusteli crush the forces of the oceans at the Battle of Tanian's Victory. Seapolis falls under the sway of the God Learners, culminating in the building of Locsil.
- 935 The Closing, radiating from Brithos, reaches the Mirrorsea Bay, sealing it from the oceans. The Great Famine hits the Islands; the populace is only saved by the High Admiral performing the Sea King's Tribute hero path.

The End of the Age - After the ten-year Machine City war and the destruction of the Jrusteli empire and EWF, the Islands paid homage to the Only Old One and his sleek black troll navy.

- 1313 Belintar the Swimmer comes to the islands and summons the Silver Age Heroes to unify the Holy Country and overthrow the Only Old One.
- 1318 Apotheosis of the Pharaoh.
- 1345 The Pharaoh makes alliances with the Merchief. Trade blossoms across Choralinthor Bay.
- 1423 Formation of the Pol Dari Reclaimers.
- 1573 Dormal competes in the Masters of Luck and Death Tournament. He returns with strange revelations.
- 1580 Dormal opens the oceans. A sudden growth in the ship-building industry centred on Seapolis.
- 1581 Naval bases are established in Seapolis and at Iron Fort.
- 1582 Naval Battle with Alatan a defeat for the Holy Country.
- 1585 Alatan Pirate Unity destroyed by the Holy Country with aid from the mermen. Treaty made with Pasos to hunt down the pirates.
- 1586 Holy Country expedition leaves for Teshnos. Alliances with Dosakayo formed.
- 1602 The first pirate raids from Alatan.
- 1607 Seapolis established as a base to fight off pirate raids.
- 1606 Major sea battle with the Wolf Pirates.
- 1611 Wolf Pirates raids increase in intensity.
- 1613 Temertain the Heir of Sartar is found in Seapolis.
- 1614 Islanders take part in raids against the Ditali.
- 1616 Nimistor Pirate Navy defeats the Pharaonic fleet. Pharaoh disappears.
- 1619 The Lunars invade Karse by sea.
- 1620 Wolf Pirate invasion sinks parts of the city. The Pirates then scourge the Rightarm Islands, carrying off enough people and cattle to supply a city.
- 1624 City of Wonders is sunk. Seapolis becomes the primary site of human habitation in the Mirrorsea.



## Exotics, Others

Haughty Choralinths, foul-mouthed foreign sailors, dusky maidens, proud knights, Lunar missionaries, corrupt Vadeli and Trader Prince families comprise the rest of Seapolis' inhabitants. The most important group are the so-called Dancers in the Day, Teshnan representatives from Seapolis' sister port Dosakayo. The trade alliance with Teshnos is strongly defended by the Kethaelan fleet, and this opulent group is greatly pandered to by the High Admiral and his servants.

## Places of Interest

### Miradore Lighthouse

Situated upon a natural outcrop at the extreme Dawn ward edge of the city, the Miradore is one of the most impressive sights of Seapolis. The grand tower, which dominates the sky line, is the abode of the Pharaonic Guild of Heliographers, who operate the huge seametal mirrors of the Lighthouse. The mirrors cast beams of light from the whale-fat lanterns which can be seen from Rhigos, Leskos and Casino Town, forming part of the heliographic messenger circuit during the day, whilst at night they guide sleek triremes of the Holy Country and carraks of the Trader Princes into the port, avoiding the hazardous reefs and sand banks that surround the Ard-Righ Place.

### Bob and Rock berth

This whole Calpulli is made from buoyant barrels, ships timbers and other floating detritus. It is a constant hive of activity, here can be found small trading vessels from the islands and bay, Kethalean triremes and visiting Pasos cogs, Loskalmi caravels and Seapolis oddities such as the Couloir Dredger (used to skim sea weeds and filth from the canals) or the festering midden barges of the Deshans. Here traders must hire pilots to guide them into Seapolis proper: it is both illegal and hazardous to do otherwise, and entry without a recognised pilot can result in retribution from angry Ludoch guardians. An unruly or obstinate sailor may get no further into the port than this wretched pontoon, confined by the local constabulary.

### The Rock

Isolated from the rest of Seapolis is a small rock, enlarged with wooden jetties and piers. Here Seapolis chains its criminals between tides; if you "visit" here then your crimes are so heinous that the sea seals your fate. The only ways to escape the Rock are by the small well-armed prison barge that makes its way from the holding pens, through Herculean efforts snapping your chains and risking

the dangerous currents, or death, picked clean by the snapping, swimming children of Podor the crab. The Rock is festooned with the carcasses of those who have taken the last option.

### New Reef

Beneath the waters of the Bay lie the wrecks of the Pharaonic fleet, sunk in 1613 during the raids of the Wolf Pirates. The great gilded hulks lie upon the shattered ruins of several sunken calpulli destroyed in the said same raid. Included amongst these ruins is the now lost Grand Temple of the Sea Spirits, to which the City of Wonders extended its magical bridge. They are now within the realm of the Merchief and it has been bidden that none shall plunder their treasures for fear of defiling the Sea's laws. The ruins and wrecks are being returned to new life and many vibrant coloured fish and corals have made them their home.

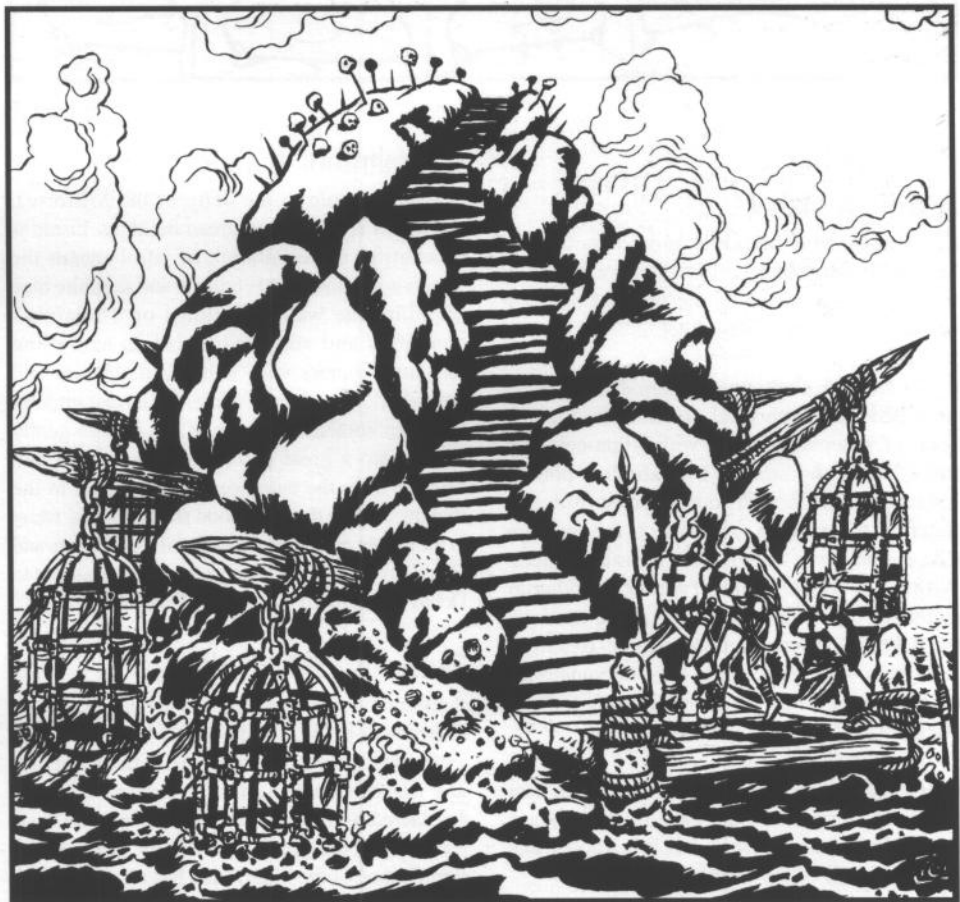
### The Chiton Harbour

The Chiton Harbour is a great harbour, encased in a shell-like dome of pink marble. Within the dome are twenty dry docks, into which even the greatest trireme can be hauled by the undine powered winches. Once a ship has entered the confines it will be tended to by the teams of Dormali shipwrights who have their workshops there.

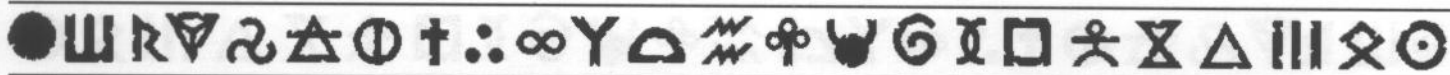
Before the Wolf Pirate raids there were two such harbours; the other, known as the Ammonite Harbour, now makes up a major part of the New Reef.

### The Great Temple of Dormal

Constructed from the timbers of the original boathouse where Dormal built his first ship in 1579 and set sail in 1580, as such this site is the most sacred to Dormal worshippers. Not the largest or most elaborate temple in the world, it is still revered. The facade looks like the prow of a great trireme and is adorned with carvings that simulate rigging and ropes. Inside are shrines to Magasta, Brastalos, Hunlarni the Wise and Galaaz the Shaper. The altar is a small rowing boat said to be from Dormal's first ship; it floats upon the sacred waters taken from under his keel during the first Rite of Opening. The Temple is situated in a grand courtyard, here too is a building reputed to be the Warehouse of Galaaz where you can see the original tiled plans of Dormal's ship (some say these are forgeries and that Notchet has the real tiles). Annexed to the Temple is a large vaulted hall called the Mission, a place of rest that caters to the needs of active and retired sailors, providing room and board, entertainers such as minstrels and exotic dancers and drinks all on a nautical theme.







## Palace of the Ard-Righ Mahal

The largest and certainly most spectacular building in Seapolis after the Miradore, although not as grand a palace as the original that lies beneath the waves at New Reef.

It is a stepped, flat-topped pyramid, each of its steps bedecked with local exotic flora, shallow pools of water which teem with bright-coloured tropical fish and strange Choralinthan pottery fashioned in the form of aquatic monstrosities. A waterfall flows down the steps on the southern side, coming from the Admiral's pleasure gardens. Within its warm pools of water, Zabdamar mermaids reputedly cater to the erotic needs of the Admiral's more wanton visitors. Beautiful palm trees with exotic birds from the jungles of Caladraland and beyond adorn this truly tranquil place.

Every Sea Season a great gathering occurs here of all the Admirals of the Islands. It is always held in the utmost secrecy, but it is known that representatives of the Merchief do attend.

## Choralinthon Temple

A major temple to the deity of the Mirrosea. Outside it is a deep sea-green building. Inside is a beautiful representation of life beneath the waters with mosaics of cerulean and sapphire blue adorning the walls, paintings of Tholainia's daughters and sons swimming in azure and turquoise waters with delicate malachite and emerald flora and snow white, flazen and gridelin or cerise corals. The floor of the temple gently slopes into a great pool, with the deepest end furthest from the entrance. Initiates stand in the shallows, while the priesthood stand or tread water in the deeper end along with caudal worshippers and Golod's progeny. This deep water conceals an exit to Down Below, used by fish and Triolini alike.

## Twelve Birds Calpulli

A natural outcrop at the tip of the port, from here a ferry goes to the Island of Red Shadows. While a stone bridge extends from here to the Miradore. The island is named after the twelve statues of the Sacred Soul Birds that perch along its Dawn ward edge (see boxed text for the origins and significance of the birds) each has a crystal set in

its plinth and the sun shines through each in turn during its passage through the heavens producing a beam of light that is captured by the solar stele that stands on its own plinth on the Dusk ward side of the island. This is how the Seers of Seapolis know the times of the tides. Here is the famed library of Seapolis, where a large collection of Brithini iron sculptures were studied by Temertain the Fool, later Prince of Sartar.

## Quay of Tides

Out in the Mirrosea Bay stands a great blue stone said to be a piece of the goddess Annilla, Mistress of the Tides. Each season a priest must row out from Seapolis sacred quay to make secret sacrifices. It is said that if this is not done, then the Tide Queen will become angry and command Choralinthon to send his secret Tsunami to reclaim the land that he has given to the Islanders.

## Floating Market

Floating rafts and boats, some lashed together some traversing the cluttered narrow waterways of the district, together with quay side and submarine vendors and traders, compose the floating market. Many goods can be purchased here, both from local craftsmen and more exotic wares, such Teshnan glassware, strange hard skinned fruits, Ludoch artefacts of alien nature and all manner of live goods. The quays and jetties that surround the market contain numerous small drinking houses, frequented by both locals and foreigners alike.

## Seapolis Senate

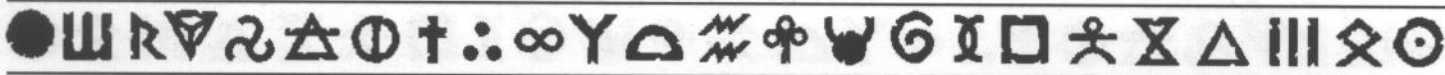
A most impressive building with its cupola tower and roof tiled with mother of pearl, making it a dazzling sight in the bright morning sun. The fine white marble colonnaded meeting hall serves the council of the port, also housing the offices of the Senate Head, the Magistrate of the Waterways, the Lord Harbour Master and other city officials. Its steps lead directly into the water and can only be reached by boat. Inside is a stepped circular chamber with places for all six regions of the Holy Country, including an aquatic entry for the representatives of Oolanate, the Merchief-King. Before any meeting can convene, sacrifice is made to the gods of the Sea.

## Down Below

The local name for all the city that lies beneath water, the realm of Ludoch, fish and other caudate residents. Two Legs are but brief visitors to this paradise realm with its warm waters and plentiful food supply. What little is known about Down Below comes from the tales of these visitors, or second hand from the Ludoch and the sentient fish of the Bay. Two Legs find it hard to substantiate any of these tales.







## The Twelve Sacred Soul Birds

During the Great Darkness Pelaskos the young god sought wisdom and aid from the Twelve Soul Birds. These magical creatures were the blessed children of Tholaina, Queen of Beasts. Each gave a gift to Pelaskos and is revered for doing so by the fisher folk of the islands.

### SACRED CRANE

Protector of Pelaskos and his family during the Great Flood. He gives his gift only to the High Admiral.

### LEDE THE HERON

Taught Pelaskos to make his first raft to sail after Oyster Girl.

### PEPYNA THE PELICAN

Pelican is the taniist, through self sacrifice and wisdom he provided food and showed how to store it.

### SHEHO THE CORMARANT

Fisher and sea guide who singed his feathers black trying to bring stolen fire to Pelaskos.

### TETLIN THE MARSH HARRIER

She taught Pelaskos to survive in the marsh and how to hunt. All hunters revere her.

### REDNEK THE GREBE

He is the Dancer, who taught Pelaskos the Courtship Dance to woo Oyster Girl and the Dance of Parading Ripples to bring calm.

### GOWKNOWL THE BOOBY

The Blue Footed One, who recovered Cormorant's lost fire brand and brought it home. He teaches through his trickery.

### OYSTER CATCHER

Pelaskos' first companion, who showed him Oyster Girl. She is the food guide for the women.

### SACREECH THE GULL

Pelaskos' guide to Magasta's palace, yet also stole the last fish before the storms.

### CHARA THE TERN

Storm Hailer, servant of Gawaii Cloudbringer herald of Heler, whom brought the storm to drive away Shark and saved the companions. He was wounded but still brought news of the Dark Wind and the Marsh Hardener.

### GRANDFATHER LOON

Provider of warmth and comfort who helped Pelaskos and Oyster Girl forget the coldness about them. He taught the skills of raising islands and later showed them to Belintar.

### THE WHITE GOOSE

He came from the North at the End of the World and returned hope to the Islands. He is the spirit of the Shaman.

## Pelaskos Temple

A great temple to the deity of fishing, culture hero and reputed founder of the islands. Its exterior is dominated by a huge metal statue of Sacred Crane, patron of Pelaskos, adorned with blue volcanic glass brought from Caladraland. The Temple includes shrines to all the Soul Birds. Its interior is decorated in the traditional style of the Pelaskan islanders, with mosaics of Pelaskos's meetings with the Twelve Birds and Oyster Girl, and his voyage to the palace of Magasta.

At one end of the temple is a great altar upon which are placed hundreds of fish. These are the first catches of initiates of the cult, given in sacrifice to the deity. It is said that if the prayers are done correctly then the fish will remain as fresh as the day they were caught.

## Esrola's Fingers

The marshward end of the port includes many original stilted huts and places such as the Salt Pans and the Southern Weather Tower where a priest of Heler the Rain God resides. This is the closest that many visitors get to meeting the "real" native islanders, the hardy folk who call themselves the Children of Pelaskos, or Pelaskans. Many visitors will find it difficult to cross this area. The best way is to hire a native stilt walker to guide them across the morass of marsh, reeds and brackish pools.

## Religion

Cults worshipped within the city begin with the veneration of Choralinthor, deity of the Mirrorsea Bay who lives beneath the waters. Worship of Magasta lord of the sea is also popular; also venerated are Golod Fish Father and Tholainia Queen of Sea beasts along with her many husbands and lovers. The native Pelaskans worship Diros Boat God and Pelaskos the Fisherman as well as numerous local spirits. Dormal is popular with sailors, while those who dive for the bounty of the bay placate Porifa the Sponge and Molacca Mollusc Mother. The Influence of the Trader Princes has brought some worship of the Invisible God in the guise of Rokari, Goriанти Involvisists and some Aeolian sect followers.

(XXIX.22-22.m) Now I demand oath and seal of you, by the recitation of the following: By all that is truth and honour I swear by the lungs that give me life, my legs that give me movement, my mind that gives me magic, and by my hands that give me mastery that I will give faith and fealty to Leonidas the Short, Wind Voice of Orlanth and vessel for the magics of Orlanth into this world, until I am honourably released from this service, or death take me, or the world shall end.

## Local Figures

### The High Admiral of Boats.

Given his position and title by the Ludoch Merchief he rules in his name over the non-Caudate residents of Seapolis and the Rightarm archipelago. His position is recognised by all land dwellers of the island, who venerate him as their protector. By virtue of his position and the place that he holds in local mythology he is able to call upon the Great Sacred Cranes, mystical defenders of the Dry Spots. Many Triolini see him as a pompous, self-important and self-righteous idiot, little better than a sand flea on the back of a beached jellyfish. The High Admiral is devious and cowardly: it is rumoured that he allowed the Lunars to attack Karse, for fear of losing trade concessions. Consequently, conflict has arisen between the Merchief and the High Admiral, and rumour has it that the Wolf Pirate raid of 1620 was incited by the Merchief to reek retribution against his unruly servant.

### Hylissa Savanita

The leader of the senate is an aged woman from deep within the marshes. She has held the Sea Metal Mitre for some thirty years. Her decisions hold some considerable influence and can prevail against real need at time, causing suffering and bad blood amongst some citizens. She is not proud of her heritage and is rumoured to be offering support to the Clear Blue Water faction. Many of her actions have forced the native Pelaskans back beyond Esrola's Fingers.

### Diadromous

The Merchief's Eyes is a huge striped blue and yellow damsel fish of great age. He relays the wishes of the Merchief to the High Admiral and other Two-legs from within a great glistening undine. He wears magical armour of Sweetlips, daughter of Golod. He is a stately creature who commands much power. Diadromous is never without his honour guard of Newtling warriors.

### Jarnuga Wavecrest, Head of the Poldari Reclaimers

At the age of fifty-three, Jarnuga has spent much of his life in the Reclaimers: being both a priestess of Esrola and a Priest of Choralinthor he is one of the few that knows the ceremonial secrets required to gain land from the waters. Jarnuga fills a religious and cultural schism between Ludoch and land dwellers. Some suggest that he cares more for the interests of the former since the Submergence Incident. He is often in the company of Diadromous.

### Miramelle, Queen of the Red Shadows

Self proclaimed Queen of the Right Arm Islands, Priestess of Uleria. Although she resides in Silhouette Fort on the Isle of Red Shadows, named for the shadowy outlines which can be seen of corybants and initiates against the soft red lantern lights of the temple. It can only be reached by the Love Boat ferry. Miramelle can be seen parading through the streets of the Admiral's calpulli in her fine silks and Pralorean mink cloak as she visits his palace for private worship ceremonies. Her dusky skin suggests she is of Teshnan heritage.

Miramelle's followers are a very important ships docking here, all good captains know that the tensions of sea voyage must be alleviated to prevent mutiny, and so they let their crew *Chase the shadows* and go *Poodle-faking* on the day of arrival.

### Glugglag the Dugong

A huge barnacle encrusted mass, known as the Morose Manatee of Mirrorsea by rude Dandyprats, this lumbering creature appears moribund to many as he maladroitly makes his ways through the canals. His bulbous snout and distended belly, covered in mould and parasitic molluscs reinforce his macabre appearance lurching from beneath the waters often in the wake of the Dredger. Glugglag loves to snuffle in the midden wastes, collected each morning by the Deshans or drink the congee of Seapolis housewives.

If koshered by anyone with treats of fresh blue carrots or young Mirrorweed shoots he will maunder on about how he is the descendant of Golod, and was worshipped by the islanders of Malomarivetombi, given the finest sea kale and swam the lagoons of the isle with the prettiest of the native girls. The truth is that an Afadjann travelling circus dumped him here, as he was old, obnoxious and presumptuous in his approaches to the female performers. He thinks of himself as the prime masticator of Seapolis, and responsible for the cleanliness of the canals.



### The Star Seer of Seapolis

Known locally as the "Masked Stranger", the head of the Pharaonic guild of Heliographers, rumours are rife as to the true identity of this individual. Some claim she is an Annilla priestess and she knows the tides, others that he is a sky priest who can call fire from the sky and direct the beam using the mirrors of the Miradore against hostile naval vessels.

However, the Star Seer is little more than a created persona for Bendraveen, Head Heliographer, Priest of Lhankor Mhy. Who wishes to glamorise his acts of ceromancy and mundane library tasks with a dark mask and golden cloak?

### The Lost Mariner

Skin like sailcloth and wide staring eyes that have seen things we only dream about. These are the marks of the mad man. Rumoured to be a crewmember from Dormal's first voyage to Handra, who lost his faith and fled to the life rafts





at the sight of the open sea. Is it really him? Or is it Hunlarni the Wise? Or just a mad old man. It is not known, but every day he can be seen at the harbour seeking passage upon ships and offering a fortune in silver, but those who take up his offers are never seen again, but by next morning the Mariner is sat upon the harbour once again.

## Tolonqua the Wise Man

An ancient stilt walker from the marshes. Tolonqua is a spirit master and knows the ways of Pelaskos. His feather cloaks and hideously carved masks, accompanied by his howling chants of doom are characteristic of his shaman's trade. He knows the magics of the Skipping Stone learned from the Shallows Mistress. Tolonqua has seen the children of Murdrytha and rode upon the golden Sun Fish and dances with the Water Wyrms spirit in his mystical trances. He is revered amongst natives of the Islands. His power causes great concern amongst the Choralinthan faction. Many fear his words and prophecies, many have come true. Many Pelaskans seek him for his magic and offer their sons to him as apprentices.

## Political Factions

### The Dirosians

The self styled Brotherhood of Boatmen, protecting the interests of boatmen and harbour pilots. It represents its members interests in dealings with the Lord Harbour Master. It provides registered pilots to all docking ships, operates row boats from Bob and Rock to the city proper and provides sundry benefits to its members. Some of who are foreign sailors or immigrants. There is a thirty-year enmity between the Dirosians and the Marshmen over the inheritance of the waterways.

### The Marshmen

The Marshmen are mostly Pelaskans. It even has its own marsh militia called the Stilt Men operating from the Pelaskos temple. The numbers of Marshmen have swelled since 1620, when many lost their homes to the Wolf Pirates and retreated into the marshlands. It is a bitter rival of the Dirosians, as they split from this group in 1595. Disputes are regular, often escalating into brawls. The Marshmen detest the use of Diros' name by the other faction. After all they are boat people too. A major sticking point is the enforced use of pilots. Marshmen assert that they know the marsh well enough and don't need to use them. There have been groundings and capsizings, which the Pelaskans claim, were staged to discredit them.

## The City Officials

Representatives of the High Admiral, this group includes Fantakos the Lord Harbour Master who controls docking of ships and boats, Henoderius the Magistrate of the Waterways responsible for the Deshans and the Water Watch constables and Hylissa Head of the Senate with her numerous clerks and secretaries.

## The Clear Blue Water

Named after the ritual ceremony of Choralinthor, this group is exclusively non-Pelaskan. They think of themselves as "Choralinthans". They come originally from the City of Wonders, and their numbers have increased since the Pharaoh disappeared. They wear white togas and are much paler in skin than the Islanders. They eat only shellfish or raw fish, speak only Sea Speech and despise anything not related to the Mirrorsea. They are especially hostile to dwellers of Dosakayo in Teshnos. The current High Admiral is not their favourite and they long for the return of the Pharaoh. Hence there is friction with many city officials, sailors and exotic foreigners.

The Clear Blue Water want to be pure like the Ludoch and are seeking to magically transform themselves to escape the horrors of the coming Hero Wars. The Ludoch attitude to this is as yet unknown.

## The Brothers of the Islands

This splinter sect of the Marshmen is worthy of note. They seek to unify all the fisher folk of the Mirrorsea bay. They accept into their ranks any that worship Pelaskos. They are proselytising group which travels around the Mirrorsea spreading the word of their god to all coastal dwellers. Their priests are known as Fishers of Men.

## The Fish Guard

The Fish Guard were formed by the Pharaoh and dwelt within the City of Wonders as defenders of the Blind Fishermen. In 1582 they were transferred to protect Seapolis and the developing naval fleet. They are noted for their prowess with the trident and each wears a helm shaped like a grotesque fish and silvery scale armour, it is said that they can breathe water if they wish to and all are superb swimmers. Their leader, Angolar has sworn loyalty to the Merchief and High Admiral. The Wolf Pirate raid of 1620 depleted the Fish Guards numbers, but they have begun to allow new recruits to learn their secret rites.

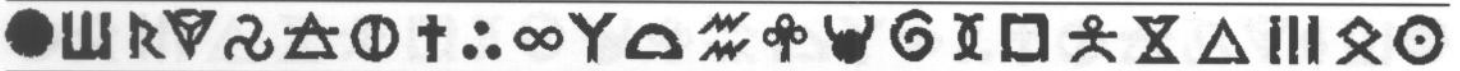
## The Pharaonic Navy

Since its founding in 1584 the Pharaonic fleet has fluctuated in its strength. They suffered major defeats in 1587 against the Kralorelans and Nimistor Pirate raid of 1616, but it was the Wolf Pirate raid of 1620 that nearly destroyed the navy to a man. With the loss of the Pharaoh the Pharaonic Navy is technically no more, being now only a few captains who declare that they still serve in it. The High Admiral is trying to re-establish some form of naval contingent with varying degrees of success.

Stay tuned to get  
Wet and Wild...

## The Sacred Guardian Cranes

*The Sacred Guardian Cranes have protected the Rightarm Islands since the time of Pelaskos. These huge birds stand thirty feet in height; they are flightless but able to run at great speeds across the marshes. Their cry is a terrible booming that can be heard throughout the night anywhere in the archipelago. It seems that they are gifted with some intelligence, for when any enemy threatens the Islands the great fowl rushed to stand and fight with the native warriors. The High Admiral is also able to summon them to his aid by virtue of his position. It is interesting to note that the city of Seapolis and many villages have large effigies of these birds in their midst, most are made of wicker, except the great aluminium statue in Seapolis that barely survived the Wolf Pirates raid. These statues are not worshipped, but may act to keep away hungry cranes in the winter.*



## Copious Conventions

The best way to experience Glorantha (apart from an RPG), and get loads of inspiration for your own campaign, is to get yourself along to one of the many conventions world-wide. If you haven't played one of the many freeforms (or LARPs) then you really should have a go - it's a totally different experience.

**GloranthaCon VII.** May 22-25, 1998 at the LAX Wyndham Hotel, Los Angeles, California. The Guests of Honour are Greg Stafford and Robin Laws. Guests of Distinction will include Sandy Peterson, Michael O'Brien, Larry DiTillio, David Hall, David Cheng, David Dunham, and Steve Martin. Events will include playtests of the new Gloranthan RPG, various seminars, storytelling and Live Action Trollball. The main LARP is *Three Heads are Better than One: Holy Week in the Temple of Thanatar* by James B. Chapin. Updates will appear on <http://www.glorantha.com>. Contact: Glorantha Con c/o Janice Sellers, Chaosium, Inc., 950 56th St., Oakland, CA 94608, USA.

**Tentacle over Bacharach.** The German Glorantha & Cthulhu Con. May 29th to 1st June 1998 at the awesome Castle "Stahleck" at Bacharach, which towers over the river Rhine. Sandy Petersen, Michael O'Brien, and David Hall are the guests of honour. Highlights include Gloranthan and Cthulhu freeform games, Gloranthan Lore auction, MOB's MGF, The Sanity Loss Game, loads of seminars, Trollball (German style), beer, and lots more. The price for all four days is 130DM (£45) which gets you good accommodation at a high spec youth hostel (the castle itself) and two filling meals per day. Contact: Tentacle over Bacharach, Postfach 10 23 02, 99423 Weimar, Germany. Email: [fabian.kuechler@medien.uni-weimar.de](mailto:fabian.kuechler@medien.uni-weimar.de)

**Convulsion 4.** 24th to 27th July 1998 at College Hall, Leicester University, England. Greg Stafford, Robin Laws, Ken Rolston and Michael O'Brien are the Guests of Honour. Membership costs £20 residential. Accommodation is £20 pounds B&B for one night, but gets cheaper the more nights you book. The featured LARP will be *Reaching Moon Megacorp's Life of Moonson*, plus a whole slew of other Gloranthan events and freeforms - and the best Gloranthan collectibles auction in the world. Contact: Lewis Jardine, 43 Windermere, Liden, Swindon, Wiltshire, SN3 6JZ, UK. Email: [Jardine@RMCS.Cranfield.ac.uk](mailto:Jardine@RMCS.Cranfield.ac.uk). Check out the web page at <http://www.tang.demon.co.uk/small/begin.html> (and also the advertisement on the inside front cover of this issue)

This next convention is not totally Gloranthan, but don't let that stop you...

**Baroquon.** A British Role-Playing Convention. July 16th - 18th 1999 at New Hall College, Cambridge, UK. Guest of Honour is the British SF/Fantasy author and gamer, Mary Gentle. The main focus of the convention will be open gaming, though there will also be panels, trade stands, an auction, and a Real Ale bar. Membership rates are £18.00 attending and £4.50 supporting (though this increases after July '98). There are no rates yet for rooms. Contact: Baroquon, 8 Saddlers Close, Baldock, Herts, SG7 6EF, UK. Email: [baroquon@philm.demon.co.uk](mailto:baroquon@philm.demon.co.uk) or check out the web page at <http://www.philm.demon.co.uk/baroquon/main.html>

## The Birth of the Islands

By Simon Bray and Martin Hawley

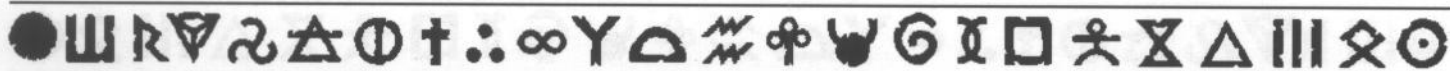
Before the time of time there lived Great Old Man. His lodge was huge and included the centre of the world. The centre-pole of his house was so tall that it held up the sky, and so deep that its base was in the underworld. Great Old Man had many children, by many mothers, and all but two had left home and made their own lodges.

