

Tradetalk

The Chaos Society Magazine

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#8

Glorantha
Hero Wars
RuneQuest
Cthullu
Elric!
Pendragon
Nephilim
Hawkmoon
Elfquest
Mythos

PAVIS & BIG RUBBLE SPECIAL

- 
- Griselda
 - Vinga Temple
in Pavis
 - Pavis Elves
 - The Harrowing
 - Rituals
 - Krang's Table
 - Crimson Shadows
over Prax
 - Pendragon

Tradetalk

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- c/o Ingo Tschinke & André Jarosch, Scheveemoorer Landstr. 33, D - 28325 Bremen, Germany;
Telephone: +49/421/402634.
Email: Tradetalk@t-online.de or Osentalka@aol.com

Editor: Ingo Tschinke; **Editor for Related Games:** Shannon Appelcline; **Associate Editors:** Jörg Baumgartner, Andrew Bean, Richard Bourke, Simon Bray, Dario Corallo, Juha Harju, Simon Hibbs, André Jarosch, Stephen Martin, Rick Meints, and Neil Robinson.

Editing and Proofreading: Daniel Fahey, Jeff Kyer, Stephen Martin and Ian Thomson

Layout and Graphic Design: Dario Corallo.

Cover painting: Simon Bray & Dario Corallo.

Authors of this issue: Shannon Appelcline, Oliver Dickinson, Meirion Hopkins, Christoph Koring, Jeff Kyer, Alexandre Lanciani, Penny Love, Brian Marick, Stephen Martin, Alban Schmid, Greg Stafford, Ian Thomson, and Jane Williams.

Artists: Simon Bray, Dario Corallo, Addy Corstiaensen, Juha Harju and Jon Hodgson. Vinga temple maps by Jane Williams

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RuneQuest-Gesellschaft Europe: c/o Ingo Tschinke; Scheveemoorer Landstr. 33; D - 28325 Bremen; Germany; Tel.: +49/421/402634; Tradetalk@t-online.de or Osentalka@aol.com

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Editorial

Hi Fellows,

Welcome to the new millennium in 2001. Hero Wars is now almost a year old, and as Greg Stafford tells us, it is a great success for Issaries, Inc.

In this issue of Tradetalk we return to the region where Glorantha started: Pavis and the Big Rubble. We have so much good material about these places that we cannot wait any longer to publish it. After we filled this issue we still had so much good material left that we decided that Tradetalk #9 will also be a Pavis and Big Rubble special. Together with our Pavis and Big Rubble Companion #2, which will be published soon after Tradetalk #8, these issues will give you a lot of material to use in your campaigns.

In this issue we present two adventures for Pavis and the Big Rubble. One, **Krang's Table**, is translated from The Big Rubble boxed set, rewritten for Hero Wars by Ian Thomson with Issaries's kind permission. The other is also a Hero Wars adventure: **Crimson Shadows over Prax**.

For following issues, we are planing a Maniria issue about Handra and its surrounding lands for #10 and a Heortland issue for #11. Any submissions for these issues are welcome.

Tradetalk Online

We are still working on www.Tradetalk.de, but by clicking there you can take a look at Tradetalk's English page (on www.die-sns.de). There you will find some missing articles, especially some maps and the statistics of the Wasp Riders (by Simon Bray) that we are very sorry to say we left out of Tradetalk #7 we forgot last time. We are working on interactive maps now; so far you will find the **Naskorion map** (Tradetalk #3) there, and soon the **Holy Country map** (Tradetalk #4) as well. We have also started an email informational letter for Tradetalk; if you want to receive it, send an email to Tradetalk-infosubscribe@yahoogroups.com.

Besides our own internet engagement there are also some on-line discussion groups for Hero Wars, send an email to:

HeroWars-subscribe@yahoogroups.com
and hw-rules-subscribe@yahoogroups.com
to subscribe to these.

If you want to discuss Hero Wars in German, send an email to:
HW-Rollenspiel-subscribe@yahoogroups.com.

News

The biggest news is the release in the United States of **Thunder Rebels**, Player's Book for Orlanthi Barbarians, by Issaries, Inc. This 256 page book includes details on the Heortling culture of Dragon Pass, including rules for Divination, Divine Retribution, and Wyters, the Orlanthi Sacred Calendar, a map and description of the Storm Realm, 22 occupational keywords, and almost 50 subcults in the full cult write-ups



for Orlanth and Ernalda. For more details, and to hear information on upcoming Issaries, Inc., releases, look at the "News from the Trader" from Greg Stafford.

- Since the last issue, **Tales of the Reaching Moon #19**, the Upland Marsh Special, has also been released. This issue was right in time, and it and our own Tradetalk # 7 complement each other very well.

- The Chaos Society will publish the previously announced **Pavis and Big Rubble Companion #2** very soon now, really.

- Simon Bray and Mark Galeotti plan to start another Gloranthan fanzine, **Unspoken Word**. They plan to release issue one, a Tarsh special, this Spring. The Chaos Society welcomes a new fanzine, since the demise of **Tales of the Reaching Moon** ends (after issue 20 is released), will leave a gap that has to be filled.

- The French company **Multisim** has published two books about Pavis in the French language. The first contains Gloranthan background information about Pavis, the Big Rubble, and the River of Cradles region. The other contains Pavis information for Hero Wars, including keywords developed in conjunction with Issaries, Inc., and several episodes. Multisim also published the German edition of Hero Wars, which looks as good as the French edition. The French Narrator's Screen will be available in German soon.

Until next time, I hope that you enjoy this issue.

Ingo

Issaries Inc. Press Release

Oakland, CA
January 22, 2001

Issaries Inc. Signs Robin D. Laws to Write Novel

Issaries, Inc., is proud to announce that it has signed up world famous author and game designer **Robin D. Laws** to write a novel for the **Hero Wars Fiction line**. Robin is known for his excellent fiction works, including the novels *Pierced Heart* and *The Rough* and the *Smooth*. Robin is also the designer of the popular roleplaying games *Feng Shui* and *Hero Wars*, among many others.

A Promise of Thunder is a full length novel about young Tarkalor, the forgotten son of the royal family of the Kingdom of Sartar.

The young prince struggles with the burden of royal blood and divine descent during Sartar's war against the Lunar Empire.

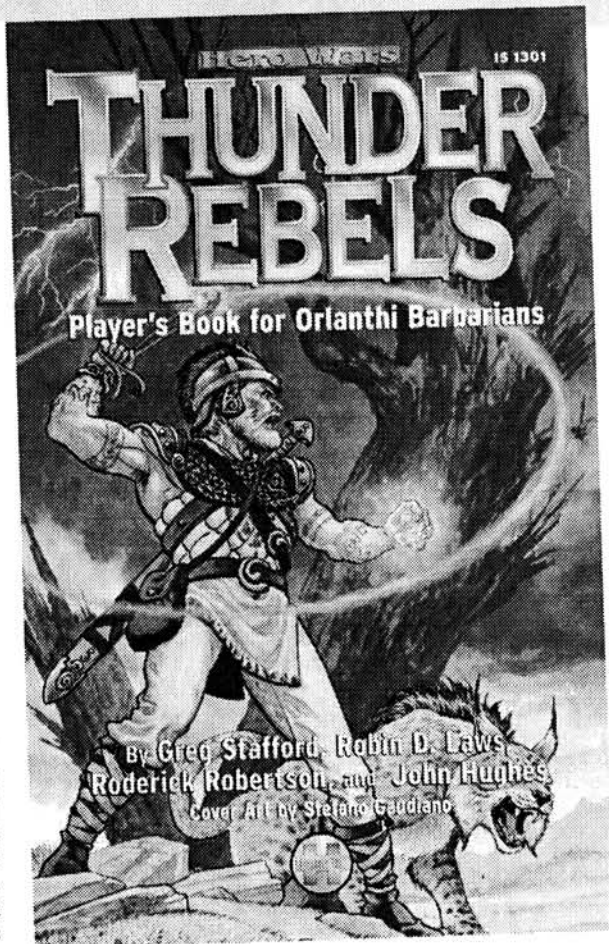
Robin comments: "I've always wanted to write fiction set in Glorantha. My Tarkalor novel deals with the nature of heroism, the clash of ideologies, and passionate family conflict; all perfect for good fiction. Not just good gaming fiction, but good fiction, period".

A Promise of Thunder is scheduled to be released in August 2001. It will be the second fiction book released by Issaries, Inc., this year, after *The Complete Griselda*.

A Promise of Thunder
ISS 4503

News from the Trader

Issaries News



Hughes puts a deep and resonant voice to "who we are". Greg Stafford reveals loads of new mythic and legendary information about the lands, airs and people of Sartar. Roderick Robertson interprets the data into game rules. Stephen Martin shall copy edit. It will have an index. It will be out in the same time you are reading this article in Tradetalk # 8.

THE NEXT PART 's Storm Gods, Cults of Sartar. It details wath the other 15% of the Heortlings are like. This concentrates upon the other gods and goddesses of the pantheon that have initiates and (most of the time) devotees. Humakt, Elmal, Issaries and other widely played deities each have a long cult write up and several myths about them, while the others have at least short cult text and their most significant myth. It also includes other detailed information that is too detailed or complex, or less relevant to mainstream Orlanth and Ernalda material in Thunder Rebels. It will have an index.

THUNDER REBELS has expanded to be two books. We have so much good material that we have decided to make two books instead of hack half off. This has naturally required a revised contents. The first is what all Heortlanders are like (wherein "all" means 85%).

THUNDER REBELS is still The Orlanthi Player's Book. This book tells you everything that a beginning player needs to know about Glorantha to play a barbarian character with confidence. All Orlanthi players begin from this place and attitude explained in Thunder Rebels. All Heortlings are like this. They all worship Orlanth and Ernalda, hose cults (and subcults) are explained. Given too are maps of divine Storm Realm and the Hero Planes where all worshipers have been at least once.

THUNDER REBELS is entirely from the perspective of a Heortling barbarian following the ancient, core Orlanth and Ernalda religion and way of life. We don't care to know about outsiders here, except to sort them as how dangerous to us they are. We don't know anything about outside lands and never expect to get there. John

By Greg Stafford, Robin D. Laws,
Roderick Robertson, and John Hughes
Cover Art by Stefano Gaudiano

Issaries Inc. Press Release

Dez. 07/12/2000

Issaries is pleased to announce it now has a second employee. Stephen Martin, known for his Glorantha publications of the Book of Drastic Resolutions series, has been hired as Administrator. He will perform all administrative functions (as well as editing final text and layout), thereby freeing Greg Stafford to do what he does best: write about Glorantha.

"Business is way better than I'd hoped"- says Greg Stafford, publisher and no longer the sole employee. "The game and books have been selling well and hiring Stephen has allowed me to write (and rewrite and rewrite) new material. I am in

creative heaven right now, and every Glorantha fan ought to be delighted with the new information that is flowing from my fingertips".

Writing is not all Stafford is doing.

"I'm also finally doing the job of my dreams by being Line Developer. Glorantha has always been bigger than just me. I'm working with many talented writers, both professional and amateur, to produce a broad range of materials. I am no longer a bottleneck of information, but a conduit for material from others as well. We will surely be able to maintain our

schedule with Stephen working here. And his editorial talents are very welcome. Stephen's editorial and layout talents are already visible. Anaxial's Roster, the latest release, is devoid of the many typos and layout errors that plagued the first releases".

"The books look great now"- says Stafford - "and Glorantha is growing again".

Thunder Rebels, the next book in the series, will be released in December. Following that is Storm Tribe in March, then Sartar Rising! in June. A fiction series is scheduled to begin at about that time.

Griselda: a brief biography

from Oliver Dickinson

GRISELDA WAS BORN on Wildday, Movement Week, Sea Season of 1592, in the Sartarite town of Alone. Her family originally came from Pavis, and she is indeed Wolfhead's long-lost, but very remote cousin. As evident from various sources, her family are as near to professional criminals as makes no difference, and her father is a big wheel in what underworld northern Sartar has (mainly concerned with "international" smuggling).

The family are Heortlings, and so she is a Communal Worshipper of Orlanth and Ernalda, and attends their major ceremonies.

Her first encounter with Litennor (*This Love Business*) was in 1605, when she was 13, and her cousin Belladonna 18 (born Windsday, Harmony Week, Storm Season). After five years' apprenticeship in the Thieves' Guild of Northern Sartar (1607-12), she adventured considerably around Dragon Pass, during which time she became a member of Geo's cult and made many other connections.

Not much is known in detail of her movements over this time, but the action of *A Tasty Morsel* ends early in Dark Season 1613. *Down Among the Dead Men* also happened around this time (for the curious, the Troll drinks that she successfully drank were Drive Careful Wine, Old Rotgut, and Skullbuster, for which see *Into the Troll Realms*, pp. 19-20). From *Shadows Dance* she came back to human lands via Adari (*Respect*).

She is known to have been in the Elder Wilds of Balazar in Storm Season 1615.

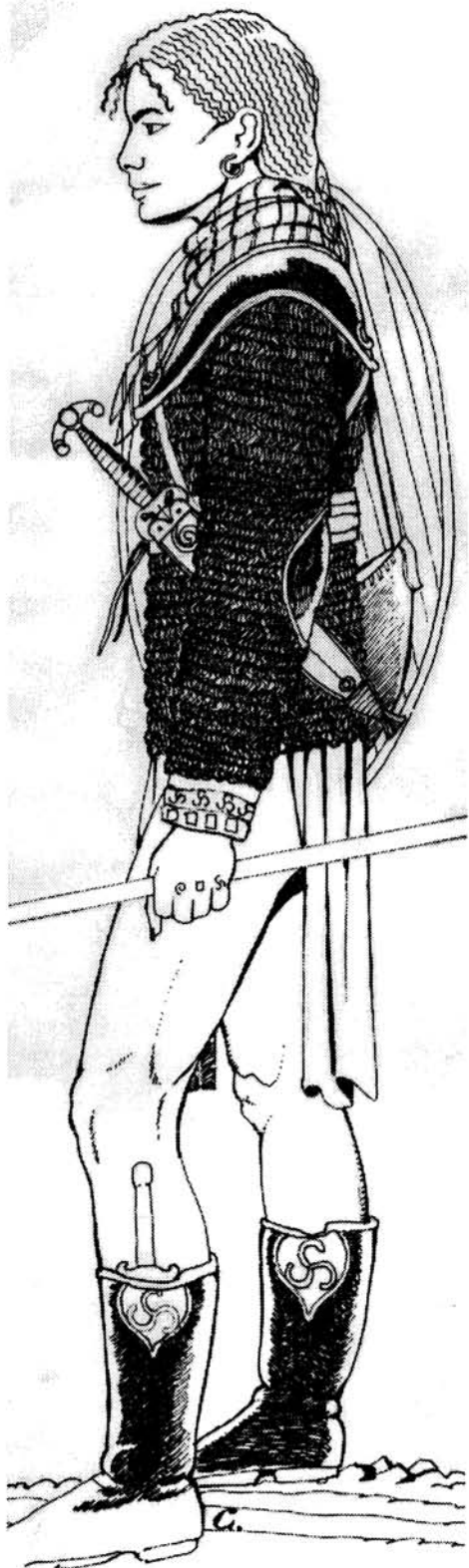
Hearing of her brother Roderick's death, she came to Pavis in Earth Season 1616 (*Lucky Eddi*) and subsequent events (*Griselda Gets Her Men*, *All in the Family*) ran through into Dark Season. *Shamus Gets a Case* happens some time in late 1616, and Griselda told *A Tasty Morsel* in this period. *Down Among the Dead Men* also happened around this time.

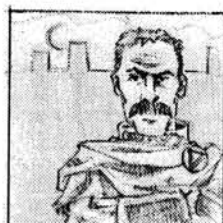
The *Great Chart Caper* took place in Sea Season 1617, and the truth got out in Fire Season. The gang were not in the Rubble for more than two or three weeks; *Devil's Play* shows how they actually redeemed themselves, following the events of *Wolfhead's Story - Carving Up Carver* comes closely after.

The arrangement of other stories roughly follows the chronological sequence of events (there are internal references to the seasons in several) though *Bad Example*, *Holding the Baby* and *This Love Business* could happen in the period before the Great Chart Caper came to light. The latest dated is *The Trouble with Nephews*, which took place in Stasis Week, Dark Season 1617. *The Cradlesnatchers*, of course, is set in the future, referring to events in 1621 but told in 1627.

Griselda now lives in upstairs lodgings in Oldtown 9, off Sartar Court, but her close acquaintances know that she does not like to be disturbed there, and should be sought out in Loud Lilina's or elsewhere in the public places of the town. Her ulterior motive for being in Pavis, if she has one, remains unknown.

• **Oliver Dickinson** is a senior academic specialising in Greek archaeology. His involvement with *Glorantha* began in 1979 when he was introduced to *White Bear and Red Moon*, bought *RuneQuest* and began writing to Greg Stafford. He ran the *RuneRites* column in *White Dwarf* 1981-4 and published the first *Griselda* stories there. So far he has not run out of ideas for more stories.





POINTS OF VIEW

A preview of "The Complete Griselda", that is going to be published by Issaries

by Oliver Dickinson



Kolli the Portly head of the Jewelers' Guild

«Griselda? A very dangerous person, by all that I hear; I cannot understand why she is allowed to remain at large. Why, if you believe the stories, she is behind half the crime in this city, or knows who is. Weren't her relatives implicated in that big warehouse robbery? Yes, I know that nothing was proved against them, but they had to leave the city, didn't they? Surely that means the Watch knew something but couldn't prove it. These days the Watch's hands are tied: Fleeter Nemm is too concerned with justice, and not enough with the security of Pavis's citizens. No, she has done no harm to me or anyone I know».

Hareva Hardblow initiate of Humakt

«Griselda? Fine sword-fighter, really fine. Mind, I think she could manage with a bigger blade than that puny little sticker, but I suppose she's used to it. That duel of hers with Red Hot, now, that was something to watch, and she showed some good moves against Carver Donan also. I'd turn out to see her fight any time, watch all day».