Pelaskos was one child, the youngest of them all, and the other was Riga-Har, the oldest. Riga-Har had not left home, and would not, and so Great Old Man killed him and placed his bones, blood and entrails into a great bowl, and placed the great bowl within the rafters of his lodge.

When it came time for Pelaskos to leave home he looked out upon the world for a place to live. His brothers ruled the mountains, which were now too full. His sisters ruled the valleys, which were now too full. The darkness ruled the underworld, and that was now too full. The birds ruled the sky, which was now too full. Pelaskos petitioned his father to stay at home, but Great Old Man refused and warned him of his eldest brother's fate. Great Old Man then drew the sacrificial knife from his belt and chased Pelaskos about the lodge.

Pelaskos ran hard, around and around the great central pole. Great Old Man ran hard about the great central pole. As each ran the great bowl of blood and bones rocked. Finally with a great crash it fell to the floor: with a mighty splash, the blood ran through the lodge door and cascaded around the world, making the Sea. Riga-Har's bones then followed, and where they landed they made the Islands. Then the entrails followed, and they became the fish, the whales, and all the creatures of the Sea. Pelaskos looked at his angry father and then at the new and empty place below, and without a word he leapt into the world.





# Wet and Wild in Seapolis

A cameo by Simon Bray,  
Martin Hawley & Duncan Rowlands



## The Sea Wyrms' Dance

*"Beneath Choralinthor Bay lives great Sea Wyrms, child of Lorian. He dwells deep in the water and drives the creatures of the sea near the surface so that the Children of Pelaskos may feast upon the bounty. The Sea Wyrms were wounded in the time of Darkness when the Marsh Hardeners came: he could not follow the path of his father to the Celestial Ocean.*

*"Now each year in the winter, when the clouds are low and rest upon the water, Sea Wyrms attempt again to ascend to the Celestial Waters by swimming through the clouds. Seized by the sudden cold, the serpent is imprisoned in the cloud. The winds blow and lift clouds and Wyrms above the sea. Thwarted once again, he growls and moans his frustrations and brings the thunder. The creatures of the sea flee from our nets into the deep waters, and life is hard. As Sea Wyrms attempt to escape the clouds his great tail lashes across the waters, like a great and deadly waterspout. His anger fills the air with lightning and sulphur and all who stand in his path face death.*

*"We try to drive away the great tail. Master of Hulls taught us to beat our ships to frighten the Sea Wyrms from the cloud. Oyster Girl gave us the Black Handled Knife to cut his scaly coils athwart. The Dolphin taught us the Leaping Dance to avoid the lashes. All are good to avert his anger, but none bring him and the fish back to us.*

*"It was Pelaskos himself who sailed to the Celestial Ocean to ask the aid of Sky King Lorian. Lorian in his wisdom felt pity for his son who was estranged, but could not take him into his realm for he was wounded and imperfect. Lorian sent glorious Sun Fish with Pelaskos to return to free Sea Wyrms. The two sailed across the Sky Ocean from Dawn to Dusk, and arrived at the place where Sea Wyrms writhed. Sun Fish danced and heated the clouds, melting their icy grip and tumbling mighty Sea Wyrms into the ocean. At once the fish began to leap into Pelaskos' baskets and our people rejoiced.*

*"Each year the High Admiral takes the place of our Father and ascends into the Celestial Ocean to bring us the Sun Fish and frees the tormented Sea Wyrms. Thus we herald the new seasons fishing and the time of plenty."*

The words of Tolonqua the Shaman

## The Plot

The notoriety and social position of the player characters has led their country to select them to be the bodyguards of an international Ambassador. This position holds great rewards for successful individuals and dire consequences for failure. Crucial trade negotiations rely on the Ambassador's participation as the Sun Fish within the Sea Season ceremonies of the Rightarm Islands of the Holy Country. The players are placed under powerful oaths and pledges to protect the Ambassador at all costs, and sacrifice themselves if need be.

Several months ago a combined force of Lunars and Islanders attacked the Talari outpost of Iron Fort in the southern part of the Rightarm Islands. The Iron Fort had been an area of contention between the God Forgot people and Islanders for several hundred years. The Lunar support of the Islanders was a great surprise to the Talari, who were allied with the Empire.

In retribution the Talari have coerced a criminal mastermind, Mendacious, from the city of Refuge in southern Heortland to disrupt the spring ceremonies of the Islanders. Mendacious plans to kidnap the ambassador and hold him until the festival concludes. The consequence of this action will be to weaken and unbalance the whole of the Islands' rituals for the rest of the year and winter storms will continue into Fire Season. Combined with this Mendacious seeks to pervert the alliance between the Rightarm Islands and the Ambassador's country, weakening Seapolis' economy. The Talari then plan to utilise this weakness, assaulting the Islands and regaining Iron Fort. The main tools in Mendacious' plans are a family of Refugee criminals masquerading as locals.

The players escort the Ambassador to Seapolis, crossing Choralinthor Bay and meeting Ludoch mermen. The emissary of the MerKing comes aboard the ship to greet the Ambassador and subtly warns them of the vices and fates ahead, explaining the city's rules and peculiarities.



On arrival at Seapolis, the delegation is escorted to the Grand Palace of the High Admiral, via the administrative entanglements of the Lord Harbour Master. The High Admiral gifts the delegation with many wondrous luxuries and entertainment. The experience leaves the players off guard, and the forces of the criminal mastermind kidnap the Ambassador. The hunt is on! The players have only until the last part of the ceremony to rescue the Ambassador so that he can fulfil the ritual. They must travel through the canals and calpulli of the city, seeking aid to track down their charge and bring his kidnapers to justice. Their very lives depend upon it!

## Dramatis Personae

### The Ambassador

A man devoted to culture and the epitome of ambassadorial decadence, seeking the best for his country and a genius at his profession. His noble demeanour is often scathing but irritably likeable. He may come from a number of countries, each with a strong political interest in the Rightarm Islands:

- **Lunar Imperial Ambassador:** Seeking to seal a recent treaty and overlook the new Annilla temple.
- **Husband-Ambassador of Red Manga, Earth Queen of Nochet:** Reward for negotiating Esrolian corn trade agreement, highly valued by Red Manga in support of her attempt to become the Key Holder of the Council of the Sixths.
- **Heortland Ambassador:** Seeking to gain strength and allies in the power-struggle between the Rokari followers of Richard the Tiger-hearted, the Lunar invaders, and the indigenous Aeolians and Volsaxi.
- **Teshnan Ambassador:** A Lord of Somash selected to maintain the Dosakayo Treaty.
- **Notchet Malkioni (Capratis or Du Tumerine):** The second son of this Western noble house, chosen to seal the recent wool trading agreement between his family and the Islanders.

### Mendacious

An evil genius brought up amongst the scum of Refuge, his deadly skills enhanced by Talari magic. His legendary status among the sewer community is justifiable as he is over one hundred years old, thanks to the spells of his patrons. The Talari, through his reliance

on longevity spells and a steady supply of Arktanian Oysters, manipulate Mendacious. He controls all his operations from a safe location, contacting his agents only as required using secret codes, mind manipulating sorcery, and Talari devices.

### The Carliotti Family

Zanthus, Rodermo, Halko and Pundia are a notorious Refuge gang and masters of disguise, employed by Mendacious as the muscle in his plans. They are using this opportunity as an enforced vacation: back home, the heat is on after their theft of important religious items.

#### Zanthus

The oldest and shortest member, heads the gang. He has a psychopathic temper, barely controlled by heavy hazia use.

#### Rodermo

A giant, swarthy and handsome man with a brightness in his eyes which masks a great lack of intelligence.

#### Halko

Master locksmith, human ferret and alcoholic.

#### Pundia

She is best described as a genius. Her exposure to God Forgot Talari, recent exile and escape from the Clanking Ruins, combined with her natural curiosity, have led her to possess several strange and unique mechanical gadgets.

#### Black as Blood

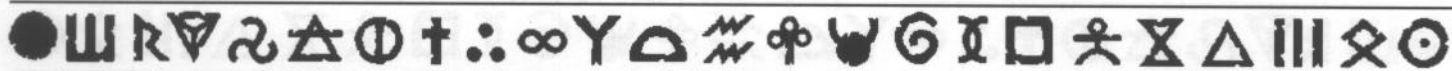
A monstrous Sea Troll, who has an expert knowledge of the labyrinthine waterways of Seapolis, accompanies the Carliotti family.



## Getting to Seapolis

The Choralinthor Bay is swept by cold winds during the early days of Sea Season. The Ambassador's ship leaves its home port and sails across the Bay without major incident. As the ship approaches the waters that surround the Rightarm Islands, the party notice the dark forms of Ludoch mermen in the ship's wake. The captain gives the commands to bring the ship to a halt and weigh anchor, and the crew sing an unusual song in Seaspeech.





## Diadromous

When the ship has come to a slow halt, the mermen begin to circle the vessel. Some grasp the ropes that hang down from the sides and painfully pull themselves aboard. The ambassador insists on being on deck, surrounded by his guards. From the crystal waters arises a large undine that sloshes onto the deck of the ship. Inside the living water is a large damsel fish who, in a highly pompous tone, addresses the ambassador in his native tongue. He introduces himself as Diadromous, the Eyes of the MerKing, and bids them welcome. There follows a display of diplomacy where the blessings of the MerKing are given to the ambassador and then Diadromous explains the laws of the city of Seapolis.

## A Chance Meeting with the Lord Harbour Master

After the departure of Diadromous the ship is guided into the Bob and Rock Berth by a pod of Ludoch warriors, and docks alongside the many foreign boats at the ramshackle berth. The jetty and wharf swarm with sailors, mariners, fishwives, and most importantly Fantakos, the Lord Harbour Master.

The city official stands aboard an ornate barge, carved with images of dolphins, surrounded by twenty Fish Guards. With great aplomb he introduces himself and explains that all foreigners must undergo the city's immigration rituals (GMs can elaborate and make life difficult for the players).

He then escorts the delegation to the High Admiral's Palace. The ship passes by the Chiton Harbour, the impressive remnants of the Pharaonic Fleet and over the eerie sunken ruins of the Old Harbour. The local inhabitants sit around watching the great barge pass with interest and some groups of children even wave fish-shaped banners in glee.



## LAWS OF SEAPOLIS

- 1) *Thou shall not pollute the Water of Life.*
- 2) *Thou shall not harm the Ludoch or those protected by them.*
- 3) *Only those of Pelaskos may fish the Water of Life.*
- 4) *Only the craft of the people may traverse the Water of Life.*
- 5) *Only those of the Islands may look upon the Realm of our Caudate Brothers.*
- 6) *The Ludoch, our Lords, are above the Law of Man, and are only judged by the Sea.*
- 7) *The Word of the Sea is the Law of the Land.*

## At the Palace of the High Admiral

The delegation arrives at the grand harbour of the High Admiral's Palace, where large numbers of local dignitaries have gathered. The High Admiral greets them himself, resplendent in ornate robes decorated with religious emblems. At one side of him a small trained undine sloshes like an obedient dog, and his long cloak is held aloft by two newtlings.

The ambassador and the High Admiral break into a hearty repertoire of dialogue, with each doing their utmost to demonstrate their command of foreign etiquette and language. Amongst the crowds of notables are concealed the Carliotti family, disguised as lesser dignitaries, studying the ambassador closely. Only the most diligent characters will notice the family, and the casting of detection spells may result in some surprises! The Carliotti have invested in spells to resist all but the most powerful detections and some other city notables obviously dislike the Ambassador.

A lavish reception has been laid on for the delegation with no expense spared. The events begin with a display of ritual combat between paired-off Fish Guards, their aluminium armour and tridents glittering. A huge banquet of local seafood delicacies is laid before the Ambassador, who expects his bodyguard to test every dish. This is followed by a presentation of gifts between the dignitaries. The leader of the Ambassador's bodyguard is surprised to be presented with an aluminium shell, into which an Undine has been bound. The highlight of the evening is when the Ulerians of the Red Shadows perform a lengthy ritualistic dance – all are engrossed by the writhing display of men and women.

As the evening descends into night, the Carliotti plan begins to take its course. Pundia Carliotti has disguised herself as Miramelle, High Priestess of Uleria. She sends an invitation to the Ambassador, via a serving girl, to perform a private worship ceremony to Uleria. He gleefully accepts, rushing to his rooms to bathe and anoint himself. He commands his bodyguard to allow only Miramelle into his chambers; thereafter, he is not to be disturbed.







## Angolar Reports

Upon reporting to the Admiral, the bodyguard will be met by Angolar. He informs them that the Fish Guard searchers found no trace of the Ambassador.

Angolar states that his men must now transfer their efforts to duties, both magical and temporal, at the festival. The bodyguard are left to recover their charge on their own. Just as they are planning their tactics, they will be summoned to face the High Admiral, who is furious, fearing the collapse of the ceremony and his city's economy.

## The Morning of the Ritual

As the dawn struggles to become day, the festival begins. A daring flotilla of craft battles against the swell to reach the Waterspout. Here they perform the Boat Knocking Dance, as their crews bang hardwood rods against the boats.

Heavy rain continues to pour down, worsening as the morning wears on. The rain does little to dampen the excitement of city residents: the canals and narrow walkways bustle with the gathering throng.

The bodyguard is faced with the challenge of trying to get a guide into the marshes during a festival. Few locals are willing to accept the job but, after many rejections, the bodyguard will eventually come across Bindesekk, who accepts their suggestion.



## Into the Marshes

Bindesekk leads them out of the city through the warehouses and saltpans. Getting through the marshes isn't easy with the bogs, swirling currents, leeches and the damn rain. Much of the journey must either be done on stilts, or in some other way, as a boat is all but useless in such conditions. Bindesekk won't use his fishing boat, and hiring one on a holy day is nigh on impossible. Through the sheeting rain, an old deserted hut looms into view.

*(GM Note: If the bodyguards arrive by noon then they will meet the kidnappers, probably resulting in a big fight in the shack. If hard pressed, the Carliotti will escape with the Ambassador via Teleportation using strange Talari devices, although Black as Blood has no such recourse and will continue to fight if he cannot reach a waterway. If they arrive later than noon, the bodyguard will find clues as to the whereabouts of the Ambassador, such as passes for the harbour area, guild certificates, make-up, etc.)*

## The Afternoon of the Ritual

Upon the bodyguards' return to the city, the festival has progressed with Tara Karen leading the Knife Dancers of Oyster Girl in the ceremonial slashing of the Waterspout. The Main Canal is off limits to all non-festival traffic, thus the bodyguards have to travel through the Floating Market or warehouse district in their desperate search.

The Carliotti cause minor disruptions to delay the bodyguards, with awkward locals, festival merry-makers or boat traffic getting in the way, etc.

## Dragged before the Admiral

At some point in the resumed search (just as they are close to actually getting somewhere) the bodyguard will be once again summoned by a lackey to report to the High Admiral. He is enraged and demands to know why have they not yet rescued the Ambassador! The bodyguards must smart-talk and grovel their way out of this lengthy audience and resume their search. Out in the Bay the Waterspout is growing larger and darker, and the smell of sulphur is getting stronger.

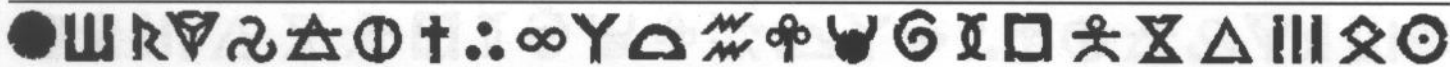
## Getting to the Chiton Harbour

The Carliotti family have holed up in the large storage room at the top of the dome of the Chiton Harbour. Once the bodyguards have tracked the criminals to their hideout, and have reached the harbour through the festival traffic, the stage is set for the final showdown.

There are many stairs to be climbed from sea level to the storage room and several levels of offices and other rooms to







## Mendacious

*Agent and pawn of the God Forgot Talari*  
132 years old, Atheist slave of Talari Philosophy

An evil genius, brought up among the scum of Refuge. His deadly skills are enhanced by Talari magic, and his legendary status among the sewers is justifiable as he is over one hundred years old thanks to the spells of his patrons. He is manipulated by the Talari, through his reliance on longevity spells and a steady supply of Arkatian oysters. Mendacious controls all his operations from a safe vicinity, contacting his agents only as required, and then through secret codes, mind manipulating sorcery and Talari devices.

Mendacious has a skeletal physique, with unnaturally white skin stretched over his skull like features. This is result of too many over extended Immortality spells. His left eye is missing and a deep pattern of scars down his cheek, the legacy of some long forgotten duel. Intricate images of cogs and wheels cover Mendacious' body, tattooed by Leonardo the Scientist as part of an arcane and unsuccessful experiment. Mendacious typically wears solemn grey robes of an unusual metallic fabric and is never seen without his iron sheathed staff. His cranium is covered by an intricate skull cap of brass engraved with cogs and wheels.

<b>SIZ</b>	10	<b>DEX</b>	17
<b>STR</b>	16	<b>CON</b>	14(23)
<b>POW</b>	18	<b>APP</b>	6

Damage 4D6	Healing Rate 3(4)
Movement 3	Hit Points 24(33)
Unconscious 7(8)	Max. Spirit 6

### Personality Traits

Chaste*	19/1	Lustful
Energetic	16/4	Lazy
Forgiving	4/16	Vengeful
Generous	4/16	Selfish
Honest	2/18	Deceitful
Just	10/10	Arbitrary
Merciful	5/15	Cruel
Modest	2/18	Proud
Pious	1/19	Worldly*
Prudent	16/4	Reckless
Temperate*	19/1	Indulgent
Trusting	2/18	Suspicious
Valorous	13/7	Cowardly

\*The skills are traits all illustrate Mendacious' attempts to imitate his masters. Note that he still clings onto a minuscule degree of human weakness, unlike a normal Brithini whose traits would be at 20. Directed Trait - Modest Talari +15, Loyalty (Talari) - 20

### Notable Skills

Alchemy 16, Awareness 21, Devise 23, Custom (Talari) 12, Custom (Refuge) 19, Craft Diabolical Gadget 14\*, Intrigue 25, Mathematics 13, Memorise 18, Read Talari(Archaic Seshnegi) 10, Read Heortish 17, Speak Talari 15, Speak Heortish 18, Speak Trade 15, Sleight 17, Stealth 19, Swim 13, World Lore 14.

\*For those that have access to the RQ2 write-up of Lanbril, Mendacious knows how to make all those gadgets Otherwise treat as small unique items like garrotte rings, exploding brooches, invisible caltrops etc.

### Combat skills

Armour Type [ 9 pts] Magical Robes  
Battle 7, Riding 12.  
Dagger 17 (19)  
Grapple 10  
Staff 16 (22)\*

\*Mendacious' staff causes ageing (1D6) years up to 3 times per day.

### Magical Skills

Ritual 16, Sorcery 20, Intensity 18, Duration 16, Range 18, Multispell 14.

### Spells Known

Boost Con 18, Dominate Human 15, Cast Back 16, Telepathy 18, Homing Circle 20, Mystic Vision 12, Project Sight 20, Project Hearing 19, Damage Resist 14, Teleport 20, Bless Staff 12, Bless Dagger 4

Mendacious is normally has the following enchantments cast on himself. Cast Back 8, Damage Resist 7, Boost CON 9, Bless Staff 6 and Bless Dagger 2. He prefers to watch from a distance with his Project spells and commands his servants with Telepathy or Domination. If he needs to enter a situation he Teleports in using one of his many Homing Circles (See Carliotti Family)

### Magical Equipment

*Daxalion's Staff:* An iron sheathed staff topped with a brass cog, that holds a MP matrix containing 18 mp. This matrix powers a Spell matrix for Decrepitude Intensity 6. When someone/thing is struck they must resist the spell or age 1D6 years in age. Only works for Talari or their agents

*The Grey Robes of Servitude:* Unusual metallic grey robes. Protect as Armour Type 9. Mendacious will never wear armour other than this. The robes will crumble to dust if Mendacious is killed.

*The Cap:* Implanted into Mendacious' skull is an intricate brass cap, covered with images of wheels and cogs. This item was placed onto Mendacious' head by his masters. It permits them to read his thoughts, see through his eyes and guide him through telepathy. The Cap is also capable of delivering excruciating pain to its wearer on the command of any Talari, Mendacious knows this well, hence his Loyalty (Talari) 20.

*Gadgets and Gizmos:* Mendacious usually carries around some of his gadgets, typically some smoke bombs for surprise escapes, some acid to destroy locks or for missiles and one or two others of the GM's liking.

## The Carliotti Family

Zanthus, Rodermo, Halko and Pundia are a notorious Refuge gang and masters of disguise, employed by Mendacious as the muscle for his plans. They are using this opportunity as an enforced vacation, since back home the heat is on for their theft of important religious items. Zanthus, the oldest and shortest member, heads the gang. He has a psychopathic temper, barely controlled by heavy hrazia use. Rodermo, a giant, swarthy and handsome man has a brightness in his eyes which masks a complete lack of intelligence. Halko is a master locksmith, human ferret and alcoholic.

Pundia is best described as a genius. Her exposure to God Forgot Talari, recent exile and escape from the Clanking Ruins, combined with her natural curiosity have led her to possess several strange and unique mechanical gadgets.

## The Carliotti Family (Stats)

### Zanthus

Psychopathic leader of the Carliotti Family, Refuge slum villain and heavy gambler

<b>SIZ</b>	9	Damage 4D6
<b>DEX</b>	17	Move Rate 3
<b>STR</b>	15	Hit Points 25
<b>CON</b>	16	Max. Spirit 4
<b>POW</b>	11	
<b>APP</b>	8	

**Notable Traits:** Selfish 16, Deceitful 15, Cruel 18, Vengeful 16.

**Notable Skills:** Boat 13, Awareness 16, Devise 10, Intrigue 10, Memorise 8, Sleight 10, Stealth 21, Swimming 10, Gaming 17.

**Combat Skills:** Armour [7 pts] Black padded linen. Dagger 18, Grapple 16, Thrown Missile 14, Crossbow 15.

**Combat Tactics:** Dodge, Extra Damage.

**Passions:** Love (Family) 16

**Spells:** Darkwall, Demoralise, Silence, Speedart, Mobility, Co-ordination.

**Items:** Black linen armour, white neckerchief, mother of pearl dagger, 7 throwing daggers, ropes, jemmy, Thieves Helper (See Lanbril), caltrops, crap dice, *Wave Whumper*, hrazia and pipe, 2 smoke grenades, 2 blue flares and one red, two Talari fire flasks (4d6), medium crossbow.

**Notes:** If Zanthus is in combat he must make a Cruelty roll each round. If he criticals his roll he will become automatically deranged. For the next five minutes he is under the influence of the Berserk spell. The same can also occur while Zanthus is gambling if he fumbles his Gaming roll.

### Rodermo

*Muscular and handsome stooge, a Carliotti Brother*

<b>SIZ</b>	19	Damage 6D6
<b>DEX</b>	14	Move Rate 3
<b>STR</b>	16	Hit Points 31
<b>CON</b>	12	Max. Spirit 3
<b>POW</b>	10	
<b>APP</b>	18	

**Notable Traits:** Lazy 14, Deceitful 12, Trusting 18, Modest 16.

**Notable Skills:** Boat 15, Awareness 9, Devise 8, Intrigue 4, Memorise 3, Sleight 10, Stealth 14, Swimming 7, Mathematics 22.

**Combat Skills:** Armour type [7 pts] Black padded linen. Mace 16, Grapple 16.

**Combat Tactics:** Over Bear, Great Blow.

**Passions:** Love (Family) 20

**Spells:** Silence, Mindspeech, Farsee.

**Items:** Black linen armour, red neckerchief, piece of 3' by 4' plank, pet rubble runner, knuckle duster.



**Notes:** Rodermo is a mathematical savant. Zanthus uses this ability to get his brother to count cards and estimate odds. Rodermo can do this at a glance and his ability serves little other use. Zanthus and Rodermo have their routine perfected to a 'T', Zanthus gambles while Rodermo watches with Farsee and communicates the figures through Mindspeech. Rodermo loves 'Pinky' his rubble runner.

## Halko

*Master locksmith and human ferret, chronic alcoholic*

**SIZ** 10    **Damage** 4D6  
**DEX** 19    **Move Rate** 3  
**STR** 12    **Hit Points** 22  
**CON** 12    **Max. Spirit** 4  
**POW** 13    **APP** 9

**Notable Traits:** Energetic 16, Coward 19, Indulgent 18.  
**Notable Skills:** Boat 17, Awareness 21, Devise 24, Intrigue 5, Memorise 13, Sleight 19, Stealth 20, Swimming 8, Feign Death 17.

**Combat Skills:** Armour type [3 pts] Scuffy Black Leathers. Dagger 12, Sling 16(8), Thrown Missile 14(7)\*.

**Combat Tactics:** Dodge.

**Passions:** Love (Family) 10

**Spells:** Silence, Speedart, Co-ordination, Detect Traps, Detect Enemies, Ignite, Repair, Dispel Magic.

**Items:** Scummy black Leather, bootlace tie, gold teeth, Sling, Ropes, Lock Picks, Thieves Helper (See Lanbril), grappling hook, chainmail glove, bottle of hooch, *The Prisoner of Fluids*, *The Gravas Lock*.

**Notes:** Halko likes to skulk in the darkest corners of the city, he is a hardened Maze dweller. He is superb at his skills if he can be sobered up. His aim is much the worse for drink, and if drunk he uses the missile skills in parenthesis.

## Pundia

*Genius, collector of God Forgot object d'art*

**SIZ** 13    **Damage** 4D6  
**DEX** 17    **Move Rate** 3  
**STR** 10    **Hit Points** 23  
**CON** 17    **Max. Spirit** 6  
**POW** 19  
**APP** 22

**Notable Traits:** Selfish 16, Prudent 14, Indulgent 14, Proud 14

**Notable Skills:** Boat 10, Awareness 16, Devise 14, Intrigue 19, Memorise 16, Sleight 15, Stealth 14, Swimming 16, Flirting 17.

**Combat Skills:** Armour [6 pts] Magically enchanted shift. Dagger 12, Rapier 16, Thrown Missile 11.

**Combat Tactics:** Dodge, Flurry and Disarm

**Passions:** Love (Family) 6, Amour (Mendacious) 12

**Spells:** Silence, Co-ordination, Heal, Glamour, Detect Magic, Detect Talari Item.

**Sorcery Skills:** Sorcery 10, Intensity 10, Duration 6.

**Sorcery Spells:** Dominate Human 10, Skin of Life 8, Transform Human to Mist.

**Items:** Shift enchanted to protect as 6AP, black silk scarf, various dresses (Pelaskan), costume jewellery (Pelaskan), *The Kiss of Mechanical Doom*, *The Mask of Faces*, 2 doses of Sleeping Potion.

**Notes:** Pundia is ultimately disloyal to her family, she sees them as a burden. Her contact with Mendacious has led her to develop an Amour for him - which is not returned. Mendacious normally uses Telepathy on Pundia to contact the gang.

## The Talari Items

**The Mask of Faces:** An strange mask wrought from brass, tin and iron. The front of the mask is vaguely human with cogs for eyes and a mouth. When the mask is placed upon the face it begins to agonisingly rearrange the wearers facial musculature. The user must cast 6 MP and think a person they have met at least once. At the end of the fifteen minute process the face of the user looks like the person that they have thought of. The pain of the process costs the wearer 1D6 HP in blood loss. The appearance lasts while the user remains awake. This item is enchanted to be usable only by Talari or their servants. If anyone else puts the mask on then it proceeds to tear their face off causing horrendous injuries (3D6) and permanent facial damage (-2D6APP).

**Kiss of Mechanical Doom:** A slim brass wand with the image of a water screw on the handle. When 4 mp are cast into the image on the handle it fires out a long spiralling filament of wire. This wire embeds itself into the nearest target, twisting and coiling like a water screw, quickly reducing bone and organ to soup. The weapon has a range of 10m and causes 2D6 damage.

**Gravas Lock:** A necklace made from plaited filament of copper. When unclasped it changes into a piece of magical wire 3m in length. When wrapped around an item and re-clasped it becomes the equivalent of iron chains binding the victims. The lock can only be opened by a Talari or their servant who knows the correct command word.

**The Wave Whumper:** A small unobtrusive aluminium box. Inside the box is a mechanical device that is capable of creating one repeated sound. The device has an option of three sounds the first is of heavy footfalls, the second is of splashing water the last is of a female voice shouting for help in Tradetalk. The device requires winding via a key and the noise will last for five minutes.

**Mendacious' Homing Circles:** The Carliotti carry three of these metal sheets magically folded into 15cm squares. When dropped onto the floor they quickly unfold to produce a metal sheet 2m square. On the surface of the strange metal is a Homing Circle that Mendacious can use as a teleportation sight. The Carliotti have been told to place these at strategic points (Up to GM).

**The Prisoner of Fluids:** A small blue glass crystal on a fine gold chain. Within the crystal are bound two small undines 3m x 3m x 3m. These must be magically replaced once used. The gang use the first one to power their boat for a quick getaway.

## Black as Blood

*Hideous and bloated monster of the marshes*

The Carliotti family are accompanied by Black as Blood, a monstrous Sea Troll, who has an expert knowledge of the labyrinthine waterways of Seapolis. Sea Trolls are rare throughout Choralinthor Bay, they tend to be solitary males who loiter around the harbour and wharves of human cities feeding off the flotsam and jetsam that humans cast away. The trolls around Seapolis tend to violent and roguish and the lack of food from human waste means that they are more predatory feeding on lone fishermen and children.

**SIZ** 30    **Damage** 9D6  
**DEX** 16    **Move Rate** 5/7  
**STR** 23    **Hit Points** 44  
**CON** 14    **Max. Spirit** 3  
**POW** 9    **APP** 4

**Combat Modifiers:** -5 to Valorous for opponents.

**Notable Skills:** Aware 18, Stealth 16, Swimming 19  
**Special Skills:** Regenerate 2 pts per melee round.

**Combat Skills:** Armour type [6+5 pts] Skin and stolen armour. Claw 12, Bite 8, Grapple 11.

**Combat Tactics:** Break Shield, Over Bear

**Passions:** Hate (Murthoi Elves) 16.

**Spells:** Silence (on Matrix)

**Items:** A ragged collection of armour salvaged from his many victims, this is strapped on with seaweed and old ropes. A large collection of skulls, Silence matrix on a Refuge Coin.

**Notes:** Black as Blood has been allied to the gang through their gifting him a spirit magic matrix. His loyalty is temporary and he plans to devour the Carliotti once they release him from their contract (a concept that he just about understands).

## Bindesekk

Bindesekk is surprisingly open and helpful for a Pelaskan. He is dressed in strange clothes fashioned from cattail cotton, shell, and dried animal parts. There is a distant look in his eyes and he is prone to talking to inanimate objects. If questioned about his clothes and behaviour he will inform them that "The Spirit of the White Goose is in me and master Tolonqua has seen it. I am learning to see the Islands for the first time".

Bindesekk knows the marshes well and is good company on the trip. He strides ahead of the players on stilts some three meters in height, and will offers explanations of what he sees from his vantage point. Being an apprentice shaman however means that some of the things he sees only exist on the spirit plane!

Bindesekk is not a warrior and will not fight at all, he will instead retreat and support the party with spells (if they have been friendly to him).