«What do I think of her otherwise? We-ell, it's a pity she's not interested in the cult».

Unnamed Dwarf

encountered in the entrance hall of Dwarfside

«Griselda? We have heard this name for many work-periods, but we have no interest in individuals, and certainly not in this one. None of her reported activities tends towards harmony with the Great Project, rather the opposite. I do not wish to discuss this further».

Avidius Tiro

see the story "Serious Money" in RMM Tales of the Reaching Moon # 3, The Collected Griselda, or The Complete Griselda, upcoming soon from Issaries Inc., for this character

«Griselda? A thief and a cheat, nothing more. Oh, she has a certain attractiveness and a degree of intelligence, I grant you, but she is only remarkable by comparison with the dedbeats who infest the same haunts that she does. Her exploits are vastly overrated, and I cannot understand why she attracts so much interest in Pavis. Yes, I admit that her superficial charm took me in for a while; but I am up to all her tricks now».

Loud Lilina

«You want to know what I think of Griselda? I wish I had a silver for every idiot that has asked me that. I do in-deed. You really think, just because they call me Loud, I'm gonna go round talking about my customers? How'm I gonna keep them, they hear I do that?».

«But I'll tell you this: I bless the day she first walked in here, for all the mess she left behind her. She's real good for

business. Everybody that hears about her and wants to see her knows to come here. I've heard tell, they surely are sore at Gimpy's, that the guys she was after that time weren't in there. Heh heh heh; serves 'em right, I say, for being too choosy about their customers».

«Now if you aren't gonna buy a drink, maybe you'd care to step aside for someone who will».

Rowdy Djofu Lo

«Griselda? M'm; how can I put this? Around here, friend, they take a poor view of anyone goin' around askin' questions. I'd say the people at this table right here would take an especially poor view of questions about Griselda, bein' as she's a friend of theirs. But maybe if you was to buy them all a drink, they might be willin' to accept that you were just a poor dumb fool who'd made a mistake, wandered in where he shouldn't have».

«That's right. Oh I'm sure you don't mean any harm, but people can do harm without meanin' to, now isn't that so?»

«Yes, the drink here is kinda strong, but we like it that way; we like most things that way, and that's why we like Griselda, and we don't like people askin' questions about her. Mind your head on your way out».

Unnamed troll of Jarvis clan
speaking heavily accented Tradetalk; this item is offered with a respectful bow in the direction of Walter Masley and the culture

that his stories represent

«What you wan' wid me, thinskin?

Does I know Griselda? No, I doesn' know Griselda. Wait, I 'specks you means Copperhead, thass what all we uz callin' her, Copperhead. Yeah, I know her, alright. When she first come to Pavis, boss Gan, he callin' us all together, says: "Now lissen here, you no-'count uz. They's a new thinskin female in Pavis you gotta watch out fo'. She got hair colour a' copper, 'n' stan's 'bout as high, my waist, but don' let that fool you: she smart, an' she tough, an' mos' of all, she a friend a' Pikat Yaraboom!". You can b'live, we makin' some noise then, to hear that mighty name. "Yeah - so, boss Gan says - "I getting' the word from him, and I passin' it on to you: long's she leaves you alone, you leaves her alone, or I'ma kill yo' ass!". An ain't none of us had a reason to do otherwise. Copperhead, she all right fo' a thinskin, she been puttin'stuff our way, an' we sure feelin' grateful. Anybody doin' sumpin' t'her, we be after 'm good an' strong, you hear me?».

Jorjar the Quick

Constable of Pavis

«Griselda? That women gives me more headaches than any other hardcase around here, bar none. It's not so much what she does: I can't get any hard evidence that she's been involved in any bigtime crime so far, and I'm not bothered about the occasional killing, the way I hear it, she never kills anyone that the city wouldn't be better without. No, what bothers me is what she may be planning to do. She has more brains than all of her friends put together; so what in the name of all the gods is she doing out here? You'd think, she'd have much more scope for her tallents in civilisation. She has to have some angle, but my trollkin can't find out a thing, for all the drinks that they buy her and that I have to pay for out of what little the city allows me for expenses. I hope she's not political; I figure it would have shown some way by now, but there it is, she is very, very good at covering her tracks. Well, I'm working on it».

Vapidus Erronius

junior Lunar administrator

«Do I know Griselda? My dear sir, if I were to tell you all that I knew of Griselda, you would be astonished, you would indeed. For instance, I have good authority for believing that she is in fact Pentan by birth, one of the redheads taken in tribute, and that she is a secret agent of our glorious Empire. Her so-called relatives? Easily explained, my dear sir: actors, hired to provide protective colouring. I reality, she may well be a sister or cousin of one of the famous Lunar

Coders, Eslas; they have much in common, as anyone can plainly see».

«No, I believe that she is investigating the cults, not the Governor, and is reporting to him. I cannot confirm the rumours of a more intimate relationship, but they are plausible, consider the way that she and her associates were protected in that business of the charts, which of course was designed to discredit the cults in the eyes of the citizens of Pavis.

Obviously, my dear sir, she is giving the impression of being a lowlife, and she has skills enough to make this seem plausible; no doubt this is allowing her to acquire useful information about the criminal element in Pavis, and provides opportunities to recruit persons who can be of use to us».

«Her kinnings? Attempts to nip conspiracies in the bud, I would say; conspiracies can develop in strange places».

«Her trip to the Devil's Playground? This certainly turned up information of value to the Empire, as well as allowing her to establish herself as trustworthy in the eyes of the Pavis cult; she is highly skilled at making any action serve more than one purpose, but all is for the good of the Empire in the end».

«Really, my dear sir, you are as difficult to convince as my colleagues; but one of these days you will see that I am right. Her hair colour alone must surely indicate that she is with us».

Dangmar Orlgardsson

Sartarite patriot

«Griselda? Oh, she's a deep one. With hair that colour, she's gotta be a Vingan, right? But anything she does for the Cause, it's real secret. Sure she comes on like a tough and hangs about with crooks; the Lunars are gonna give her less hassle if they think she's just a hardcase than if she's known to favour the Cause. Maybe she's aiming to recruit among the crooks, too; there's tough fighters among them, who it would be good to have on our side. My guess is, she's gathering information, too. Some say that Wolfhead knows where Balastor's Axe is stashed, which could be a real handy thing to find, get Pavis on our side. You just wait and see: she'll be there when Orlanth and Sartar call».

Marius Sylvilagos

sergant in the Marble Phalanx

«I swear, you can hear more stories about Griselda at headquarters than there are fleas in a nomads camp, but you can't believe any of them. She's just one of the adventurers they have around here, better at it than most. I like having her about, myself; somehow interesting things always seem to be happening to her, or around her, and that Olaf the story-teller makes

them into good stories. When you've been in this dump as long as I have, you welcome anything to break the monotony».

Lucia Patroma

younger sister of Viridia Patroma; see the story "Bad Example" in RMM The Collected Griselda, or The Complete Griselda, upcoming soon from Issaries Inc., for this character

«What do I think of Griselda? It's lucky you didn't ask my sister Viridia; depending on who's present, she either practically spits blood or dies on the spot when Griselda's name is mentioned. It's the best way we know of getting a rise out of her or shutting her up, hasn't failed yet. In fact we have a little competition going in the family, to see who can bring up Griselda's name in the most unlikely conversation. One has to do something to pass the time. We have some money riding on it, but we keep putting off the closing date because it's so much fun. And you know something? It's my impression that Father has taken to bringing up Griselda's name too, when Viridia is being particularly obnoxious. Yes, Griselda has been very useful to our family».

Kleftissa

the youngest, and best, of Duke Raus's Bows, a group centering on 3 female crossbow-users who are among his valued mercenaries; Duke Raus controls one of the Grantlands, along the river south of Pavis.
Cf. "The Cradlesnatchers"

«Griselda? Well, I'll tell you. I sure hope the Duke never has cause to send us after her; I doubt even Hildie could dope out a surefire plan to take her. I really don't want to mess with her, ever. She's too small to make a good target, unless she was real close, and I don't like to shoot from too close: you don't nail them precisely, and before you know it they're all over you. Which could happen all too easily with Griselda, she's so fast. Lucky? You said it, and real smart too. Look at all the fighting she's done, and the places she goes, like in the Rubble, and not a mark to show for it».

«I wish she'd join up with the Duke, for a fact; she's smart enough to run this whole outfit, and I like the sound of her. But if he ever thought of hiring her, either he changed his mind or she wasn't interested. Too bad».

Grobarr the Gormless

on his first visit to Pavis

«Griselda? Who's Griselda? Small, very pretty, red hair, blue eyes? Sounds great; how do I get to meet her?».

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LEGENDS OF PAVIS

From the Chronicles of Fethela Fodronu

by Shannon Appelcline

Clear Credit

This month I drew once more from RQA #6 by John Castellucci and John Boyle for info on the Stinking Forest. For Pavis background, I used *Glorantha Classics Volume 1: Pavis & Big Rubble* by Greg Stafford & Steve Perrin; Pavis articles in *Ye Booke of Tentacles #3* by Ian Thomson; and Pavis articles in *Codex #1* by Martin Crim and Mike Dawson. Information on Throna Silverleaf came from *The Broken Council Guidebook* and unpublished materials from *The Broken Council LARP*, written by myself, Stephen Martin, Eric Rowe, and Greg Stafford many moons ago. Finally, thanks to Ian Thomson for comments on this article.



FETHELA SPEAKS: PAVIS

The song of Westwood beckons to me still. I can almost hear it again. I can almost smell the greens wafting their piney scent, can almost see the seeds of the browns being thrown to the wind, can almost hear the grunting half-takers, always too near. I wish to continue the melody I have begun, to tell you more of the Westwood's ancient wonder, that which is gone and that which remains.

But Tarbrain says no and he is, of course, correct.

I have not spoken of Tarbrain before in this chronicle, and I now I see that I must. He is my runner, though not a runner. I stole him away from the knowledge priests. To them he was a failure, but to me he is a strong and powerful instrument. Tarbrain writes this chronicle for me, takes my words and scribes them on lamb-skin, for I never learned to write, not when I was a guardian of Aldrya and not after. In the slightest way, this chronicle is Tarbrain's song too.

I began to speak this morning of the flora and fauna of Westwood. I reflected upon the number of leaves on Renna and the exact quality

of the Evergreen Elm's light. I spoke of the doomed Timberlands, the Vanished Forest, and the Bride of Dust. But Tarbrain simply shook his head.

"You already bored them with the Westwoods"- he said, omitting the *Sir* as is his wont. "Is this story really for them or was that a load of llama dung? You gotta write what interests them". Then Tarbrain paused for a moment, stood in very deep contemplation. He is like we, that way; I think he hears a Song when he pauses such. Finally, he spoke again -"Write about Pavis. He's an elf, ain't him? Everyone love Pavis".

As I said, Tarbrain is correct. This is a song for the people of Glorantha, not for me, and so let me tell of an Aldryami, of sorts, who is known by all. Let me sing of Pavis. Let me sing three fragments of his life, three secret fragments known by few. Let me sing these discordant songs together and see what melody they might form.

• **Shannon Appelcline** is a long-time game designer who has written professionally for *RuneQuest*, *Call of Cthulhu*, *Nephilim*, *Ars Magica*, and *Pendragon*. He was a developer for *Hero Wars*, a co-author of *The Broken Council LARP*, and the original editor of the *Chaosium Digest*. Currently he is working at *Skotos Tech*, an on-line game company (www.skotos.net), and planning an *Aldryami* book for *Hero Wars*.

THE SILVER DRYAD

As told me by Tharil Leafbare of the Elder Wilds

Late in the First Age there was a dryad born here, in the Elder Wilds. She was named Throna Silverleaf for the leaves upon her head. They were of a color never before seen in this place and never since. A number of signs accompanied her birth: the blind Kartoog fish were spotted; the lost Jarizol tree was found; and Woorin the Old awoke after three and a half centuries. One of the Wise Fathers was possessed by the song of the future and he sang its melodies to Throna:

It is a time of change at the center of the world.

*Just as Winter brings Spring,
Just as Death brings Life,
So shall War bring Peace.*

*The man of the statue
Brings hope to our people.
When the young god comes,
You will find him.*

*A new alliance will be made,
A new trust gained.
From you will come the seed
That bears fresh fruit.*

*In the time of unity,
Seek out the man of the statue,
Recover the necessary tools,
And learn to free the ancient man from his bonds.*

*When the time is right,
When many winters have passed,
When a new sun is in the sky,
Then the statue may be awakened.*

*The new seed will be planted,
The new peace found,
The new words learned,
And the new haven made.*

Thus was Throna Silverleaf brought into the world.

When Throna was but one spring old she began to speak prophecies of her own. She spoke of a battle between light and darkness; of men who hissed like snakes; of greenery older than Aldrya's melodies. Throna was welcomed to the Aldryami council when she was but a sapling, but still she rarely remained rooted here. She brought the song of the Wilds to the dark men and the stone men. She befriended the dust.

When Throna was scarcely two decades old she announced that she had found her purpose in the lands to the west, that the old war would reignite there and that it would bear fruit. She journeyed to the land between the mountains, joined its council, and with them she made a god.

Throna never returned to the Elder Wilds afterward, though on occasion we heard whispers



of her song: how she had met the man of the statue; how they had prepared it for her son to be; and how she awaiting the coming of the men who hissed. "The one to come will bring back the Green Age" - she said to us once, when she joined our song from her faraway home. "He will find a garden which shall become a forest". And we knew she talked of her son, not yet born.

She talked of Pavis.

It has been centuries now since Throna has joined in our song, centuries since she joined us one last time, over five hundred years after it had all begun. It has been centuries since she offered one final song to us, proud and strong, half filled with grief and half filled with wonder. It has been centuries since she told us - "He is sleeping now, giving his seed time to grow".

We believe that Throna is sleeping too, waiting for a garden to become a forest.

GAME NOTES

In his second chronicle, Fethela speaks of Pavis and the garden which is his legacy. The religious keyword for Pavis can be found in *The Pavis and Big Rubble Companion Volume 2*. Below is the standard keyword for the elves of the garden.

THE ELVES OF THE GARDEN



The elves of the Garden in Pavis are a fairly recently relocated community. In the late 800s they uprooted from their old forest in Shadow's Dance and formed the Garden in the walls of old Pavis. Their legends claim that they were summoned by Yurmonis, one of the seven leaders of the city at that time. The Garden grew quickly and by the time of the old city's fall, the elves of the Garden were easily able to defend themselves from invaders. They do so to this day.

Garden culture centers around their Shanasse tree. Their council consists of: the High King Elf, the Elder Sister, the Gardener, the Light Son Friend, the Half-Elf Friend, and sometimes the Chosen One. The seat of the Chosen One currently sits empty; some say it is reserved for the spirit of Pavis.

The number of elves in the Garden is 200, approximately the same as the number of elves who initially populated the area. Although this was not always their way, they are now just as xenophobic as most of their brethren, likely as a result of constant battles with the trolls and the Praxian barbarians over the last centuries. However, they have close ties to both the priests of Pavis and Mani's Clan, and send representatives to sing around the old temple to Pavis on certain of his Holy Days.

Apart from when they attend the Pavis ceremonies, and when they show themselves to Light Cultists along the borders of the Garden, Pavic Aldryami are encountered very rarely in the Old City. Their rare appearances are usually the result of an attack on trolls infringing on their territory. Unlike elves in other parts of Glorantha, they do not automatically attack groups who approach their home, being used to the presence of treasure-seekers and explorers in the nearby ruins. They do not tolerate intruders however, and most who pass into the Garden without permission find nothing but trouble, and are lucky to be allowed to leave with their lives. Like most of their kin, the elves of Pavis are somewhat incomprehensible to outsiders. They often speak of the "cycle" and seem unmoved by death or suffering. However, they will protect the Garden fiercely, for they believe it is a haven for the past.

Garden Aldryami Cultural Keyword

Innate Abilities: Acute Hearing 14, Agile 14, Hear Song of the Garden (Elsense) 18, Plant Lore 16

Physical Skills: Close Combat (Spear), Elbow, Hide in Vegetation, Sing

Mental Skills: Aldrya Tradition Knowledge, Customs of Garden Aldryami, Know Nature, Myths of the Green Age

Relationships: To the Garden, worship Aldrya

Magic: Most Aldryami find their magic in the Song of their forest, but a few instead specialize in a certain melody. [Fethela writes about the "gods" of the Aldryami in a later chronicle.]

Garden Guardian
You are a protector of the Garden in Pavis. From birth,

THE SEEDS TO COME

As writ by Skarten Nalthumb
in *Our Conquest of the Plains*

Pavis never looked like no elf, no matter what the beast-riders said about his get. He was short and gangly-like, but there weren't no leaves or nothing like that. I even heard that he bled blood like the rest of us, this according to a fellow who fought with him at Too Tall. This fellow says that one of them beast-riders' giants had smacked Pavis in the chest at Too Tall, and knocked him clean off his horse, and his blood had splayed out in a red starburst under him. No wound ever stopped Pavis, of course, and that one didn't either, but Keif, that's the fellow I'm talking about, he says you can still see that red starburst just outside of Paragua. The point was, it was blood, not sap or nothing like that.

Anyway, I only met Pavis once, and that was right here in the city. A lot of us came in to help the dwarves build the city and I was one of them. I was there hauling them armstones out to the walls so that dwarves could do the careful work and I see this guy coming along the wall.

This guy looks just like any of the other soldiers. He's wearing some nice green clothes, but they're all tattered and ratty. His face is all grizzled and I can see the dirt and grime on him. This guy, he's a couple of hundred feet off when I arrive at the wall. I hand off the newest load of arm to the dwarf I'm working with, then I just stare at this guy. He's walking along the wall, stopping ever ten or fifteen feet. He's digging under the wall, then motioning around like a madman, then moving on.