**POW** 18

**Max Spirit Magic** 6

**Spells:-** Peaceful Gut, Shimmer, Mobility, Slow, Heal, Detect Fish

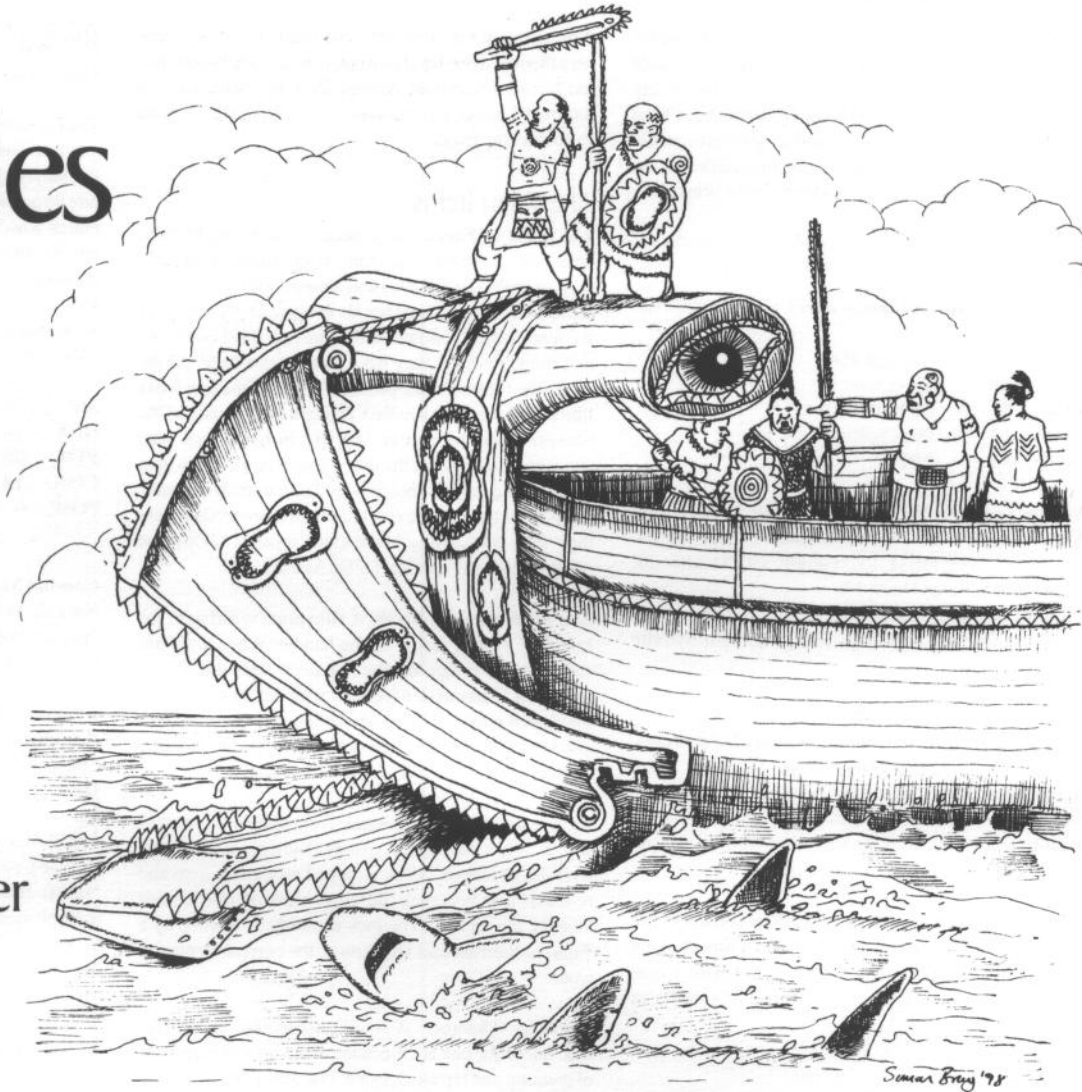
**Notable Skills:-** Awareness 14, Boating 16, Plant Lore 10, Industry (Fishing) 10, Swim 16, Religion (Pelaskos) 8, Shamanism 7, World Lore (Marshes) 15.

**Notable Traits:-** Trusting 14, Proud 13, Cowardly 13.



# East Isles Ships

by  
Greg Fried,  
Sandy Petersen  
& Nils Weinander



## Haragalan Tallship

Best known of all East Isles ships, the Haragalan tallship is the pinnacle of Islander shipbuilding art and one of the best ships of Glorantha. A tallship is sleek and rakish, with large sails, obviously built for speed and manoeuvrability. The hull is narrow, but remarkably strong for its small size. Tallships are war vessels, and are not astoundingly seaworthy. However, they regularly ride out storms which sink most other vessels because of the magical contingent on board, who always include an adept ship's sorcerer specialising in spells of the wind and sea and ship repair and control. (The 15 "holies" aboard a tallship consist of the ship's sorcerer, three lens operators, six mirror operators, and around a half-dozen apprentices and journeymen).

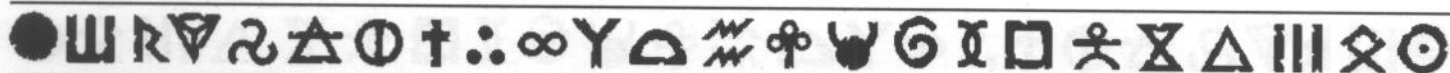
The keel and masts are built from the tall straight pines of central Haragala. The best hulls are made of mahogany wood imported from Fethlon, but most are Haragalan cedarwood. A tallship has amazingly tall masts (the sail only extends halfway up). At the top of the mast is a large magic lens. A few feet below the lens is a large circular

reinforced platform to which are sometimes fastened one or two ballistas. Archers and sorcerers are up here as well. Further down, just above the sail, is another, larger platform on which are more ballistas, archers, and sorcerers. This larger platform can hold up to five ballistas, at the expense of archer space. The two ends of the ship tower high above the water – on the front of the vessel is another ballista or sometimes two paired weapons. On the rear of the ship sits the Sunscope's mirror itself.

Unlike most East Isles war vessels, tallships do not carry rams. Instead, they fight from a distance, using ballistas, spells, archers, and the Sunscope, a strange arcano-mechanical device which collects and reflects the rays of the sun with a combination of mirrors, lenses and the magical skills of its operators. In action, the controllers of the magic lens at mast-top focus the sun's rays in a visible beam down to the mirror, from which it is projected at an opposing ship. At night or when overcast, the Sunscope is nigh-unto-useless, but

under clear skies it is devastating, burning sails, and shattering masts and spars. The ballista bolts are invariably enspelled by the ship's magicians until the latter run out of magic power.

Tactically, tallships try to wreck their opponents' sails, masts, and rudders first. Then, when the enemy vessel wallows helplessly, they can destroy or capture it at their leisure. One common ploy is for the ships sorcerers to telekinetically "grasp" the enemy ship's rudder or throw out its anchor. All tallships are considered to be living organisms by their captains and crew, and as the ship sees travel and battle, it grows in power and independence, and starts to "help" its crew. Eventually, it becomes fully awake and most useful. It can speak to its crew and captain through dreams, but of course a crew that has been working on a ship a long time instinctively knows its preferences. Such an old ship chooses its own captain!



### New Tallship

*Seaworthiness:* 15  
*Length:* 20 m  
*Beam:* 3 m  
*Freeboard:* 3 m  
*Draft:* 3 m  
*Crew:* 35 sailors, 8 officers,  
15 holies, 10 servants  
*Hull quality:* 12 (+3 for mahogany)  
*Structure pts:* 40 (+10 for mahogany)  
*Capacity:* 1 ton  
*Armament:* 1 to 9 ballistas

### Old Tallship

(mahogany hull included)

*Seaworthiness:* 20  
*Length:* 20 m  
*Beam:* 3 m  
*Freeboard:* 3 m  
*Draft:* 3 m  
*Crew:* 35 sailors, 8 officers,  
15 holies, 10 servants  
*Hull quality:* 20  
*Structure pts:* 75  
*Capacity:* 1 ton  
*Armament:* 1 to 9 ballistas

### Very Old Tallship

(mahogany hull included)

*Seaworthiness:* 27  
*Length:* 20 m  
*Beam:* 3 m  
*Freeboard:* 3 m  
*Draft:* 3 m  
*Crew:* 35 sailors, 8 officers,  
15 holies, 10 servants  
*Hull quality:* 30  
*Structure pts:* 100  
*Capacity:* 1 ton  
*Armament:* 1 to 9 ballistas

### Dragonewt Skeleton Ships

Dragonewt pirate ships are unusual for several reasons. They are often called "skeleton ships", because they seem incomplete. They are made of wood, sometimes reinforced with dragonbone, and have one to four keels (in catamaran-like fashion). Rib-like projections sprout from the keel(s) and form a sort of hull. Atop the ribs are a varying number of platforms, plus usually a walled-off cargo hold like a huge bin. These ships ride low in the water, and are constantly awash, with seawater flowing freely between the ribs. The 'newts cling to the sides and keel of the boat, and seem constantly in danger of washing overboard.

But they swim well and can survive amazingly long underwater. Presumably if a 'newt loses his grip, he simply dives beneath the waves and swims back to the ship. Since most of a dragonewt ship is actually below sea level, their ships are really no more than a framework to which they cling in their travels.

These ships are nearly impossible to sink, as they are already swamped. They are hard to see, except for the few that travel with sails hoisted, as they ride very low in the water. Some dragonewt ships are masted with sails, while others are propelled simply by having the ship's crew push the ship physically by holding onto the ship's ribs while they swim.

In combat, their ships draw to within a few hundred yards of their opponent and the 'newts simply leap into the water and swim to the target vessel. Dragonewt ships are often slow (lots of water-resistance), and rely on ambush, cunning, and group tactics to take other ships by surprise.

### Dragonewt Skeletal Ship

*Seaworthiness:* 40  
*Length:* 15m  
*Beam:* 5m per hull  
*Freeboard:* 0.5m  
*Draft:* 5m  
*Crew:* 2 tailed priests,  
approximately:  
10 warriors/hull,  
10 scouts/hull.  
*Hull quality:* (1D6+6) x 1 to 4 hulls  
*Structure pts:* 50  
*Capacity:* 4 tons

### Submersible Sharkboat

The Ratuki have little technological sophistication. To build large vessels like the Requiem Galleys, they enlist the services of captured ship builders. But they also have smaller boats which are easier to build with primitive tools. The sharkboat is a large, sleek, covered canoe, built of wood and decorated and vaguely shaped like a shark. This craft can be propelled by individual oarsmen, but its usual propulsion comes from a large, or even a huge shark harnessed to the front of the boat. By means of reins and steering fins on the sharkboat, the helmsman can cause the sharkboat to dive and submerge underwater. The Ratuki of Leviathan use their sharkboats to take other ships by surprise, surfacing right beside them, throwing open the boat's covering and boarding the enemy vessel.

## A Selection of some of the Isles of Dawn

by Sandy Petersen, Greg Fried & Nils Weinander

### Ambatarolamba

The Missionary's Paradise. All residents of this island delight in adopting every new religion which comes to their isle.

They embrace each faith with ardour, inevitably pleasing the visiting missionary. Just as inevitably, they abandon their last religion in favour of the next, and they never return to a former faith.

### Ambovombe

The Sorcerer's Isle. The first island Valkaro came to. The people here (and their god) long ago converted to Valkarism, the local branch of Malkioni monotheism.

### Anatasy Archipelago

A chain of islands, now invaded by goblins; rumours exist of a return of Sky Tyrant to this place.

### Angazabo

The people of this island are noted because they eat pearls. The nobles eat them whole, often candied or with elegant dips. Common fishermen and monkeyherds make do with powders, usually mixed with spices.

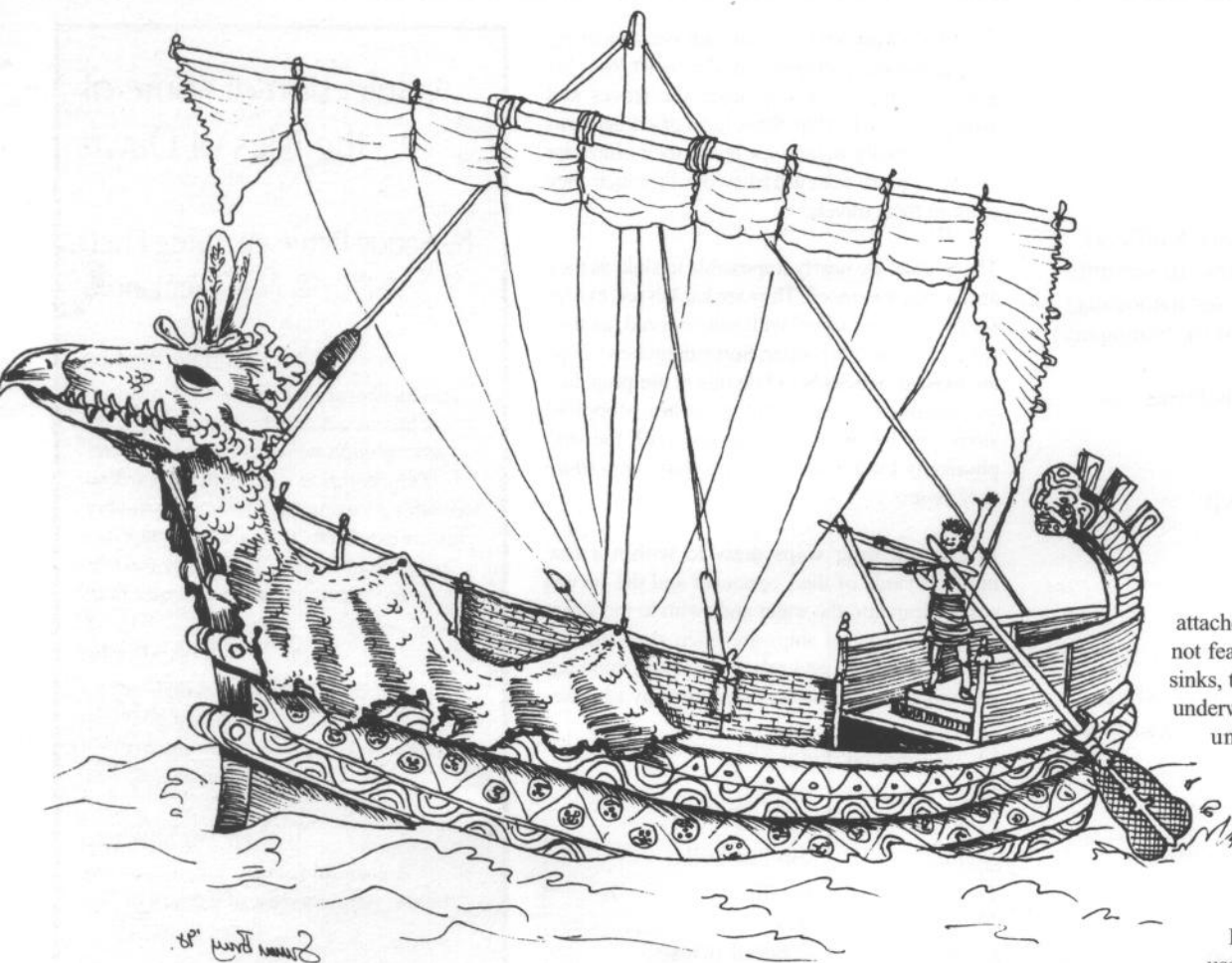
### Aranda

A volcanic island in the north-east Isles. The volcano is always bubbling, and special hotstones, which always hold their temperature, can be obtained from its slopes and caves. If you find a hotstone with a temperature of 30°C, it will always be at 30°C; which makes it a useful bedwarmer. A 100°C hotstone can be used to boil water. The locals sell the stones, and use them for foundations (so floors are comfortably warm). Outsiders pay a hefty fee to go stone-hunting.

### Aythellin

Centre of the Thellini Republic, an idealistic society ruled by philosophers at the isolated tip of the North Arm Islands.





attached to the foe – the Ratuki do not fear the sea. Even if their ship sinks, the Ratuki, who can breathe underwater, sink with it, while they unload whatever cargo is keeping their wooden vessel from floating. When they finish, their ship bobs back to the surface.

In fact, this is sometimes used as an ambush tactic by the Ratuki – a ship is kept pinned to the sea bottom (in shallow waters, of course) with lead or stone weights. When another ship is seen passing overhead, the Ratuki throw the weights overboard, rise to the surface and confront the astounded victim. All Ratuki ships are equipped with huge bilge pumps manned by brutalised slaves whose strength and vigour are kept up by spells and drugs.

Ships that are too agile for the large galleys of the Ratuki to catch are attacked by another means: the deck crew simply dives overboard, takes shark form, and swims to the enemy ship (few ships can outrun a shark). When they reach the ship, they turn back into human form and board her. Since they are naked and weaponless at this point, they concentrate on actions which will slow down or stop the target ship – climbing into the rigging and tangling it, biting through ropes, physically attacking oarsmen, dropping the anchor, assaulting the helmsman, etc. Of course, all Ratuki boast a fearsome bite, and the Ratuki chosen for this type of commando raid normally have appropriate defensive spells and techniques to secure their chances of success. After all, they do not have to destroy the enemy ship by themselves: just slow it down enough for the galley to catch it.

## Luvatan Merchant

The inhabitants of Luvata in the Korola island group are excellent ship builders, despite the scarcity of suitable building materials. There is a single forest of trees with wood hard enough on the low jungle island. Luvata's harbour is found in a lagoon which is protected by a dangerous coral reef. There is a labyrinthine passage through the reef, but it is difficult for ships with deep hulls to sail through. Thus Luvatan ships have a shallow draft. They are mainly sailing vessels, but carry oars for manoeuvring when the wind is weak, as in the lagoon. Like Haragalan tallships, Luvatan ships often have a spirit, but it is not awakened. Rather, it is captured and bound with an enchantment. Finding a suitable spirit and bringing it back is a common heroic quest for Luvatan captains.

The ship above is the Sea Serpent. It is a very fine ship (a critical success by the builder), so its stats are better than the average. The figure head is the head of a real sea serpent, whose hide also protects the sides of the ship. The Sea Serpent has a bound sea serpent spirit, which its captain won from the triton king under the sea.

## The Sea Serpent

<i>Seaworthiness:</i>	23
<i>Length:</i>	14 m
<i>Beam:</i>	3 m
<i>Freeboard:</i>	1.5 m
<i>Draft:</i>	1.5 m
<i>Crew:</i>	3-4 sailors
<i>Hull quality:</i>	1D6+8
<i>Structure pts:</i>	30
<i>Capacity:</i>	5 tons

## Ratuki Requiem Galley

The Ratuki ride long low black galleys, propelled by their mighty thews. The front of a Ratuki galley is very distinctive: a ram just below the waterline atop which sits a huge hinged grate, rather like an upper jaw, rimmed with metal spikes. When the Ratuki ram a craft, they cut loose the ropes holding up the grate, and it crashes down onto the enemy deck, its spikes affixing itself rigidly to the wood. Then the Ratuki warriors pour down onto the enemy vessel, using the grate as a bridge. If the enemy ship begins to sink, the Ratuki are not dismayed, even though their own vessel is



### Ratuki Requiem Galley

*Seaworthiness:* 24  
*Hull quality:* 2D6+6  
*Structure pts:* 120  
*Length:* 50m  
*Beam:* 12m  
*Freeboard:* 2m  
*Draft:* 4m  
*Capacity:* 120 tons  
*Crew:* 400 oarsmen,  
 50 deck crew,  
 50 slaves

### Haragalan Merchant

The tallships are ill suited for mercantile use. Haragalan merchant ships lack Sunscopes, but retain the high masts, for the use of archers, lookouts, the ship's sorcerer, and sometimes ballistas. The eastern seas are a dangerous place, and getting more dangerous all the time.

The ship below is the Black Swan, owned by the merchant (and secret Waking Magician) Trader Pomalga.

### The Black Swan

*Seaworthiness:* 40  
*Hull quality:* 1D6+6 (9-10)  
*Structure pts:* 60  
*Length:* 30m Beam: 6m  
*Freeboard:* 4m  
*Draft:* 6m  
*Capacity:* 60 tons  
*Crew:* 15 sailors

### Other Craft of the East Isles

Most of the East Isles have only light sailing ships in a bewildering variety of types. The major nations also have pure war vessels – usually triremes, biremes, and galleys. During storms and typhoons, the vulnerable oared ships must be kept safe in harbour, and only large islands can afford the expense of a standing military fleet. Even for the large nations, war during the typhoon season is largely carried out by sailed vessels.

## The Isles of Dawn (Continued)

### Baktu

The small Isle of Neatness in the south-west. The island's lore includes spells such as Dust Furniture. Everyone is well-groomed, and the countryside is spotless. Inhabitants are much in demand as valets and maids.

### Bautoomba

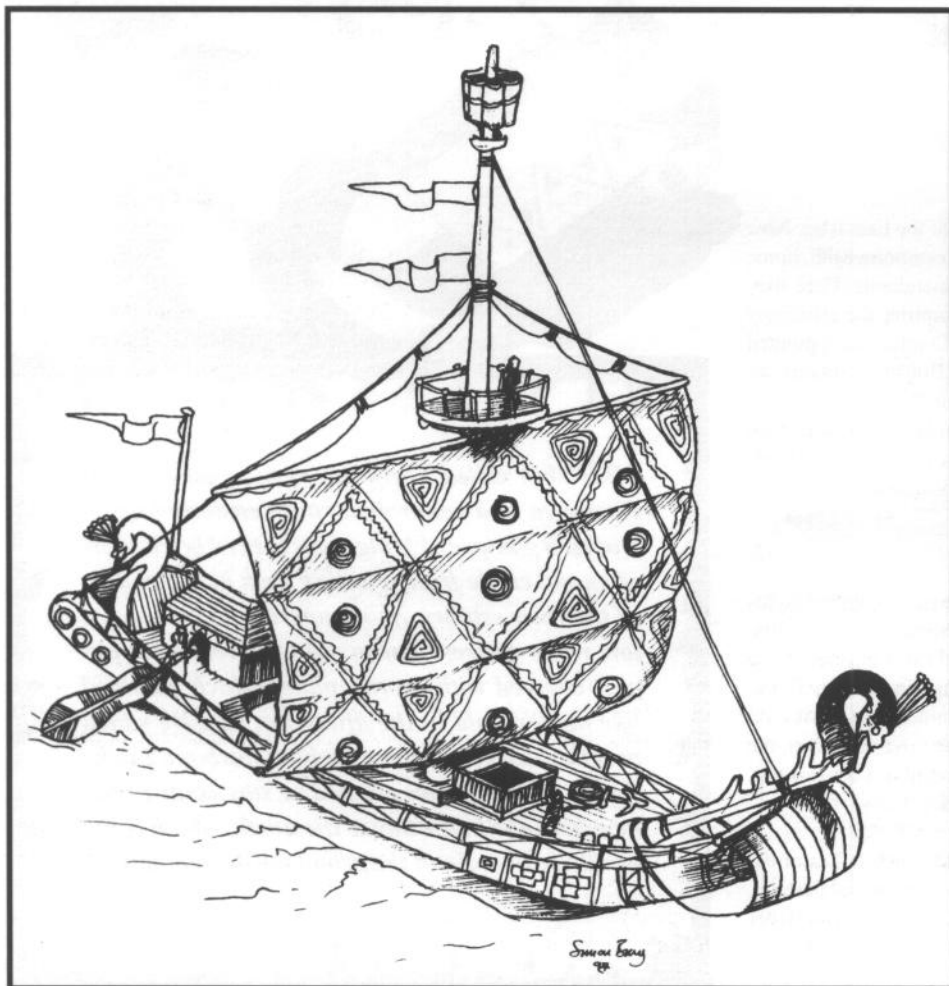
Deity: Shirkassa. This island, located in the south-east of the lower region of the Isles, is inhabited by handsome, dark-skinned people with copper-coloured hair. They welcome strangers. Throughout the year, they are protected by their storm goddess, Shirkassa, whose wind always blows refreshingly, even in the sweltering days of summer. These winds are so friendly that they embrace and lead any ship to port once it comes within sight of Bautoomba. Shirkassa's beneficent winds act as a countervailing force to protect the island from typhoons. The Bautoombans and their winds are, however, unrelentingly hostile towards any who have shown themselves as enemies.

### Bezarngay Boil

A steaming current of water rises to the surface here and runs northward at great speed for between 100 and 200 kilometres. The current changes shape, writhing about within the area shown on the map, creating a danger to any ships which draw too close. The boiling water is danger enough, but the occasional sightings of creatures which live in the scalding current terrify all witnesses. Fortunately, the Boil is visible: deadly steam rises along the line of its path, like an impenetrable wall.

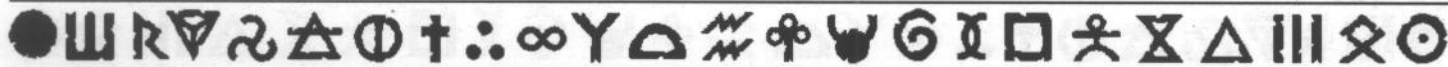
### Cacama Cay

Mid lower Isles. The people of Cacama Cay have a most unusual godling, a purple skinned infant born in pre-history. The nursing mothers of the island take turns nurturing it, and report that over the last several generations, it has learnt to crawl. The god-child has a number of wondrous, yet trifling, powers, and the people of Cacama predict an era of greatness for themselves when the baby reaches maturity. The infant has no official name, for children are not named till they are weaned.









The Admiral of Malgo is Captain Zaragiki of *Red Swordfish*. Though he is a most experienced Captain and a good commander, some of the younger Captains chafe under Zaragiki's command. One of these malcontents, Captain Titlaga of *Wave and Star*, has somehow come into possession of drawings for a new tallship design as well as magical writings which will enable him to improve his ship to make it even swifter. The annual tallship race is coming up soon and if the Admiral doesn't win this year (as he has for the last ten years or so), his authority will be questioned.

The merchant Trader Pomalga, having learned about the existence of these documents, has decided that it would be to his advantage if the Admiral became indebted to him. So he needs someone to steal the plans – preferably someone not involved in Haragalan politics. However, Pomalga affects the demeanour of a friendly and bumbling, if rather insistent and oddly successful, merchant only as a disguise. In reality, Pomalga is a Waking Magician, a ruthless and dangerous man whose obscure and sinister motives weave their way well beyond the intricacies of Haragalan politics and business. His cunning intelligence would be hard to exaggerate, and he is prepared to lay plans which require years or even decades to fulfil. Be prepared to give your players some yummy bait (money, magic) to get them on the hook. Play Pomalga well, and try not to let the players catch on!

## The Hook

If the players are the suspicious sort, the GM should have their characters meet Trader Pomalga in a previous adventure, preferably in a minor role which leaves a good impression of him as a wealthy, well-connected man, jovial to the point of naiveté despite his obvious business acumen. He travels the Isles in his ship *Black Swan* to uphold his merchant front, so the players may have met him on the sea, or in a friendly port.

As foreigners from far away, the characters are urged to report who they are at the naval base in the White Fort. Here, to their surprise, the port officials show them into the office of the Admiral himself. The Haragalans will be sure to provide an interpreter if there are language difficulties. The Admiral asks who they are, where they come from and so on, but he doesn't pry, maintaining a very courteous manner. Finally he says "Malgo is honoured to have such faraway guests. It would be my pleasure if you could accompany me to a grand party at the house of Merchant Sitragiki. My servant, Polno, will come to you and guide you there tomorrow night."

## The Party

The Admiral's servant leads them to a luxurious manor on the Hill. Merchant Sitragiki is obviously very wealthy. Outside they meet the Admiral who greets them but seems preoccupied. As the group enters, footmen announce the characters as guests of the Admiral.

Be sure the party strikes the characters as dull, if rather perplexing. Spruce up the evening with odd, elaborate customs – just not very interesting ones – and Polno will politely and jovially insist that the characters attempt to follow several of these customs, much to their loss of face. (For example, Haragalans, greet each other with ritualised poetic accounts of the style of rigging and knots they use on their ships; to do this well is considered a great art.)

Here are some quaint and potentially confusing Haragalan customs:

- *Boasting about successful trading expeditions. When you do so you should wave a piece of your own mother-of-pearl coinry. Failing to do so means bad luck.*
- *Boasting about daring sailing feats. Then you should wave a piece of ship's cord.*
- *Constant alluding to and quoting from Haragalan epic poetry, likening yourself to your favourite hero.*
- *There is dancing at the party. The steps are not complex; a skilled dancer could easily learn them – but for some dances men dance with women, for others men dance with men. The tradition for each popular dance song alone determines which is the case.*

If no character speaks Thellan, they cannot follow much of the talk, and many of the guests act strangely, even rudely in some cases (probably making snotty remarks about their sailing or business skills). The Captains are haughty and firmly convinced of their superiority. Their attitude to the characters ranges from disinterest to mild contempt. When the characters are at the point of acting foolishly (starting an argument, leaving in anger, etc.), Trader Pomalga walks up to them, smiling jovially. If the characters have met him before, he is a friendly, familiar face. If they haven't, he is at least friendly. In either case, he intervenes to clear up the misunderstanding, etc. This intervention should seem like a bumbling, friendly accident, but try to make it effective by having Pomalga rush forward with some news the characters would welcome.

## The Isles of Dawn (Continued)

### Dalpató

Some islands are so inexplicable that it is not possible to classify them. An example is Dalpató. All who approach to within a certain distance of this island find themselves moving in exactly the opposite direction away from the island one day later; they have no memory of the intervening time, but otherwise suffer no adverse effects. Located in the upper region, east of Vormain.

### Dang Leng Dang

Also called the Standing Waves, this area of sea has fierce waves which measure five meters from trough to peak, yet the waves never crash or fall, standing so that boats must sail or roll up and down hills of water.

### Death Isle

Deity: Humakt. Small island in the south-west. At one time, everyone here worshipped Death. They plowed their soil with swords, grew orchards of blade trees, and so forth. The island is in the shape of a huge ziggurat, atop which is the Temple of Death. Tragically, the island was recently Converted (i.e., turned spiritually inside-out), and is now inhabited by undead healers. The temple is still there.

### Dragon's Eye

Four islands placed in a diamond-shape and inhabited by dragonewts, inexplicable and immortal non-human creatures. The dragonewts raid far and wide. For unknown reasons, the dragonewts never attack the ships of the Haragalan Commonwealth and the Captain's Council has seized upon this fact to boost its empire.

### Faranvogath

Deity: Araganthosas. The island of Araganthosas, the Plant-God, located on the western edge of the central region. The native inhabitants are a peculiar plant people, each of whom is attached by a tendrill to Araganthosas itself, which sprouts in the centre of the island.

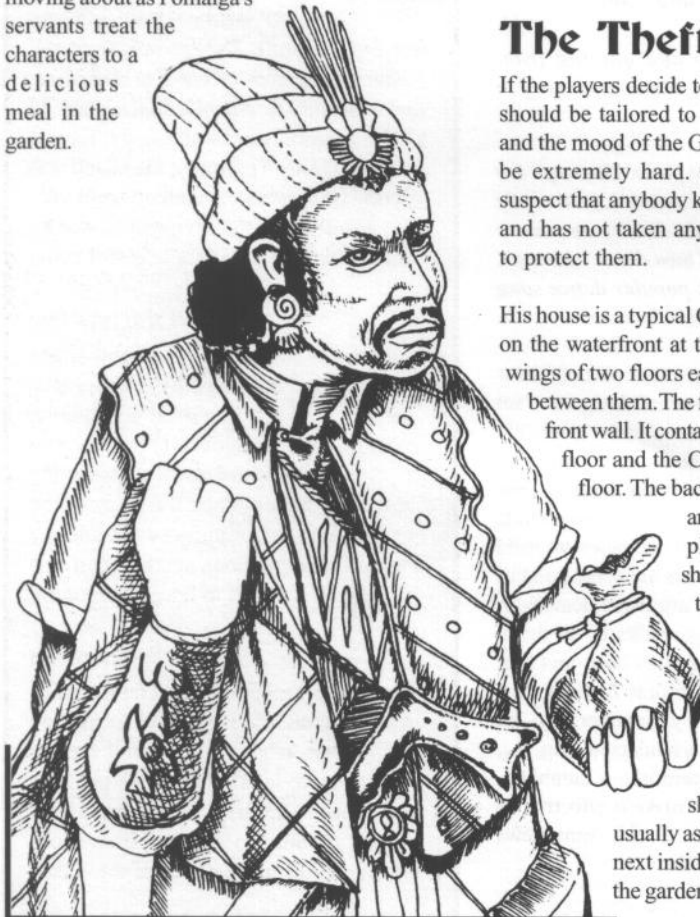




If they hint at the strange behaviour of the other guests, Pomalga just laughs and explains: "Oh, make nothing of it. I'm afraid you have been caught up in our local politics. Some of the Captains are none too happy to be commanded by an Admiral, and Alkary Sitragiki supports the malcontents. My guess is that the Admiral brought you along to show them all that he is still in charge, that he can take outlanders, who have not the slightest knowledge of refined Haragan manners, with him to this kind of affair. I can assure you that our host is quite infuriated. Nothing against you personally, it's just that this kind of affair is usually for Haragalans only. Now about that business you were so interested in..."

## The Merchant's Hospitality

Pretending to sense the characters' wounded pride, Trader Pomalga says that he would hate to see visitors think badly of Haragan hospitality. So he invites them to his house the next day. Play off your players' weaknesses (vanity, greed, curiosity, etc.) to make this work. The house is not as ostentatious as that of Merchant Sitragiki, but well furnished, with a cool, shaded garden in the backyard. The second storey of the garden wing of the house has latticed windows, behind which someone can be seen moving about as Pomalga's servants treat the characters to a delicious meal in the garden.



If they ask who it is, the merchant looks sad and says it is his daughter, but she is not well and cannot join them.

Pomalga is outgoing and talkative and provides the characters with a wealth of useful information about Haragala. As the evening turns to night he invites them to stay the night. At a convenient moment, when the characters praise his hospitality for example, he says: "Think nothing of it. It is my duty to be a good host. There is however something you could do for both me and the Admiral. I won't ask it of you as it is somewhat dishonourable, but if you choose to do this thing, I would be very grateful."

Then he explains a little bit more about the political situation, the upcoming tallship race and Captain Titlaga's documents. If the characters manage to "borrow" the documents and give them to Pomalga, he could then give copies to the Admiral who could use the new designs to improve his ship as well. That way, the Admiral would owe Pomalga and the merchant would owe the characters. Pomalga blushes and says that he is really ashamed to suggest that strangers and guests steal something, but he supports the Admiral, and of course wants to better his own position as well.

## The Theft

If the players decide to do the theft, the difficulty should be tailored to the skills of the characters and the mood of the GM, but it is not supposed to be extremely hard. Captain Titlaga does not suspect that anybody knows about the new designs and has not taken any extraordinary precautions to protect them.

His house is a typical Captain's house. It is located on the waterfront at the new harbour. It has two wings of two floors each, with a backyard garden between them. The front wing has a gaily painted front wall. It contains the main hall on the lower floor and the Captain's study on the upper floor. The back wing contains the kitchen and the bedrooms. The tallship plans are kept in a private shrine to Lumavoxoran, next to the study. The shrine is protected by a warding spell. Apart from that, the front and back doors are locked at night and there are two armed guards (armoured and armed with shortswords and spears, but usually asleep at night). One guard sits next inside the front door, the other in the garden. If the guards wake up they

will not hesitate to take up a fight. Both are skilled fighters, but they will not fight to the death, or fight against hopeless odds. The side walls to the garden can be scaled and the garden doors are only latched. Traversing the garden silently takes some caution, since the household chickens are loose, sitting in the shading trees. If the characters want to make an extra profit, there is loot for the taking. The main hall is lined with cupboards containing silver plates, expensive tablecloths and the like. The most valuable items here are twelve gossamer-thin glass goblets of Mokatan manufacture. They look very fragile but each goblet bears an armouring enchantment. There is a substantial amount of money pearls stashed under a loose floor board in the study. Not the least, the Captain's ledgers and trade notes contain valuable information for the business-minded.

Ampeiro insists that the job involve no bloodshed or lasting injury to the Captain or any of his household. Complete success, of course, would entail no detection whatsoever.

## Aftermath

If the characters succeed in stealing the plans, the Admiral will copy designs on his own ship, the *Red Swordfish*. He will then win the tallship race as usual and the political situation remains stable. Trader Pomalga will help the characters out to the extent he can, and having the gratitude of a Haragan Admiral may prove very useful in the East Isles.

If the characters decline or fail, Captain Titlaga will win and the Admiral's position is weakened.

However, Trader Pomalga is a cold and calculating man. He may have one or more hidden motives. In the author's campaign he saved a copy of the designs to use as a bargaining chip when he went to Vormain (a great enemy of the Isles!). In any case, he will keep tabs on the players' characters and make good use of them for his nefarious plans.

## The Waking Magician

Behind his jovial, slightly bumbling front, Trader Pomalga is a Waking Magician. The Waking Magicians are hated and feared in the Isles for what they did in the Dawntime. One group, the Gatherers, travelled in great force to Vithela, where they intended to kill Thella and destroy her Net. The other group, the Dividers, went to Vormain, where they infiltrated the dreams of the Vorumai gods, but vanished soon thereafter. They sought to dissolve the Net, starting at the ends. The few remaining Waking Magicians work their plots in secret. Because they are so sinister and



obscure, Islanders tend to blame the Waking Magicians for any unexplained and unexpected mishap. But sometimes the rumours are true.

Pomalga intends to follow the Dividers to Vormain to see what became of them, for he believes their magic lies at the root of the recent surge in Vorumai strength and aggression. Pomalga is a powerful dream magician. If there is need to detail his magic, assume that he is as resourceful as a highly skilled sorcerer, capable of warping dream and reality in the blink of an eye. His magic is subtle and precise and most characters should be scared witless if he unleashes his power against them. When he weaves his spells, nightmares take form and step right into the waking world.

Dream magic of this sort is very dangerous to use. If you overextend your abilities you start to slip away to the dream world, eventually meeting a most hideous fate: becoming a dream wraith. In order to avoid this, Trader Pomalga uses the dreams and spirit of his daughter to augment his considerable power. With this horrid method, he can perform feats of magic impossible to ordinary dream magicians. The price is that Daughter Pomalga, his daughter, is slipping away from reality. She now sleeps – and dreams – most of the time. She is very pale, almost translucent. Anyone who is skilled in dream magic can see that she is on her way of becoming a dream wraith. Others can see that something is wrong if they use Second Sight or other magical means. So Pomalga keeps her out of sight on the upper floor of his house, or in a locked cabin on his ship.

### Notes from Nochet

(XXIX. 22-19) "...and then King Moirades said to me, "By the goddess, sir, I do not know whether you will die on the gallows or of the pox." I replied to him, "That will depend, my lord, on whether I embrace your principles or your mistress." A scrap of conversation remembered by me, Raynor Megalux, one-time envoy of the Pharaoh to the court of Tarsh.

*\*I find this exchange somewhat unbelievable given that the author is still alive, Theo. P.\**

(XXIX. 22-20) Jasram the Seer laughed but three times in his life: at a hypocritical queen, caught in adultery, at a starving man squatting unawares on a hillock stuffed with gold, and at a vauntful youth, ignorant that he was close to death, rejoicing in new shoes. So recounts Sleestak of Burntwall.

## Trader Pomalga Secret Waking Magician

STR	11	CON	15
SIZ	14	INT	18
POW	20	DEX	12
APP	15	Move:	3
Fatigue:	26	Hit Points:	15
Magic Points: 20 (+55)			

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

\* If Pomalga suspects danger, he will have a magical protection of 4D4AP.

Weapon	SR	A/P%	Damage	AP
Dagger	8	52/35	1d4+2	6
Walking stick	7	83/74	1d6*	12

\* Again, if Pomalga thinks he may be threatened by physical violence, he uses magic on his walking stick to boost the damage by 2D6, for a total of 3D6. The stick is enchanted, thus the high armour point value.

**Dream Magic:** Ceremony 135%; Enchant 93%; Summon 117%; Dream (main magic skill) 176%; for Low Dream Magic, assume that Pomalga can recreate the effects of most Spirit Magic spells, but with a more variable result. The 4D4 magic protection mentioned above is such an effect.

With High Dream Magic Pomalga can make dreams (and nightmares!) become real. He rarely uses this for "flash-bang" physical effects, preferring misdirection and deceit. He can use Dream Magic very efficiently to bend people's wills by making them think things happen.

Pomalga is Elucidated, living both in the real world and the dreamworld. He is well aware of the dangers of Dream Magic. To avoid over-extending his powers, he uses his daughter's dream self through a Mindlink. He knows this will turn her into a dreamwraith eventually. (See also the box on Dream Magic.)

**Skills:** Human Lore 117%; World Lore 44%; Navigation 67%; Ship Handling 72%; Bargain 83%; Fast Talk 105%; Orate 73%; Listen 79%

**Languages:** Thellan 70/111; Kralori 26/32; Vorumai 33/43

**Armour:** none

**Special Items:** Pomalga owns many enchanted and otherwise magical items as befits a magician of his acumen. He has magic point storage devices with a total capacity of 40 points (he also uses his daughter's magic points). He also has several Dream Crystals, semi-translucent gemstones carved with runes and symbols. They act as foci for Low Dream Magic which he doesn't know himself. They are useless for anyone who doesn't know Dream Magic. Pomalga has access to almost any kind of magic or rare item that you need for the plot.

## The Isles of Dawn (Continued)

### Gakala, aka Stone Crab Island

An island inhabited by tiny, animated stone crabs. Sometimes one of these stone crabs is tamed by a visitor and leaves the island with that person. Forcibly kidnapping or harming the crabs arouses the ire of the island's protector: a giant crab! Located in the North Arm Islands.

### Gravellin

Conquered by the Vorumai. This island is inhabited by the Heloits, creatures which need neither sleep nor food. They pine and eventually die when taken off their island, but are used as slaves by the cruel Vorumai nonetheless. The island is haunted, and no Vorumai ever survives a single night here.

### Haragala

Deity: Lumavoxoran. The centre of a new mercantile empire. Currently ruled by aggressive families of ambitious sea-captains, Haragala is the single largest sea power of the Isles. Haragala's capital city is Champaya. Their tallships are famous, and may be the best sailing vessels in the world. Their warships carry solar mirrors that can set fire to enemy craft at a distance.

### Homago

Deity: Saliligor. This is the notorious Cannibal Isle. The inhabitants are always polite and friendly. Located on the western edge of the central region.

### Itlanmorango

Deities: Hykim and Mikyh. This island is hostile to all beings of the Man Rune. The major inhabitants are huge monsters and dinosaurs. Some people like to come here to (with luck) bag a beast and return with a really impressive trophy. As one sign of the island's hostility, humans do not regenerate Magic Points while on this island. Itlanmorango is also the original home of the keets and sorns. Few keets live here now, and those that do are primitive savages who worship the monsters and periodically bake (with stuffing!) one of their own citizens to appease them. The sorns who dwell here are more socially advanced. In recent years, it has become evident that some sort of inter-island sorn plot is being carried forth here, but its nature is obscure.



# Tsankth: Vormain God of Piracy

by Duncan Rowlands

Tsankth is the son of the Vormain war god Telask the Warrior and his concubine Iphryantha, a water nymph daughter of Mirintha. He incarnates the rapacity of mankind, the deadly speed of the barracuda and the crushing grip of the squid. His followers are the only Vormai regularly encountered by the outside world and are feared as bloodthirsty killers, superb swordsmen with no thought to their own lives who prowl the sea lanes of the east in their seki-bune warships seeking prey.



**Worshippers:** Vorumai pirates; often the close relative of other pirates, very rarely female. The cult's High Holy Day is the third day of the Week of the Unpathed Waters during the Month of the Spirit.

**Requirements:** Belong to the Kenshi warrior caste and swear an oath of loyalty to a ship's captain.

**Skills:** Awareness, Battle, Boating, Industry, Long Bow, Martial Arts, Maths, Naginata, Nihonto, Religion (Tsankth), Ritual, Swim, World Lore.

**Duties:** Sailing ships, raiding, killing.

**Virtues:** Energetic, Vengeful, Cruel, Proud, Valorous.

**Cult Spirit Magic:** None.

**Special Combat Tactics:**  
Combination Attack, Defence, Disarm, Dodge, Fast Draw, Feint, Flurry, Great Blow, Overbear.

**Leader (acolyte):** Must have taken ten heads in combat. 18 in Nihonto, 10 in Boating, Maths, Open Seas ritual, Religion (Tsankth), Ritual, Swim, World Lore.

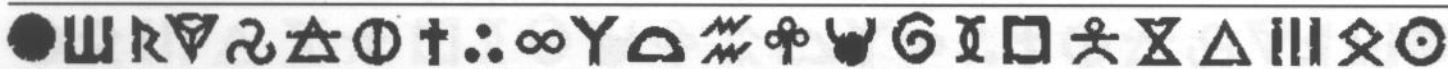
**Captain (priest):** Must have been a leader for at least a year and commanded a kobaya in combat. There must be a vacancy for a captain on a seki-bune, either by taking over an existing ship or building a new one. 18 in Nihonto, 15 in Boating, Open Seas ritual, Religion (Tsankth), Ritual, another combat skill. A captain receives an allied spirit which is housed in a barracuda shaped ram on their seki-bune.



**Common Divine Magic:** Armouring Enchantment, Extension, Sanctify, Spell Matrix Enchantment, Strengthening Enchantment, Worship Tsankth.

**Special Divine Magic:** Bind Ship, Call Barracuda, Command Barracuda, Enchant Iron, Float, Living Blade, Water Skating.

**Associated Cults:** Dormal the Sailor (Open Seas ritual), Iphryantha (Breathe Air/Water), Telask the Warrior (Truesword), Valzain the Emperor (Summon Wind).



(XXIX.22-14.a) My initial impressions of notable members of this temple, made in haste by Capybarus the Thinker, lately arrived in Nochet and here to root out and understand the chaotic in our midst. (14.b) Mutiog, high priest: A sheep in sheep's clothing. (14.c) Anias, deputy chief librarian: He has but one interest, that of self-interest. (14.d) Columbus Mercator, chief of foremasters: He has a brilliant mind - until it is made up. (14.e) Lucien, temple diviner: He has not a single redeeming defect. (14.f) Eudoxus, assistant deputy chief librarian: A modest little man with much to be modest about. (14.g) Phlogiston, temple alchemist: A lewd vegetarian. (14.h) Procopius, chief priest: He not only overflows with learning, he stands in the slop. (14.i) Festus Rustbeard, deputy provost of apprentices: He has delusions of adequacy. (14.j) Thredbo the Traveller, wild sage and erstwhile temple cartographer: He is

apparently suffering from mental saddle-sores. (14.k) Asmodea, assistant chief priest: She has made her conscience not her guide, but her accomplice. (14.l) Narses Leadbeater, temple auditor: A desiccated calculating machine. (14.m) Theodopolus Pandarus, temple collator: A sage of absolutely no consequence. (14.n) Anaximander, temple historian: Evidently a scholar of note, though privately, one considers that a Duck historian is a contradictory conception. (14.o) Telgonius the Jurist, law-master: *[deleted on legal grounds]*

A marginal note by Theodopolus Pandarus: \*I can only add the following summation of Capybarus's character, to complement his list: Capybarus the Thinker, sage: A curious mix of gentility and venom.

Theo. P.\*

## The Isles of Dawn (Continued)

### Juborantanga

Saint-Papa Valkaro turned the evil rulers into giant turtles long ago. The rulers are still here, and so are their people, who are now all good Valkarists.

### Korolan Isles

Deities: Tamorongo, Irvata, Aoea and Mingemelor. A five-island archipelago. Famed for the Korolan Games, a festival in which champions from each of the fiercely rival islands compete to see which island will rule the others for the upcoming year. The games range from Fishing to Canoe Racing to Coconut Gathering. The Haragalan Commonwealth has made plans to adopt the Korolan games into a larger all-Island competition, but this is not yet accomplished.

### Leviathan

Not really an island, but important as a base of combined Ratuki power. It is actually a huge fish, which swims eternally, pursued by sharks. A town rests on its back.

### Magiki

Middling island in the south-west. The non-human inhabitants are the Magikin, scrawny little sprites with a useful ability. They belong to the Haragalan commonwealth despite their remoteness, and serve as a long-distance communication system. Basically, a Magikin can cast a spell on another Magikin no matter how far away the target is, so long as he knows the name of the other Magikin. So, when Haragalans wish to communicate over long distances, they have a tame Magikin cast spells on another, possibly far distant. Observers observe the spell's effects and consult a code book to determine what the contact is trying to say.

### Maromonkotro

Deity: Erabbamanth. Island of the Flutes, so-called because of the harmonious music which can always be heard here, even by deaf people. The locals say it is the playing of Erabbamanth, the Young Dancer, who made the island. At birth everyone gets a necklace with 100 tiny silver statues of different gods and spirits on it. During life everyone consults various helpers using the necklace, eventually finding which are most useful to them. When the natives dance, their silver necklaces tinkle in unison and whisper the Young Dancer's secrets to his devotees.

## New Weapons, Skills and Tactics

### Nihonto

This sword is three and a half feet in length with the handle being 9 inches long, the blade being single edged and slightly curved. These swords are often made of iron and frequently have highly ornate tsuba which may be made of precious metals and gemstones. They are considered to be the soul of a warrior.

A nihonto is worn tucked into a pirate's sash around his waist from where it may be drawn quickly. It is normally used two handed like a great sword (for +1D6 damage) but can be wielded one handed (at -2 to skill) for normal damage. Nihonto are extremely well made and will parry 6 points of damage on a partial success. They will break all weapons except other nihonto or other swords made of iron on a tied result. They can only be broken by an iron sword. A nihonto made of enchanted iron will break all weapons other than another iron nihonto on a tied result.

### Fast Draw

This tactic enables the user to draw his nihonto and attack as one action without incurring the usual -5/+5 reflexive modifier.

### Martial Arts

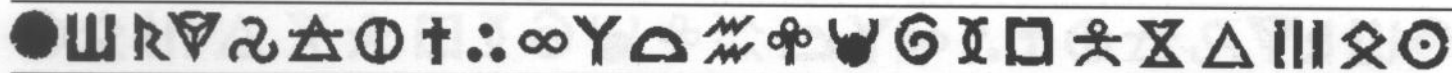
A student of martial arts is trained to strike with his hands and feet, doing his normal weapon damage rather than normal damage minus 2 dice. He may also make a grapple attack using the normal rules but may maintain his grip after throwing an opponent and seek an immobilisation (usually a wrist or neck lock). Once a target is immobilised the user may strike with a kick whilst maintaining his grip. A student of martial arts may continue to fight after being immobilised at a -5/+5 modifier, rather than a -10/+10 modifier.

### Combination Attack

This tactic enables the user to perform two combat actions in the same round with different weapons, such as with a nihonto and a martial arts kick. The second action occurs after all other actions and if it is an attack and the target has already used his action then, other factors notwithstanding, the attack will be unopposed.

Either or both combat actions may be used to perform any other combat tactic known by the user. When using this tactic both combat actions are at a -5/+5 reflexive modifier.





# Pirate Ships of Vormain

By Duncan Rowlands

## Seki-Bune

*Length: 30m Beam: 6m Draft: 2m Freeboard: 2m Tons: 100 Crew: 100 pirates, 5 leaders, 1 captain. Minimum of 10.*

The seki-bune is the main warship of the Vormain pirates. These ships are sleek with high prows but have limited manoeuvrability. Whilst not the fastest ships in Glorantha they are well designed as assault platforms and can carry a large number of vicious warriors. They are caravel built and have two masts, the fore mast being square rigged and the main (aft) mast is rigged with a fore and aft gaff. The fore mast has specially protected (waist height) platforms in the rigging for up to ten archers to snipe at the crew of an enemy ship. Extra ropes are also attached to enable pirates to swing across to board an enemy vessel if required.

A small poop deck provides a platform for boarding troops and is one metre above the main deck whilst the quarter-deck, which supports the helmsmen, is two metres above the main deck. The main deck is two metres above the water line.

At the bow a large bronze clad armoured ram, often enhanced with armouring enchantments, projects from the ship in the likeness of a barracuda, designed to strike an enemy ship about one metre above the water line. The extension of the keel below the ram is also armoured for use in shearing off oars.

The crew are protected from enemy missiles by removable one metre high bamboo screens which fit all around the ship above the

gunwale to a total height of two metres above the main and poop decks and one and a half metres above the quarter-deck. At the bow of the ship is a large (three metres long by two metres wide) hinged wooden platform providing protection from missiles which can be lowered on ropes after the enemy has been rammed to form a bridge for the boarding pirates.

When an enemy ship is rendered stationary by the use of Bind Ship spells and harassed by missile fire from the supporting kobaya the seki-bune will close to ram whilst the archers in the rigging provide covering fire. Once the enemy has been rammed the ships are secured with grappling chains whilst the bridge is dropped and the boarding phase of the attack starts. These grapples consist of a head of large, barbed hooks in the form of a squid on the end of a two metre length of chain which is attached to a length of rope. This design of grapple makes it impossible to cut the weaker rope without leaning over the side of the ship, exposing the defender to the archers.

Amidships there are two pulley systems, one on either side, which are used to raise and lower the two kobaya craft carried on a seki-bune. These pulleys may also be used to move any heavy cargo in or out of the cargo hold via the main hatchway.

The captain and leaders have cabins below the quarter-deck while the rest of the crew sleep in narrow compartments along the sides of the ship next to the cargo hold. The captain has a private cabin, the two senior leaders share a cabin and the three junior leaders share a third. A fourth cabin is left spare.

A seki-bune carries thirty tons of provisions (sufficient for seven weeks), ten tons of spare sails, timbers etc. for repairs and five tons of spare arrows and other weapons. After allowing for the sleeping quarters, galley etc. and the two kobaya carried this leaves space for about forty tons of cargo, usually plunder, to be carried before the ship is overloaded.

The crew are divided into five twenty man squads, each with a leader who is usually an acolyte of Tsankth. Each squad is allocated one of the five watches a day is divided into.

When entering combat one squad mans each of the two kobaya craft whilst the third and fourth squads stand by with swords and grappling hooks as boarding troops. The final squad is split into two sections, with ten men sailing the ship under the command of the captain while the rest take to the rigging as archers. The leaders who command the kobaya are senior in rank to the other leaders and are truly fearsome warriors.

The captain of a seki-bune is always a priest of Tsankth and his allied spirit is housed in the ship's ram. Each ship is named after this allied spirit and the ship and sails are painted with colourful designs which serve to identify a particular ship from other pirate vessels. These designs are also painted on the crew's lacquered armour and often decorate their clothing.

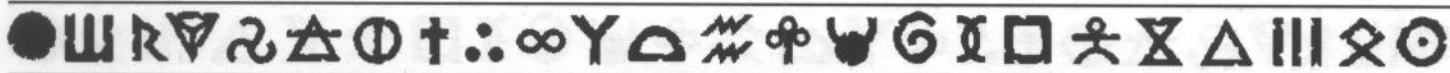
## Notes From Nochet

[XXIX.22-10] The funeral rites of the pirates of Vormain take place at dawn. The deceased has his heart cut from his chest, offered to Magasta, and then carried away into the sea by the summoned barracuda. Then they are decapitated and their head washed, perfumed and placed in an ornate wooden box with a waxed paper screen on one side. This is returned, with the pirate's sword and other valuables, to his family when the ship returns to port. The pirate's body is cremated aboard a vanquished vessel if possible or lowered into the sea to the barracuda if cremation is not possible.

[XXIX.22-11] The body armour often worn by the pirates of Vormain consists of a bamboo breastplate and heavy leather pieces which hang from the waist over the abdomen to mid thigh. This armour is lacquered to provide light, waterproof, but sturdy protection. The pirates wear bamboo armour of the same design on their upper and lower arms but their legs are usually unprotected beyond their knee length breeches. The various pieces of armour are held together by strong cords which are protected from sword cuts by leather scales and the armour is often highly decorative with enamelled designs and motifs. Pirates go barefoot or wear straw sandals and only occasionally wear open helmets made of lacquered leather and bamboo.







## Vorumai: Kenshi caste

**Cultural Modifiers:** SIZ -2, STR +1, CON +2, DEX +2, Proud +2, Reckless +2, Valorous +2, Loyalty (Lord) +3.

Starting Skills	M	F
Animal Lore	2	2
Awareness	5	4
Bargaining	1	3
Boating	3	2
Chirurgery	1	5
Compose	2	2
Courtesy	5	5
Custom (own)	5	5
Dancing	2	2
Devise	2	2
First Aid	3	7
Heraldry	2	2
Industry	2	5
Intrigue	2	5
Mathematics	1	1
Memorise	2	2
Orate	2	2
Plant Lore	2	2
Play (instrument)	1	1
Read (Imperial)	5	5
Recognise	2	2
Religion (deity)	3	3
Singing	2	3
Sleight	dex/6	dex/6
Speak (Imperial)	10	10
Stealth	dex/2	dex/2
Stewardship	1	4
Swimming	2	2
World Lore	3	3
Ritual	2	2
Sorcery	1	1
Battle	3	2
Riding	2	2
Dagger	2	3
Long Bow	5	1
Naginata	5	5
Nihonto	7	4
Martial Arts	5	5

**Pirate Background:** +3 Nihonto, +2 Martial Arts, +3 Boating, +2 Swimming, Cruel +1D6, Valorous +1D3, Status 3D6+40.

### Living Blade

**3 points, ranged, non-stackable, reusable.**

This spell enables the recipient to move at lightning speed and may use the combination attack tactic without suffering the usual -5/+5 reflexive modifier and may use the same weapon for both combat actions.

## Report to: Amelius Vespertilius, Dark Traders Consortium, from: Darina Flexicius, Etyries Trader

Translated by Duncan Rowlands

I regret to inform you and the consortium of the failure of the special trade mission to Haragala. Whilst the passage across Prax to Pavis and then to Corflu was as miserable as could be expected I did make a useful contact among the local hazia producers. My guard, an experienced Yanafali warrior called Geranxeleus, and I took ship at Corflu aboard the Esrolian trader Dawnseeker, bound for Lur Nop in Kralorela. After an uneventful voyage we made landfall and I spent two weeks making contact with merchants throughout the province of Wanzow, who may well in time enable the consortium to obtain adequate supplies of the powdered flower seeds becoming popular with the Empire's youth as a recreational alternative to gin.

I made contact with Trader Thrakalada and gave him the letter of introduction you had entrusted me with. We set sail aboard his merchantman, the Soaring Albatross, accompanied by a Tallship, the Striking Hawk. We left behind the port of Lur Nop with its mixture of merchant ships from many lands, including some distinctive vessels from Vormain. Three days out of Lur Nop we were passing as near to Vormain as we were to come on our way to Haragala when we saw to our dismay the unmistakable square rigged sail of a Vormain pirate ship on the horizon. Thrakalada had the ship's sorcerer, together with the Tallship's magicians, raise a wind to speed us on our way but throughout the day the sail remained in sight while our crew became increasingly agitated, particularly when they felt that the ship was moving slower than it should have been. How they came to this belief I do not know. The Tallship launched an attack via its remarkable sunscope mirror but I was not sure if this even reached the pirate ship: it certainly did not seem to have had any noticeable affect.

As night fell the sorcerer retired to his cabin exhausted by his efforts and I prayed to the Goddess that he had done enough to keep the fearful pirates from catching up with us. The night was dark, even the Goddess did not turn her face towards us and the crew mounted extra watches.

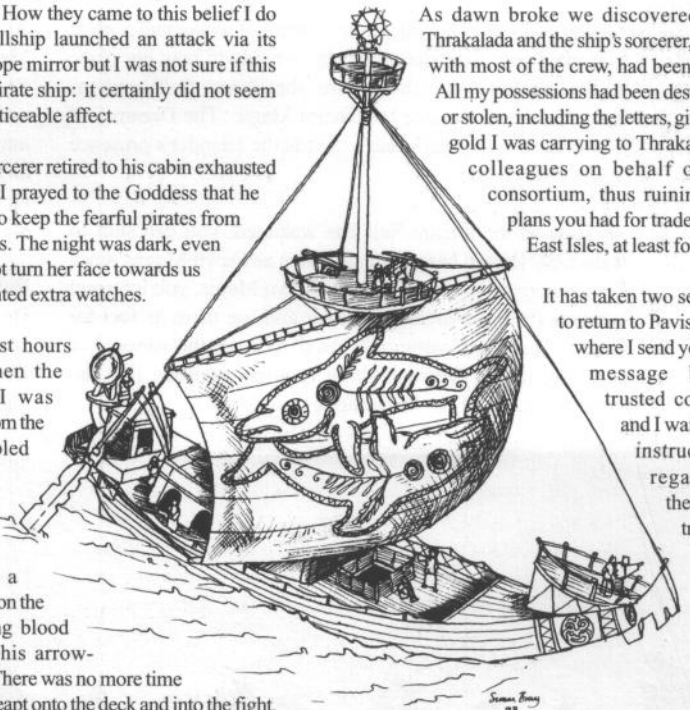
It was the darkest hours before dawn when the pirates struck. I was awoken by a cry from the watch and stumbled onto deck with my scimitar in hand and Geranxeleus at my side to find a crewman gurgling on the deck with frothing blood bubbling out of his arrow-transfixed throat. There was no more time to think as pirates leapt onto the deck and into the fight.

Our few defenders fought bravely but did not last long against this overwhelming onslaught. The crew were cut down by the pirates' flashing blades like maize being harvested and I was knocked to the floor when, after I had somehow parried a blow with my scimitar, my assailant kicked me in the head whilst I was still upright! Geranxeleus fought like a demon next to me and had bravely felled two pirates mortally wounded. As I lay dazed on the deck I saw to my horror one of the injured pirates pull himself to his feet holding the blue edged mass of his sliced intestines in one hand. This fanatic charged Geranxeleus and grappled him from behind, forcing him to the edge of the ship and then deliberately fell overboard, taking the Yanafali with him to drown together.

As I lay in a dark corner frightened for my life I saw the pirates grab whatever valuables they could and then descend the side of the ship to their own small craft. I watched the pirates row away quickly before the Hawk could come to our rescue. Suddenly a woman pirate emerged from below decks whose appearance was as fearful as that of an angry Death Lord. Her face and lacquered armour were splattered with gore, blood ran down her iron sword and she held three severed heads by their hair in her left hand. I was amazed when, uttering a deafening cry of victory, she leapt overboard without any hesitation and ran across the surface of the sea to the boat. The whole attack had taken less than three minutes.

As dawn broke we discovered that Thrakalada and the ship's sorcerer, along with most of the crew, had been slain. All my possessions had been destroyed or stolen, including the letters, gifts and gold I was carrying to Thrakalada's colleagues on behalf of the consortium, thus ruining the plans you had for trade in the East Isles, at least for now.

It has taken two seasons to return to Pavis, from where I send you this message by a trusted courier, and I wait your instructions regarding the hazia trade.



# Vithela

*From a letter by  
Tagaela Enkaroth,  
aka Slowbeard,  
dated Godsdays of  
Motion week in  
Sea Season,  
second year of  
embassy;  
translated by  
Greg Fried*



## Oh, my dear Brother!

Can the scratched words of a mortal describe the sights my eyes have witnessed today? Is there any way to convey to you the cruel extremes of ecstasy and of sorrow which have flooded across my soul in the course of one brief turn of the Sun? But I shall try, for I would share all with you, if I could, my brother.