I decide I'm going to see what's going on, so I wait and this guy finally gets to me. I see he's got a bag that he's been pulling stuff out of, and he does just that when he's a couple of feet from me. I look close, and I see his hand's full of all kinds of seeds. There's all kinds there: acorns, and those little ones that twist about when they fall, and handfuls of dust which I think was pollen... everything. He rests these all on a flat stone, then he starts digging on the wall.

I got to ask then - "What in the hells are you doing?" He just looks up at me and his smile is so innocent that I feel like slugging him. He says: "When the walls fall for the last time, I will create something new". And he just keeps digging while he's saying this, then he takes his seeds and pollen and everything and buries them, right under the wall.

As he's putting the dirt back, he says: "There is a haven worth defending here". Then he stands and just ignores me for a second and does some type of ritual. That's when I realize that he's doing some sort of magic and ain't just crazy. Then he's walking past me and already reaching into his pouch again.

I turn around to watch him go and see the dwarf I'd been working with is on his knees. I'm confused for a second until he says, real quiet-like: "That was Pavis".

That was Pavis. Before we'd even finished building the walls of the city, he was already planning for their fall.

DREAMS OF THE GREEN AGE

As told me by Arhil Oaklimb of the Garden

When the half-breed was young, he came to our old home where the shadows dance. We looked at him and thought he was meat, but then he sang to us and we knew he was Aldrya. He spoke with an impatience and vigor that is unusual for us, but now we can understand. How short his span must have seemed, among we redwoods.

He came with stone, was undaunted by darkness. He spoke of the time of prophecy that was dawning. He displayed the new alliance, tried to teach us the new words, dreamed of the new haven. He spoke from upon our stump to remind of us own mortality, begged us to help build a garden. But it was not enough. The Torch bid us to do otherwise and we blindly followed its dictate. "Dust" - scoffed the half-breed.

And he left.

Generations passed for the meat. We heard of the rise of the half-breed's city and then its fall and it was as unimportant to us as the fall of a single tree and the rise of a new sapling. The half-breed reentered the cycle and the metalworkers became rulers of his city.

I remember the day that the half-breed reentered our lives. It was one of the metalworkers who brought his letter, writ in the half-breed's hand, sealed away for a meat generation. His handwriting was tight and crabbed. It spelled out but three words: "From the haven". The true message was in the objects that the half-breed had sent with the letter. Even as we arrogantly opened his package, pretending disdain, we caught the scent of history, heard the music of our hearts.

There was a seed, a leaf, and a root. The seed was a memory. It was from an Eron's Willow, a tree which had been extinct since before the Dawn. The leaf was a promise. It sang a sad and lonely song when we held it to our ears and we knew it was the cry of a Shanasse tree bereft of its people. The root was a hope. It was born of the same tree as the leaf and we planted it near the Torch.

That night two hundred of us were visited in our dreams by a meadow nymph. She held a mask to her face when she spoke and we could only see the hard, metal features of a meat woman. She stood before Eron's Willow and behind her we could see the warm, stone walls of the halfbreed's city. "The cycle turns" - she whispered, and we all strained to hear her words. "That which was forever gone is born here".

As she spoke Halamalao rose behind her and his light was pure and untainted once more, as it had been before. As his light rained down upon the half-breed's city Aldrya's children sprang forth from Gata, and soon everything was covered by green, as it once had been.

It was my seed-kin Rohir Oaklimb who rose first from that dream. He gathered the two hundred and together we bid farewell to our



you have been taught that it is one of Aldrya's most sacred places, a home to a Song lost since the Green Age. You would give your last drop of sap to protect it. Your worst enemies are the dark men, who occasionally make forays across the river, and the beast men who attack from the plains. You are not afraid of them for Aldrya's song fills you. You have friends too, among the meat men, the greatest being the most devoted followers of the half-breed and the men of the fort who are Genert's grandchildren.

Physical Skills: Climb Tree, Locate Healing Herbs, Run through Forest, Short Sword, Stealthy, Track

Mental Skills: Alert, Animal Calls, Old City Survival, Pavic History, Speak Old Pavic, Wait Patiently

Personality: Aloof, Philosophical

Relationship: To Pavis Cult inner circles, to Priests of Mani's Clan

Magic: Most listen only to the Song of the Garden. Among the other melodies, Eron is popular among the Aldryami of the Garden. [see a future article for Aldryami gods.]

Living Standard: The Garden Provides

Equipment: Buckler and Bark Armor ^2, Elf Bow ^4, quiver of arrows, short sword of Pavis manufacture ^2, Spear ^3

Note on Elf Character: Elves find the straight lines and non-organic structure of urban environments very disturbing. They are at a loss when separated from their growing home for any length of time. Consequently, elves chosen as emissaries to deal with outsiders are unusual, and even possibly somewhat insane, members of their species.

brethren who remained rooted at the torch. We march south and did not stop not we arrived in the half-breed's city, till we made our new home, on Green Hill, under Eron's Willow, near the Shanasse, in Pavis.

That was long ago. I was just a sapling then. Now I am a distinguished old redwood. I have no regrets, for that first dream was true. We have found what we thought forever gone. In all of the world, we are the only one's of Aldrya's children who can hear the old song. We hear an echo of her first song, the one that was never heard by our kind before, for we had not yet been born. Here in Pavis, we hear the song of the Green Age.

We have made curious friends here, the most unexpected being the meat of the fort. We welcome them as Guardians of the Garden, for they too hear Aldrya's song, though they call it by another name.

The half-breed's messenger came to us one more time, perhaps three meat generations after we had settled our garden. She appeared as before, her Aldryami features hidden behind a metal mask, but this time there was earth in her hair and her eyes were as dark as the purest loam. My seed-kin tried to ask her questions, but she would not answer, did not see we were there. She was possessed by the song of the future and sang its words:

*The new seed has been planted,
The new peace found,
The new words learned,
And the new haven made.*

*There are more trials, still,
For we are leaves in a storm.
We must wait and watch,
For a tree grows slowly.*

*The new words will be spoken,
The new seed will sprout,
The lost past will be found,
And a garden will become a forest.*

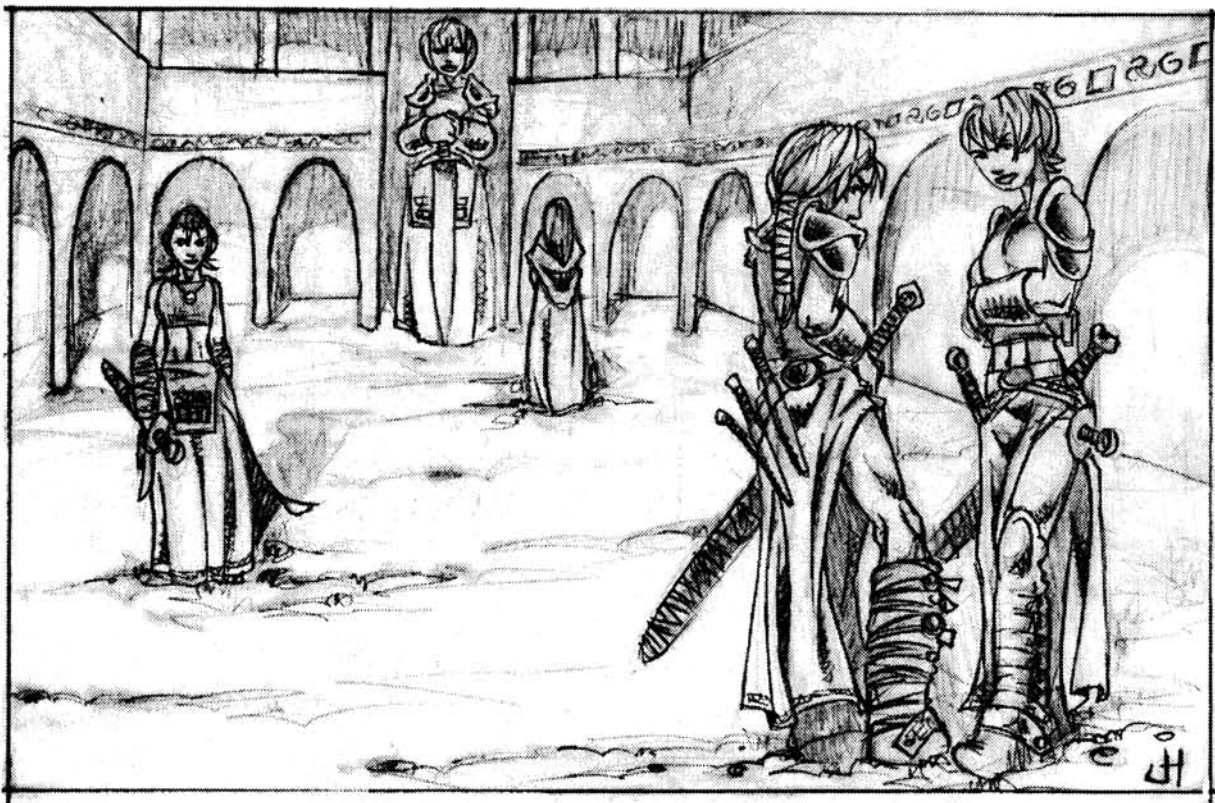
When she was done she looked at us, seemed to see us for the first time. Her eyes swept over us, the same two hundred who had seen her before, the same two hundred though some had already reentered the cycle, and in the end her dark eyes met mine and mine alone. She planted her seed. "We will meet a third time" - she said, and then she was gone.

I am old now. My limbs grow stiff and my roots beg for their final planting.

She must return to me soon.

Vinga:

the Pavis temple



Position in Pavis

The Vingan temple in Pavis is small, squashed in and almost lost between its associated temples of Orlanth and Ernald. A three-storey building with a basement, it resembles the Ernald temple in being a perfect cube, and the Orlanth temple in being based around a central courtyard. The single entrance is between the two larger temples, next to the ceremonial entrance to the Orlanth temple. This has the added convenience that guard duty can be shared to some extent. Why isn't it shown on the standard map of Pavis? That's all explained in the History section...

Membership

Perhaps a hundred initiates will worship here at the holy days, but most of these are

transients: guards, mercenaries, adventurers. Fewer than a dozen Vingan warriors are permanently attached to the temple, with another dozen working at their term of cult duties at any one time. However, this is one of the few Vingan temples with large numbers of lay members. Pavis is a rough and dangerous place, and most Orlanthi women will take advantage of the protection offered by Vinga. Many retired adventurers are also former Vingans: the visible warriors at the temple are very much the tip of the iceberg.

A single priestess runs the temple: and, cut off from the main-stream of Vingan worship, can tend towards some unusual preferences and views.

Layout

Cut-through from the front

• The general temple plan is of an open court surrounded by a colonnade, with rooms and balconies. At the far end of the open area a thirty-foot high statue of Vinga faces the entrance. It is rumoured that this statue can animate in defence of the temple, though no-one claims to have actually witnessed this.

• Ceremonies are held in the main courtyard: on the High Holy day the courtyard will be full of initiates and all the balconies will be full of lay members. Some ceremonies, to do with Vinga's Earth links, are held in the basement, and it is here that most sacred items and paraphernalia for rituals are stored.

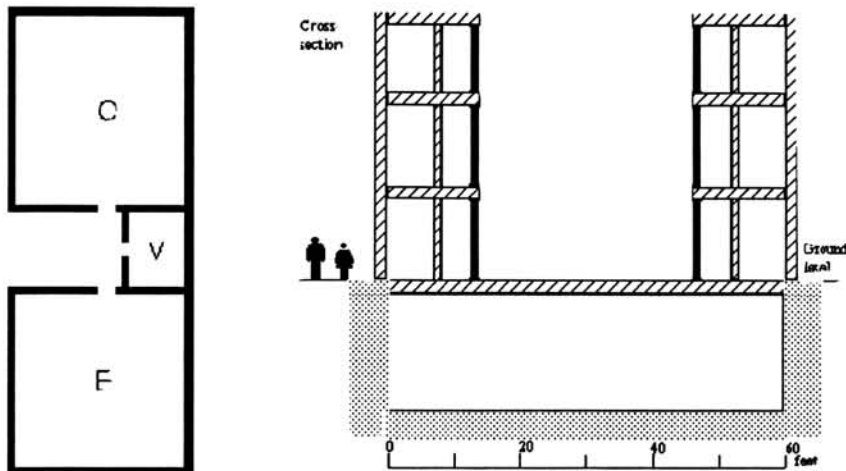
• Weapon practise and teaching is generally done in the main courtyard, though there is also space in the basement for very bad weather. A small archery range can be set up down here on occasion. However, it is worth remembering that practise facilities are shared with the Orlanth temple, where there is considerably more space.

Ground floor

• The side rooms on the ground floor include the armouries (both real and practise weapons) and accommodation for guards. One of the larger rooms is set aside as a warming room in winter, and has limited cooking facilities. At the far end is a spiral staircase down to the basement, and there are steps up to the upper levels on each side.

First floor

(second floor is very similar)



Allied spirits

Since the temple was only founded about fifty years ago, it does not have many allied spirits available. New Daughters seeking an allied spirit generally go elsewhere: even back to Sartar and Tarthaer.

History

Like the other temples in Pavis, the Vingan temple was founded around 1550: although a little later than most, due to quarrels with the wealthy SunDomers. (Even now, maps of Pavis drawn by Yelmalian scribes refuse to show the Vingan temple!). The first priestess was Gwenllian Firehair: even by Vingan standards, a flamboyant and out-spoken lady. Her numerous duels with Count Varthanis were the subject of many songs and ballads, though the story that she ambushed him at the Hill of Gold is (probably) untrue. In 1565 she led a Vingan contingent to join the battle at Dwarf Ford, and did not return.

Her successor, Sercha, preferred to work by persuasion rather than outright aggression. Herself the daughter of a Sartarite Uleria priestess, she is best known for forging the strong links that now exist between her own temple and that of Uleria: in such a rough frontier town, the Uleria initiates found themselves in need of protection, which the Vingans were happy to provide. Since then the Vingan temple has had the use of the Ulerian Community spell, which helps enormously in large teaching sessions and in forging a community from such a disparate group of initiates, many of whom are from different countries and may not even have a language in common. She was badly injured in the nomad incursion of 1572 and retired shortly afterwards.

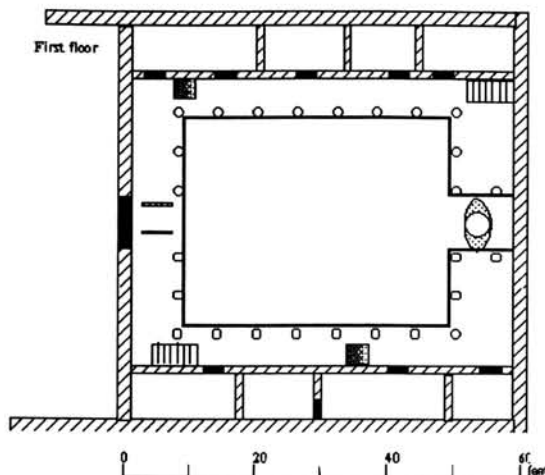
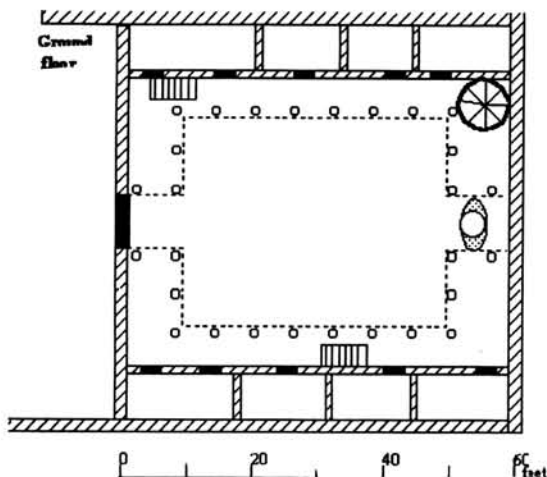
The next priestess, Cyfaredd, was also born in Sartar, though she had come to Pavis with her mother as a child. Brought up in the sanctuary of the ancient holy site of Tarthaer, she was known for her skill in ceremony and ritual. Many of the enchantments that now protect the temple were her work, and their details are known only to the current priestess. During her period of office Vingans came to Pavis from a wide area, and she delighted in collecting the different myths of Vinga

that they brought with them. As a result, the Pavis temple has perhaps the best collection of Vingan HeroQuest rituals in existence, though it does not boast enough initiates to actually carry out many of them. In 1593 she retired from active service to concentrate on prayer and meditation, and moved away from Pavis.

Aelflaed was the first priestess here to be a Pavis County native. Outwardly she is unremarkable compared with previous holders of the office. While she does not have Cyfaredd's flair for ritual, she is a capable administrator and a fine teacher. Her knack of making alliances may not be as great as that of Sercha, but she has survived as priestess for over twenty years, including the upheaval of the Lunar conquest. Now in her sixties, she is aware of her limitations, and hopes to be able to train up one of her pupils to replace her soon, but all the candidates so far have either been killed in battle or chased out of Pavis by the Lunars.

However there is quite a lot that is not generally known about Aelflaed. Her elder sister, for instance, who married a Sun County bard and has not been on touch with her family since, adding an edge to Aelflaed's natural dislike of Yelmalian. Her fifteen-year affair with an Orlanthi Wind Lord, executed by the Lunars in 1610. She keeps her hatred of Lunars well hidden, even to the Sartar patriots in Pavis, but her links with some of her former pupils give her perhaps the best over-view of the Resistance of anyone in the city. In particular, if the temple records that mysteriously vanished in 1610 ever show up, it will be discovered that Kallyr Starbrow studied here for some years as a young initiate, and might have succeeded Aelflaed as priestess if events had not intervened. At about the same period, this is the temple where Vega Goldbreath got her first lessons in combat (much against the wishes of her male relatives).