I awoke this morning from the first sound sleep I have had since the travails of this ship began. Yelm had not yet risen, and I wondered what had roused me. I realised it was an aroma – a subtle, but piercing and invigorating, smell of pine. Land! It must be land! Finally, we would be able to take on fresh water and repair the damage done to the ship.

Quickly I donned my robes and attached my beard as best I could in the dark of my cabin. Out on deck, the sailors on duty had set aside their tasks and gathered silently to look off the port side of the ship. The only one at his post was the helmsman, and even he strained to stare over his left shoulder. Kamarlo, the exacting first mate, was on deck, and this immediately alerted me, for he was not disciplining the idle men. Instead, he too stood gazing towards the East. Did some new threat approach?

Apprehensively, I made my way towards Kamarlo in the half-light. But my anxiety lifted when I too looked East.

There, only several hundred yards away, lay land. No puny island this: in the twilight of the approaching Dawn, I could make out the steep cliffs of the shore-line, rising like a fortress from the sea and crowned by stately pines, swaying lightly in a soft wind – these were the pines which must have roused me with their delicious aroma. And the gentle morning breeze bore more than the scent of this wood: a cool, thin mist wafted over the waves, and when I inhaled, I was greeted – not by salty ocean air – but by a sensation as if I were drinking sweet spring water!

I filled my lungs with deep breaths and felt as refreshed and bright as a child waking from a nap. And I thought of our childhood together, brother. Do you remember? The time before we lost our innocence, before we learned of intrigue, when we lived in the high country of Esrolia, in the shadow of the mountains, and in sight of the great and mysterious forests of Arstola? Do you remember when you and I, hardly taller than our mother's hips, would set out each day to survey our ancestral dominion, you already laden with

## The Isles of Dawn (Continued)

### Mokato

Deity: Hobimarong. Once known as Golden Mokato, centre of the Eastern Sea Empire; now a centre of finance, learning, luxury, old songs and nostalgic remnants of their former glory. Located in the eastern central region. No one from Mokato can leave the island, or an awful, unspecified doom will befall.

### Motumobabi

Another cannibal island. But not as friendly as Homago.

### Nikumbila

Deity: Basmol. The island of dwarf lions. These lions are known from other large islands, but this is their sacred island, home of the lion warriors. Sadly, they have been conquered by Vormain, and many now lead a harsh life of guerrilla resistance against their overlords.

### Isle of Pines

Deities: Otu and Mara. An idyllic island in the central region. Beautiful beaches, lovely climate, plenty of fish and fruit. The only flaw is that the two deities, Otu and his wife Mara, have begun a feud, and most men and women have chosen up sides according to gender.

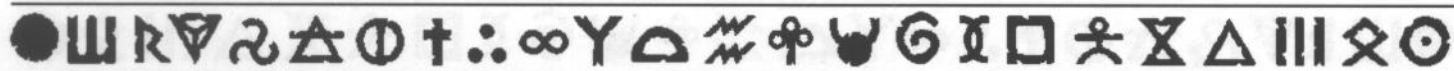
### Porthramentos

Deities: Two-Headed Dragon and Kindly Swan. This is a very large, flat island. The seven clans of the island worship the seven children of the island's gods. The clans hold the dragon and swan in respect, but do not worship them.

### Sironomandidi

Deity: Olaraoshay. The people here are known for their good humour and willing hospitality. No one has to work hard for food, weather is pleasant, and the caves offer refuge for thousands. The native god is called Olaraoshay. For some unknown reason, no permanent structure can remain standing overnight. Once a powerful sorcerer (the fabled Saint-Papa Valkaro) built a demon palace in just one day, but even that was cast down the next night.





your seriousness and passion for classification? I do believe you once intended to take a census of the butterfly population on our lands! Do you remember, brother, when we lived in the lands of our mothers, before all this was taken from us?

I thought of you at that moment of breathing deeply, and felt joy to meet you again, if only in memory. And I gazed in wonder at this austere and beautiful vista which had brought you as near to me as you have been since I began this distant journey. "What is this land?" I whispered to Kamorlo, who stood beside me, leaning on the gunnel of the tallship. But he only stared in rapt attention towards the shore, his weathered face transfixed, his breathing deep, but erratic, as a man in the throws of a bridled passion.

"Kamorlo!" I said, louder. "What is this place?" No response. It was as if he were possessed. I made a move to shake him, to rouse him to answer.

"Ambassador!" Someone spoke quietly, but urgently, behind me. It was the helmsman. "Ambassador, it is... Vithela!"

Vithela! By the beard of the god! The supremely sacred land of the East! I turned again to the view with even more fascination than before. Of course, I had heard the monastics of Mokato speak of Vithela. She is one of the great themes of their mystical contemplation. Vithela: goddess of the eastern lands of Glorantha, her dominion was once as large as those of Genert and Pamalt. But she was shattered by Xamalk's third blow in the Great Nightmare of the Dreamtime. Thus she was sundered from her children, many of whom were swallowed by Uralog, the Mouth of the Deep. What we call the myriad East Isles are only the sad remnant of this gruesome feast. But Vithela drew upon her vast strength and gathered the core of her being about herself, and she stood fast against the onslaught. Uralog snapped ravenously at her ragged shores.

Vithela, say the mystics, is not just a place, is not just some place; she is the place. She is the essence of Place. She is what Uralog most lusted to annihilate. But she is so sacred that he could not touch her, though he had destroyed so many of her children. Finally, the Mouth of the Deep turned away to seek other prey, and met his own doom. So, the essence of Vithela is of such a power, say the Islanders, that she has preserved her domain from the touch of what we in the West call Chaos. She alone among all the Godtime divinities still inhabits her land. Indeed, Vithela is not bound by the Great Compromise to depart from this world, they say, for it was only because of Vithela's untouched and divine Presence that Theya could raise upon her the Gates of Dawn which beckoned the Sun to his rebirth. With this Sun's first rising (here, as I have explained before, they do not call him Yelm), what these Easterners call the Nowtime too was born, and the Great Nightmare came to an end.

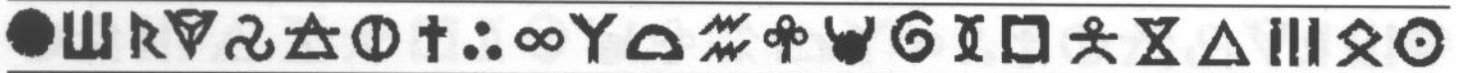
But of all the gods, they say, Vithela alone resides in both worlds at once. On Vithela, there is no History. She is a bridge between Dreamtime and Nowtime; without her, the Sun could not rise each day from the domain of the dead, and the cosmos would crumble. In the monasteries of Mokato, I had seen the cartographers' maps of Vithela, the largest land-mass of the Isles; these maps depict only the jagged shore-line, where Vithela's children were ripped from her; but no pious Islander would ever dare map the interior, even by conjecture. When an Islander speaks of Vithela, his voice fills with longing, with awe, and – this is most telling of the Islander character – with pride. And now I myself beheld the very countenance of the divine! Here, they say, lives an undying race of gilt-skinned beings! Here, they say, reside the last of the legendary Gold Wheel Dancers! Here, the Kralori believe, the souls of the dead travel, to wait in the lush arms of Vithela for the Dragon Emperor to come to take them Beyond.

Gazing hungrily towards the shore I could now discern a dull, rosy hue and a crack of blue across a ridge beyond the majestic pines. I drew in a deep breath: would I witness Yelm rise into the Sky through Theya's Gate of Dawn? Upon this land walks Theya herself; here she guides the Sun forth every day! I recalled one of the legends told by the Islanders: in the First Age (as we reckon the Ages in the West), a great fleet of Islanders sailed towards Vithela at Dawn. They were led by Waking Magicians, who hoped to bring at least one ship from each of the East Isles to Vithela in what was called The Gathering. Whether they succeeded, no one knows, for not a single soul among many tens of thousands ever returned. And so they say that no mortal may travel to Vithela more than once, either before or after death, and since they









## Zines Seen

From Peter Erikson

### Tradetalk #2

German Chaos Society (ed. Ingo Tschinke), 3-4 issues yearly, A4, 44pp, £3.50

A new issue of German Chaos Society's English-language zine *Tradetalk* is out, with a new editor, new graphic design, and a new, very clean, very professional look. Illustrated by the likes of Dario Corallo, Simon Bray and a bevy of talented Deutsche artists, this issue focuses on the West, and features detailed descriptions of the lands of Kustria and Felster Lake, with a write-up of the Borist Church. The zine is now going to apparently cover *all* Chaosium games, and features a great Elric scenario by Shannon Appel (with excellent conversion notes to place it in a Gloranthan setting.)

While many articles appear in translation, the editors have gone to a lot of trouble to make sure they read well in English (though they still retain that somewhat unfortunate Germanic tendency to use two words where one would do). Native English writers in this issue include Jim Chapin, Shannon Appel, MOB and Peter Metcalfe. There's also a great section from Chaosium giving us all the latest news: I hope this becomes a regular feature!

*Tradetalk* is perhaps the best addition to the stable of Gloranthan fanzines for some time, and well worth getting your hands on. It is available from your local Reaching Moon Megacorp distributor or the Chaos Society (RuneQuest-Gesellschaft Europe c/o Ingo Tschinke, Schevemoorer Landstr.33, 28325 Bremen, Germany).

### Mimesis #1

Mimesis Gaming Assoc. (ed. Theo Kavadias), Quarterly, A4, 63pp

Subtitled 'A Journal of Roleplaying and Simulation Environments', this new zine is pitched at the 'mature' and 'experienced' gaming audience. While issue #1 seems to have been a heck of a long time in the making (it features MOB's write-up about RQ Con Down Under two years ago, and a 'press releases' page with stuff dated in February -

March 1996), the zine has gone for a slick, up-market look: in fact, some of the eye-boggling layout is perhaps too hip for its own good! There are some interesting articles with a 'magic' theme (spells and the like, not the CCG), reviews, a section on women in gaming, and plenty of information about just what the *Mimesis* crew are hoping to achieve. My favourite piece in the zine, though, is the hilarious review of *Dragon Raid*, a fundamentalist Christian role-playing game: I almost thought this was a joke, until a copy turned up at the Glorantha Con Down Under auction!

If the editors can establish their intended quarterly publication schedule, *Mimesis* could cater to this neglected niche, especially now that *Arcane* is no longer with us...

For subscription information, contact: Mimesis Inc., PO Box 13 607 Lygon Street, North Carlton VIC 3054, Australia (email: [mimesis@cream.ebom.com.au](mailto:mimesis@cream.ebom.com.au)).

### Warpstone #6

Edited by John Keane & John Froody, Quarterly, A4, 36 pp, £2.50

This is an independent fanzine dedicated to Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay (as published by Hogshead Publishing). It's a professional looking zine with good production values and artwork. The main emphasis is on the background and gaming aspects, rather than rules articles.

Issue #6 is a On the Road special with articles on Highway low life, a cameo in which the players can be held up by brigands, and a well-presented scenario set during a rather murderous night at a coaching inn. Other articles include the Executioner career class, Secrets of the Warhammer artists, details on Saint Helena, and good news and reviews section. All in all, it looks required reading for Warhammer FRP fans.

Available from John Keane, 75 Headstone Road, Harrow Middlesex, HA1 1PQ.

They also have a web page at: <http://www2.unl.ac.uk/~cyhzoliverm/warpstone/>

## Free Classified Ads

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**WANTED:** Games Workshop hardcover *Land of Ninja* and the Citadel boxed miniature sets. Contact Rick Meints on 0171 538 8639 or [RMeints@compuserve.com](mailto:RMeints@compuserve.com)

**WANTED:** the RQ supplement *River of Cradles*. Can anyone help me? I am also interested in *Dorastor Land of Doom*, *Troll Gods*, and *Lords of Terror*. Please contact Markos Marin Ezpeleta, 47 Windsor Road, Cambridge, CB4 3JL. Phone: 01223 500887.

**WANTED:** RQ2 Pavis boxed set. Phone Justin Hill on 01904 470120.

**WANTED:** RQ2 Pavis and Big Rubble boxed sets, Griffin Mountain and Borderlands. Please contact Kevin Mansell on (0141) 637 9185 (evenings).

**WANTED:** Tales #1-#4, any reasonable RQ2 or 3 supplements, particularly Borderlands and Griffin Mountain. Contact Stuart Riseborough, 3 Allens Lane, Sprowston, Norwich, Norfolk, NR7 8EL. Phone (01603) 465655 evenings. Also after "Dark Age" and "Guardians" CCG rares.

(XXIX.22-21.a) Mercenary Contract of Leonidas the Short, Wind Voice of Orlanth Adventurous: Each hired person will give his complete and utter loyalty in all matters, whether they lead unto life or death to me and me only, Leonidas the Short, vessel for the magics of Orlanth to come into this world, to sworn in person by the oath of my choice.

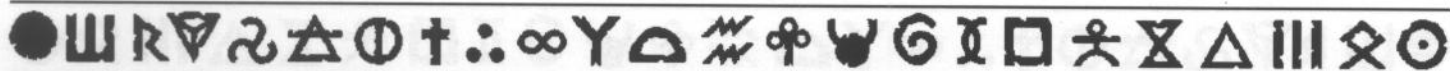
(22.b) Each warrior agrees to obey all officers appointed by me, as if they were me, except in matters which countermand orders given by me.

(22.c) Each warrior agrees and understands that he places complete trust in my wisdom, and that my interests include the well-being and trust of each individual in my employ, and that I will not abuse or needlessly risk anyone's life, and that risks are taken only for the call of adventure, the killing of chaos, the meeting of Lightbringer's obligations, or as it aids and serves to protect every loyal member of my group.

(22.d) Each hired warrior will be given adequate time to provision himself at the nearest marketplace with whatever victuals are desired; likewise for the care of mounts. Further, I recognise the obligations of members of the Foundchild Hunter cult to support themselves, and will allow them one day a week to accomplish this.







Haragalan she-keet and left the Jewelled Isle to live on Haragala. He heard the stories of the chaos horrors of the highlands, but he was convinced that they could be defeated and the island cleansed. So Jungozaro researched and explored, and led a strong band of fearless followers.

The Monster Wars lasted for decades, and to some extent still goes on today. However, the worst of the monsters have been slain or driven into the hinterland. In the lands now freed, those spots too soiled to be cleansed were identified. The Haragalans then built great stone citadels around these tainted areas to keep the Nightmare inside. Now the Haragalans had access to much of their island's interior, and so the people set up work camps in the mighty pine forests and started to fell trees to build bigger and faster ships.

## The Doldrums

Haragala had never had a king, so when the Eastern Sea Empire was dissolved, the most influential ship captains formed the Captains' Council which has ruled Haragala ever since. At this time only the wealthiest were admitted to the council and the council members decided among themselves when to bring in new members.

With the Doldrums in full effect, trade diminished. The ocean-crossing voyages were of course halted altogether when the oceans closed. However, the island's interior was never properly colonised, and even lumberjack folk who have lived inland for generations still talk about the coast as if it were their

true home, the place they intend to return to someday. Most folk lived along the shore and fished just offshore or farmed salt-tolerant plants for their livelihood. Even in the worst of the Doldrums, Haragala kept looking to the sea.

## The Commonwealth

Three factors were instrumental in bringing on Haragala's present expansion: the tallships, the sunscopes and the discovery of how to extend Lumavoxoran's magic beyond Haragala.

The first tallship was built by Captain Ellara of *Blue Sails*. She refined the Haragalan ship building tradition into its current state, with the tallships unsurpassed in speed and manoeuvrability. Tallships are swift but small, and not built for ramming. They fight their enemies from a distance, using ballistas, tower-mounted archers, and their famous sunscopes. These amazing techno-magical weapons are created and operated by the Order of the Rising Sun, a mystic sect restricted to Haragalan natives. By gathering the rays of the Dream Sun, they can direct its wrath. Sunscopes are mounted not only on their tallships, but as lighthouse-like defences for Haragalan ports. Haragala's enemies generally plan their attacks for the hours of darkness.

Another prime reason for Haragala's rise to power was the extension of magic. Captain Algarax found a way to make a ship into a piece of Haragalan land. With water from a temple pool kept in a sacred bowl on board, the ship acts as if it were a part of Haragala,

no matter where the ship sails. With the holy water present the Haragalan sailors can use their magic at full power everywhere.

After Dormal the Sailor's magical journey proved that the oceans were once again navigable, Haragala was the first island to send ships out from the Isles. They sailed to Kralorela, Teshnos and Teleos. The Order of the Rising Sun gained much knowledge of sun magic from the sun worshippers of Teshnos, and many of its members practice Kralori mystic arts.

The overseas trade provided a great influx of wealth to Haragala which became increasingly influential in the affairs of other islands. The Haragalans proceeded to create a commonwealth instead of a true empire, fearing the effects of the Edict of Renunciation. Technically, the members join by free will, though interesting means of persuasion are oft-used and they retain their sovereignty in most internal matters. In conflicts between commonwealth members, Haragala arbitrates. Trade from overseas and between islands which are not members are subject to heavy taxes and tariffs, enforced by rapacious Haragalan captains, which has gained the Haragalans a somewhat piratical reputation outside the Isles.

The expansion and the Commonwealth provoked changes in the Captains' Council. The bold sailors and merchants who created the base for the trading empire were rarely members of the old, wealthy families who barred newcomers from the council. Through politicking, public support, economic pressure, and occasional violence, the council was changed. Now anybody can rise to Captain's status and take a seat in the council. A Captain consists of any properly skilled sea-farer who has the skills to captain his own vessels, and owns a tallship. Tallships are military vessels, not well suited for carrying cargo, so most Captains have a fleet of merchant vessels too. The ownership of a tallship obligates the Captain to Haragala's defence – all the tallships together form Haragala's navy, and are subject to military imperatives. It is still easier for the wealthy and the sons and daughters of Captains to gain a council seat.

## Recent Developments

As this Age draws to a close some people urge the Haragalans to take a firmer grip on the Commonwealth in order to meet the threats from Vormain and other enemies. Others say that the Commonwealth is already a step beyond the intent of the Edict of Renunciation and a new disaster brewing. Nobody can say which opinion is correct, but if a new great war comes to the Isles, many Islanders will turn to the Haragalan navy for protection.

## Keets

by Sandy Petersen

Keets are flightless intelligent seabirds. The vast majority (75%+) are similar to the common RuneQuest ducks, cousins to the so-called "durulz" of Maniria. The East Isles hold various other tribes; seagull, merganser, pelican, tern, coot, auk, cormorant, puffin, and booby keets inhabit coastal areas. Petrel, jaeger, and tropicbird keets are pelagic nomads. Other, rarer tribes exist as well, from loons and grebes to killdeer and snakebirds; at least one island boasts a village of flamingo-men.

Many keets live in villages consisting of their own kind - thus a small port-town of avocet keets would probably only have one kind of keet, though a human minority is quite common. Most large islands, and human towns include a keet contingent.

The duck keets are similar in personality and culture to the typical ducks. Other kinds of keets have their own natures; albatross keets, for instance, are known for their gloomy attitude towards life.

Islander myth explains that the keets were once able to fly and indeed were the product of the love of Sea & Sky in the earliest days of Glorantha. After the destruction of Vithela, they voluntarily gave up their power of flight to help Thella cast her Net out over the Isles. For this noble sacrifice, the keets are honoured and respected by most human islanders, and it is considered bad luck to kill a keet.

One tribe of keet is said to have selfishly refused to give up their powers of flight, and to have in fact sided with Chaos and the Black Moon. These are the Sorns - the pterodactyl keets. They are the most common chaos species found in the isles. Fortunately, their (usually) small bulk and inability to perform complex manipulations limit their threat. But they do all the harm they can, stealing babies, shredding rigging, and plotting dire deeds in their mountain eyries.



## Society

Haragala is an individualistic society where personal initiative and fortitude are more highly regarded than compliance to group virtues. Social mobility is great; anyone can rise to wealth and power who has sufficient luck, skill, and ruthlessness.

The prime social goal is to become a Captain, commanding a tallship and holding a seat in the Captains' Council. The Council is the highest power on Haragala, so the Captains' influence is great. A Captain is supposed to use his wealth to keep his tallship in prime condition. The council also distributes taxation and customs rights among its members. Often, less wealthy, but still vain Captains go into piracy to support their ships and expected lifestyle.

There are wealthy merchants who are not Captains and wealthy landowners, but they have no political power: they are a step below the Captains on the social ladder. Likewise, sailors have higher status than farmers, craftsmen and other landlubbers. A Captain is more highly regarded than a mere priest, the more so since a Captain is considered to be anointed of Lumavoxoran, has significant magic powers, and can officiate in most cult duties.

Men are culturally dominant on Haragala, but the island has no laws or taboos against women. There are some female Captains. Three large keet tribes dwell on Haragala: seagull, pelican, and duck. The seagull keets are found on every coast. The pelican villages are all on the east coast. The common ducks make their homes along the rivers and near highland lakes. Several villages of mergansers dot the coast as well.

## Geography and Nature

A mountain range runs along Haragala's entire length. The mountains are neither exceptionally high nor steep. Tall forest grow all over the range, except at the peaks. At the north end, a second range crosses the first. These mountains are higher and steeper, with less vegetation.

The largest plain is found in the north-west, south of the north-west bay. There are narrow areas of plain all around the coast except in the far north, around the northern mountains. Numerous short rivers and streams flow from the mountains to the coast. Haragala is a well-watered island.

The capital Champaya lies at the end of the north-west bay. It is a big city by Islander standards, with more than 10,000 inhabitants. The natural harbour is small, so the Haragalans have built a huge fortified pier to protect the port. On this pier is the Round



Castle, a large fortress encircling a smaller harbour for the warships. On the castle roof the biggest sunscope of all guards the main harbour's entrance.

Another important town is Malgo on the east coast. It is built at the mouth of the Riomava river. Recently a new naval harbour and a large fortress were built in a bay directly north of the old town. The intent is to co-ordinate the warships better.

## Politics

### Power Groups and Conflicts

As mentioned before, the Captains' Council hold the political power on Haragala. This council is far from monolithic: the individualistic Haragalans are imperfectly suited to group action. The main conflict is between the Silvers, radicals who wish to reorganise both council and Commonwealth into a more efficient imperial system, and the Golds, reactionaries who refuse to take orders from anyone and resist all attempts at creating hierarchies. A third power group is the nominally apolitical Order of the Rising Sun.

The Silver radicals won a victory when the new naval harbour of Malgo was built and a large fleet was coordinated under Admiral Zaragiki of *Red Swordfish*. The most zealous Silvers are seeking a way around

## The Isles of Dawn (Continued)

### Roaranivo

The people here are deaf and dumb and communicate with each other through a telepathy that no one else has been able to "tune in" on. They do not use any kind of writing. In the Second Age, the wicked God Learners were permitted to trade with Golden Mokato here. The trade was done by having the God Learners dump off a quantity of goods on the first day of each season. The Mokatoans came the next day to pick it up. On the last day of each season, the Mokatoans then dumped off stuff that they deemed to be worth the God Learners' last visit. The next day (first of the new season), the God Learners came back and took the Mokatoan goods, leaving more of their own in exchange.

A degenerate version of this still functions. Nowadays, the Roaranivoans are thieves, and their ships range far and wide. They don't fight – they burglarise homes or sneak aboard other ships and carry off goodies. Then they haul their loot home to Roaranivoa, where they collect together the stolen goods, and heap it up on the beach on the last day of the season. So far, the God Learners haven't showed up to take the goods, but hope springs eternal.

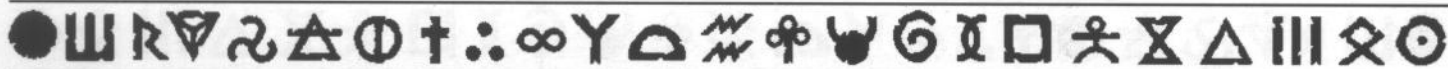
Instead, merchants from all over arrive on the appropriate day, load the goods aboard their ships, and sail off. Thus the economy is redistributed. The Roaranivoans never try to stop anyone from taking off with these goods.

It is considered bad form to kill the villainous Roaranivoans, even when caught red-handed. For one thing, they can't testify in their defence. For another, they don't actually benefit from their criminal careers. Horsewhipping them is okay, though.

### Tizocmer

Deity: Axayaktal. Located in the central region. At the jealous instigation of their god Axayaktal, the Tizocmerenes rose up against the trading post town of the Haragalans on their island. The Haragalans responded harshly, placing the island into servitude.





the Edict of Renunciation, to turn the Commonwealth into a true empire. Both Silver and Gold try to win the Order of the Rising Sun to their camp, but so far the Order has remained independent.

In addition to the basic Silver/Gold conflict, there are numberless



feuds and rivalries between Captains and families. The choicest locations for taxation and customs are frequently fought over.

An embryonic new force is the recent White Feather movement among the keets, where some fanatics have interpreted Silverbeak's prophecies to mean that the time of human rule is over. They wish to depose all human rulers in the Isles and set more responsible keets in their places to avoid a new Nightmare.

Thus far few humans have taken them seriously, but the White Feather is growing among all Haragalan keet tribes.

## Important Personages

**“Trader Jadilulo,”** Captain Jadilulo of *Deva's Wing*, is the self-appointed leader of the Captains' Council. He is a charismatic and impetuous man with enormous wealth. One brother and three cousins are also Captains and always back him in the council. He is not clearly allied with either the Silver radicals or the Gold traditionalists, but leans towards the latter. He hopes to circumvent the Edict of Renunciation by conquering nations outside the Isles. So far, none of his plans have been effected.

**Admiral Zaragiki** of *Red Swordfish* is the naval commander of Malgo and one of the leading Silvers. He is a stern man of few words, but an efficient administrator, a great shipmaster, and skilled naval tactician.

**Captain Vatas** of *Black Spear* is Jadilulo's main trouble-shooter and diplomat. He sails around the Commonwealth, soothing tempers and opening the way for Haragalan expansion. He is a firm Gold backer.

**Waitolata**, the grand master of the Order of the Rising Sun is an older woman. She is a skilled magician and enchanter. In her younger days she travelled to Kralorela and lived there for three years, learning mystic arts.

**Hobila Short-tail**, a seagull keet and the leader of the White Feather movement. He is a dedicated zealot, but not as crazy as some humans think. It's unclear whether Short-tail is genuinely convinced that the only way to save the Isles is to replace all human rulers with keets, or whether he sees this as a route to power, as his detractors claim.

## Culture

Haragalan culture is dedicated to the sea, sailing and trade. The pre-dawn and first age Haragalans were a simple people whose main livelihood was fishing. The Mokatan brought writing and metal tools and the Haragalans were swift to adopt Mokatan dress and customs. Each family has a single traditional name, and each family member adds a title to the name as seems appropriate: “First Son Jaram, Goldenhair Jaram, Heir Jaram”, etc. A powerful family head takes the family name alone as a title (as in “The Eleron”). A person's title may change during his or her life. Captains invariably use the name of their main tallship as their title, e.g. Captain Jadilulo of *Deva's Wing*. The ship is also symbolised on the Captain's flag, whether on the ship or on his house. Thus, the flag of the Algarax family shows an eye with a round teardrop issuing from it, in honour of the *Widow*.

Ship names, like person's names, are frequently passed on. If a Haragalan buys a second ship, and likes it more than his first ship, he will generally call the new ship by the old ship's name, and rename the older vessel. Thus, the Algarax's finest ship is always named the *Widow*.

Haragalan dress is flowing, made of filmy cloth in bright colours. Men wear baggy trousers, tunic and a vest in contrasting colour. Women wear similar trousers and a top which often leaves the midriff bare and has a deep décolletage, but always covers the upper arms. In public, the female forearm is covered, too, except by exotic dancers, prostitutes, and the like.

Mokatan art forms were also imported, but the original Haragalan storytelling tradition lives on. The old song-tales, created in a time when writing was unknown, are still memorised. Almost all Haragalans know at least one simple musical instrument, but complex instruments and instrumentation are rare except among the keets. The humans prefer small, light, cheap instruments, such as are convenient for sailing folk. Thus, mouth-harps, a small mandolin called the “lelekoo”, musical spoons, fifes, and recorders are very common. The currency of the Haragalan Commonwealth is known as “pearls”. Merchants not only buy and sell with actual pearls, but also semi-precious shells and mother-of-pearl carved into fanciful shapes. Every Haragalan, and many other Islanders, know how to evaluate the worth of this currency. The “minting” of pearls is regulated by the Captains' Council, but families and even individual tallship Captains can produce their own, usually with their own distinctive designs.

## East Isles Deities

by Nils Weinander

Each of the East Isles has its own divine principle, a god or goddess perhaps, but sometimes an entire mini-pantheon. Most of these deities are the ones who protected the islands during the Nightmare. The most well known island deities are probably Lumavoxoran of Haragala, a son of Ocean and Hobimarong of Mokato, the perfect god who never made a mistake. Generally speaking, the most important deity to an islander is her island's patron.

Second in importance, and most sacred of them all, is Thella, the goddess of dawn. Without Thella and her Net, which binds the island together in fate and communication, within the Nowtime, there would be no East Isles. Thella's sister, or perhaps her presence in the Dreamworld, is the White Moon, protectress of dreams. White Moon now resides in Hell, at the side of the dead Sun, where they work together to dream up the Dream Sun which lights the surface world during the day.

There are also other In-between Gods, who are not tied to a specific island. These include sea gods, Guidestar, Lorian and Tsankh. Such divinities do have Islander worshippers, but little importance.

The Haragalans do not actively try to spread their culture, but they are confident and cocky, and in the main convinced that it is Haragala's destiny and right to rule and that the Haragalans have a duty to guide and protect smaller islands.

The increasing ostentation of Haragalan ways is an embarrassment to some Haragalans. A political group calling themselves the Bronzists claim that Haragala should actively imitate the ways of Old Mokato. They actively promote the return to customs and fashions from the early imperial age. The Bronzist movement has strong puritanical overtones, claiming that the present is over-refined and decadent. A return to older and simpler ways would strengthen the nation. Discussions of just how "simple" Old Mokato was are not welcomed, and Mokato's current has-been status is viewed as a sign that it has lost its former righteousness. The most radical Bronzists go even further, saying that to become truly virtuous, Haragala should return to its own roots and recreate the lifestyle of the dawn age. They seek out the oldest songs and epics and try to determine from them how the first age Haragalans actually did live.

The most sophisticated of the Bronzists are known as the Aesthetes. They insist on cultivating the beautiful arts and manners of the ancient Mokatans as a form of spiritual exercise which in of itself will bring personal peace and national redemption. For the Aesthetes, an excessive acquisitiveness or materialism – despite their own appreciation for luxury – is the sure mark of a moral and spiritual crudity which they simply despise.

## Religion

Haragalan religion is practical. Most Haragalans believe that Lumavoxoran expects his worshippers to engage in sailing and trade. To do so is the best way of worship. Simple ceremonies are enough to convey the sacrifices of the worshippers, elaborate



ritual is a waste of time. Thus few pre-dawn rituals have survived and Lumavoxoran's original function, before the Nightmare, is no longer known, but he is known to be the son of Vithela and the ocean god Tholaina (whom the Haragalans portray as male).

Among the other deities Thella is of course, revered, especially by the keets. Naturally enough for a sailing nation, Guidestar earns worship from many. The sea gods are propitiated more than worshipped, Lumavoxoran already gives the magic needed for sailing.

With extensive foreign trade, a few foreign sects have been imported, but the almost arrogant Haragalan confidence in their own superiority makes poor growing ground for them. The most common of these sects are Kralorelan beliefs.