From the point of view of a Vingan PC showing up in Pavis, Aelflaed is competent, sympathetic, and can be very protective to anyone who has shown genuine devotion to Vingan ideals. And she keeps secrets.



• The first-floor rooms include accommodation for the current priestess, although most also have more extensive rooms elsewhere. The rest of the rooms on this floor are for teaching and study. Notice the slits in the floor above the entrance: part of the defence system!

The rooms on the second floor include accommodation for initiates, more rooms for study, and some storage space. Accommodation is plain but adequate: bunks and a table and chair.

Basement

• No plan of the basement is given, as the layout varies considerably with the use to which it is being put at the time. Pillars support the roof, in line with those above, and there is a second statue of Vinga (seated) under the main one. This represents Vinga the Protectress rather than the Warrior: no offensive spells are connected with it, but it can cast *Warding 10*, covering an area that includes the foot of the stairs. Women seeking sanctuary have temporary accommodation here. Unknown to many, there is also an entrance into the basement of the Ernalda temple from here

Plots

Possible story-lines for the Vingan temple in Pavis, and for introducing the party to the cult. How you use these will depend on the tendencies of your party, but they can join in on either side of most of these.

The bar-maid

Next time the party (or an NPC) decides to chat up the bar-maid and gets too over-enthusiastic, let her be rescued by Vingans. Pure cameo, but it can be an introduction to the cult.

The rescue

A Healer has been captured by brood in the Rubble. The Vingans are mounting a rescue, and they'll welcome any volunteers to help. Bear in mind that the Healer's bodyguard were probably Vingan, and will also have been captured or slain. Rewards: the Chalana Arroy temple will be grateful, and that's always a good thing. There might be free training going, too.

The missing hair-dye

A little more subtle, this one (though not much). Remember that the SunDomers don't like Vingans? And that Vingans need a supply of Camphire for their High Holy Day? Camphire is brought in by a particular trader from a Praxian oasis a week or so before the celebrations.

The SunDomers decide to stop him. How they do this is up to you: they might buy all the camphire before he gets to Pavis (bribing him to keep quiet). They might use their own troops (out of uniform) to ambush him. They might hire the PCs to do the job for them, if they're known to dislike Vingans. Whatever you decide, come the High Holy Day, there's a shortage of camphire.

Immediate effects: a lot of panicking Vingans running round all the other temples that use camphire (Uleria and Ernalda, for certain) trying to scrape up enough. They may have to do those temples favours to get it. They may "out-source" some of the favours to the party, if they have particular skills. Hang in any other plot you were trying to find a hook for at this point: and

remember the party can demand a high price if they want to. Or they might end up with the Vingans owing them a favour.

Next effect: the Vingans do in fact scrape up just enough that they can get through their High Holy Day with a bit of ingenuity. The ingenuity in question is one of hair-styles: the less hair you dye, the less dye you need. So some have gone Mohican, some have cropped it ridiculously short, some have just dyed it in stripes. All these effects will work for the ceremony. But there will be a lot of duels in the next few weeks as people try not to laugh.

A little bit later...the Uleria and Ernalda temples use camphire, too. The SunDomers didn't realise that. So they get pressure put on them to return the camphire. Whether the ladies realise where it went depends on who's told who about what, and with what degree of truthfulness, which will depend on you and your players.

And if the Vingans ever find out who was behind it, they'll be beating up SunDomers all over the city! Which Sundomer you use as the instigator is up to you: I'd suggest a junior, fanatical, and un-documented acolyte myself. Will his superiors approve? Will you tell them?

Lots of potential for politics and blackmail here!

The Lunar Lady

A dilemma for the Vingans, this time, and as an addition to another scenario rather than being one in itself. Take a Vingan who has the geas "never let any woman suffer needlessly". Make her anti-Lunar. Now let the party beat up some defenceless female Lunar in front of her. If you've got the Coders in your campaign, see if you can use Princess Anderida (with all her defensive magic) as the "victim".

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Jane Williams

Most recent revision 25 October 1996

THE HARROWING

Originally submitted for "Heroes of the Kings" series

by Penelope Love

SOR-EEL STRODE TO THE TABLE set on the wide balcony of the Governor's Palace, as Yelm tipped over the walls of the Big Rubble and bathed New Pavis in morning light. The Governor was a short, bald man whose long mouth was turned down at the corners, and those corners firmly tucked in. He was built wide and strong, and only recently had his solid build begun to sag. Dylath-Lar strode at his heels with the cavalry-man's gait, straight-back and pigeon-toed.

"Honored wife" - Sor-eel said to his fourth wife, in a crisp tenor-"You are well". He sat, reaching for the dispatch box that Dylath-Lar carried.

"Honored husband, I am indeed well" -Torys-Kineel replied, from the opposite end of the table. She looked out over the domes and flat roof-tops of New Pavis. Her voice was low and musical, and she did not take her eyes from the sky-line as she spoke. Some of her countrymen, in a vain attempt at poetry, called Pavis the City of Temples. In her letters to her sister Torys-Kineel called it the City of Dung-Hills. Torys-Kineel was slender and tall, and beloved of the goddess Dee'zola, the gentle healer. Torys' skin was white as milk skimmed of the last drop of cream, and her eyes and hair were as dark as a night without stars or Moon. For this reason, the desert people called her beautiful.

Dylath-Lar stood between them in the cavalry-man's pose, legs bowed, waiting on Sor-eel's orders. He was a well-built man in middle age, with narrow hips, broad shoulders, and back ramrod straight. Iron flanked his chest and sides, and an iron scimitar hung at his hip, for he stood high in the service of Yanafal Ta'arn'is. But he had a homely face and was awkward around noble-women. Those giddy youths who rode in the cavalry for show, and had never seen a battle, called him Dylath Trip-Tongue, a name whose chief virtue was that it was very difficult to say when drunk. Among his battle-fellows he had a different name, for they said after the Sartar campaigns, after Starbrow's revolt was crushed, that he was a lover of Death and nothing could kill him. In truth it was Torys-Kineel that Dylath-Lar loved, and he would have given anything to tell her. But he could not trust his tongue with any woman except his own four year-old daughter. So he stood very stiff and proud and silent, and turned his eyes to Torys only when he thought she was not looking at him.



• Penelope Love has written novels, short stories and role-playing game scenarios and co-written computer games. She lives in the city of Melbourne, Australia, and makes a living from desktop publishing and quiz-writing. "The Harrowing" is a short story featuring characters from her Gloranthan novel manuscript, "The Widow's Tale".

Sor-eel read the dispatches and grunted. He remembered his wife.

"Everything is to your satisfaction"?- he inquired of her.

"It is" - she answered. He grunted, no longer listening. "I am continuing in my letter to my sister"- she said.

He grunted. "I am visiting the library".

"Dylath-Lar is looking after me admirably. We ride every day" - Torys-Kineel persisted. Sor-eel grunted.

"I must prepare for my ride" - she said to the air, and rose, the tight hopelessness of desperation increasing its stranglehold on her throat. Torys-Kineel was no fool. She could see how power lay in this city. She wanted to scream, 'I am here, my husband. See me. Save me,' but the words were locked in her throat by Sor-eel's indifference.

Dylath-Lar bowed as she left but Sor-eel paid no heed to her, for he had reached the last of the pages. He grunted, but not in satisfaction. When she had gone he threw the pages down, and spat: "Orlanth". Dylath-Lar said nothing.

There were no Orlanths in New Pavis. That was what Sor-eel told his superiors in Dragon Pass and Mirins Cross. Orlanth fought the Red Goddess too long and too hard for the Lunars to allow their newly conquered people His inspiration; and besides, there were dangerous rumors abroad promising the return of the Storm God's King. No temple open in the city of New Pavis to Him, but one to Ernalda Green-Mother stood on the west side of Temple Court. If that building was pulled down then Pavis would starve in one season, for the Green-Mother would surely turn Her back on the city. And Ernalda was Orlanth's wife. A Lunar guard visiting the temple of Ernalda and viewing the congregation there knows that if all those gathered together are worshippers of the peace-loving Green-Mother, then that guard will eat his own fingers.

So the guard says: "Why stand you so proud, poor farmers, and what causes those callouses on your hands"? The congregation grin and shuffle together, and say: "Ploughs". And the guard asks: "Where are your ploughs, in this city of nomads, and where is the ground that you have farmed in this stony desert land"? The congregation grin again and draw closer together, and if the guard is wise he leaves, quickly. If he is not wise, Sor-eel receives a dispatch saying that another guard has

disappeared mysteriously. These make him curse and throw down his dispatches, and spit: "Orlanth".

Once a very large patrol paid a visit to the Ernalda temple, looking for a common murderer by the name of Hargart the Blade that they believed was sheltered there. Being made foolish by greater numbers, the Lunar captain grew wrath when he heard talk of ploughs. He ordered the man seized who said it, and personally cut off his hands, right there and then on sacred temple ground. Then the captain said: "Now let us see you use a plough, now let us see you farm, now let us see what you reap from the barren desert ground".

The very next day the Ernalda temple had a plough, with a wicked blade of bright yellow bronze, and they had a bullock to draw it. They plowed up and down the square through the thick-thronging temple-going Godsdays crowds. The bullock was as red as the Moon, and they goaded him as they drove him backwards and forwards. Each pass brought them one farrow-width closer to the new Seven Mothers temple that stood on the north side of Temple Court. Crimson blood sprang from the bullock's flank and shoulders and soaked the road-bed, which was bare ground. The men driving the plough were arrested and the bullock confiscated. Then the Ernalda's spread their hands to show them empty of trickery. The Ernalda's said: "First you want us to plough, and then you take our bullock away. Now we have nothing to yoke to our plough, to harrow and draw harvest from this fallow desert ground".

Sor-eel did not dare further provoke the peace for fear of angering the Green-Mother, who would surely turn Her back on the city. Then all would starve, Her people and the Lunars together. Besides, it was his rash captain who provoked Ernalda's taunts. He sent the captain very far away. He had those arrested released, quietly. He did nothing but grind his teeth when the man whose hands were removed was later seen with two new hands, small as a child's, growing where the old ones had been.

Last, Torsy's family, back in Lunar Tarsh, were lagging on their promises of a better political appointment, and these promises were the reason why he had married a fourth time. Sor-eel had a concubine he loved dearly. Hath-Illicia was her name. She was an impatient and ambitious woman, a devotee of Jalakeel the Witch. She knew very well that Dee'zola had no protection against Jalakeel's wiles, and she had a scapegoat convenient to hand. If Sor-Eel's appointment delayed much longer, then Torsy-Kineel would die to make way for a more amenable replacement. Sor-eel would have to blame her death on Orlanthi, and his superiors would get upset.

Therefore Sor-eel cursed the name of Orlanth, and prayed daily to the Red Goddess and the Seven Mothers, one by one and all together, for their strength to aid him in this restless and uncivilized town. And he looked with favorable eyes upon Dylath Death-Lover, intelligent, capable, battle-hardened, and so much beloved by the city's troops and cavalry. His wife's praise pleased him.

"Excellent"- he said, approvingly- "You are keeping her busy".

"Yes sir, as ordered"- said Dylath Lar. His baritone was hoarse from shouting in the dust, loud and even to carry across the screams of men and horses.

"Have you got her to bed yet?" - the Governor asked. This was his plan, and delightful to his sight, with one gesture to check his left hand and reward his right. Dylath-Lar said that he had not. The Governor scowled at this laggard. "When I said entertained, I meant entertained"- he ordered - "I don't want her bored".

"I think she would prefer someone younger, sir"- Dylath-Lar said, ramrod-straight.

"Well, I don't"- the Governor snapped. "Can't trust young men to be discreet. I don't want any bastards. Get to work on her. I can get you a love potion if you like. Force that down her throat: no reluctance then, I assure you".

"I'll continue in my own way. Sir"- Dylath-Lar said. The Governor beamed at him. Torsy-Kineel reappeared, and the pair left for the stables. There Dylath-Lar handed Torsy-Kineel onto a trustworthy horse, a white mare called Ibis. He mounted his own red horse Tor, stalwart in war. With an escort at their backs they rode out into the city to canter together in the shadow of the walls of the Big Rubble, near the Mostali-bridge over the River of Cradles.

Now Dylath-Lar had many fine words he would like to say to Torsy-Kineel, especially after the Governor's acid reminder, but as always they refused to leave his tongue. Torsy would have given much for a confidant, and all she trusted in the city spoke in high praise of Dylath-Lar. But she thought him proud because of his silence, and thought he disliked the drudgery of attending to her. So neither of them said anything.

After the ride, Torsy-Kineel bathed, then went down with her guard at her heels to the Lhankor Mhy temple that stood opposite Ernalda's on Temple Court. The library and its corral had been built in the shape of the Truth rune, a perfect 'Y'. But when the Lunars arrived the Irrippi On Tor scribes attached another wing, so that the building's mystic properties were lost. The scribes of Lhankor Mhy would have ignored Torsy-Kineel anyway for this indignity laid on them by her countrymen, but there was another reason why they

were sullen towards her. She did not know, when she first arrived, that she had to wear a beard to be admitted as an honorary member of their company. She had been fool enough to laugh when they laid false ones before her.

So the Grey Sages scowled when they saw her, and turned their backs. She studied in the Irrippi On Tor annex, but there was little there that she did not know already. Besides, the Brown Scribes kept complaining of theft, and accusing the Lhankor Mhy scribes of hoarding, until it seemed any book that she wanted, or any scroll, or any collection of correspondences, was at that very moment stolen or unlawfully borrowed by the Grey Thieves.

Slowly she realized that the Brown Scribes did not want her either, for fear of the courtesan Hath-Illicia, and the powers given her by Jalakeel. And this was for all that they were supposed to be Seven Mothers together, sworn on the blood-oaths of their gods to protect each other. She would have left then, and withdrawn to the palace to await whatever fate Jalakeel chose, but for the accident that befell her.

She befriended a Lhankor Mhy scribe, a small youth with shy, blinking eyes called Nithon Longwords. He had not yet grown a good beard, and so wore a false one which did not fit very well. He was hurrying by her in the courtyard, eyes to the ground and the beard fell off. She stooped to pick it up. He made the mistake first of stopping to take it back from her, and second of being polite about it. Because she was lonely and unimportant, and desperate for conversation with someone who did not speak entirely in grunts or silences, Torsy-Kineel pinned Nithon for a full hour beneath the shade of a tree in the temple courtyard, out in the open for everyone to see them. He was alarmed and skittish, and bolted when at last she gave him the opportunity. She laughed at this, quietly, afterwards. But there was desolation in her eyes, eyes that were as dark as a night without stars or moon.

She did not expect to see him again, but several days later he came by as she sat quietly reading in a room that the Irrippi On Tor librarians had grudgingly cleared for her. He thanked her for her courtesy, apologized for his own rudeness, and asked if he could help her in any way. He kept looking over his shoulder as he spoke. She thought he was nervous that he might be seen by his fellow Grey Scribes, and gravely released him from any oath.

But he insisted. He seemed more fearful that she would refuse his courtesy than that she would accept it, and so she gracefully agreed. He asked what she would like to learn and she, speaking impetuously in gratitude, said: "Of Lhankor Mhy and the Lightbringers' journey"- because that was the chief knowledge that was held from her

by the malice of the Grey Sages and the fear of the Brown Scribes. He gulped and, to her surprise, obeyed.

Nithon brought her legends of the Lightbringers, that she had only heard briefly before and thought crude compared to the solemn verses of the Red Goddess. The stories claimed that Orlanth slew Yelm, Sun and Emperor, and plunged the world into Darkness, typical behavior for that violent and outlandish god. Tien the Thief crept up in the Great Darkness and stole Lhankor Mhy's beloved, the Mistress of the Light of Knowledge. Lhankor Mhy went searching for her, along the paths made by Issaries the Trader. The pair met the repentant Orlanth and the healer Chalana Arroy. These four then followed a madman and a fool through Hell's gates in their quest to return Yelm from Death. In Death's night-country Lhankor Mhy found the Mistress of the Light of Knowledge again, and has embraced perfect enlightenment ever since.

These legends were barbaric, of that there was no doubt. They were copied from an oral tradition, and in many places contradicted each other. But they held her in thrall. There was the raw power and the passion of myth in them, and when she read them she no longer remembered that she was unimportant and alone, and so very far from home. She wrote some of them down and sent them to her sister. She daily prayed to Dee'zola, her sole comforter, that She might send Nithon a proper beard, even though he was an uncivilized foreigner.

But one day when she left her bored guard at the front entrance and hastened to her accustomed place, Nithon had no books ready for her. He looked more nervous than ever when she questioned this, and said: "Lady, you have exhausted my poor, private, stores, and I dare not borrow for fear of the questions". She was disappointed, and said so. He gulped, and recited, his eyes fixed over her head: "As you seem so interested, I thought I could take you to a place I know, a chamber where can be found great knowledge of the Lightbringers, of Orlanth, that we dare not openly show. Only it is a secret chamber, lady, and only you and I -- and one other -- know of it". He stuttered as he said this, and swallowed, and blushed. Torys-Kineel was no fool. She looked at him with suspicion that soon melted, for she was curious, and the scribe had been so kind that she did not believe he meant any harm to her.

He led her then to a room deep within the Lhankor Mhy temple, dark, dusty, and filled with shelves lined with tattered scrolls. He pressed a place in one of these bookshelves, and the shelf swivelled to reveal a stair. Light spilled down from a room above, and dust motes swirled, turning the air silver.

"I'll go ahead if you like" - he said,

seeing her hesitate.

"No" - she said, and raised her head proudly to show that she was not afraid. She walked up the stair, one hand against the wall. There were no books in the room above, only bare plaster that had fallen in a few places from the roof, so that the lathes showed. A window overlooked the other wing of the temple and gave light to the room, in which the blue-lit dust swirled. There was a low bench along one wall, and a man standing by the window. When she saw him, she stopped. Nithon stopped behind her.