## The Isles of Dawn (Continued)

### Rombotonga

Deity: the body parts of Larasitrano. From the sea it looks like a big plateau with vertical sides and a narrow shore. Up close it comes clear that the plateau is broken into eight parts with deep cracks or canyons between. On the shore and in the cracks there is a dense jungle.

The god Larasitrano was cracked into eight pieces by one of Zmalak's storm giants in the Nightmare. The god's body is now the land of Rombotonga, one part for each piece of the plateau. The Rombotongans live on seven of the pieces; the god's legs, arms, head and heart. The eighth part is uninhabited and taboo. The cracks are 200-300m wide so it is difficult to get from one part to another. The cliffsides are steep and the jungle between inhospitable. The most common way to get from one place to the other is via teleport spell. Rombotongans worship the chunk of Larasitrano's body that resides on their home piece. Since it is a long way down to the sea they have no harbours or ships.

### Tamanjary

Deity: Tomikaratra (now dead). The sunken island of the Ratuki. Once located near Vormain. This is near the capital of the Coral Queendom of mermen, who utilise the coral-covered ruined suburbs of the old civilisation for their own purposes. Often the mermen seek human help to understand human artefacts or dispose of human ghosts who still lurk in the ruins.

### Tjaratananna

Where women turn into snakes when they become pregnant, and crawl away to a secret cave to give birth. The children are all raised by old people at the Sacred Mountain in the island's centre, and are sent away from the mountain at age 15 to the lowlands, banished from the mountain for fifty years.

### Triple Beast Isle

Deity: Triple Beast Goddess. Trio of islands in the south-west, all seemingly connected or nearly so. One island is Cat. One is Cow.

One is Rabbit. The islanders can switch personalities between their beasts. Triple Beast Isle is a comparatively civilised place, with towns and docks, etc.





# The Clan That Ate Cows

by David Dunham



It was back when Arim the Pauper came to our lands. Our king Hendroste Goldheart befriended him and his horseless people, and let them settle near the Sacred Mountain.

Arim's people brought cows with them, beasts about the size of a horse but with a horn growing through their brain and out both sides, making them stupid. Arim's priestesses could get much milk from these beasts, and his priests killed them for great feasts. A chief named Yanastorl asked Arim for a gift of some cows. Arim agreed of course, and Yanastorl had his wives learn to milk the beasts. He tried to drink the milk, but it made him windy, and his Laughing Companion said that this must be how Arim's people worshipped their god Wingkoalad the Cloud Lord. Then Yanastorl had his wives make it into koumiss, but instead it turned into a thick, curdy mess, and he couldn't drink it. So he ordered a cow slain, and held a feast. All of his warriors enjoyed the flesh of the cow, and so they agreed to keep herds of cows alongside the horses.

The women of the clan now had to care for two kinds of animals, and babies were often given cow's milk because their mothers were too busy to feed them properly. When these children grew up, they refused to drink koumiss.

But Yanastorl was still chief, because he gave many feasts of cow-flesh for his warriors, and was on good terms with Arim.

One night, Kanvak sent his trolls against Yanastorl's herds. The cows, being stupid, scattered in all directions, and the young Riders who were tending them chased after them into the night and were never seen again.

Yanastorl ordered his men to chop down many trees, and built fences like those he'd seen at Arim's fort, to keep the cows from running away. His warriors resented this duty, and Yanastorl had to give half of all his treasure to keep them happy.

Kanvak again sent his trolls against the herds. The pregnant mares couldn't jump over the fences, so the trolls caught and ate them. So Yanastorl had to separate the herds, and post twice as many guards at night. He gave out the rest of his treasure to quiet the grumbling of his warriors.

Because the women had to divide their ceremonies between two kinds of animals, the horses didn't reproduce very fast, and Yanastorl was hard-pressed to select the gifts for Hendroste Goldheart.

After their first two successes, a large horde of trolls decided to try their luck with Yanastorl's herds. Yanastorl had split his guards, but they were overwhelmed by the trolls, who then chased the cows into a corner and ate them. Yanastorl gathered his warriors and fought the trolls, but Yu-kargzant didn't answer him, and he was killed in the battle. He had to be lain out with no wealth, and so today he is remembered only for his folly.

After Yanastorl's funeral, his clan decided they must move, or be set upon by more troll attacks. But they had almost no spare mounts, and travelling with the cows slowed them down even further, and the trolls caught up with them and killed them all.

*So much for the clan that ate cows.*



# Jakaleel the Witch

Goddess of Primal Madness and Insanity

## Mythos and History

*From beyond the veil of mystery, the Cult of Jakaleel the Witch teases us with half-truths and suppositions, legends and fireside stories: echoes of the primal darkness and the formless void: whence falls the shadow of madness across the world, reminding us that our lives, our beliefs, even the Gods themselves are only beacons upon the crumbling walls of sanity that stand against the ocean of endless night. We gather round the flickering fires of our ordered universe, protected by our priests, our shamans our and heroes but out where the fading circle of light gives way to the encroaching dark and its lurking monsters, dwells Jakaleel the Witch.*

The story of the birth and early years of Jakaleel the Witch are lost to us: her lifelong pursuit of the secrets contained within the shifting, swirling forms of darkness has obliterated any trace of that time from the memory of both men and gods. She is first recorded in ancient Rinliddi, homeland of the Red Goddess, as a priestess of Subere, Goddess of the Inner Dark: she delved into the blackest depths and the ultimate truths of the Underworld, joining the Lords of the Seven Hells in their terrible acts of worship before the 'Darkness without Shadow'. Her growing associations with the cults of darkness and infamous familiarity with Trolls only served to fuel speculation as to her true powers, for her single minded pursuit of the hidden mystery of the Dark left little time for commerce with the world above.



Through tireless effort and great cost, Jakaleel finally encountered her goal: Annilla, Goddess of Hidden Secrets. Yet in success lay a hidden curse, for to gaze upon the secrets of the Blue Moon is to embrace madness. It is this gift that she brought back to the people of the surface world.

Lunar teaching credits Jakaleel with the rediscovery of true paths of Heroquesting laid down by Arkat in the Dawn Age and holds that, during the ritual of the Seven Mothers, it was she that taught the Red Goddess the true nature of her ancestry and lineage, guiding her through the labyrinths to full Godhead by hidden paths and mystical shortcuts. It is no coincidence that when the Red Goddess returned to the world at the First Battle of Chaos, she brought back with her madness as well as victory.

In the years that follow there are no histories of great deeds wrought or mighty conflicts won by Jakaleel the Witch, for she continued her explorations of the dark as she had always done. Yet it is to her that the Lunar heroes and heroines come for guidance and instruction, before carving their crimson paths across the Hero Plane, forging anew the rituals and mystical weapons that will demand the rightful place for the Red Goddess and the Lunar Way.

There is no history of her assumption with the Red Goddess, or mystical union along with the other Seven Mothers and her priestesses remain conspicuously silent as to Jakaleel's fate. There is however a legend among the people of First Blessed that 'the Witch' was last seen leaving Torang in the company of dark trolls bound for the Blue Moon Plateau. The legend believes that she still resides there yet, ruling over the fabled city of Mernita, kept alive by her infernal magics.

She is also known as the Spindle Hag, for she is said to have spun from the raw fabric of creation broken threads of divinity, defying the logic of the compromise of Time, allowing the Red Goddess to take material form once more.

Images of Jakaleel the Witch are uncommon. When she is portrayed it is as an aged crone, her withered arms draped with a light coloured shawl depicting the black stars of the Underworld.

The cult's runes are Magic, Disorder, and the Black Moon.





## Cult Ecology

Jakaleel the Witch is worshipped in the Lunar Empire as the Goddess of Primal Madness and Insanity. She is privy to the diverse horrors and solaces that lie within the darkness. As one of the Seven Mothers is she worshipped collectively with them, but although direct worship of her cult is small it remains an influential presence.

Her cult is closely associated with that of Annilla, the Blue Moon and the two are often understandably confused by the uninitiated, perhaps due to both cults' obscure and secretive practices and the fact that most Trolls within the Lunar Empire gravitate towards this state supported darkness cult.

Even within the comparative freedom of the Lunar Empire, where a unique diversity of cults is tolerated and citizens are encouraged to explore a wide variety of religious experiences, there will always be those who are searching for easy answers and the 'hidden meaning'. The worship of Nysalor through the process of Illumination is one avenue. Jakaleel the Witch offers another path.

The mad, crazy and insane are all accepted as lay members in her cult and offered free board and lodging in the cult's temples, or Asylums as they are commonly known. These individuals are said to have been 'touched' by the Red Goddess.

There is very little internal hierarchy within the cult, Witches gaining due deference to age and rank but seldom with formal accolade. Every initiate is free to follow their own inner voices and Witches form Covens and abandon them with an often seeming careless abandon. Power however, is always respected and recognition given to even young and inexperienced Witches that show talent for the arcane mysteries of the cult. The cult is ultimately run by the Coven of Covens in the Imperial capital of Glamour, acting as a collective leadership in the absence of a titular head to the cult due to mythic reasons.

Jakaleel the Witch has her Holy Day on Freezeday of Disorder Week. Thus in Dark Season it is her cult that begins the week-long celebrations that will culminate in the High Holy Day of the Seven Mothers during Godsdays of Disorder Week.

## The Cult in the World

Under the benevolent protection of the Lunar Empire, insanity is recognised as being in touch with a different view of the world, perhaps one reserved for the Gods alone. As such those afflicted with madness are not persecuted, but often revered; the mad being accepted as lay members of the Cult of Jakaleel the Witch. The cult operates asylums throughout the Empire to house and protect the insane. Here their ravings and 'Lunacies' are patiently listened to and recorded as divine utterances from beyond the Veil, cryptic messages from the Goddess herself. The Blue Moon School of the Lunar College of Magic devotes considerable energy to studying and deciphering these messages.

All initiates are taught how to recognise one another: travelling cult members will often have no trouble finding local worshippers, identifying themselves without drawing attention to the fact through the use of cult rune magic. Should there be no local Coven then the traveller can always rely on the presence of at least a shrine in every town, as Jakaleel is widely worshipped, in both urban and rural areas, in a proprietary capacity against the horrors lurking in the dark.

It is not considered unusual to encounter Witches in otherwise strange locations: mountain caves, blasted heaths, municipal sewers, wild forests, etc.. Witches travel where their visions take them, and it is a circumspect traveller that swiftly passes on from such chance encounters.

While the worship of Jakaleel the Witch is not large it is widespread. Most worship is carried on in minor temples or Covens. Attendance is limited to small groups of initiates, all known to each other, and extremely reticent to strangers about their membership of a cult often associated with what are seen as, in the



***"We piece together the torn fragments of her story: a warrior priestess of Zorak Zoran from the Jord Mountains, a Mistress Race troll shaman from the Blue Moon Plateau, a wandering demigod from the dawn of creation, Jakaleel the Witch has been invoked, feared and worshipped as all of these and more. Yet we can be certain of nothing except that she serves the powers of darkness and disorder: whether for good or ill none can say."***

*— Nonnus Polopulus, extract from the Codex Stygianum*



more conservative parts of the Empire, dubious and socially unacceptable practices. Major temples, or Asylums, are rare and remain places of mystery and horror, shunned by the sane and circumspect. Most famous is Arkat Asylum, that lies at the heart of Gbaji Park in Glamour, and is said to contain the suffering spirits of heroquesters and demigods driven mad by their experiences.

Since the Third Wane there has traditionally been no High Priestess of Jakaleel the Witch, the position remaining vacant and all ceremonial duties being performed collectively by a Coven of Covens in Glamour that advises the Red Emperor and decides all cult business. The cult has resisted all attempts to impose a leader upon them by both secular and religious authorities, claiming mystical insights and divine prophecy. It is considered a dire portent of the Hero Wars that the cult has finally chosen a new High Priestess to lead them into the new Wane.

## Lay Members

The mad and insane are all considered to be lay members of the cult of Jakaleel the Witch. Lay members gain no magical benefits from membership but are offered free board and lodging in the cult's asylums, though many do wander freely protected by both the cult's influence and powerful magic. It is not unusual for lay members to become in due course initiates in the cult and these individuals, that were once 'touched by the Goddess,' often go on to become renowned Witches.

## Initiates

Membership is usually on an 'invitation only' basis but the cult is no way elitist and any particular Coven may contain initiates from all walks of society, sexual orientations and sentient races. In keeping with the traditions of secrecy and egalitarianism, concealing masks are usually worn for all ceremonies; a practice that reaches its full apotheosis in the inscrutable silver head-dresses worn by the elite Hell Sisters of the Imperial Bodyguard.

Covens are usually small groups consisting of not more than thirty initiates. Should any particular Coven grow too large for its



particular locale, the head Witch will usually order one of her assistants to leave and form a new Coven elsewhere. It is also not unusual for a Witch to suddenly leave an established Coven (often for unspecified reasons) and ask one of her senior initiates to take over in her stead, becoming a new Witch in her stead: the wearing of concealing masks adds additional mystery to this process.

All initiates must pass a test of a successful skill roll in Ceremony, donating 1 point of POW to the cult during the ritual, and donate the standard 10% of time and income to the cult. Membership in other cults does not restrict membership and even sorcerers are welcome.

The cult teaches the special skill of Recognise Witch. The cult teaches no Spirit Magic.

## Witches

Priestesses of the cult are known as Witches and usually make no secret of it. Thus one is more likely to see a practising Witch than one is to recognise an initiate, unless they chose to reveal their membership of course. Witches act as interpreters of dreams, fortune tellers and fulfil all the roles of the traditional 'wise woman' in Lunar society. Citizens who may feel uncomfortable taking their problems to their own priest or priestess – an initiate of Yelm who may not want to confess his 'peculiar urges' to a possibly related and certainly influential priest – may find a Witch can give him peace of mind. As one of the Seven Mothers and a state-supported institution, the cult of Jakaleel the Witch can provide an officially sanctioned (and often reliable) service through divination, summoning and various potions.

Every Coven will be headed by at least one Witch, and in rural areas with no minor temples Witches may meet periodically at sacred sites in order to perform the necessary rituals. It is not untypical for a Witch to pursue her career without a Coven, and such itinerant individuals can be encountered almost anywhere.

As part of their religious function it is a Witch's duty to protect and succour all insane and mad individuals who are lay members of the cult. In this capacity they are responsible for examining Lunar children for the 'touch of the Goddess' and ensuring that these youngsters are safely housed in the nearest asylum, notwithstanding their parents natural objections.

Any Witch must have at least 90% skill in each of Ceremony, Enchant and Summon. Common Divine Magics available to Witches include Binding Enchantment, Command Lune and Worship Jakaleel. The cult's Special Divine Magics are Capture Spirit, Command Lunatic, Dreamwalk, Ease Madness, Fear, Guardian Lune, Madness, Mindblast and Shapechange.

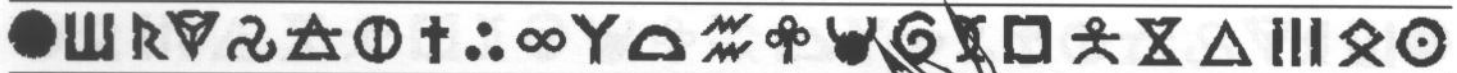
### Special Jakaleel the Witch Skill

#### Recognise Witch

This perception skill is taught only to initiates of Jakaleel the Witch and begins at 05% plus Perception modifier. A successful roll allows the user to recognise a priestess of the cult, however disguised they may be, or it can be used to detect the presence of the Witch's dwelling or a local Coven. The scrutiny requires a certain amount of concentration, and must be directed at a specific target person or building (within 15m) of the user. It also enables recognition of even a Shapechanged Witch, at one half the skill level.

#### Perception (00%)





## Subcults

### Jakaleeli Hell Sisters

This terrifying cavalry regiment of the Imperial Guard is made up of the most powerful Witches and is rivalled in its ferocity only by the Blood Spillers Regiment of Jar-eel the Razoress. Membership is open to any Witch who has successfully completed a heroquest to find and tame one of the Nightmare hell horses that the regiment rides. No troops have ever stood against the charge of their Nightmare steeds, for the thunderous sound of their drumming hooves and the blood chilling ululation of their war-cry is said to be enough to break even the most battle-hardened veterans. The cult teaches the spell Hell Ride.

### Spirit of Reprisal

The cult of Jakaleel the Witch occasionally has recourse to summon the shape of fear, Screaming Abdadb. Victims are engaged in a terrifying spirit combat at POW 30, each successful attack causing a loss of 1D6 magic points. This assault will continue until the either Abdadb is driven off or the target's magic points reach zero. Once overcome a victim is permanently trapped within the prison of their own mind, living out their worst nightmare, over and over again.



## Associated Cults

### Annilla, Goddess of the Blue Moon

The cult of Jakaleel the Witch is often mistaken for that of Annilla. Outside of the Lunar Empire sages have been known to interpret the Black Moon rune as either a Darkness rune or that of the Blue Moon, sacred to Annilla. This is not a totally erroneous interpolation, for Jakaleel represents aspects of both Darkness and Mystery in her worship. Through her mystic and unfathomable connections, Annilla provides the spell Invisibility.

### Red Goddess

She was guided and healed by Jakaleel the Witch. In return she gives the spell Chaos Gift.

### Subere

The troll goddess Subere was once worshipped by Jakaleel herself. Her former mistress provides the spell Attack Soul.

### Seven Mothers

Jakaleel draws on the power of her companions to provide the spell Resurrection.

### Zorak Zoran

According to troll legend the Chaos-Killer took Jakaleel the Witch as his wife. Whatever their relationship, she is able to call upon him to grant the spell Command Shade.

## Miscellaneous Notes

### Allied Spirits

The cult has power over the spirits of madness. Witches and warlocks may be aided by these spirits who house themselves not within the cult's sacred objects, but inhabit the minds of favoured recipients directly. As this is inherently dangerous, any time a disincorporate spirit returns to the host's body a failed resistance roll will result in the spirit's automatic covert possession. The victim's POW and INT remain intact however and they may engage the rebel spirit in normal spirit combat in an attempt to dislodge their recreant servant. Spectators viewing this contest will see the Witch display a violent struggle between apparent dual personalities.

"The great epic poem *The Wooing of Jaka Lelor* remains a classic of Troll oral culture and its bawdy verses, as well as numerous improvisations, can often be heard in seedy taverns and other places where Trolls gather to carouse and break furniture. I have been fortunate to witness performances of this song in both Sartar and Karse, narrowly escaping injury on several occasions. While there seems to be a wide degree of regional variation in both verse and chorus structure, the basic cadences remain the same. Though I hesitate to record even examples of this notorious and vulgar song here for fear of offending my more sensitive readers, those interested in a literal text translation should consult my book, *Songs of Uz*, for a full and unexpurgated version of this poem."

— quoted from Quimble of Filichet's *From Sartar to the Sea: A Journey Through Kethaela*



## Witch Queen of the Mistress Race

Troll mythology of Jakaleel the Witch differs from the accepted Lunar version of her life and history: according to dark troll shamans of the Blue Moon Plateau, Jaka Lelor was a powerful priestess of Subere, Goddess of the Dark Without Shadow, able to bind the Lords of the Seven Hells to her service and travel the Underworld by secret paths that only Arkat Chaosbane had dared to walk before. Such was her power, and ultimately arrogance, that she finally attracted the attentions of Zorak Zoran himself, the Lord of Hate and Vengeance.

Their conflict and courtship is a favourite topic for shamans, who delight in relating the story of their tempestuous affair: how Jaka Lelor's distraction prevented Zorak Zoran from catching and eating the young Red Goddess, and how he paid her back by managing to trick her into marrying him. For trolls hostile to the Lunar Empire the worship of Jaka Lelor remains subservient to that of her more powerful and domineering husband. Within the Empire however, she is revered fully in her own right as having the power to channel and control the maddening, mindless violence Zorak Zoran unleashes upon the world.

## Divine Intervention

The hidden paths of secrecy and madness that lead worshippers to Jakaleel the Witch are not readily travelled even by her most devout or powerful servants. As cultists cannot expect a successful divine intervention Jakaleel is never called upon, even under extreme circumstances. The favours of the Witch however, are bestowed quite at random and seemingly aimlessly without cause or merit. There is a 5% chance that Jakaleel will respond without summons to any crisis situation involving one of her initiates. The form of the response will vary but will usually be either an ambiguous or not a entirely satisfactory solution, though it has been known for units of the Hell Sisters regiment to magically appear, mounted on their Nightmare steeds, ready to strike fear, madness and death into the enemies of the Cult.

## Prominent Personalities

### Keisha Eye of the Blind, Arch Witch and High Priestess of Jakaleel the Witch

The highest position in the cult has traditionally been only a titular position, long left vacant. The cult however has taken a bold move, and a new player has emerged into the arena of Lunar politics and intrigue. Frighteningly powerful and very beautiful, the new Arch Witch remains tight-lipped about the cult's ultimate aims and objectives. It is considered sure sign of the imminent advent of the Hero Wars that the Coven of Covens has broken its centuries of silence and finally chosen a leader.

### Meritus Doomspeaker, Examiner of the Red Goddess

Distantly related to the ruling Molari-Sor clan, Meritus is a native of Palbar who, like so many others, has found fame and fortune in the Imperial capital of Glamour. His rise to prominence has come through his power of prophecy and the interpretation of dreams, for he has successfully predicted many otherwise unforeseeable events:

he has, however, uttered no predictions since the cult nominated him for the vacant Lunar Examinership he now occupies. Nevertheless, there are those who claim that his current personal holding at knock-down price of the lucrative Imperial Gin Monopoly is due more to his prophetic abilities than to sound financial acumen.

### Bamzam Zam, Warrior of the Witch

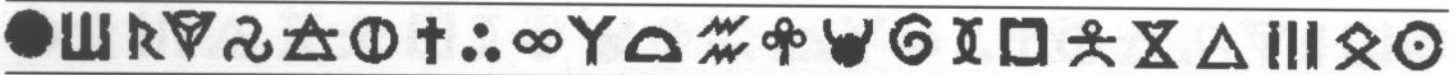
Trolls within the Lunar Empire naturally gravitate towards the Cult of Jakaleel the Witch, usually in the guise of their own deity Jaka Lelor, consort and sparring partner of Zorak Zoran. Chief among the Lunar Death Lords is Bamzam Zam, a dark troll from the Blue Moon Plateau greatly feared for his innate magical abilities and renowned ferocity. He has become a noted figure in the Provincial cities, where his habitual and open wearing of the mask of a Jakaleeli initiate draws everyone's attention. Rumours abound that he is recruiting a legion of trollkin for service in Dragon Pass, an accusation strongly denied by both the Provincial Government and the Army Staff.

### Dagius Furius, Chief of Intelligence, Provincial Army

Little is known of this furtive and elusive figure. His official title merely obscures the myriad secret activities and subterfuges he is undoubtedly involved with. Such is the extent of the web of mystery surrounding Dagius Furius that he is popularly believed to be the head of a cult of assassins by the credulous rustics of Dragon Pass, a rumour his membership of the Cult of Jakaleel the Witch does little to allay.







## Special Jakaleel Divine Spells

**Capture Spirit** 3 points  
*ranged, temporal, nonstackable, reusable*

This powerful spell allows the caster to attack a single chosen victim in the form of a spirit combat but without being disincorporate. If the caster overcomes the target's magic points, the target's spirit is severed from its body and held captive by the caster. The victim's body is then seized with madness. As in spirit combat, the target can resist through the use of spells such as Countermagic, Spirit Block, Spirit Screen or similar protective magic. The captured spirit must be held in a previously prepared vessel present at the time of casting, upon which a Binding Enchantment spell has been already cast. Breaking the vessel immediately releases the spirit which returns at once to its body.

**Command Lunatic** 2 points  
*ranged, temporal, nonstackable, reusable*

Enables the caster to give clear, precise instructions to any individual under the effect of madness, whether it be caused by spell, Lune attack or mental illness. The target will obey all commands, as the spell in effect allows the caster to manipulate the victims already unbalanced state.

**Dreamwalk** 2 points  
*Ceremony ritual, self, temporal, nonstackable, reusable*

Allows the caster to open a window onto the Hero Plane. The spell caster is able to view but not influence or interact with the denizens present there. Mythic realities may be revealed or incoherent gibberish, there is no way to control what is experienced although specific persons or events may be actively sought out.

**Ease Madness** 1 point  
*ranged, instant, nonstackable, reusable*

Allows the caster to temporarily alleviate the effects of madness in one individual. The target will remain calm and lucid, apparently free from insanity until an external stimuli such as an attack, abrupt orders or similar disturbance occurs.

**Guardian Lune** 2 points  
*Summon ritual, nonstackable, reusable*

Casting this spell summons a Lune and binds it to a specific and localised service detailed in no more than ten words. It is usually cast to protect either a room or its contents from thieves and curious intruders.

**Shapechange** 3 points  
*self, temporal, nonstackable, reusable*

Allows the caster to assume one of the 'shapes of darkness' associated with the cult. These include crow, black cat, wolf, spider, and snake. The form assumed will vary, but the user retains all her characteristics and skills (except SIZ), and gains the appropriate abilities of the new shape. The Witch can change back to original form at any time.

## Hell Sisters Special Rune Magic

**Hell Ride** 2 points  
*ranged, temporal, stackable, reusable*

Each Hell Sister is taught the incantation that they must whisper into the ear of their Nightmare steeds in order to cast this spell: doing so causes the beasts to assume a terrifying demonic aspect. The cries of the Hell Sisters drive their steeds into a murderous frenzy and woe befall anyone foolish enough to stand in their way. Troops facing the Hell Ride must withstand an awesome spirit attack at the cumulative POW of the collective riders, equivalent of a Demoralise spell affecting every individual. Militia and recruit units will break automatically.

### Note from Nochet

[XXXVII.2313] For some unknown reason the Black Horse troop of Dragon Pass fame bears one thing in common with the Hell Sisters. Nearly one-fourth are missing the ring finger on their left hand.

# Rumours

## Contributors:

- Simon Bray,
- Nick Brooke, John
- Dallman, Greg Fried,
- Martin Hawley,
- Nils Weinander,
- Sandy Petersen



## Rumour

## Indicators:

- T True
- F False
- M So general as to be meaningless.
- R May or may not be true at the referee's option.
- B Generally true, but with a substantial false component.
- A Too awful to even think about.

Issaries used to have a doubled "Issaries" rune, just like Humakt has a doubled Death rune, but he bartered his spare one to Argan Argar. B

The Humakti of Pavis have created a new form of terse poetry they've named Hacku. R

A species of dwarf lions inhabits the northern East Isles, and the fierce Basmoli Berserkers who worship them have become midgets, no more than 2-4 feet high. T/R

The ancestral homeland of the Cattle Hsunchen was the lost continent of Bemuria, also known as the land of Mu. A

Good Kralori go to the land of Vithela when they die, there to await the God Emperor - who will lead them to the next stage of existence when he dies. However, Emperor Godunya has ruled a very very long time and still shows no sign of dying... T

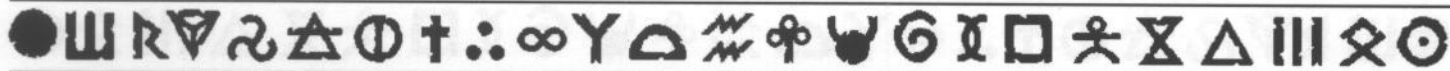
The magic bridge to the City of Wonders is still functioning and can be accessed from the Miradore Lighthouse in Seapolis. B

Some East Islanders say that when the Red Moon is finally pulled down from the sky, her corpse will plug up the Gates of Dawn and forever prevent the Sun from rising! A

The Haragalan "Princess" line offers Island vacation cruises with tabulated refunds for jelly-fish stings, shark bites, and Vorumai pirate attacks, provided that injuries suffered were unprovoked. R

Oyster Girl was originally called Clam Girl until the Seapolis authors 'accidentally' came across a very rude website of the same name and realised what a 'Clam' was in some country's slang. T





And on a day, the King grew harsh and hot. Each curtain heavy in humidity, stray hair annoyed. He cursed each chord too loud and every word too sharp. And she would dust her tresses 'cross his foot, apply rich unguents to his troubled limbs. With every art and skill she strove to calm and cool. But in the courtyard's heavy listless air, where shade gave no relief, the barbed tang of boredom took its hold. When Pashas came, prostrate upon the tiles, the King would say, "Leave us," or shake his head, or with some gesture large enough to sting, send her away.

There was no balm, no kohl, no henna and no garb she did not use to bait her body for the King's devour. But all was wasted. All was spent in vain. His heart was snared by shameless and firm-breasted whores. The Queen was not discarded, no. Of her own volition, she called her maids and grooms to pack each scented vial, each chest, each coffer filled with sandal-scented silk. She left one night, slipping through the postern gate and out, in, to...

The city. Ah, how that city gleamed, marble and quartz gleaming on its minarets, the bazaars which called and beckoned, the fretwork, doors disclosing every court. The Queen took all its wares, and offered more. And merchants and Kadis came to her, and some would ask and others beg. To one she would say, "Do this, give that," and to another, "Trade in such, and thus."

But here the paper is too stained with tears, what lies beneath the stains I cannot peer to read.

And on a morning, returning to the house she now called home, she heard a child. A young girl, crouching by the portal, white skin, with yellowed bruise beside the eyes. The Mistress stooped and lay her golden arms around the child. She felt the hot tears dew the silk across her breast, and pressed the angled body deep against her soft and needing ache. Red hair, matted under dust entwined with black, like coal and its mane of fire, or the shadowed hills that stand before the dawn. The Mistress and the Girl held long. She did not feel the dampened sand beneath her skirt. She did not heed the beauty fit for kings. She did not smell the sweat and spice to tempt a monarch's bed. And lost in that embrace, no thought of future power or chance to rise once more. She gazed through dampened, reddened eyes and 'ere the finger slipped its catch upon her lips, one word she whispered...

And she knew, she knew, that mix of love and power. And on that day, and on that day, there was a Queen.



## Chapter Seven The City

Listen, the City speaks. Narrow blades strike and shriek, echoing off the mirror mosaics. Tissue tears and fat, ring-encumbered hands are cupped and brought together. The laugh is weighty only with unease and sycophancy.

A rib-thin dog basks in the dust of the crossroads. Behind it, a wall bows out, webbing the fresco with a craze of mud brick.

Oil-slick slaves dust a marble floor with gypsum, ostrich plumes spreading across the darkening stain.

Camels cough and shuffle, their hobbled pads rasping and impatient. Hands tauten a hempen halter and explore the teeth, listless with refusal.

A blade slips through silk, again and again, until a bearded smile reflects wide along the steel. It hardens in thought, then turns revealing the faceted ceiling.

A crowd crouches at the roadside. Young men, hands proud yet idle thrust in sashes. The loud voice, insistent gestures, the mail on his arms, the coins in his helmet are lures more compelling than indolence.

Wagered coins and gems tumble on the ebony, sliming trails as they gouge the lacqueria.

A workman shakes the knotted scaffold. How long will its wood support the eaves? A further shake and the dust rains.

The garden, enclosed, has turned upon itself. Withered stems claw the tesserae, choke the green rimmed fountain, clutching the cowering roofs above the arcade.

Counters clack the dented borders. Red and black, the scarred inlay vanishes beneath the scabbling hands. Shouts, dice and one-draught cups echo the clatter.

Withered fingers straighten the bowl upon its roof-set tripod. The surface clenches. Tonight it will reflect stars, today only the expectant wrinkles of the watcher.

Shutters slam back, corroded clasps gouging again the plasterwork. Shouts and slops spattering.

The old men sit fraying on the carpet. They cough over the houkah, mutter over the years' advance. One shakes his head and chuckles. Another trails suddenly to silence, sadness filming his milky eyes.