The man was as tall as her husband,



broad shouldered and black haired. His beard was carefully trimmed, and his shrewd face neither young nor old. He did not look dangerous or violent; he was not wearing any armor, but only a white shirt and leather treads. But she stopped when she saw that he had at his side a sword whose hilt shone black, not the warm orange of bronze at all. She would have backed up, but Nithon stopped her.

"Sorry" - Nithon said, miserably.

"Listen!" - the other man said - "I'm not here to hurt you. I swear that by the Seven Mothers, one by one and all together, you're a Lunar who's interested in my ways. I'm interested in yours. I thought we should talk. That's all. If you're afraid, go at once, and you'll see neither of us stop you". His voice was low and lyrical for all its force, and she thought she heard in it a thread of laughter. She dared raise her eyes to his. She saw that they were glittering brown, their corners crinkled with an amused smile that did not yet reach his mouth. Nithon released his grip. She stood; doubtfully, but she stood.

The other man smiled now, coaxingly, then strode forward and extended a hand to help her up the stairs. His hand was small, even for his short height, and uncalloused. Scars, still pink, circled each wrist. Her soul plunged recklessly to left and right, but this was the first time in a long while that anyone had said that they were interested in her. What harm could it do? She knew nothing of importance, he would find that out if he spoke with her. And if he killed or harmed her, despite his oath, well what of it? The courtesan Hath-Illicia was staring with witch-bright eyes at her back. Torys-Kineel accepted his offer. She came the rest of the way up the stairs, and the man's face relaxed into a broad smile.

"Sit down" - he said, and took her to the bench. "What would you like to know"?

"Your name" - she said. She sat gracefully down.

He answered with no hesitation: "Berd".

"From where?" - she said.

"Er, would you believe Corflu?" he asked, tentatively. She shook her head. "The Paps?" - he said. She shook her head again, but the hopeful note in his voice made her smile. She lost a little more of her fear. "Boldhome?" - he said, finally.

"That'll do" - she said, decisively. "Berd of Boldhome".

"It has a nice ring" - he agreed. "And you're Torys-Kineel, the fourth wife of Governor Sor-Eel".

"Do you hate me?" she asked, startled at this knowledge.

"Lady" - he said solemnly. "Would you believe that I have loved you from afar for this past year"?

"No" - she said. She leant her head

back against the plaster and looked in disbelief at him. "Where did it spring from, this love?"

"I've been watching from a distance as you rode about the town" - he said. Then he seemed to relax entirely, for he rubbed his beard and grinned. "It was your companion I was watching" - he admitted - "But I was soon distracted".

"Distracted? By what?" - she said, alarmed again, for she thought that he must mean harm to Dylath-Lar.

He bowed. "Your beauty, your grace, your piety and your wit".

"I must be greatly blessed, for those to be deduced from a distance" - she said as if gravely - "Especially the last two".

"And your pinning poor Nithon for a full hour" - he said. "Then, when you started reading about the Lightbringers, I dared to hope I might yet gain a foothold in your heart".

She was truly grave then, and did not know what to say. It was outlandish and bold and reckless, this declaration, and she had no idea whether he meant it. He was a Lightbringer, and his ways were not Lunar ways. His habits were unknown to her.

"Nithon, you can go now" - he said.

"I'll wait at the foot" - Nithon said as he scrambled downstairs. "No more than an hour, er, Berd" - he said.

When they were alone she was alarmed again, but he turned back to the window and looked out there. She did not know that he was looking across to the flat roof opposite, and the watch posted in case of any alarm.

"What else would you like to know?" he asked, quietly. He started speaking at once, without waiting for her to answer.

For the next hour he spoke of Orlanth, of his powers and legends, and if he dwelt at length on the joys of love experienced by the god and his wife, he did so with great subtlety, and Torys did not notice that the myths had strayed from the broad, bright road he painted. He spoke in rhyme, often, and that suited her ear better than the bald legends, for his verses reminded her of the subtler ones she had learned from Dee'zola. When the hour was up, he drew her to her feet and escorted her down to where Nithon waited. As far as Torys was concerned, the time had gone too soon.

"Come back tomorrow" - he invited her. Then he turned and went back upstairs.

"He's not going to stay there?" - she asked of the nervous Nithon. He shook his head, but said nothing further. Why tell her that the man calling himself Berd could go anywhere he pleased, that he could travel the air's back if he wished or move from place to place and silently and swiftly as a breeze if he wished.

"My life is in your hands" - he said to her, and wrung his own.

"I won't betray you" - Torys-Kineel



said. She promised in the name of Dee'zola that this would be so, and assured him that he was her only friend in this city. The she left. Nithon went back up the stairs to where the other man stood in deep thought.

Nithon then spoke to him, pleading for Torys-Kineel and asking him to swear that he would not harm her, nor raise a hand against her, in Orlanth's name. But the man only turned to Nithon and said: "You expect me to swear -- on my hands"? Then he blessed Nithon with his bright, confident, smile, and left after Torys-Kineel. Nithon saw how things stood and would have warned Torys-Kineel, but for one thing.

Berd had put Nithon to the task of winning Torys' confidence after overhearing the beard incident. One of Berd's companions, called by some Arqua the Silent, by others Grimarqua, had visited Nithon shortly after. She visited without the knowledge or consent of her friend, but Nithon did not know that. Arqua was a tall, gaunt, black-haired Humakti, one of only two heroes left standing at the end of the Battle of Berd's Leap. She took the slack of Nithon's shirt, pulled him up onto his toes so that he could be on eye level with her, then swore a great oath in a harsh but pointed whisper. She swore that if Nithon betrayed her friend, or her friend failed in his endeavour, she would tell another friend, Rulk Storm-Khan -- he who slew single-handed the ten-headed Krarshktid -- that he, Nithon, was Chaos-tainted. And

she had not smiled when she said this. Nithon put trust in Arqua's Truth rune that telling such a lie was a hollow threat, but it was surprising how little comfort this knowledge gave him. Nithon had no confidence, but was afraid to speak. As first the days flew by, then the weeks, and Torys continued her daily visits, so did his fear grow and his confidence decrease.

Torys considered what to do each night, about this avenue to an outlaw that had been opened to her, and each morning she thought as the silent Dylath-Lar rode out with her. She thought that she could betray the Orlanthi to her husband, win her freedom, and go back to her sister's house. But she judged that Berd was no fool either, that he well judged the risk he ran and took precautions. Also, she had promised Nithon her silence, and the boy meant very much to her. Last, she was gentle and honorable, and shrank from the base betrayal of one who spoke eloquently with a bewitching voice, with his bright eyes fastened glittering upon her. Berd was the most interesting man she had ever met. She wondered where he had gotten the scars on his wrists, and whether Dee'zola could heal them. The next time they met she brought some salve with her.

This happened to be the day after -- by dint of much swearing and shoving in the middle of the night, under the scornful and unhelpful eyes of Arqua and Rulk -- the man calling himself Berd had got a couch up the narrow stair, a clumsy, gilded, high-backed, very Lunar, heavy piece of carved

timber. He ignored his friends and their taunts, except once when the couch slipped and he begged for their assistance. They refused. He quickly realized that he could not stop the stubborn piece of furniture from scraping and thumping its way back down the stairs. He lost patience and snapped his fingers. "Up into the room, by the wall" - he ordered. The couch at once flew of its own accord, and a heavy thump from above told clearly that it had arrived at its destination.

"Why didn't you do that to begin with?" - Arqua cried, in fine scorn.

"Please be quiet" - Nithon begged, appearing from where he'd been keeping watch at the door by which he'd allowed them entrance. The mover of furniture shrugged and dusted his hands. Rulk, a shaggy hulk, grunted. Arqua looked from Rulk to Nithon and idly flexed ten fingers. Nithon shrank back with a faint squeak of apology.

The next day Torys, with a surprised stare at the couch, presented Dee'zola's salve. Berd insisted that they both sit, and that she apply it. Had it been any other but such a familiar piece of furniture she would not have done so. He took her hand, for he wanted to see if she flinched from the potion. She did not withdraw her hand for a long while, and he decided Dee'zola's word could be trusted. But when she asked where the scars came from he said only: "A plough-share broke against them".

Then he looked at his salve-shining wrists, and gently took her hands, turning them over in his own, on which callouses were slowly forming. She went very quiet. He held them a long time before she withdrew them, and then only because he bent his head and she thought he would kiss them. He raised his head again.

"I've been watching your room at night" - he said. Deep feeling could be read in his eyes, so close to hers - "It's the fourth from the end of the wing, the second floor? With the balcony" - he asked. She nodded. Her eyes were fixed on his.

"I sleep alone" - she said - "For my husband loves not me".

"So lone, so lovely" - he said, mockingly. He reached out and traced the line of her mouth, then gently brushed the back of his hand against her cheek. She did not move from his touch. But he got back on his feet and turned away, and went on with his story-telling. She left an hour later as if nothing unusual had happened.

Dee'zola could do nothing. His wound was too old and too deep.

"Honored wife" - Sor-eel said to his fourth wife, in a crisp tenor - "You are well". He sat, reaching for the dispatch box that Dylath-Lar carried.

"Honored husband, I am well" - Torys-Kineel replied.

"Excellent. Things are proceeding to your satisfaction"?

"They are not. I find I sleep restless". He grunted, deep in his reading. "There are omens abroad at night. I dream that the Red Moon is riding the sky, that Dee'zola is weeping over me".

He grunted. "My sister's letters have been so long delayed that I fear they must have gone astray. Or been kept back".

He grunted. "I take comfort in the knowledge of your loving protection, honored husband" - she said.

He grunted. "I must prepare for my ride" - Torys-Kineel said, and rose. Dylath-Lar bowed, but Sor-eel had reached the last of the pages, and paid no heed to her. He



grunted, but not in satisfaction. When she had gone he threw the pages down, and spat: "Orlanth". Dylath-Lar said nothing.

"What do you mean by such wild talk?" Dylath-Lar asked her later. He rode his red stallion Tor, proud and high-stepping, and she rode by his side through the crowded, stinking market on the white mare, fleet-lbis.

"There are omens I cannot interpret" - she replied, her eyes fixed forward, her face hidden by the veil she wore against the dust. "I am having bad dreams. Dee'zola is trying to warn me. I am afraid of Hath-Illicia".

"Do not be afraid" - he said. "Remember Yanafal Ta'arn'is' blood oath to Dee'zola".

She cast him a quick glance. "You think I am frightened of the dark, to be soothed by warrior's speech, by short, blunt words" - she said. He wanted to say that that was not so. He wanted to wax voluble. But all the smooth speeches he had been inwardly rehearsing melted from his mind at sight of the trouble in Torys-Kineel's dark eyes. He resolved instead to stand a watch beneath her balcony, in the hope that then her bad dreams would mend.

Torys-Kineel that day spoke of her fears with the man called Berd. He had already drawn more feeling from her than any man she had ever known. Would he help her in this crisis? He listened to her words and paced and frowned.

"I can help you" - he said at last. He came back and sat by her on the couch. He took her hands and kissed them fervently, then looked into her eyes. "But Dee'zola has no oath of mine" - he said. "It is Eernalda I am sworn to watch over".

That was the price of his protection, to be false to her sole comforter. She went white, and rose to leave.

"Wait" - he said, and also rose and took her hand again - "Don't make your decision in such haste. I'm already watching your rooms. What if I came to your balcony at night. Would that help? While you are making up your mind"?

"I will not forswear Dee'zola" - she said, coldly. He studied her changing face, and saw that she meant it as much as she had ever meant anything in her life.

"I can see Dee'zola's love in your eyes" - he acknowledged. "Will you let me come to your defense, regardless? Tonight"? She nodded and then gasped, because his grip on her arm was so tight. He released her, and smiled.

That day Nithon Longwords decided he had had enough of being ground between the millstones of Truth and Death. Fear so squeezed his breath that he could not open his mouth, except to squeak. He had one last refuge. He packed letters and quills and ink and set off on a long journey. Torys-Kineel was sorry to see him go, for

he was truly her only friend in the city.

Berd went that afternoon to Arqua, who was training initiates in the Humakt temple courtyard. She saw him and said his name, and it was not Berd.

"I've won her"- he announced. "Tonight".

"What's the flaw"? - Arqua asked. "No flaw"- he said, his hands spread to show them empty of trickery.

"If there was no flaw you wouldn't come looking for me"- she reasoned.

"I need you to keep watch"- he admitted, and rubbed his chin - "From the rooftop opposite. If you notice any danger give me the signal, and I'll get out". He snapped his fingers to show how quick he meant to leave.

"The rooftop opposite what"? - Arqua asked.

"The palace"- he said.

"That is a trap"- Arqua said.

"That's what you're there for"- he pointed out. Then he said, watching the sword-clash of the initiates - "She won't foreswear Dee'zola".

"Sure"?

"Absolutely".

"Just as well"- said Arqua.

"Meet you at dusk"- he said and left the temple square. If Torys-Kineel had been Ernalda, or Lightbringer, or a follower of any cult allied to him, he would have respected her piety and honored her plea for his protection. Because she was a Lunar he only altered his plan.

That night at dusk Arqua and Berd crouched on the rooftop opposite the palace. They watched Dylath-Lar take up his position beneath the balcony. They both hated him for the work he had done in Sartar.

"So he has sold his heart as well as his soul"- Berd whispered.

Arqua laughed, but it was not a laugh with any humor in it. "All clear"- she reported after scanning the surroundings carefully. Berd waited for the watch to go out of sight around the corner, and for Dylath-Lar to be looking the other way. Then he clapped Arqua on the shoulder, and in the very next instant he was standing on the balcony of the palace. He made no more sound than the Sea Season wind makes, when a gentle breeze lifts the young leaves of the trees.

When he entered the room, Torys-Kineel was sitting upright on the bed fully dressed, her hands clenched tight in her lap. He went over to her and took her hand, his smile white in the dimness, then bent his head to hers.

"Go to bed, I'll keep watch"- he whispered. When she still hesitated, he sat by the balcony and drew his iron sword, placing it across his knees. He intended truly to watch, for he had a respect for Jalakeel that he did not give to Dee'zola. He was wary of Hath-Illicia, who could send

moon-spirits that brought death and madness.

Torys-Kineel slept very deeply. She woke early the next morning to find Berd stroking her hair. It was still dark. "I'm leaving"- he said - "It's almost dawn. Any nightmares"? She could not remember any, and was grateful to him past all telling.

"May I come back tonight"? - he asked. His hand was gentle in her hair. She hesitated. He bent then and kissed her, her forehead, her mouth, her white throat. He swore that he loved her as much the gale-driven leaves of Storm Season, as the ripples the wind leaves on the surface of the water in passing. Then he drew back and repeated his question. This time she nodded, a sharp movement of her chin. He left over the head of Dylath-Lar, keeping lonely vigil below for his full heart and the blood-oath that Yanafal Ta'arn'is swore.



"A few more nights"- he promised Arqua. "She is frightened of Hath-Illicia, but I think we can depend on Yanafal Ta'arn'is' protection. I think also that she has misinterpreted Dee'zola's dreams".

"You swore you loved her as much as gale-winds and water ripples"- Arqua guessed. Berd scrubbed his beard and looked away. It is a jest between Ernalda and Orlanth, that these things are very pretty, but very quickly gone. That Dee'zola did not know this was no fault of his; he could claim that Torys-Kineel had been fairly warned. He had a dim recollection that once he would have been too fine a man to do this thing. But that was before the Battle of Berd's Leap, before he tied the Wind Horn to Arqua's horse Berd and rode off a cliff, before Chalana Arroy quested through the Western Gates to return him from Death.

The next morning, during their ride, Dylath-Lar asked Torys-Kineel if her bad dreams were still troubling her. When she denied them he fancied he saw the first tenderness in her gaze. He was encouraged to his watch. But the next night, and the next, and the one after, another returned to her. She slept in his arms, and remembered no dreams afterwards. He was very skilful in lovemaking, and his hands were very tender. She was filled with desire

and gratitude, and thought only of him for those three days and nights together.

On the first night Berd thought only of her, for desire is no bad thing, and he had waited a long time to possess her. But the second night was for the Governor, and the third night was for Dylath-Lar. On the third night he did not lie with her 'till dawn was near, but rose and dressed right after. He went and stood on the balcony and looked over, then came back to her. His manner was so much altered that she felt the first returning shadow of her foreboding.

"Time to go"- he said.

"You will return tonight"?- she asked.

"No"- he said. He picked up his iron sword and buckled it on. He looked away, and when she said his name he did not turn his head. She sat upright in the bed, slowly, at last realizing the true source of Dee'zola's warning. Then he told her, precisely, his plan, and she could not delude herself that this was a cruel jest. She was used to her husband's indifference, and could not mistake that in her lover. Then he left.

He went first to Arqua, who waited patiently on the roof opposite.

"Time to go"- he said, and told her to fetch the others and meet him in a secret place. They parted, and he went at once to the temple of Ernalda on the west side of Temple Court. Now, from the outside this building was dark and silent, but inside it was marvelous with lights and noise. There were many people there learning to use a plough. Their ploughs were of bad make, for they had a short handle and no curve to the blade, but they were forged of bright yellow bronze. The people reasoned that if they practiced with these then they would have the freedom to use the proper tools.

There was a man with tawny-brown hair walking among the Orlanthi, correcting them when they faltered. He answered to many names, and Hargart the Blade was one of them. But mostly he went by the name of Garrath Sharpsword. He was a great ploughman, and destined to be yet greater. He was using language that would have turned a bullock blue, let alone red. The two men spoke together.

"You look like a man who has just tasted his first harvest"- Garrath said.

"And it was bitter as first fruit, cousin"- the other replied. He had breached the wall and stormed the defenders, and spent his fine fury on a caged linnet. He could claim her ignorance was born of lustful wilfulness, but this claim brought no comfort to his conscience. He cursed Torys-Kineel, who stood steadfast to Dee'zola when he offered her Ernalda, for he offered to Ernalda his full heart.

Berd called all Garrath's people together. He spoke of Torys-Kineel in a way he would never have spoken if she was



a woman to whom he owed loyalty or protection. Everyone agreed that he had done a very good thing. "There will be songs about this before morning"- they promised.

"And we'd best let the fields lie fallow, for a while"- he said. Everyone agreed with this too, and went at once to hide their swords.

"Time to go"- he said.

"Where"? - Garrath asked.

The man whose name was not Berd flung wide his hands, then pulled a feather from his belt-pouch and tossed it into the air. It floated south-west in the draft from the door, and settled on a cobblestone protruding through the earthen floor.

"The Block"- he said, examining it.

"Rulk will like that".

Garrath nodded. "I'll send word for you there"- he said. "Leave a message when you move on". There was no other farewell.

The man went across Temple Court, through the streets to the alley before the palace, to where Dylath-Lar waited. Dylath-Lar saw him coming but did not recognize him until he was very close. The last time Dylath-Lar had seen this man was back in Sartar, near the end of a skirmish in a mountain pass. Then he had been lying in a smashed heap by a dead horse and a shattered stone round, with a woman black as Death standing over him, who in all that fighting the Lunars never got past. Dylath-Lar was very surprised to see this man in Pavis, and alive again. But he drew his scimitar and challenged him.

"Surrender"- Dylath-Lar shouted, advancing. "Guards"- he called. The man calling himself Berd lifted his arms, not in submission but to show the scars, to show where his hands had been once severed and grown back again.

"Call them"- he said. "There'll be all the more to hear what I have to say about Torys-Kineel". Hatred blazed in his bright eyes.

"Draw your sword"- Dylath-Lar shouted at him. He did not, but backed from the scimitar thrust. Dylath-Lar followed. The scimitar point pressed against his neck.

"Torys-Kineel, who I lay with these past three nights together" - Berd continued. He stopped backing but kept his hands raised with no sword in them. The scimitar-point dug and blood flowed, but not much. He knew Dylath-Lar could not kill a defenseless man, at least not yet.

"Liar" - Dylath-Lar screamed at him.

"She sighed and said that she loved me, and she meant it with all her heart" - he said. He turned his head aside as the scimitar-point dug, so that blood drops spattered on the ground. "Ask her yourself. Ask Dee'zola".

Then Dylath-Lar believed him. He forgot his vows; he shouted in anguish and raised his iron scimitar. It was one thing for the Governor to invite a Lunar officer to bed Torys-Kineel, another for Sor-eel to find out that a Wind Lord had. She had been betrayed. They both had. But his killing blow descended through empty air. The man vanished, and in that instant reappeared with his friends, gathered in a secret place. They left New Pavis at once and in stealth, and that is the end of them in this story.

"Honored wife" - Sor-eel said to his fourth wife, in a crisp tenor - "You are well". He sat, reaching for the dispatch box that a servant carried. The servant bowed and left.

"Honored husband, I am not at all well"- Torys Kineel replied.

"Good. Things are proceeding to your satisfaction?"

"No they are not. I have never been so unhappy"- she said. He grunted, deep in his reading.

"I would like to return to my sister's house"- she said. He grunted.

"For the last three nights together I lay with an Orlanthi called Berd" - she said. "I have never felt such joy as I felt in his arms".

He grunted. "Now he has forsaken me"- she said, her hands clenching in her dress. "I fear the vengeance of Hath-Illicia when she hears, and she will, for he swore that the whole city would learn of my treachery".

He grunted. "I must prepare for my ride" - Torys-Kineel said, and rose.

"You can't" - Sor-eel said, at last giving her his attention. He had reached the last of his dispatches, and for once there was nothing in them to disturb him. He put them down in a neat pile, and shuffled them as he spoke. "Dylath-Lar sends word that he is searching for an outlaw he has discovered" - he said. "He says he is going to search the city stone by stone until he finds him, and will be unable to accompany you on your ride. Take your exercise tomorrow". When she heard these words that Dylath-Lar had spoken, Torys-Kineel's eyes clouded to a darker pitch than any night, even a night without stars or Moon.

That day the temple of Ernalda had a festival. They brought in the sheaves of grain and laid them down before the altar, then sang praises to the Green-Mother. Now a Lunar soldier saw the procession passing by, and followed in. Being a bold woman, she asked the obvious question.

"It is not yet time for the harvest" - she said - "The sheaves are green and the wheat half-grown. It will rot before your altar. What does this foolishness mean?"

A tawny-haired man answered her - "It is no folly, but a preparation. A blight has been upon our lands for many years. We seek to be free of it".

"What blight is this in stony desert?" the soldier asked - "And why is its cause unknown"? The tawny haired man replied that its cause was known already, but the cure proved elusive to them.

Then he took up some stalks of wheat and offered them to Ernalda. He said - "This blight oppresses us, that stalks the desert lands. When will it be time again to plough the fallow ground?"

There were in his hands five seed-heads, all green and not one of them at growth's fullness. One of these decayed into black pulp as they watched, while four ripened to a tawny-brown. The man looked at the soldier. The soldier, being wise, left quickly. The people gathered in the temple of Ernalda sang in thanksgiving, that after the sowing comes the reaping, and after the harvest the sowing again.

Ritual Magic Part I

Or: «How well does your High Healer sing her Comfort Song?»

by Stephen Martin

RUNEQUEST PROVIDES THREE RITUAL MAGIC skills for use in the game: Enchant, Summon, and Ceremony. Enchant is used in the creation of permanent magic items, and can be used for temporary enchantments as well (see *The Book of Drastic Resolutions, Volume Darkness*). The enchanter sacrifices POW, and achieves a change in the magical fabric of the universe if he is successful. Summon is used to bring creatures from the otherworld to the summoner, who can then use other spells to command the creatures or gain knowledge from them. The ritual allows the summoner to draw such creatures from their natural world or state into the Inner World. It can also be used in some circumstances to cause other effects, usually physical phenomena such as earthquakes or storms. Thus, a priest of Lodril or Caladra and

Aurelion use the Summon skill to "summon" a volcanic eruption. Since the natural world and the spirit world in Glorantha are integrally related, this is consistent with more common usage (though I may take a stab at changing this usage in a later article).

RuneQuest then relegates every other kind of ritual action to the third of these skills, Ceremony. Thus, the same skill covers the leading of a Worship service, the resurrection of a slain individual, the opening of the seas for a ship, and the assumption of chaos features. In most cases this poses no problem, but there are some actions that do not fit into this practice. One such example is the spell of Death Binding Enchantment available to worshipers of the Bloody Tusk (see *Elder Secrets, Elder Races Book*). This spell, despite its name, is based upon that cult's special Bloody Cut skill,

rather than upon any of the normal ritual skills. Success of the spell does not depend on how good the caster is at making permanent changes in the structure of the universe, but upon how much pain he can inflict on the target as he kills it.

This may be an extreme example, but its message is clear: many ritual actions have as little to do with any of these skills as they do with each other. Many, but not all - requiring that every Divine spell be based on a unique skill is an extreme view.

However, the following variant is provided for the uncommon cases and cults which seem to indicate a special relationship between cult skills and religious practices.

The system presented here allows a Divine spell to be based on any skill in the same way some are based upon the ritual skills. In practical terms, certain skills stand out as being generally unsuitable (Boat, most Crafts), while a few are particularly useable with this system (Dance, Sing, Weapon skills). Some cult special skills could also be used in the same way. It is also possible to use this system with Pendragon-style Passions and Personality Traits, but I will not address that issue here.

Dance in particular is ideal for this system. Many earthly rituals involve dancing by the priest and/or the worshipers. It involves



• **Stephen Martin** has been playing Runequest since Christmas of 1980, when he received the game as a gift. He became active in Glorantha almost 10 years ago after finding copies of *Wyrms Footnotes 1-10* and meeting Greg Stafford. He has been a contributor to most Gloranthan publications of the last seven years.

skill and precision, and helps to transport the worshipers, bringing them closer to the deity (which is the purpose of any ritual). It would be especially appropriate in cults where dancing is important in a mythical sense, such as Hon-Eel, Jakaboom (and so Kyger Litor), and the Dancers of Creation (a mystery cult found in Peloria).

Sing also works well with this system. Those spells which require some kind of singing (such as Comfort Song) could require that the caster have some skill in that area to use the spell effectively. Play Instrument could be used similarly, although few cults presented have spells which could be based on this skill. (See the spell of Unisonance in the Cult of Caladra and Aurelion for an example. If the caster does not know how to play a harr has been singing), but that is up to

the gamemaster. Bless Crops is a special case - as described it takes exactly 1 second to cast, since it is an instant spell, and I feel such a procedure should take at least an hour, if not longer. Other spells, such as Heal Body, I feel should also be ritual spells.

The length of time spent casting a ritual will vary with the culture and officiating priest. He could conceivably be done with the essential elements of worship in a few minutes, for example, but will always pad out the service with "unnecessary" embellishments (hymns, congregational litanies, etc.). Still, a minimum should be given for game balance, and these I provide below as guidelines; casting times in parentheses indicate they are unchanged from the published version.

DIVINE SPELLS

Spell	Cult	Skill used	Casting Time
Axis Mundi	Ancestor Worship	Spirit Lore	(1 hour)
Bear Fruit	Flamal	Plant Lore	(1 day)
Bless Animals	Eiritha	Animal Lore	at least 1 hour
Bless Crops	various	Plant Lore or Craft/Farmer	at least 1 hour
Blessing of Chaos	Primal Chaos	Chaos Lore	(12 hours)
Carry Disease	Malia	Spread Disease	(2 hours)
Comfort Song	Chalana Arroy	Sing	(duration of Song)
Couvade	Xiola Umbar	Craft/Midwife	2 hours
Cure Disease	Chalana Arroy	Treat Disease	1 hour per level of severity
Cure Disease	Malia	Spread Disease	level of severity
Divination	common	Cult Lore	(1 hour/point)
Erotomatose Lucidity	Uleria	Craft/Courtesan	varies
Excommunication	common	Cult Lore	1 hour
Incarnate Ancestor	Ancestor Worship	Spirit Lore	at least 1 hour
Meld Form	Triolina	Animal Lore	2 hours
Morale	Humakt	Orate	(1 hour)
Rebirth of Chaos	Thed	Chaos Lore	6 hours
Shadows Dance	Gore and Gash	Dance	(duration of Dance)
Spawn of Pocharngo	Pocharngo	Chaos Lore	varies by spell
Sprout	Flamal	Plant Lore	1 hour
Tambour	Hombobobom	Dance	(duration of Dance)
Tree Chopping Song	Kyger Litor	Maul Attack or Play Drum	6 hours
Worship <Deity>	common	Cult Lore	duration of Service (at least 2 hour)

SPIRIT MAGIC

Spell	Cult	Skill used	Casting Time
Peaceful Cut	Waha, Hunter	Craft/Butchery*	1 minute

SORCERY

Spell	Cult/Sect	Skill used	Casting Time
Neutralize Damage	Rokari Sect	First Aid	as given
Neutralize Poison	Borist Sect	Treat Poison	as given
Open Seas	Dormal	Shiphandling	(10 minutes)
Regenerate	Common	First Aid	as given



The Chaos Society Contacts

Chaos Society USA

c/o Scott Knowles; 261 Kanaka Flats Road; P.O. Box 548; Jacksonville, OR 97530; USA; Tel.: +1-541-899-1822; Delecti@aol.com

DUCS

Down under Chaos Society c/o Andrew Bean; 4 Maggie Street; Yarraville; Victoria 3013; Australia; Tel.: +611396875523; rexabean@ozemail.com.au

Chaos Society France

(Entropie) c/o Didier Escodemaison, L'Antre des Dragons, 56 Rue du Loup, 33000 Bordeaux; entropie@mygale.org

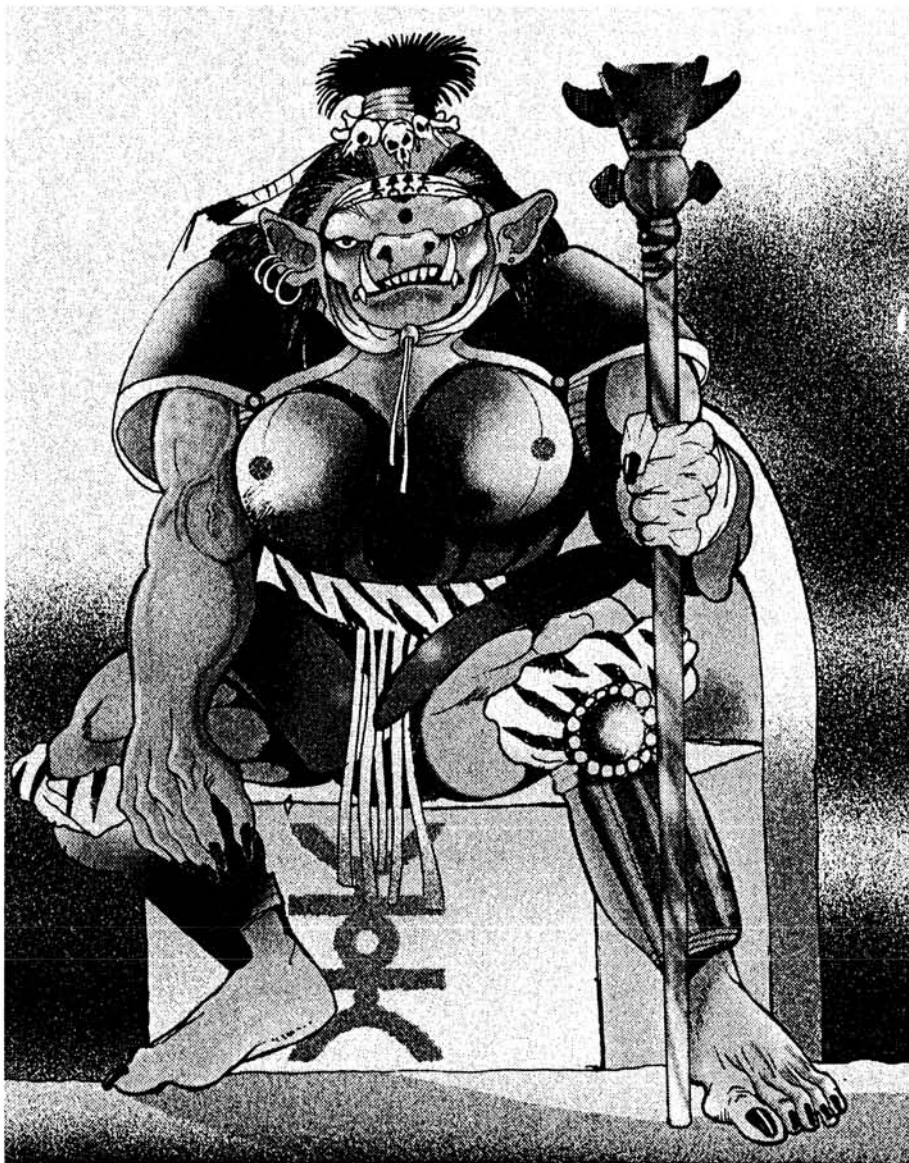
Chaos Society Japan

Mamoru Kurihara, Shinkawa 6-3-10-103, Mitaka City, Tokyo, Japan, storm@din.or.jp

Krang's Table

By **Ian Thomson**
Original scenario by
Brian Marick

Hero Wars conversion and expansion notes for the classic character-killing scenario from the original 'Big Rubble' box (Krang's Table was also reprinted in 'Pavis and Big Rubble' pp267-280). Use these notes as the guide when running the scenario, and refer to the original scenario as advised within this text. Due to the split format of this presentation it is strongly advised to first read both this article and the scenario as if you were running the adventure, so as to become familiar with the unusual structure before play commences.



A discussion about this scenario on the *Glorantha Digest* earlier in 2000 brought this scenario back to my attention. I've also taken the opportunity to slightly adapt the material so that it fits better with the adventures in Vol 2 of the 'P&BR Companion', and have changed it from a suicide mission, to an adventure with a reasonable chance of success for well-prepared and experienced adventurers.

New Introduction

(replaing p267 in P&BR and the first para of p268.)

As the adventurers go about their own business, getting training, restocking supplies, they receive a message to contact Fleeter Nemm in New Pavis. A Pavis Cult messenger tracks them

down and lets them know that Fleeter has a mission he would appreciate them considering. Fleeter asks that they visit him privately although "cloak and dagger" secrecy levels are not required, merely being discreet.

Meeting Fleeter Nemm

«Fleeter has the second highest seniority in Pavis (within the Cult and local government) and holds the rank of Chief Priest. He is Benderni's obvious successor. He sits on several judicial panels and works closely with the Lunar authorities. He is known to have sponsored several expeditions into the Rubble to rescue artefacts of bygone glory» (P&BR pp 69/70).

He is not a friend of the Lunars, despite being the Pavis Court Priest.

«Nemm recognises his limited powers, and prefers to work behind the scenes through deals and subterfuge rather than through open confrontation with the Lunars... He always wears the formal robes of the courtrooms of the Empire of the Wyrms' Friends on public occasions, perhaps as a subtle needle to the Lunar officials»(P&BR p118).

Fleeter will presumably be contacted at the New Pavis "Pavis" Temple where he has rooms, since he is the senior priest dwelling in that settlement. As usual, the main temple rooms are open to members of the public wishing to view with reverence the main shrine or to pray beneath the statue of Pavis (providing no ceremonies are in progress or due to start). Also as normal, all visitors are subject to polite scrutiny from the ceremonial guards standing or patrolling in their splendid archaic armour and sporting curved and glinting great axes. If it suits your campaign, one of the Lunar Coders, such as Maculus the Monitor, and a young friend, might be within the main shrine talking with an acolyte about Pavis history.