(XXIX. 22-18) Of all the Xaroni, the Masters of Pain have the most horrid way of "recruiting" willing sacrifices for their cult services. They have constructed a magical box, said to be an ancient Kralori mystery cube, within which the subject is treated to a mixture of both exquisite pleasure and unbearable pain, until the

two sensations cannot be told apart. At this point the subject usually dies; those who survive both yearn for the box and live in servile fear of it forever. Thus do the Masters teach obedience and resolve.

[Eric Nolander]





The hired man slips his soft boot into the stirrup. Charms of black and silver stir on the tack. He ascends the saddle. Unconsciously, his glove sweeps back his hair, smoothes his beard, flicks dust from his shoulders. He casts a drizzle of coins, relishing behind him the urchins' clamour.

One grain of spice. Then another. Hesitate. A third. The brass-work balance edges to equilibrium. Unnoticed, a finger helps the process.

A man with no legs hauls himself across the road. His speed and agility are unexpected, unsettling. Passers-by turn aside, hiding embarrassment. Two people, feet visible beneath the turned-back curtain, argue. The man is foul, uncouth. Each word is bunched with muscle, heavy with studded leather. The woman, refined yet knowing, softens and slows the inevitable.

A proud hand polishes the brass-ware, sets the fluted urn among the show work. A proud voice shouts out to the clamour. His son's work, that inlaid silver. A woman squats above the gutter. Rising, she bundles black robes about her. The butcher slits out the entrails. Flies cluster the steaming tripes. Blood drips from the table. The butcher thrusts his shining arms in the carcass, searches the cavity. An old woman blunders into the metalwork. The stand overturns, setting a white horse rearing. The rider begins a curse, then silence, wondering at the blind-eyed stare. The young girl scrambles to the flat roof. Soon, soon, he comes beneath her. Perhaps a shout, a planned, chance-fallen scarf will draw his glance. She stops. She straightens by the roof curb, feeling the moment. Out, around the roof-top, clatters, voices, towers and roads. Expectant, the suppliant streets cry out. Speak, the city listens.

## Chapter Eight Night

The Young Woman sits in the twilight. Listless at first, she squirms against the worn gridded carpet. One hand rings her ankle, turns forwards and back, grating nails on the chain links. The other twists and worries her red curls, or shifts, tugging the ring at her ear-lobe.

The Mistress leans on the divan. She hunches forward, feeling with distaste the fat as it folds on her belly. Patient and compassionate, she unfolds the proposition. Building, she buries the risks and the pitfalls. She notes and approves as the woman grows stiller. But do the young woman's blue eyes hold more than acceptance?

The Young Woman lies in the lamplight. Shadows scuttle across her flank and forearm. The flame bloodies the sweat of the criminal grunting above her. On the ceiling's cracked plaster, the circle deforms and shudders. Fingers flutter across the

strings of its louvre. Beneath them the bed-straps creak out their rhythm. Dented cotton sticks and whispers its damp protest.

The Criminal feels her breast-tips harden against his palms. Almost unaware, his nails furrow the yielding slopes. His teeth clench fast, forcing his breath in gusts through wide-set nostrils. His muscles pound and flex as his loins hammer insistence. One fist beats on the headboard as his belly rushes with the warmth of his triumph.

The Young Woman lies in the darkness. She curls her toes in the covers and relishes the warmth and the stillness. She sighs, crooking an arm beneath her pillow. Her body aches with anticipation. Somewhere a yearning begs for fulfilment. She draws a hand limply across to the table. She disturbs cool lacquer and the rattle of perfume. Her fingers slither and shiver at the touch of the unguent. She inhales deeply, dragging the scented side of her hand

between nose and lips. Another breath is prolonged as her hand traces her nipples, the valley of her breasts, down across her belly to the springy curls between her legs.

The Witch works in the darkness. Flashes of purple and crimson surprise with their brightness. A taste of roses and metal. The glow spreads and tingles. Her fingers throw off their caution and move with persistence. Damp, moist, wet, again then again. Waves breaking, the tide rushing, horses stamping the desert, stars shooting, falling. A blaze of fire cascading, crashing on sand dunes. She howls as it scalds and chills her.

The Young Woman lies in the starlight. A light breeze teases the textiles, fondles her cheeks with its fingertips. Above her, the louvre is open. Behind it the sky shines velvet and silver. Each drop of dew has a name, she remembers. She murmurs one, then another. Perhaps they will hear her. She tries to trace the shape of the star sign. Could that be a head? The face of an old man?

The Scholar descends to the bedroom. His joints protest as he drops, clutching the skylight. He addresses the folds and the shadowed hollows. For once, he keeps his voice level as he lays out the eclipse of empires. She soothes in agreement as he explains the cycles of ambition, the epicycles of rage. Satisfied, he solves the equation, placing her firmly at the point of solution, and the unknown, the cipher, awaits her nodding.

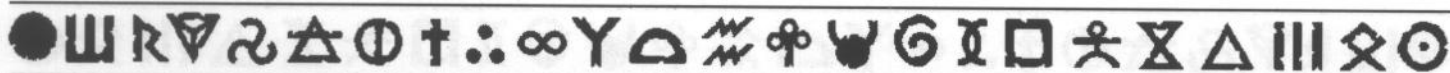
The Young Woman stands in the dawnlight. Its chill and its harshness turns her bedroom to iron. There is a crispness, a cleanness in the grey, shadowless waiting chamber of the sunrise. Yet she hears, as clearly as she has ever heard, smells and sees as clearly, too. The tramp of armies, invocations in incense, battalions black and red crawling around her.

The Nobleman kneels before her. Sometimes he clasps her legs, sometimes his arms spread wide the battleline. His armour choruses the plan, counterpoints the possibilities. The carpet grabs at his scabbard, and his pulse quickens as he steadies his scimitar. Two smiles reflect, the wide and the bearded.

The Young Woman walks in the daylight. The coarse cloak worries her, naked beneath it. She creases it tighter about her and shivers at the prick of the sand streets. A sweeper hails her, an idler stumbling homewards names her, a trader setting his awning says more than convention.

The City tenses, steeling itself to the chill of awakening. Its shuttered eyelids, heavy, flutter at the sound as she passes. Covers thrown aside, fires kindled, plans to be laid and horoscopes consulted. Heat creeps slowly through its kettles, rattling for release. The city holds its exhalation. The inlay and lacquer of the best caravansery tremble as her shadow lengthens across them. Their doorman lies waiting the patter of fingers.





# The Tale of Manlavus the Star Buseri.

by Martin Laurie



Sadness is my tale. Sadness for my people, whom Dayzatar looks down upon with rightful distance, and sadness for my Emperor who fell from the grace of Yelm and the Justice of his own heart. Sothenik was my Lord and Emperor and ruled for many years with wisdom and justice. For all those years and more, I wasn't just his High Buseri - I was his friend, thus his fall pains me doubly. His story and mine is the tale I now tell.

Though his rule had been splendid, golden, peaceful and bountiful, always there was complaint and trouble from the lower orders who ever sought to better themselves beyond their place. Those who acquired some form of wealth wandered among the true nobility, parading themselves in an impure display of riches and poor taste. I attended few functions in the latter days of my Emperors' rule for these "New Rich" were everywhere and below them was a great seething mass of folk who wished to be in their place, spiritually poor though it was.

These folk were soon named the "Want Mores" for no matter how bountiful the land and how magnificent the generosity of my Emperor, they always wanted more. "Make me a Duke!" They cried and we could but blame the days of Nysalor before Gbaji came to end his life. How can we decry such glittering perfection you might ask? Truth is often hard to bare but the truth is that Nysalor spoke for the higher mind, the far seeing noble, such as myself. Thus the common man took his golden advice literally and sought gleaming metal rather than spiritual enlightenment!

My Emperor soon became dissatisfied with the rule of such a tumultuous people. Always they wanted more and their desire was infectious. Eventually, even the Emperor wanted more and said so ever more loudly as the years of his rule rolled on and monotony of life soiled his perfection.

Then came the messenger who brought news of a strange and wonderful event. The Hecolanti had come! We were greatly puzzled for we knew not who these Hecolanti were and though I could see far with the sight of Buserian, I felt like an eclipsed star in my knowledge of these newcomers.

Sothenik decided to see what these Hecolanti were that crossed his wide and glorious lands and the whole court travelled with him as well as a great muster of men and priests. We found the Hecolanti in the southern lands of Henjarl, south of Alkoth. There was fifty or more men made of stone, each the height of a tall tree, all marching resolutely westward to some unknown purpose. They were accompanied by a dancing group of Aldryami who sang their forest songs while flowers and trees grew around their prancing feet.

My Emperor placed himself before these creatures and demanded an explanation of their presence in the Empire of Yelm. The great stone men stopped and peered at him with eyes of diamond. They said they sought a new land away from the little stone men who had been their masters. Sothenik told them to seek a land elsewhere, in some distant place for Dara Happa would not enjoy their presence. The

stone men agreed to his demands and set off to the South, the barbarian lands, where they might carve out a home for themselves.

After they passed out of sight, Sothenik turned his golden gaze towards me and spoke wistfully. "Think of the sights they will see Manlavus, the adventures they will undergo! Such glory awaits them!"

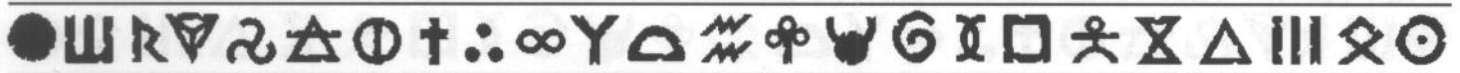
"My Emperor." I replied nervously. "I think little of such things for is it not our place to serve Yelm's purity where we are placed by the rays of his truthful light?" I asked, hoping to sway my Emperors thoughts to his people and heavenly father.

Sothenik looked troubled and then sad. "My friend, you have said many things that are true and just and never more so than today yet like the lowest of my people, I want more!"

"More than Dara Happa?" I asked thinking what else could there be? His answer shocked me.

"Yes, more than Dara Happa!"

And so the end of my lords' rule came in that simple realisation. Sothenik summoned ten heroic companions to him, including myself. We girded for adventure and strife though it pained me to leave my quarters in Raibanth more deeply than any could suspect. Leaving Lord Helemshal of Raibanth behind as regent, we left with little fanfare to follow the path of the Hecolanti. The people were nervous and discomfited as Sothenik left the city. They



begged him to stay, saying they would renounce their desire for more if the Emperor would do likewise for it was unheard of for an Emperor to leave his people of his own free will and no-one knew what might happen to them in the days that followed.

Sothenik would not be swayed and sought the path of the hero. Thus our travels began. First we followed the Hecolanti and aided them in their quest. Sothenik used the Justice of Yelm to argue them a place among the barbarians. When combat came, Sothenik led his companions to destroy the troublemakers with bolts of fire, mighty blows and deadly magics.

When the Hecolanti had their place I thought we might return but Sothenik had become enamoured of this new adventure and wanted more. Ever more.

I became a hardened traveller over the next span of years as we travelled the far world. Across the hard mountains we went, through snow and ice, past demons of darkness and cold into lands of great beauty and strangeness. Though at times I yearned for my towers and a clear view of the stars, I gained much on my journeys and we all became infected with a wanderlust as great as our masters. He drove us on ceaselessly and we saw the Digijelmi Empire, the cities on the great lake, the Incompletes in their great fortresses of stone and a city which berthed a ship made of a Dragon and teemed with more people than our Glorious Tripolis put together. We sailed on one of these city ships with the Green Men and came to a major port in the land of Lodril's children. By then, it was clear that the sights we'd seen had changed us forever.



Thus it was, in this city at the edge of the world, where we disembarked from the Dragonship, that Sothenik saw that he wanted one more thing. He wanted to sit upon his throne once more. I was ecstatic at his decision as were the others though there were but three of the ten heroes who had set out on the adventure with their Emperor to acclaim his decision. The journey had been hard and our path full of violence and evil strangers, yet we had overcome by the Light of Yelm. We had seen through the darkness.

With haste we passed Northwards. The lands around us were in a turmoil of passing strangeness. Upon meeting many of the folk, whom we knew to be barbarians, we were perplexed at the depth of their minds and the complexity of their thoughts. Sothenik had become a connoisseur of strange cultures and delayed his progress long enough to talk to some of these folk at a festival they were holding.

This delay proved to be our undoing.

A dance was held at the festival by a scandalously ill-clad group of men and women. They were painted as lizards or the scales of a dragon and hissed and spat as they moved in jerky, sudden ways. The orator cast a great magic on the assembly and spoke in that hissing tongue yet we could all understand it. We were entranced and saw possibilities beyond ourselves that enraptured our minds. How can the clarity of the draconic mind be explained? It seemed as though all our troubles and thoughts were washed away to leave only purpose, understanding, pleasure and companionship behind. We were instantly refreshed and filled with energies both strange and warming.

Sothenik was more enraptured than any there for the coils of Dragon power met his purity and justice and flared into life. They spiralled around him much to the awe of the watchers and dancers and as I looked it seemed that my Emperor grew wings of gold, became resplendent in might and radiant in light. Beyond mere sight, the strength of his soul filled the watchers and they joined with his perfection at that moment and bowed before him, as the Imperial court once had in Raibanth.

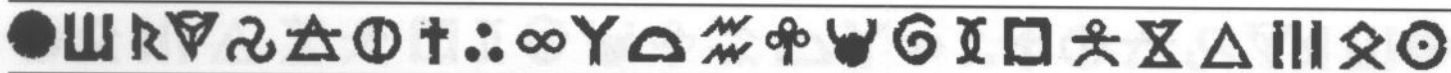
Then the ceremony ended. The leader of the band of dancers who called themselves a Waltzing and Hunting band, approached us with reverence and spoke to Sothenik. "Come and meet our spiritual leader for he could show more of your Dragon-soul to you than our meagre magics can allow."

Such was Sothenik's joy at that moment that he agreed to go with them and meet their leader. We were taken far and saw much of these barbarians lands. Much wondered us for they had a society of great strength and the pervasive powers of the Dragon were plain to see in everything around us.

At last we arrived at a city of strange beauty. Odd towers and angular ziggurats twisted our eyes till we descended deep into the earth and the inner chamber of the Dragons Eye. There we met the Inhuman King, coiled and potent. I was stricken with fear and awe by its might and the knowing intelligence in its eyes. Sothenik though looked on as if he'd found a lost soul, a kinsman or brother to speak with after years of solitude.

While I cowered my Emperor conversed easily in the Dragon tongue with the Inhuman King and





spoke of his joy at the ceremony. The King asked him to stay and learn for the dragon was in him, stronger than anyone it had met before.

My lord was at first solid in his desire to return to his throne but the great King summoned a magic that seemed like my own of far seeing but at a much greater distance than any I had practised. Far to the North we saw what transpired in Raibanth and the Empire. There stood a strong looking man dressed as Emperor though his regalia was incomplete. He was being acclaimed by a great army that marched from the city. The people around him showed their adulation, which should have been reserved for Sothenik but through the twenty-five years of his absence they had forgotten my lord and replaced him with another. At that Sothenik was mightily angry and swore to march against the usurper but the Inhuman King waited till his mind focused and asked:

“With what will you reclaim your throne?”

The question surprised Sothenik but he answered quickly “With the Purity of my heart and the Justice of my cause!”

“And has such Justice and Purity always assured triumph for the righteous man?” Asked the sly tongued King.

Sothenik knew his histories as well as I and knew this was not the case and was silent while the Dragonet spoke. It advised him to stay, to learn and promised him aid to reclaim his throne but counselled patience for these Wyrms Friends were not yet strong enough to match the host of men that the vision had shown. Yet, in time, it promised they would be and that Sothenik would rule again, this time immortal and rich in Dragon energies that would give a clarity of mind possessed by no Emperor since Murharzarm!



My Emperor pondered long but in the end silently nodded his agreement and with that simple action, his fate, mine and that of our peoples was sealed.

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Time was not what it had once been to me. A hundred years passed and I sat in my tower in Kordros City, holding my drink in my left hand and looked at the stars with my left eye. I no longer needed the lenses of my old Buseri towers to see the distant heavens, my sight was greater in acuity than any mere human eye.

Those were not the only changes in me for I was deep in the Dragon energies of the wide lands around us. I was followed by many, had wealth that any Raibanthi Emperor could envy and personal power beyond my dreams - and nightmares.

However, my changes were insignificant compared to those of Sothenik. At first he had chafed and grumbled, keen to seize his position back from the usurpers but the Dragon teachings drew him ever inward, ever distant from his old concerns. Eventually he no longer talked about such matters or when I raised them to him in our increasingly rare moments of conversation he passed over to talk about his latest projects. In the end I became uncomfortable in his presence as he grew in power. His skin became scaly, his tongue forked and his size became gigantic. He was no longer human and his desires changed with his body. His glittering golden skin reflected the power of his magics which were much greater in Solar strength than when he'd been Emperor. Combined with his Dragon powers and natural strength of rule, Sothenik had become a deity to many. His name was not known to most, they simply called him the Dragon Sun or the Golden Dragon and I started to feel nervous of his plans.

My fears for my people grew for I no longer saw Sothenik's desires and the good of the Empire to be one and the same. Instead, he looked northwards with the eyes of a conqueror. His sibilant tongue advised the generals of the EWF on how to war upon the Empire and they did so with increasing success. I thought Sothenik would march with them but he was held back by some Draconic wisdom and deep policy yet I knew that when he did march to war, the Dara Happa armies would be crushed, for his strengths were immense and his knowledge of their defences total.

It was inevitable and I despaired but a plan came to my mind that would not delay Dara Happa's defeat but could perhaps give hope for the future.

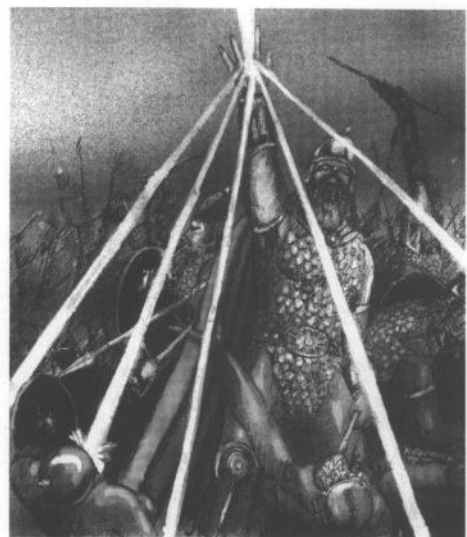
I flew to Sothenik's tower and sought entry, he servants and worshipers knew me and let me in and while the Dragon Sun slept I stole the Mantle of Sovereignty from his side. The Mantle had been on his shoulders since he'd left the Empire and would assure his control and place as Emperor when he returned. The people would be bound by its powers and serve his immortal but unjust

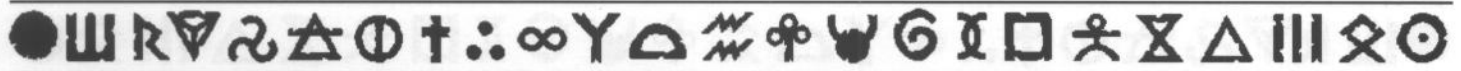


rule for eternity. This I could not allow and I escaped into the night, using up my Dragon powers to help me flee and when I gave them up in a flash of power I was untraceable.

I hid among the Old Day Traditionalists in the deadly forests and hills of the North where bitter refugees and hardened rebels gathered to plot and plan. Without the connection to the Draconic energies, I began to age rapidly and as I write this my hands are stiff, gnarled and old yet I am strangely content.

Soon I will ask the tribesman to take me up to the mountains where I can die, looking at the stars that have always given me hope, happiness and direction all my life. I can die knowing that I at least tried for my people, I foiled a great doom and though it may be unrecognised by history, the fact that it is done will be enough for me.





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## Yanafal Tarnils

War God of the Lunar Empire

### Mythos and History

When the brutal Carmanian Empire ruled over the conquered cities of Dara Happa, the Satrap of Yuthuppa shone out as a just and fair man. Though a loyal brother to the Bull Shah, enemies at court spread poisonous lies against him: he was convicted on trumped-up treason charges, hideously mutilated, and then executed. His dispossessed heir fled into exile, guarded and guided by the chief mage of the Satrap's household, an astrologer-priest named Irrippi Ontor. In the little town of Torang, these two joined the conspiracy of the Seven Mothers, and were instrumental in the rebirth of the Red Goddess. For his part in this, the first Lunar ritual, Yanafal Tarnils is called "Ram and Warrior".

Yanafal Tarnils had from his earliest days studied the Carmanian Art of War, mastering sword, lance and bow, as well as the secrets of leading men to fight and die. With the birth of the Red Goddess, Yanafal Tarnils founded the Red Army, the military arm of her New Moon Queendom. He became Warlord of First Blessed, sole leader of all its armed forces, and was relentless in battle, unyielding as steel, inspired by the passion for Truth that blazed within him. He fought to create a better world, willing to die for his Goddess: and, because death was unimportant to him, he transcended it to become a Hero.

When the Goddess left the world to prove her divinity, Yanafal Tarnils ably defended her lands against the full force of the Carmanian host, working miracles of strategy and tactics to delay their inexorable advance. On her return at the Battle of Chaos, when the flower of Carmanian chivalry was blasted and devoured by the Crimson Bat, Yanafal wept. But his loyalty never wavered, and he unflinchingly stayed on the path he had chosen, even walking the Sword-Bridge despite the burden he bore.

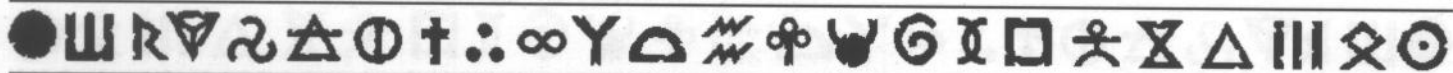
He proved his Truth against his foes at the Battle of Four Arrows of Light, when the Magi of Carmania summoned Humakt, God of War and Death, to defeat their enemies. The two strove against each other in mystical and mortal combat, matching their weapons, skills, powers and souls. Without his love for the Goddess, Yanafal would surely have been slain. But the Truth he fought for prevailed: Yanafal defeated his master, shrugging off his mask of mortality to be enthroned among the deities of the Lunar pantheon.

As in most Lunar cults, no specific life after death is promised, though Yanafal's own example is taken to prove that there is a life after death. Those most valiant in the service of the Red Moon might be recognised in the ranks of the Full Moon Corps, a legion of immortal demigod fanatics clad in crimson Steel armour.

Burial customs follow local practice. Lay members are interred in mass burials or cremated communally after battles. Initiates are members of their regimental burial club, which pays funerary expenses on behalf of the fallen. Scimitars, the military heroes of the Empire, may be enshrined in the wall of the Citadel of Halfway, facing onto Red Square, emerging to participate in the annual parades. Unlike Humakt's, this cult permits and even encourages the resurrection of fallen members.

The cult's runes are Death, Moon and Truth.





## Cult Ecology

Yanafal Tarnils is the god of the Red Army, and his cult provides leadership and direction to the Lunar Empire's fighting forces. Foes oppose the spread of the Empire, and this cult defends and expands her boundaries. This is the major war cult of the Lunar Empire, though others are popular also.

Members of this religion are staunch citizens of the Lunar Empire, and oppose those who wish to overthrow it. Nonetheless, they respect high honour and bravery wherever it is found, even outside the Empire. Although imperial policy opposes most barbaric cults of death and war, including that of Humakt (for both political and mythical reasons), Yanafali will show respect to worthy opponents, while remaining loyal to the Empire.

The High Holy Day is when the Goddess was born: Godsdays of Disorder week in Dark season. The holy day in other seasons is the Full Half Moon (Godsdays) of Death week.

## The Cult in the World

Members of the cult of Yanafal Tarnils are career soldiers and officers in the Lunar Army. A few worshippers are not so enlisted in the service of the Empire, but these are a distinct minority. This cult is unknown outside the Lunar sphere of influence.

The Heartland Corps has the heaviest contingent of Yanafali soldiers, but even outlying Provincial armies contain many such troops. All officers in the Heartland Corps must be initiates of Yanafal Tarnils: in other parts of the Lunar Army, it is acceptable for an officer to worship as a lay member.

Each regiment has its own temple, centred on the regimental standard, and the strength of the temple depends on the number of regimental initiates.

Traditionally, regiments with too few

initiates to qualify for at least a minor temple will combine services with other regiments nearby, or give their Yanafali soldiers leave to visit another regiment for holy day worship. Normally, the regimental Scimitar sets up a shrine (in camp) or a tent (on the march) to perform necessary worship services. Any other Scimitars are commonly regimental officers, while mere initiates will fill less important roles. Shrines teach True Scimitar.

Most Lunar cities usually have a Yanafal Tarnils temple, honouring him as one of the Seven Mothers. The priesthood of these temples is partly separate from the military command structure, often including retired veterans. There are Great Temples to Yanafal Tarnils at Alkoth and Raibanth, military academies where officers of the Heartland Corps are trained.

The embalmed body of Duke Yanafal is displayed in his Mausoleum in Red Square, at the heart of Glamour, and the whole Heartland Corps parades there to worship at the start of each campaigning season. The Temple of Peace in Glamour is a Great Temple to Yanafal Tarnils, headquarters of the Imperial Warlord.

The cult is organised militarily, with ultimate leadership falling upon the Red Emperor, the Commander-in-Chief of all Lunar armies. The Imperial Warlord, Bellex Maximus, directs the Red Army, while the High Priestess of the Temple of Yanafal of the Seven Mothers in Blessed Torang leads the Empire in praying for its success.

## Lay Members

All soldiers in the Lunar Army are, ipso facto, lay members of Yanafal Tarnils.

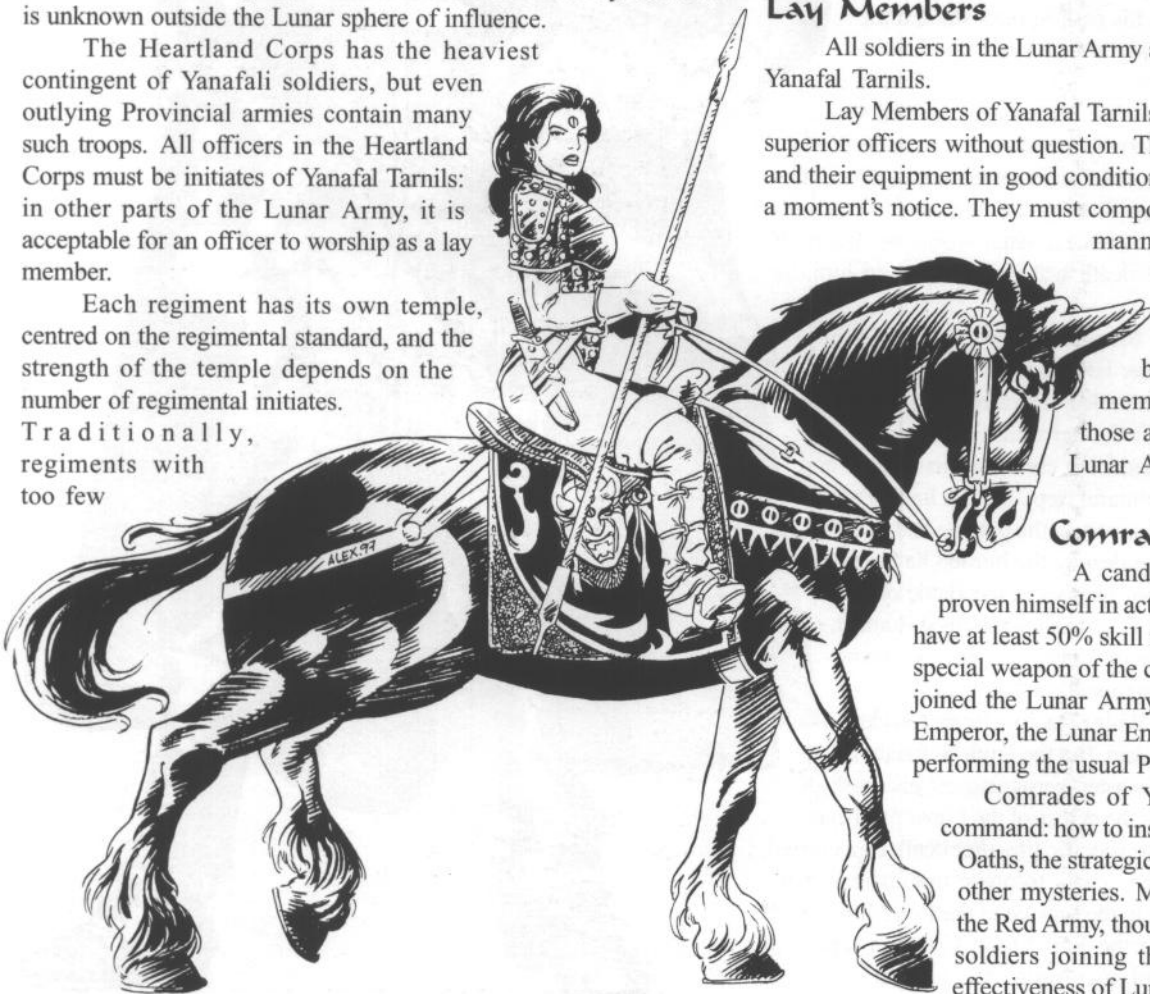
Lay Members of Yanafal Tarnils must obey the orders of their superior officers without question. They must maintain themselves and their equipment in good condition, ready to serve the Empire at a moment's notice. They must comport themselves in a disciplined manner. They must sacrifice one magic point during each holy day's worship service.

No mundane or magical benefits are conferred by lay membership in this cult beyond those afforded to all members of the Lunar Army.

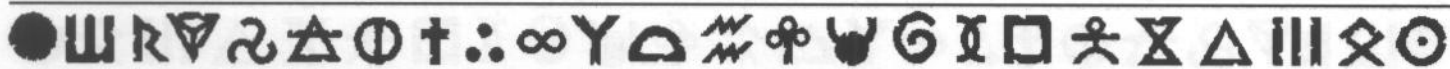
## Comrades of Yanafal

A candidate for initiation must have proven himself in action at some time. He must also have at least 50% skill in fighting with a Scimitar, the special weapon of the cult. In most cases he will have joined the Lunar Army and sworn fealty to the Red Emperor, the Lunar Empire, and his regiment, before performing the usual POW sacrifice.

Comrades of Yanafal learn the secrets of command: how to inspire Morale, bind soldiers with Oaths, the strategic purpose of the Red Army, and other mysteries. Most Comrades are officers in the Red Army, though there is no bar on common soldiers joining the Cult as this increases the effectiveness of Lunar military forces.







## Lunar Code of War

All Comrades of Yanafal must uphold the Lunar Code of War. This means that members must:

1. *Never start a fight with a member of one's own regiment,*
2. *Honour the fallen, with a strict prohibition against the mutilation of anyone, living or dead,*
3. *Maintain strict truth and confidence with one another.*

Combat between Comrades may continue only to the first fallen, not to the death, and the loser must always verbally acknowledge his defeat.

When he is initiated the new Comrade may, if he wishes, receive a gift and a geas from Yanafal Tarnils. He is not obliged to do so, but should he not, he cannot change his mind until he becomes a Scimitar.

Initiates in this cult are known as "Comrades of Yanafal", and will address each other by this title in addition to their actual military rank. An initiate must remain true to the Lunar Code of War and help all other members of his regiment (whatever their cult) in combat, whether or not they are on the battlefield. They must support and obey their officers.

Comrades of Yanafal will commonly practice their skills together, making it easy to obtain expert tuition in Scimitar combat and the other skills prized by the cult. Only Comrades of Yanafal can be awarded the Imperial Commission, and become commissioned officers of the Red Army.