Another pair of visitors may strike the attention of the adventurers. As they enter the main shrine, a pair of nomads are being ushered politely out of an inner door. These two men are dressed in the manner of nomads prepared for the city, having adopted hide trousers and waistcoats decorated with tribal markings. The older man has seven condor feathers in his hair and the younger man only five. Their manner is casual but not disparaging, and if challenged belligerently they will withhold their responses. One or more of the guards will intercede on their behalf if the adventurers threaten them, although nobody will discuss their reason for being here.

A Prax Lore success will place these nomads as bison riders, which is unusual in Pavis. The Bison tribe as a whole is outlawed and no more than a few Bison Riders will be allowed to enter New Pavis at any one time. Certainly no full camps are allowed at all within any area which Lunar forces or their allies regularly patrol. Kost the Tracker, from the Zebra Tribe, has certainly hired Bison Rider guards for his expeditions into the Wastes, so perhaps this is why some of them are in Pavis.

The private rooms and inner chambers are not accessible without an appointment or provable pressing business, and guards will stop anyone other than a known Priest or acolyte who tries to leave the shrine by a non-public door. Once the adventurers have explained their business a guard will be sent to speak to Fleeter and will return to guide the adventurers to a waiting room on the floor above. Corridors and stairs within this temple are much narrower than the one at the Real City, as the dwarf architects

had much less space to deal with here. The stairs in fact are narrow spirals such as one might find in a Ralian Castle.

The waiting room is small, and decorated only by the presence of wooden benches and a small table. On the table are two books in Old Pavis: *Sayings of Pavis* (a collection of wise quotes attributable to the city founder, in the manner of one of the real world "New Age" inspirational volumes); and *Annotated sketches of the arms, armor and heraldry of the Empire of the Wyrms' Friends*.

The guard waits outside the door (although the heroes may not know this unless they peer out), and Fleeter arrives after the adventurers have had time to sit and speculate on the possible nature of this visit. He apologises for the delay and seems quite excited. His business was related to the visiting nomads, but he will not talk of this if asked for details, saying that such matters are private.

His reason for contacting the adventurers is that it has come to the attention of the Pavis Cult that a group of trolls in the Rubble possess an item that they stole last year from some nomads camped near the Great Walls. The Pavis Cult wants to recover this item as a gesture of goodwill to the nomads, who have offered to provide a valuable service in return. (Apart from incidental information revealed below, Fleeter will not discuss the cult's relations with the nomads, or the deal the Pavis Cult wishes to strike with them. This may become part of a future campaign arc, but the adventurers are not currently in a "need to know" position).

NARRATOR NOTE: *The Eiritha Table will be an incredible bargaining counter in the secret negotiations carried on with the nomads by various important worshippers of Pavis.*

First of all, Fleeter tells the adventurers that the mission will be challenging, but not beyond their capabilities, and that information will be provided, as well as an assistant if one is required. The rewards for their assistance is negotiable, with wealth, cult credit or training, or a choice from the limited stocks of medium strength magical items that the cult owns. He will allow them to take perhaps two of the items listed here as pre-payment, if he can be convinced these will increase the chances of the mission's success, and if he knows without doubt that the adventurers are competent and reliable.

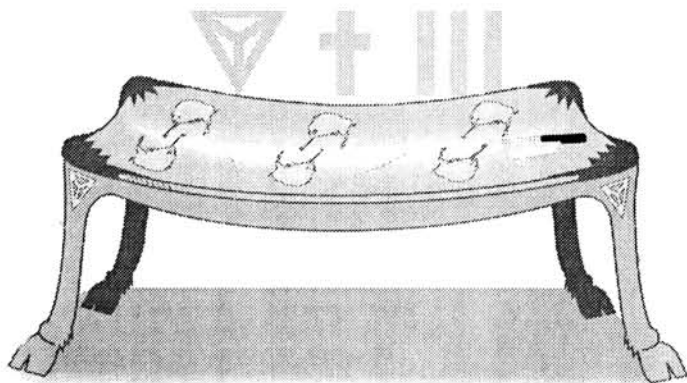
***Ian Thomson** encountered the RQ rules in 1979 and became fascinated by Pavis and Prax. He has given up gaming forever several times, and is attempting to revive Pavis as a premier Glorantha adventure setting.

Drelfon Barath

Keywords: Pavis Citizen 15
Significant Abilities: Cook Greasy Food 2w, Manage Business 15w, Sing Company Song 17.

Yarath Rantu

Keywords: Rubble Warrior 17
Significant Abilities: Brawling 17, Climb 18, Glib Tongue 2w, Hide in Cover 16w, Move Fast 13w, Promote Hare-brained Plan 3w, Sword and Shield Fighting 6w.
Flaws: Bad Credit 17, Coward 12, Forgettable Lowlife 5w, Smells 13.
Weapons and Armour: Spear^A3, Leather armour and shield^A2.
AP: 17 + enhancements.



Troll Tactics

If the guards know that intruders are in the stronghold, small patrols will start to make sweeps inside and out, and runners are sent to warn Krang. Krang and her warband will charge back, but it will take around three quarters of an hour to return (possibly a timeframe calculated by canny adventurers beforehand). If any adventurers are caught, proceed as stated in the original scenario, and their only real hope is unusual magic, a magic way to hide or summon weapons, a huge ransom, or a well-armed rescue party arriving VERY soon. If the Heroes are chased across the Rubble they may be harassed by patrols from lesser troll clans even if they stay ahead of Krang's warriors. Shades might be sent after them, or an inventive Narrator who owns the fanzine *Drastic: Darkness* might have Krang summon something even more potent. One possible ending is a showdown within the troll market area with Lunar troops interceding to keep the peace, and finally decreeing, for their own amusement and to stop a riot, that a trial by combat must be arranged to see who retains ownership of the Table (after all, the trolls have no more true claim on it than our brave thieves).



Magical Items

- **Eirithan Medicine Bag Fetish** (Heal Wound Spirit 9w, works 2/day, nomads only)
- **Golden Arm Band** with Yelmalio Runes (Sun Bright Corona 12w, Sun/Fire god worshippers only)
- **Iron Dragon's Head Sword** ^5 (Made for an EWF champion)
- **Copper Headband** with an open eye engraved in the centre (Spirit Sight 3w)
- **Zebra Leather Boots** (Walk through Shadows 9w, only works within the Old Walls)
- **Storm Bull Amulet** (Sense Chaos 7w, the carved bull "lows" when it senses chaos)
- **Obedient Rope** 6w (This 40ft length of stout rope slithers at mental command, even through pits and up wall, securing itself firmly, and only unknitting when instructed by its owner)
- **Stone that sees Magic** (A peculiar bluey-grey stone, small enough to hold in one hand comfortably. It provides access to the Feat 'Sense Magic' 6w, works 3/day)

Once the adventurers have agreed in principal, Fleeter will discuss some of the details. What the Priests know is that a gang of trolls raided some nomads camped near the Rubble last year and made off with a religious relic sacred to Eiritha. The nomads sent a retaliatory force after it, but only half of them returned, and without the artefact. Further searching and attempted deals with the trolls failed to bring any clues to light, and more braves died at the hands of the trolls. Eventually the nomads cut their losses and moved on.

Recently, a poor adventurer approached a business in New Pavis, offering to sell details of the location of the missing relic, which he believed would enhance their trade. The owner wasn't interested, although as a good citizen he passed on the information to the Pavis Priests. Suddenly, the relic is a desirable commodity to the Pavis Cult, and Fleeter would like the adventurers to take over the project for recovery of this item. It is always a good plan for the Pavis Cult to avoid public involvement in any Rubble projects. Even though adventurers may be watched from time to time, they are still independents and are free to move in and out of the Rubble without this in itself being seen as worthy of investigation.

Presuming the adventurers have taken the job, Fleeter reveals the nature of the artefact. It is an "Eiritha Table", a relic from the days of Waha that will replicate the herd beast of a particular species that is slaughtered upon it. According to nomad legend once many such tables were owned by the tribes, before Prax and the Wastes recovered some of their fertility (Yes things actually used to be much worse). Now it is more a matter of principal, to the nomads, that the table is recovered from the creatures of darkness.

NOTE: Despite the name and its apparent sturdiness, the table is not insanely heavy or

particularly huge, and can be carried easily by two men of average strength. This information will not be imparted by Fleeter unless asked about directly. This gives the amusing opportunity to casually bring up the possible size of the table, as the adventurers are about to storm Krang's Lair.

The only other concrete information Fleeter has obtained came through a Pavis Cultist named Dreflon Barath who is the Business Manager at "Bob's Bisonburgers". He has further details on the downtrodden adventurer who tried to sell him information on the relic, and the adventurers can take things from there. Fleeter wishes to be kept informed of any progress they make and will mention that he can provide a Rubble expert to assist them if they believe it necessary (He also knows that the Eiritha Table is a "Bison" Table, but will not impart this information either unless he believes it important to the mission to do so).

If the adventurers wish to take Fleeter up on the offer of an assistant, he asks them to return tomorrow evening at Seven Bells after the service, when he will introduce them to a colleague. If they do not want help, he advises them on the importance of considering carefully their tactics for entering and escaping from a troll stronghold, especially as they will hopefully be transporting the table on the outward trip.

Optional Assistance if required

Before they go, Fleeter has for them an item that he correctly believes may make all the difference between success and failure. He has "borrowed" this mighty relic without official authorisation from the Temple, and profoundly hopes that it will be returned. He will reverentially take from a locked wooden box decorated with many odd runes, a spherical object as large as a trollkin's Fist and wrapped in soft blue cloth. He puts it on the table and carefully unwraps it. It is the Orb of Smoke, and Heroes may realise the grave importance of any mission where such an item is risked.

Bob's Bisonburgers

«This Sartar owned franchise has some fame. In the courtyard is a gigantic dwarf-made meat grinder that reduces entire bison carcasses into hamburger. ... the food is exotic and fairly tasty, and Bob's has a large following». (P&BR p40)

Bob himself, an adventurer who was part of the group that recovered this device from within the Rubble, has retired comfortably on the proceeds of his business operation. He leaves the day to day running of the operation to his business manager, Dreflon Barath.

Dreflon can be found in the small office beside the courtyard, and depending on the time of day may be too busy to see them immediately. Around noon, and throughout the evening until curfew, the establishment is busy and Dreflon is occupied supervising the recalcitrant youths that operate the machine and process the customer orders through a large hole in the main gate. He does not arrive for work until just before noon, but the assistants open the premises an hour before then and begin preparing the product.

The 4m tall machine itself is something of a local curiosity, a great square metal device etched with dwarf runes and other decoration. Apparently it was a gift from the dwarfs to the human survivors to aid them during the starvation centuries, but was lost in a fort that the trolls eventually overran. On its upper side is a large opening, now reached by a sturdy wooden platform at the end of a ramp. The youths haul the freshly purchased carcasses up the ramp with hooks and rope, and shove them unceremoniously into the machine. After this all that remains is for two sturdy individuals to crank away on a massive wooden handle.

The workings of the machine creak, groan and crunch ominously as the bison is 'processed', and takes just long enough for the first customers to become quite impatient before bison "patties" begin to slide onto the dispensing shelf at the lower front of the machine. After this they just keep on coming until the bison is all gone. The patties are flame-grilled over a long barbecue inside the front wall of the courtyard, and placed on a hunk of bread with Bob's famous sauce before being handed to the eager paying customers.

Regarding the mission in hand, Dreflon happily tell them about the man who contacted him a few weeks ago regarding the table. His name was Riveps, an unpleasant Riversider and would-be adventurer. He offered to draw a map, and claimed that he had been part of an adventurer group that had failed to recover the table. Apparently they discovered its location from a captured trollkin, but suspect that the trollkin led them into an ambush, although a nomad member of the expedition confirmed he sensed the presence of an Eiritha artifact in the building they were heading for. Fortunately Riveps escaped the ambush, and claims to be the only one who survived, apart from their nomad guide who for some reason was taken alive. Bob decided he was not interested in the table, pronouncing that an expedition into the troll stronglands was not worth the risk, nor the table itself worth the expense. "Business is booming", Dreflon happily explains.

Dreflon tells them that Riveps has a scar from his ear to his chin, has shoulder length black hair, and talks extremely excitedly (this latter attribute Dreflon is sure is a personality trait rather than just excitement about possibly selling the location of the table). His manner of dress was poor, but not destitute.

Finding Riveps

(See p268 "P&BR")

The City Watch and Authorities must beat Riveps' 'Forgettable Lowlife 5w' ability with an observation or memory related skill in order to recognise him from the description ('Know Criminals' 2w).

Merchants must beat his 'Bad Credit 17' flaw with their own most appropriate skill to do the same ('Know Customers' 18).

As suggested in the original scenario, a run-in with Riverside gang (the Dolphins) might be amusing.

Yarath Rantu (Riveps) Speaks

(See pp269/270 "P&BR")

The main alteration to the original material necessary here is to portray Riveps realistically as someone who could conceivably be some kind of remotely successful adventurer (even if pure luck accounted for some of this success). He now wants to profit from his failure, by selling the information for as much as he can get.

Riveps will confirm Dreflon's account of his story and will offer to provide them with a sketch map of the place at which his party of adventurers was ambushed. (See p268 "P&BR") Add to the map a group of buildings just beyond the ambush site, which Riveps says that the trollkin continually referred to as its goal.

The whole story is that on an opportunistic foray into the Rubble he and his friends caught and tortured an unusually intelligent trollkin, who claimed it was an escapee who would have been eaten soon. In return for its life it said that it knew where a nomad artefact was kept. Riveps group worked out that during troll market time that not only were the guards likely to be less, but most of the residents would be at the market. A well armed group that attacked by surprise could surely break in, steal the table and flee before a serious troll pursuit was mounted (according to the trollkin, a single dark troll used to carry the table into place for the ceremony, so it is presumably not too heavy).

Riveps and friends called in their favours and recruited some Sun Dome lowlife troll-haters and started investigations. Unwilling to trust a trollkin without some corroborating evidence they scouted the troll market for five weeks. Here they noted members of a particular troll clan (identifiable by peculiar twisted lead emblems of the troll god Karrg attached to their armour) who were very keen to purchase only bison, and went to great lengths to get them. A human merchant confirmed the clan's fondness for bison, and named them as the followers of Krang (Riveps will draw in the dirt a picture of the troll emblem).

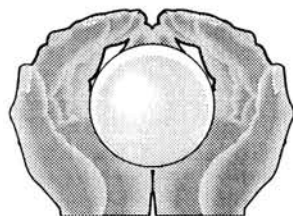
Riveps and his allies set off for Krang's stronghold the very next market night. Whether the ambush was planned, or an unfortunate coincidence, he doesn't know. Experienced Rubble adventurers may suspect that Riveps and his stupid Sun Dome friends were simply spotted by a well armed patrol which then lay in wait. The reason Riveps escaped was that he frequently assumes the "rear guard" position in his escapades, and also has some mobility magic that he always keeps ready to fire. He is unlikely to discuss this.

Finding the Clan

The Narrator may simply ignore the optional lead-in suggested in the original scenario, or you may choose to reduce some of Riveps' information above, and require your Heroes to visit the market, thus making their task that much more difficult. The adventurers themselves might well decide on using the Troll Market as cover to get into the Stronglands undetected. Representatives of Krang's clan come and buy 2 or 3 bison at the market each week that it is held,

The Orb of Smoke

(Walk Unseen 8w2)



This globe of smoky blue crystal is an EWF relic that allows the holder and others (-3 per additional companion) who remain in very close proximity with his consent to become obscured from mundane senses such as touch, smell and sight. They are moved adjacent to the mundane plane, and whilst within its effect see the world around them as oddly distorted. The globe must be recharged by the Pavis Priests after every use, and its effect lasts for no more than an hour.

Whilst the beneficiaries of its magic cannot be touched, they also cannot pass through solid objects, and must momentarily step from the effect in order to have an effect on the real world (such as opening doors). Anyone outside the effect attempting to pass through will cause those affected by the smoke to be brushed aside. This is an unusual and unpleasant experience for those so moved, although the outsider feels nothing unless they are actively searching for hidden magic. In bright light the group obscured by the orb may be perceived by the observant as a thin cloud of smoke.

The Dolphins

Andor Vanth

Andor likes to run the gang, it gives him a sense of power; he lurks, spots a sucker, strikes him with a few appropriate insults, and lets his boys pounce on him like vultures. Simple, efficient and pitiable...

Abilities: Acute Hearing 17, Bar Room Brawler 15^1, Blackjack 15^1, Braggart 17, Climb 3w, Drown Sorrows 13, Evaluate Loot 15, Hide in Cover 16, Gang Leader 10, Pathetic 6w, See Hidden 12, Speak Pavis 14, Spot a Sucker 14, Spear Attack 5w.

Equipment: Proudly polished high boots, blackjack, spear^3, soft leather armor with small shield ^2, and a few worthless jewels of unknown origin.

Ong

Ong is Andor's inexplicably faithful servant.

Abilities: Acute Hearing 15, Climb 19, Cudgel Attack 10w, Dagger Attack 5w, Evaluate Loot 20, Innocent 13, Jump 7w, Loyal to Andor 6w, Physically Imposing 14, Punch 16^2, Speak Pavis 17, Speak Pelorian 12, Speak Trade 11, Strong 18, Take Endless Punishment 15.

Equipment: Wooden club^2, worn leather jerkin ^1.

Enbat

Enbat is Andor's only real rival for leadership and the only other fighter of note in the group.

Abilities: Cudgel Attack 2w, Climb 13, Jump 16, Hide in Cover 13, Move Quietly 12.

Equipment: Wooden club^2.

Skilled Gang Member

Abilities: Dagger Attack 16, Pick Pockets 19, Run Away 16, Spot Sucker 14, Throw Rock 17.

Typical Gang Member

Abilities: Cudgel Attack 14, Run Away 15, Throw Rock 15.

and are willing to pay higher prices for them than other trolls. They become disappointed if no bison are for sale, and will pay less for other herd beasts. The troll market is a huge affair, used as a social event by the trolls. Many trollkin are also here, huddled in groups around the edges, or running around and causing a nuisance.