Of the minority of Yanafal Tarnils initiates not currently enlisted in the Red Army, many are temple zealots, bodyguards, gladiators, officers in the private armies of Sultans, and the like. Such initiates swear their oaths of loyalty and comradeship to organisations other than the army and regiment, and will live by different rules, but the basic principles of Yanafali initiation and conduct remain the same. Many such persons will be veterans of the Red Army.

**Spirit Magic:** Bladesharp, Coordination, Demoralise, Detect Enemies, Disrupt, Fanaticism, Fireblade, Heal, Mindspeech, Protection, Repair, Strength, Vigour.

## Scimitars

The Scimitars of Yanafal Tarnils are a key reason for the martial success of the Lunar Empire. The goal of every Scimitar is to emulate the perfect soldier and officer in virtue, courage, and obedience to their superiors. They provide the steel to back up the Empire's orders.

A Scimitar candidate must have a skill of 90% or more in Scimitar Attack, and any four of the skills listed below (of which at least two must be with weapons). He must also have Ceremony skill of at least 25%. He must have performed a heroic act in the service of the Army.

When the Imperial Cult is notified of this, the status of Scimitar will be awarded in a special parade ceremony. A common soldier will automatically receive promotion to non-commissioned officer rank, with the additional title of "Steel" (e.g. Steel Centurion, Steel Lochagos). A commissioned officer will be considered for promotion to a Regimental Lieutenancy or Triarchy.

A new Scimitar receives a Steel scimitar, and a full panoply of Steel armour. He may take as many gifts and geases from Yanafal Tarnils as he pleases, or none at all. Allied Spirits are available to the cult, and will be housed in the scimitar. Scimitars are Yanafal Tarnils' chosen favourites, and they check for Divine Intervention on 1D10 rather than 1D100 when within the Glowline or on the Full Moon day. They receive mess privileges and generous pension entitlements.

Scimitars must volunteer to be at the forefront of every battle their regiment participates in. They may never leave one of their men behind in a fight (unless an officer commands them to do so).

Scimitars are commonly appointed to positions in the regimental command structure of the Red Army, when such are available. If the Commander of a Heartland Corps regiment is not a Scimitar of Yanafal, then one of his two Lieutenants must hold that rank. The Senior and Junior Triarchs would only be Scimitars in exceptional cases, such as the all-Yanafali Steel Swords Legion.

Scimitars receive access to reusable divine magic. This magic is affected cyclically by the phase of the Red Moon.

**Skills:** One-Handed Sword Attack, Two-Handed Sword Attack, Sickle Attack, Dagger Attack, Shield Parry, any Sword Parry, Battle, Conceal, Dodge, First Aid, Orate, Read New Pelorian, Ride, Scan, or Track.

**Common Divine Magic:** all

**Special Divine Magic:** Berserk, Morale, Oath, Sever Spirit (one-use), Shield, True Scimitar.

## Special Divine Spells

### Morale

1 Point

*ritual ceremony, one-use, stackable*

This spell requires an hour long ritual. It establishes a field around a regimental standard which gives an entire unit of 100 men (who must all be initiates of Yanafal Tarnils, or of one of his associated cults in the Lunar Army) +5% to their attack skill. It lasts until either nightfall or dawn, whichever comes first. Additional uses of Morale add +5% each.

### Oath

2 Points

*ritual Enchantment, one-use*

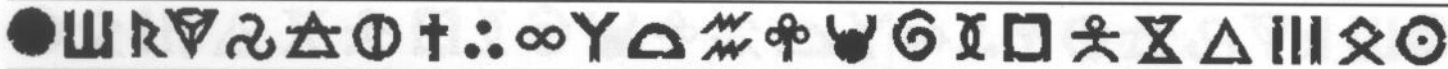
Binds two to a pact. If they break the oath, they receive an attack of Sever Spirit backed by MP equal to the sum of MP placed into the oath to start it. The greater the oath sworn, the more MP are committed into the swearing. Thus, if two men each placed 15 MP into an Oath ritual and one later broke the oath, 30 MP would be matched vs. his own MP, and if he was overcome, he would die. Neither participant need be cult members – the spell can be cast by a third party.

### Sever Spirit

3 Points

*ranged, instant, non-stackable, one-use*

This spell acts as a scimitar to cut the bond between body and spirit of the target. The user must make a successful MP vs. MP roll. If successful, the target dies. If unsuccessful, the target takes 1D6 damage to his general hit points, with effects similar to poison damage.



## Sub-Cults

### Spirit of Reprisal

Those cultists who become apostate, desert, or otherwise fail to live up to the Lunar Code of War find that their cult gifts are removed, while their geases remain in force. The apostate is always bound to cyclical magic, whatever cult he joins. His former Comrades will challenge a renegade whenever they meet him to a fight. However, they will not actively seek him out.

Cultists who break those geases which can be broken will be demoted and assigned to other duties. Their scimitar will be ceremonially broken by the Curia Yanafali as their other insignia of rank are removed.

### Swordbreaker

As the worshippers of a deified Humakti apostate, followers of Yanafal Tarnils who trespass in the Lands of the Dead can attract the unwelcome attention of Humakt's spirit of reprisal, the Swordbreaker. Whenever an initiate of the Yanafal Tarnils cult is resurrected, make a POWx3 roll on 1D100: success indicates that the character has been cursed, and can no longer wield any straight-bladed sword without it shattering in his hand. Scimitars are automatically cursed. The effects of this curse can be entirely avoided by "switching blades": Swordbreaker no longer has power over scimitars, sickles, and similar weapons.

### The Steel Swords Legion

This is an elite all-Yanafali legion of zealots. Every soldier in the unit is a Comrade of Yanafal, fighting with steel scimitars in massed formations. Every officer is a Scimitar of Yanafal.

### Curia Yanafali

A judicial sub-cult of Yanafal Tarnils exists, responsible for conducting military trials, inquiries, and courts martial. Members of Curia Yanafali have access to the subcult special rune spell Detect Lie.

### Humakti Hero Cults

Although enmity generally prevails when barbarian Humakti meet the Comrades of Yanafal, this is not always the case for the Humakti hero cults in the Lunar Provinces. Yanafali initiates who are able to devote themselves to the heroes' specific aims have been accepted as worshippers at Pelorian shrines of Li Phanquan, Yan Starcere and other Humakti heroes, learning their special magics and fraternising with Humakti fellow-worshippers. (The Barbarian Belt hero cult of Makla Mann is unusually fervent in its opposition to Yanafal Tarnils, while the Feathered Horse Queen is not yet prepared to accept Yanafal Tarnils initiates into her personal bodyguard of Hiia Swordsman worshippers).



## Associate Cults

### The Red Army

All of the other regimental cults of the Lunar Army are associates of Yanafal Tarnils (including regimental formations from Hwarin Dalthippa, Yara Aranis, Shargash, Polaris, the Phalanxes, and other military cults), and the Morale rune spells available to Yanafali will affect initiates in any of these associated cults: a mutual benefit. No other rune spells are exchanged.

### The Red Emperor

Moonson makes his cult special spell of Moon Spear available to the Scimitars of Yanafal Tarnils.

### The Red Goddess

She provides Chaos Gift to members of Yanafal Tarnils. This spell is to be used only on the command of a superior officer.

### The Seven Mothers

The rest of the Seven Mothers, Irrippi Ontor, Danfive Xaron, Jakaleel, Teelo Norri, Queen Deezola and She Who Waits are friendly to one another and Yanafal Tarnils. Scimitars may freely join these other cults as associate cults.

#### Detect Lie

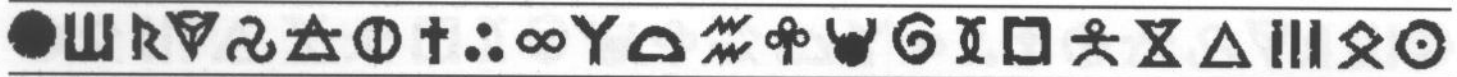
1 Point

*ranged, temporal, non-stackable, reusable*

This spell allows the caster to tell whether anyone within a five metre radius of the spell's target site is lying. If lies are spoken, the speaker emits a dark, smoky glow visible to all Scimitars and Comrades of Yanafal Tarnils.







## Time and Tithes

As serving in the Lunar Army is a full-time salaried occupation, it would be meaningless to list the amount of time and income that Comrades and Scimitars must devote to the cult. Four weeks' leave are awarded every year, at the commanding officers' discretion; pay follows normal military scales, remembering that the Army does charge for accommodation, sustenance, equipment, training, magic and other fringe benefits (such as burial clubs, slaves' quarters, etc.). At Scimitar rank these charges are correspondingly higher, as they must host dinners in the mess, wear their dress uniforms more often, and pay all the expenses for the cult's religious services.

## Yanafal Tarnils and Humakt

Yanafal Tarnils followed the Carmanian wargod Humakt. His defection to the Lunar Way, and subsequent defeat of Humakt at the Four Arrows of Light, greatly angered traditional worshippers; Lunar successes against barbarian armies have exacerbated this. A particular sticking-point is Yanafali acceptance of resurrection and tolerance towards the undead; these are deep prejudices among the Humakti.

While Yanafal Tarnils is considered a heretical traitor by most barbarian Humakti, local subcults and hero cults of the God of Death may be more accepting. If agreement can be reached with their priests, it is possible for Yanafali to obtain subcult and hero cult magic from Humakti shrines without requiring a second initiation into the cult of Humakt. It is even possible for such subcults to be wholly adopted by the cult of Yanafal Tarnils, abandoning their Humakti roots altogether and 'switching blades' to become Cults of the Scimitar.

## Iron and Steel, Brass and Bronze

The Lunar state language of New Pelorian is a subtle attempt to impose their reality upon the world. To this end, the two metals associated with the Element of Air are renamed: *Ur-metal*, or Iron, is called "Steel" by the Lunars, while *Hu-metal*, or Bronze, is called "Brass". References to iron and bronze as such are therefore uncommon in Lunar sources.

Though Lunar sages insist there are qualitative differences between the "old" metals and their "new" Lunar forms, for practical purposes there is none: a Scimitar of Yanafal's enchanted Steel panoply has half again the armour points of its bronze (or brass) equivalent, with no ENC increase, while Steel weapons inflict double damage to elves and dwarfs, just like Iron. The Enchant spells are completely interchangeable, and the whole thing appears to be a merely semantic issue. (Of course, to the Encyclopaedists of New Pelorian, there is no such thing as "mere semantics"... appearance is all, to devotees of the Lunar Way).

## Gifts and Geases

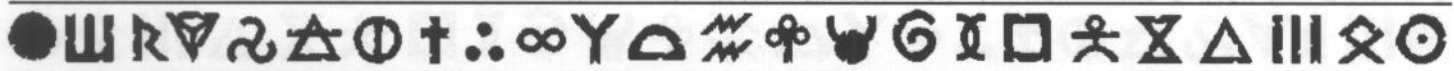
The cult of Yanafal Tarnils provides special gifts to its initiates. All gifts and their associated geases are based on the same truth: by properly emulating his god, an initiate can become more like Yanafal Tarnils. The recipient may choose whatever gift desired, but he must also assume its concurrent geas. The geases taken by a Yanafal Tarnils worshipper may have great or little impact on his career. (Other gifts and geases are known, such as Never Retreat and Never Fear, but these are less common). Receiving a gift and geas is a special occasion, and is done only on a holy day. Each gift is received via a different secret ritual, performed by the regiment's ranking Scimitar.

### Yanafali Gift

- 1 +10% to attack with one type of weapon.
- 2 +10% to parry with one type of weapon.
- 3 +10% in any cult skill.
- 4 Increase a raiseable characteristic by 1 point.
- 5 Increase a non-raiseable characteristic by 1 point.
- 6 Increase armour points of all regimental equipment by 1 AP.
- 7 Gain the Rune spell True Scimitar reusably.
- 8 Never eat. Cultist does not need solid food to survive, and can ignore all ill effects of going without food.
- 9 Never drink. Cultist does not need liquid to survive, and can ignore all effects of going without drink.
- 10 Never sleep. Cultist suffers all the effects of fatigue, and can still be knocked unconscious, but does not need to sleep at all, and cannot magically be put to sleep. While others sleep, those so gifted commonly take guard duty or meditate: they cannot work or study for any longer than normal humans.

### Yanafali Geas

- Never dodge when that weapon is in hand.
- Always maintain that weapon in pristine condition: must know the Repair spell, cast it as needed, and have all defects mended as soon as possible.
- Sacrifice 1 MP in a 15-minute ritual every Full Moon day (both time and sacrifice increase for each skill this gift is applied to: a Scimitar could increase four cult skills by +10% each by performing an hour-long ritual and sacrificing 4 MP every Full Moon day).
- Pay double tithing each holy day (a character taking this geas twice would pay triple tithing and so forth each time the gift is received).
- Sacrifice 1 POW to Yanafal Tarnils each year.
- Always wear full regimental equipment.
- Never sheathe a scimitar without drawing blood (at least 1 HP).
- Never eat. Cultist will suffer discomfort if he does eat, cannot digest food, and is messily incontinent after any meals. His senses of smell and taste cannot inform him about solid foodstuffs.
- Never drink. Cultist cannot get drunk, and lacks any bladder control. His senses of smell and taste cannot inform him about liquids.
- Never sleep. Cultist cannot benefit from Deezolan or other healing songs or trances which invoke sleep (e.g. Comfort Song, Sleep, Healing Trance). Also, the cultist will never dream: the effects of this are left to the GM, but it can have profound effects on his sanity and perception of the otherworld.



The first five gifts can be received multiple times, so long as the specific weapon, skill or characteristic affected is not duplicated. Thus a Scimitar could increase his INT and SIZ by one point each, if he sacrificed 2 POW to Yanafal Tarnils each year, but could not increase either characteristic further.

*Yanafal Tarnils is based on the official, incomplete and unpublished cult write-up by Greg Stafford and Sandy Petersen, which is Copyright the original authors, 1992. It was rewritten by Nick Brooke, with the help and inspiration of Chris Gidlow, David Hall, Mike Hagen, MOB, and participants in our "Lunar Tunes" seminars too numerous to mention.*

(22.e) I will inform my followers one day in advance of anticipated changes of weather, so that they may provide themselves with adequate shelter when necessary.

(22.f) I am an honourable man, and anyone in my employ may have his own items reviewed by myself or my captain, establishing true and absolute ownership, which I guarantee not to violate.

(22.g) I am a just man, so I will deal harshly with any who steal from me, whether they be in my employ or not; such shall forfeit their life, limbs, soul and goods to my mercy. More, on my word, I vow to waste no time in supporting the cause of anyone among my ranks against whom a similar injustice has been committed.

(22.h) All warriors agree and understand that protection for each is guaranteed by the strength of the contingent, with the understanding that the warriors obey instructions to the letter, and that they in no way behave purposefully with neglect or intent to harm me or my reputation.

(22.i) Finally, I am a wise and pious man, and I ask that none but the faithful attend my weekly services to Orlanth, but those that do shall recognise me as their priest and make proper tithe. The White Goddess had given me the power to bestow the gift of life once, and members of my congregation become eligible for this blessing, especially if they die in my service. I will not misuse this ability on unbelievers, nor without the recommendation of my captain. You may count, however, that I will balance well the worthiness of the brave and the unlucky for I know well the curse of death. I will double the pay of any Orlanth initiate; but I will not allow those without the cult to have or use swords, nor will I repair such; for the sword is Air's weapon. Air Rune cultists may petition me for exemption to this rule, which I may or may not grant, as I see fitting. However, I promise to act as sponsor for any suitable person in my employ, should they wish to join the ranks of those who worship the Winds.

(XXIX.22-22.j) I am Leonidas the Short, and I speak for my God, Orlanth, among whose entourage is Aiolos, a powerful spirit of the winds whom I have been intimately associated, and who has the ear of Orlanth; and I speak also for the Runes that I have mastered. The powers of my gods protect me and mine from foul broods and krashtkids, as well as evil sorcery and wicked shamans' magics. Once, I went to the spirit world where I fought enemy spirits, those that dared oppose me, and I imprisoned the greatest one to prove my power. Another time I bested the four spiritual foes sent against me by cult enemies, and plundered their power for the glory of Orlanth. Know that am I touched by the Luck Rune, a gift of the gods, and have spells and enchantments which are fearsome to my enemies. In my household lives a Priestess and two nurses of the White Goddess, who know many spells, prayers and potions, who will keep you hale and hearty. In repayment for mighty aid given, the Priestess once granted me the power to once restore a departed soul to its body. All these will help keep you healthy from enemy gods and devils who are sent against you for being in my service.

(XXIX.22-22.k) I am generous, so I allow my employees to purchase and wear what clothing they wish, as long as it does not clash with my personal taste, and I will repair and make whole any weapon or piece of armour damaged while on duty. I guarantee the collection or debt of at least five gold wheels worth of spell training per season, and once per year will place my spell-teaching abilities at the desires of my employees for one week each. Collection is made at my pleasure and is limited to a spell I know. Debt is cumulative until collected, or it may be paid in cash if it cannot be otherwise redeemed for the length of one full year. I am a Master of diverse weapons, skills and arts and alternatively, expert tuition may be offered in lieu of spell training, at my sole discretion. Each warrior will also receive a fair share of any loot garnered on a mission according to the Orlanthi method, and leave of one week is given between missions.



## The 1st Tarshite Hobilar: The Dead Ones

by José Ramos Escribano, with David Hall

### History

The Dead Ones is a hero-cult of Yanafal Tarnils, organised as a military unit. They follow the path of Medard, a Humakti "switch-blade" who joined Yanafal Tarnils to prove his devotion to Hon-Eel, Queen of Tarsh.

Although it began as an elite unit, its unsavoury composition and lack of standing in military circles has transformed it into a second-line combat unit. It is formally part of the Tarshite Provincial Army, and is currently (1621) stationed in three garrisons in the west of Aggar in the foothills of the Autumn Mountains as part of the forces under General Roan-ur.

### Equipment and Tactics

Hobilar are heavy infantry who ride into battle but fight on foot. The regiment has undergone a recent shift in training and recruits, and around half of the troopers can now fight when mounted.

The regiment is divided into 20-man wings, with ten wings forming a squadron and three squadrons the regiment. A smaller fourth squadron acts as the recruit-training centre in East Aggar.

Troopers wear a mail hauberk and nasal helm, and are all equipped with a scimitar and kite shield. Around one third of the troops also have long spears for use on horseback, and another third have bows for use on foot.







# The Moonrunner Peltasts

by Duncan Rowlands

## History

The Moonrunner Peltasts were formed in 6/32 by the first Sultan of Darjiin from the Wylua-oor clan, to honour Imane-oor, known as the Moon Runner, a warrior of that clan who fought at the battle of Mirin's Cross in 2/46 then ran from the battlefield to Jillaro in a single moonlit night with news of the Conquering Daughter's victory. In 6/46 the regiment was taken into the Heartland Corps by the Emperor's edict, although its headquarters remained at Haranshold.

Since then the Moonrunners have seen service in many of the Empire's battles, supporting the phalanxes of hoplites in the traditional peltast manner. Due to their unique abilities, however, detachments of Moonrunners are often used for rapid, nocturnal strikes into enemy territory, particularly against supply lines.

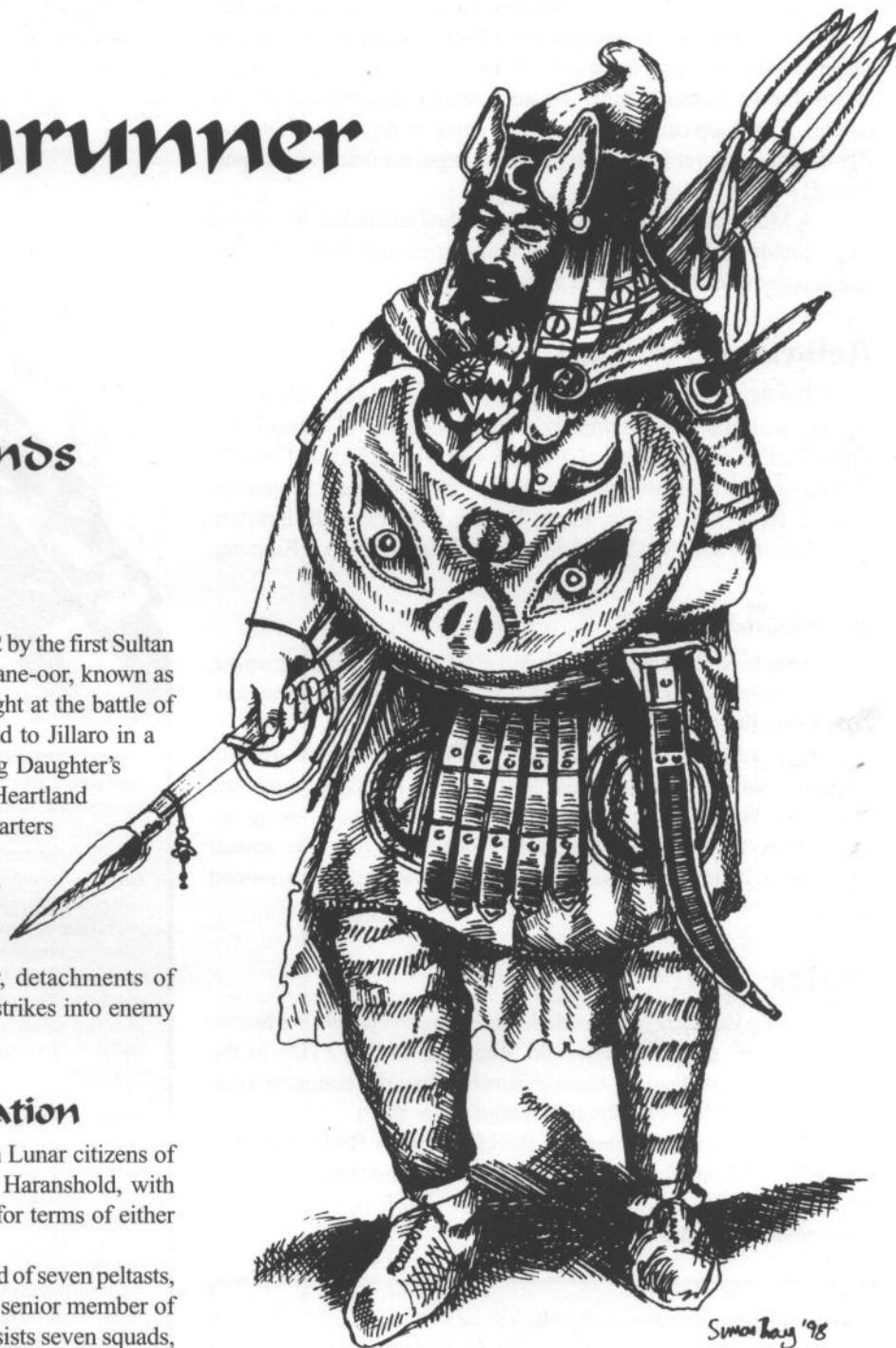
## Recruitment and Organisation

The Moonrunners are mainly recruited from Lunar citizens of the lower and middle classes residing in or near Haranshold, with about one third being women. Recruits may join for terms of either seven years or twenty one years.

The basic unit of the regiment is that of a squad of seven peltasts, who share a tent and always operate together. The senior member of a squad holds the rank of septurion. A platoon consists seven squads, each named after a different phase of the moon, with the Full Moon squad being led by a quindecursion who leads the platoon.

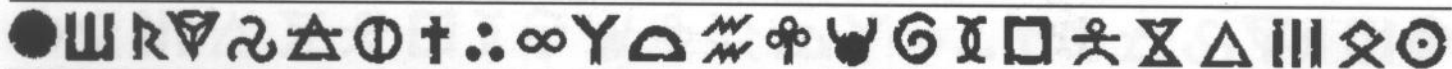
Seven platoons form a company which is led by a captain, aided by a septurion. Each company also has a standard bearer, a horn blower and a fully trained healer with two assistants.

The regiment consists of seven companies and is led by a Triarchy (common to many regiments of the Red Army). The standard which houses the spirit of the Moonrunner is carried into battle by the senior captain, the highest rank a peltast can reach, who is guarded by an elite squad of peltasts, each holding the rank of quindecursion.



## Equipment

Moonrunner peltasts wear sleeved tunics, trows, low leather boots, a leather hauberk, a cuirboilli open helm and the ubiquitous red cloak of the Red Army. The peltasts are armed with a scimitar, the crescent-moon-shaped *pelta* shield, and one or more bundles of seven javelins. The *pelta* is about two feet in diameter and is made of animal skins over a wicker framework.



The javelins used by the Moonrunners have a leather loop coiled around the shaft. This is engaged with the peltast's first and second fingers whilst they grip the shaft with their other fingers and thumb. When thrown in this manner greater leverage is achieved and the coiling of the loop causes the javelin to spiral in flight, resulting in a significant improvement in the javelin's range, accuracy and impact force.[1]

A Moonrunner's apparel is often patched and faded. In contrast their shields and javelins are well maintained and their scimitars and javelin heads are honed to a razor's edge.

## Religious Affiliation

The Moonrunners form their own sub-cult, led by the senior captain, with the seven company captains forming the priesthood, which is affiliated to the Yanafal Tarnils cult. Through this affiliation Moonrunners may learn the spirit magic spells of Detect Enemies, Disrupt, Heal, Moon Sight, Parry, Repair, Shimmer and Speedart. They must also sacrifice for the divine magic spell of Moon Running.

## Miscellaneous

Peltasts wear badges on their left sleeve indicating their squad, platoon, company and rank, if a septurion. Quindecursions and captains wear distinctive silver gorgets as well as the badge.

Moonrunners have a relaxed, casual approach to official procedure, which irritates more anally retentive units, like the Stone Phalanxes. Whilst casual sex, drunkenness and hazia smoking are accepted by the captains, 'Chasing the Wyrn' is not. The annual fertility festival in Dorkath is the regiment's favourite place to spend leave.

## Notes

[1] The loop acts like an atlatl, increasing the javelin's effective and maximum ranges to 30m and 70m, and adding +1D6 to the damage. Such javelins are more expensive than the common kind, and require a skilled craftsman to manufacture them.

This article was written with David Dunham's *PenDragon Pass* rules in mind, although altering it to *RuneQuest* should be easy. Details on *PenDragon Pass* can be found in *Enclosure #1*, or at [www.pensee.com/dunham/pdp.html](http://www.pensee.com/dunham/pdp.html)

### Special Moonrunner Spells

#### Moon Sight

*Spirit magic spell, touch, passive*

**2 points**

The recipient of this spell is able to see by the light of the moon as if it were full daylight. Only a small amount of moonlight is required for the spell to work, but the complete absence of such light renders the spell useless.

#### Moon Running

*Divine magic spell, self, duration until dawn, nonstackable, reusable*

**1 point**

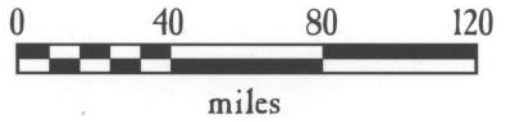
This spell allows the caster to run at 15 km/h without tiring so long as the moon is visible. If the moon is obscured the effects of the spell cease until the moon is again visible.



(XXIX. 22-15) A fragment of a letter, translated from the Sarrantite by Theodopolus Pandarus: "...and Storm Voice of Orlanth Thunderous. Most beneficent greetings your most noble and pious peerage. Please accept my apologies for my inability to join in the celebration of your marriage. To make up for it, I have herein set the ancient Orlanthi poem to be read by you. Know that, by my prediction, at the instant at which you read this, the weather will be cloudy and thunder and lightning will rumble and flash. But fear not, for I have chosen the moment well, for I also predict that as you will read this a wind will rise from the south, a lucky wind, and I have prearranged to call upon Orlanth to watch and protect the marriage, having set down for you the ancient poem: 'Stand together always, two are better than one. Life is short, time is long. Life flees before us. Take what you hold, make use of it. This makes you better than gods.' Moving to more mundane matters, I stand ready..." \*It would have been more fitting to set the poem down in Stormtongue, for it loses some of its ethereal essence in translation. Asmodea.\*

(XXIX.22-15a/yabbies-and-their-ilk] LANDSKIPPERS: are the ground-dwelling crawfish that inhabit the tributary valleys of our Arrolian colonies. There are several varieties of this nocturnal, carrion-foraging species, the largest growing the size of a hound. Placid and harmless, they taste abominably but there is still a market for them in larger cities where they are used as table ornamentation at lavish banquets and pavenes.

(XXIX. 22-16) ...recently returned from the city of Glamour, which from my experiences is the most violent and dangerous city in all of Glorantha. My troubles began when I enquired after a travelling companion, a grim and serious fellow who was a worshipper of the Yanafal Tarnils sub-cult of Medard, and one of the famous Dead Ones. He had recently become a Scimitar and was being assigned to Imperial Bodyguard prior to regaining his memories from his former life. We parted at the Gate of Four Beasts and agreed to meet again at a nearby tavern, however he never turned up, and I therefore enquired after him at his new regiment, the Grim Soldiers. They were most unhelpful, claiming not to know him, and became rather surly when I protested forcibly. It was after this that my problems with the Glamour lowlife began. I was robbed, beaten up twice, threatened, and finally forced to flee the city when someone told me I had somehow offended the local criminal overlords - to the extent that they sought me dead! Don't believe the stories that Glamour is a peaceful city! Perhaps it is better now since the mysterious Bat Man began his campaign against the criminal element, but I doubt it. I shall never return, never...



Champaya

Ocean

Homeward



Malgo



# Haragala

of the East Isles



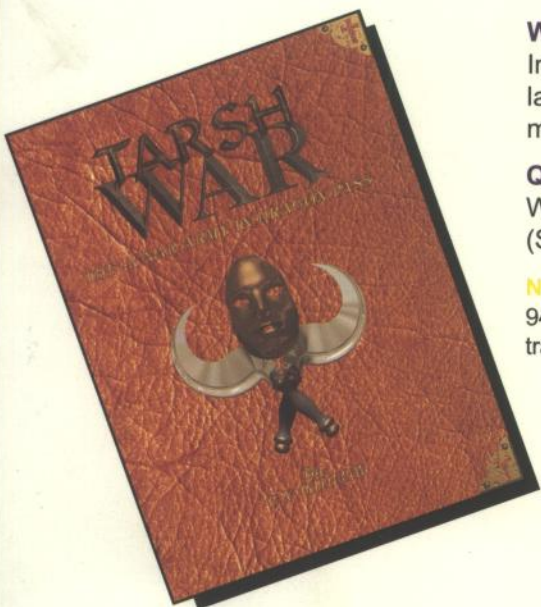


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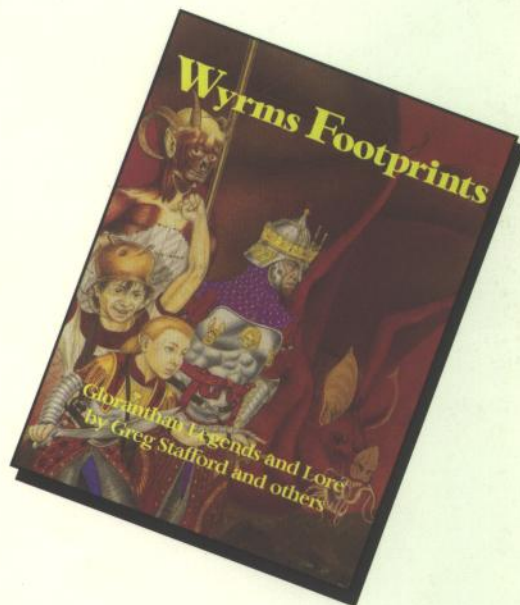
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