Getting Some Help

The following evening Fleeter Nemm will introduce them to their assistant, if this is what the adventurers requested. The man they meet is a Pavic Orlanthi by the name of Ojin Calker, a follower of Orlanth Adventurous. The adventurers may have seen him around Pavis, and very good "Streetwise" rolls may bring to recollection rumours that he is an active rebel, but otherwise little else is known about him. Ojin will not discuss details of himself or his personal life, and is extremely closed. Play him as an extremely canny warrior, the Orlanthi equivalent of a special commando.

Ojin is designed to be the Narrator's mouthpiece in discussing, and running, what could be a suicide mission if attempted without careful planning or careful execution. If the adventurers refuse this offer of help, then someone else such as Fleeter himself should serve in this capacity. Ojin will suggest that this is a job for only a few others to accompany him, all of whom must be capable of stealth and concealment and also be competent warriors (he may be able to help in the stealth and concealment area). Ojin has plenty of experience, and will explain that a stealth commando raid has a much greater chance of success than a frontal assault.

Possible Plan of Attack and Retreat

Note: Don't use Ojin overmuch as the brains of this operation, either in planning or when it is underway, unless the adventurers are proving badly inept at doing things themselves. Nonetheless, he is Rubble experienced and will not agree to any stupid plans that are proposed. He is assisting in the mission because he owes the Pavis Cult a big favour, and because Fleeter is a friend of his who also wants the Lunars out of Pavis. Ojin is provided as a means to prevent under-equipped and overzealous adventurer groups from failing horribly.

1) Using Ojin's knowledge of trolls they can hope to enter the region under cover of the troll market.

2) Once inside the Troll Stronglands, use Riveps' map to approach the lair and look for trolls with the peculiar twisted emblems.

2a) If this fails, return to the market, find trolls with the emblems and trail them home, then return the following week.

HIDDEN OPTION: Ojin will not discuss this part of the plan until they are about to enter troll terrain as the mission begins. Whilst he has for himself a small charm that renders him odourless, the only other way for the adventurers to elude the keen noses of the trolls is to blend in. Therefore he leads them as quickly as possible to a source of fresh trollkin dung and advises them to smear it all over their clothes and

armour. He will not proceed unless they comply. Fortunately in his opinion it is not essential to smear one's face.

3) Identify the entrances to the Stronghold.

3a) If possible, enter undetected, OR

3b) Swiftly storm the building.

4) Locate the table using "detection for magic".

5) Remove the table as expediently as possible.

6) Flee the area using mobility magic.

NOTE: This is Ojin's basic plan, the adventurers may come up with their own versions. The adventurers may also think of magical items they can hire or buy to assist them. (Hiring is unlikely unless they invent a much less risky reason why they want the items. Guaranteed buy-back is probably the best they could hope for.) Ojin recommends a night assault because not only will Krang and her bodyguards be at the market, but also many of the trolls will be out of the complex on their nightly activities or at the market itself. Ojin knows that resistance inside the lair will likely still be fierce, and recommends magical obscurity as their first tactic, to be replaced by brute force only if detected.

Ojin Calker

Ojin is from a poor stead out in Pavis County, having moved to New Pavis a few years ago. His parents came to Prax four years before the Lunar invasion and were moved on from a reasonable property by Lunar settlers. Ojin rarely sees them any more, as he doesn't want any connections between them and his rebel activities, in case he is captured. He has adopted an assumed name, but is an honorable man, and a skilled rebel operative. If he becomes a Player Character then extra details, such as Relationships, will need to be added.

Ojin feels confident that if the worst comes to the worst he can escape from the Stronglands using his Mastakos Medallion, but will not tell the adventurers about this, and will save use of the Medallion until all is lost. If necessary he will grasp the Eiritha Table and attempt to take it with him, needing to overcome a resistance of 1w with his medallion to take the table along. Ojin has certain connections to the Pavis Cult that he will not discuss with the adventurers. If questioned about his reasons for helping, he will say only that he knows of no finer place in the world to live than Pavis, is friends with Fleeter from way back, and is being well paid.

On the Way

(See p271 "P&BR")

Patrol Troll

Use "Typical Dark Troll Warrior". Note that trolls of Krang's Clan wear the unusual twisted emblem of Karrg, and the trolls of the two smaller clans do not.

Krang's Area

(See p271 "P&BR")

Scouting the Area

(See pp271/273 "P&BR")

The Two Smaller Clans

(See p273 "P&BR")

I suggest using this as a single encounter, although if the adventurers choose to enter the second minor troll stronghold you will have to improvise.

Floor One

An 'Awareness' or similar skill will note that the dried blood on the last three stairs is not as fresh as the rest of the trail.

STAKE TRAP BENEATH ROTTEN STAIRS

Spot the Trap (20): Spot Hidden, Spot Trap, Scan (-5), Sharp Eyes (-5). If the character is not searching for a trap then halve their ability before applying modifiers.

Any Victory: A pit is beneath those rotten stairs.

Minor or Marginal Defeat: The character steps on the rotten stairs and begins to fall into the pit. The character should check Acrobatics, Agile, Dodge or Dexterity to avoid falling and being injured.

Major Defeat: The character plunges through the floor into the pit. Check Acrobatics, Jump (16) or Tough (20) to avoid being injured by the stakes. Even with a success the character is hurt by the fall.

Complete Defeat: The character plunges headlong into the pit and is impaled on the stakes. If the character does not check as above they are incapacitated. Even with a success they are injured.

Floor Two

Squeeze through the Hole (18): Small, Tiny, Short (-5).

Any Victory: The character passes through the hole.

Defeat: The character cannot pass through the hole.

Complete Defeat: The character becomes stuck in the hole.

Move the Planks (12w): Strong, Tough (-10). Several characters may combine their abilities by augmenting the strongest adventurer.

Possible Course of Events for consideration by the Narrator

This is not identical to Ojin's plan, because various options are open, and the adventurers themselves should decide on the exact strategy.

1) Visit the market and notice Krang and her bodyguards negotiating for bison and other goods.

2) Trail them to the lair and come back the following week.

3) Enter the Stronglands during daytime and hide.

4) Discovered by patrol of trolls from one

of the weaker clans – disable them (possibly take a prisoner and force it to reveal where Krang's main building is).

4) Approach the lair when Krang and her bodyguards go off to market.

5) Trail and avoid a patrol until the entrance to the Stronghold is noted. (During this time they may notice trolls furtively peering from a rooftop and identify the main building that way, or they may have already gained this information from a troll prisoner.)

6) Aided by Ojin (if he is with them) scale the wall undetected and slay the watch trolls.

7) Activate the Orb, and enter the Stronghold. Explore the rooms from which magic is detected, and eventually find the table (using magical obscurity magic that will be tested on two or three occasions by trolls inside).

8) Take the table outside via one of the exit tunnels (disabling the troll guards).

9) Flee across the Rubble in the pre-planned manner.

10) Unexpected attack from a different clan's troll patrol OR encounter giant insects that need to be fought OR some other Rubble encounter as desired.

Krang's Stronghold

(See pp273-279 "P&BR")

CLIMBING THE WALL

Climb Wall (19w): Climb, Acrobatic (-10).

Roof Trolls that Drop Rocks

Use Typical Dark Troll Warrior and add "Drop Boulder 5w^10".

Entering Krang's Stronghold

(See p275 "P&BR")

FINDING THE SECRET DOOR IN THE

CELLAR (4w)

Spot Secret Door: Spot Hidden, Spot Trap, Scan (-5), Sharp Eyes.

Victory: The door is seen.

HEARING THE TROLL BEHIND THE

SECRET DOOR

Hear the Guard (20): Dark Sense (-10), Listen, Smell (-5).

Complete Victory: One troll is behind the door.

Major Victory: Trolls are behind the door.

Minor or Marginal Victory: Someone is behind the door.

Defeat: Nothing is behind the door.

Major/Complete Defeat: The Troll hears the character.

STRENGTH OF DOORS TO OVERCOME

Break down Doors (19w): Strong, Close Combat (-5 unless using an axe)

Ojin Calker

Keywords: Devotee of Orlanth Adventurous (Tatouh)7w.

Physical Skills: Acute Hearing 5w, Climb 8w, Hide in Cover 9w, Jump 18, Riding 4w, Running 6w, Spear and Shield Fighting 16w, Sword and Shield Fighting 5w2.

Mental Skills: Heartling Customs 14, Heartling Myths 19, Mythology of Orlanth 3w, Recognize Foe 5w, Rubble Survival 8w, Stay Awake 12w, Streetwise 5w, Speak Trade 12, Speak Praxian 12, Speak Pavic 17, Track 10w.

Magic Combat 5w (Armor of Wood, Flickering Blade, Leaping Shield, Overbear Foe).

Movement 10w (Burst of Speed, Fall Softly, Leap over Obstacle, Run Up Cliffs)

Scouting 19 (Find Path, Long Seeing, Remember Route, See Local Daimones)

Feat: Sandals of Darkness 18

Personality: Brave 19, Confident 3w, Driven 7w.

Weapons and Armour: Armor (Leather Tunic, Helm and Shield) ^2, Spear ^3, Sword^3.

Equipment of Note:

* **Amulet of Mastakos (Teleport 12w.** This Iron medallion grants the wearer the ability once per week to instantly transport themselves and their personal goods to the place most recently attuned to it. Currently the amulet is attuned to a small cupboard inside Fleeter Nemm's quarters at the Pavis Temple in New Pavis.)

* **Molanni Sack 2w**

(3/day fetish with a Still Air spirit. This spirit gathers around a person, or small group of people and does not allow sound to exit from its volume. It is very useful in obscuring such things as the sound of breaking windows, guards screaming for help, and unconscious bodies hitting the floor. The nature of this spirit makes breathing in its volume very difficult, so it can only be safely used for a few minutes at a time).

NOTE: If you do not feel the need to use Ojin as a supporting character, much of the information offered as being from him can easily come from other sources that the Heroes approach.

Innate Dark Troll Abilities

(From Anaxial's Roster p168)
 Acute Darksense 12, Eat Anything 14, Endure Cold 12, Hungry 15, Large 15, Move Silently 12, Resist Poison 12, Strong 14.

Typical Dark Troll Warrior

Keywords: Dark Troll Warrior 17, Karg Initiate 17.

Significant Abilities: Brave 17, Spear and Shield Fighting 5w, Sharp Senses 19.

Magic: Warrior 5w, Darkness 2w.

Weapons and Armour: Chainmail with Helm and Shield ^5, Spear ^4, Signal Horn.

AP: 25 + enhancements.

Grey Furlie the Darkness Daimon

Keywords: Devotee of Zorak Zoran 10w2

Weapons and Armour: Claw and Bite 14w^2.

Significant Abilities: Fly 1w, Resist Magic 13w, Stony Skin 12w.

Special Zorak Zoran Feats: Battle Rage, Enact Vengeance, Fiery Claws (all at 18w).

Magic: Combat (Break Through Shield Wall, Break Weapon, Crushing Blow, Fight to the Death, Hate Blades) 2w2.

Darkness and Death (Command Ghost, Command Xenith, Enchant Lead, Make Ghost, Make Zombie, Stygian Armor) 16w.

Fear and Hatred (Blood Vengeance, Hate Light, Rage of Hatred*, Seal Wound**, Terrifying Aura) 19w

* *Rage of Hatred is Berserker Magic (see the Keywords chapter of 'Hero Wars').*

** *A wound successfully 'Sealed' has +10 increased resistance that must be overcome in order to heal it.*

Typical Zorak Zorani Guard

Keywords: Dark Troll Warrior 5w, Devotee of Zorak Zoran 20.

Significant Abilities: Troll Great Maul 15w, Hate Hoomanz 15, Berserk 12w, Strong 4w.

Magic: Combat 8w, Darkness and Death 2w, Fear and Hatred 4w

Weapons and Armour: Lead Great Maul ^7, Lead Chainmail and Helm ^4.

AP: 43 + enhancements.

Encounters Within

You may like to solidly codify this, or leave it open depending on the fortunes of the expedition. Small groups of trolls, and the odd individual troll, are patrolling irregularly inside, and similar numbers of trollkin. Once the table is removed the adventurers will have severe problems remaining undetected and may have to fight their way past several guards to leave the building. I suggest setting this up as it happens, as best suits dramatic tension. One special point to note inside the lair, is that humans find the stench extremely unappealing. It is also of course largely pitch black.

Rooms of Interest

(This is a new section for this adventure and the Narrator will need to number the rooms on their copy of the map, as they see fit).

1) The Courtyard

This wide square area is covered at one end by the next story up, which juts out. The area is scattered with debris and piles of broken boxes and barrels stand against the walls. If the floor is examined, bits of bone and shards of metal suggest unpleasant things occur here. It will take a determined search through all the material against the walls, some of which are covered with ragged sacks, to discover the Eiritha Table down here.

NOTE: Another diversion from the original scenario is that the Eiritha Table might be hidden in the Miser's Room when the trolls are away at Market.

2) Typical Trollkin Room

This room stinks and its floor is covered with debris: rocks, bones, bits of wood, fragments of cloth. Battered and pathetic pieces of armor also lie here, and a few barely serviceable spears. Several of the heaps of debris might conceivably be sleeping pallets for some degenerate small humanoid. Perhaps one or more miserable specimens are in here, desultorily picking through the refuse for a tasty morsel?

3) Typical Troll Room

This room has been partially reclaimed, and the beds even partially repaired to the point where they are recognisable, although their use seems to be somewhat crude. They are filthy by human standards with bedraggled furs that serve as bedding. Crude carvings on the walls of this room also do not indicate occupants who appreciate the finer points of civilisation. One or more pieces of spare armor might be stored randomly about the floor.

4) Room of Krang's Lieutenant

A great heap of animal pelts indicates a probable resting place. Several large bones that have been gnawed clean lie haphazardly around the room, and a single lead mace leans against the wall.

Lead Mace: This weapon contains a bound Shade ("Anaxial's Roster" p202). This elemental was bound here by a sorcerer and will attack anyone other than the rightful wielder who touches it. If completely defeated by a cultist of Darkness, the victor becomes the new rightful wielder; otherwise it retreats into the mace. (Shade - Dark 5w, Resist Damage 19)



Beneath the pelts is a lead box containing more than 300 bolgs, several small gems, and a guardian spirit (Violence Spirit, "Anaxial's Roster" p235). The spirit will attempt to possess anyone other than the box's rightful owner and cause them to attack their fellows. If defeated it reacts in the same way as the Shade, but anyone may become the newly recognised owner, not just a Darkness cultist.

5) Krang's Room

This large room seems quite impressive. The heap of animal hides is large and well padded, and a huge sturdy wooden chair, of simple manufacture, stands against one wall. Chained to this wall is a human male, a nomad who has had his legs chewed off beneath each knee. He is the unfortunate who is used to activate the Eiritha Table, and the trolls have promised to leave him at the troll market with a human trader if he performs this service for them for one year. This poor man is half insane with terror and malnutrition, and the trolls don't really expect him to last the next season until his year is up.

Against the back wall is a huge black wooden chest containing Krang's personal belongings. Bound into the chest is a Dehori, or Night Spirit ("Anaxial's Roster" p215), which will attack anyone other than Krang or one of her Lieutenants who attempts to open the box - merely touching it does not qualify (the key is hidden behind packed dirt in a hole in the wall at one corner of the room). This guardian will attempt to terrify the person who tries to open

the box, to death, then move on to anyone else still in the room. If it suffers a marginal or minor defeat it will depart to warn Krang, otherwise it must retreat to the box and cannot attack again for several hours.

Dehorn: Cause Fear 7w, Conceal with Shadows 2w.

Chest: Locked 7w. Contains: several hundred bolgs in leather pouches; a lead statuette of Kyger Litor (containing a bound Healing Spirit - Anaxial's Roster pp231/232 - that only works for trolls); a sword with an Air rune inscribed onto it - 'Lightning Blade' 18 (useable only by a worshipper of a Storm deity); a black dagger - sorcerously enchanted with 'Cause Wound' 19; and a flask of a dark red liquid which smells of strawberries (Lethal Poison, potency 3w. There are 20 doses, each equivalent to a swig - add 2 to the potency of the poison for any swig taken after the first).

6) The Miser's Rooms

(see "P&BR" pp278/279)

As suggested earlier, the inner room here could well be the temporary home of the Eiritha Table, as well as the clan's wealth. In addition to the wealth described there are several unusual items: A dozen **lead slingstones**, each enchanted to become ^4, a very badly damaged **dwarf pistol**; a small pouch containing **manicore teeth**; and a **lead statuette of a beetle** enchanted with 'Command Karrg Beetle' 17; and a **lead shield** ^5 (contains an enchantment providing the feat: Resist the Light 3w).

The Miser

Speak Darktongue 18, Hungry for Souls 5w, Speak Old Pavic 16, Spirit Might 6w2 (Dominant Possession, Terrify Mortals). As indicated in the original scenario, the Miser is not the friendliest of fellows, and his only enjoyment is the terror of causing death. Communication skills will need to beat his 'Hungry for Souls' Flaw in order to get him even to stop and listen.

7) Shrines to Kyger Litor and Karrg

NB: A troll guard stands outside this room.

In the centre of this large room is a rough statue of a female troll, discernible by the protrusions which represent multiple breasts rather than any artistry recognisable to non-trolls. Against the wall behind it to the left is a slightly more detailed carving of a male troll wielding a mace. A long low table near the statue of Karrg is covered with animal hides and on it rests a black mace. The walls of the room have been crudely carved with trollish runes and symbols.

Both statues register as magical, and a short way into the room a trollish holy area begins, protected by a warding, which engages intruders in a simple contest against their best magical defence whenever it is crossed.

Zone of Terror 12w

Complete/Major Victory - No effect (other than a cold shudder) either entering or leaving the Zone

Minor Victory - Adventurer becomes very frightened, and takes the equivalent of three Hurts, as terror inhibits their abilities.

Marginal Victory - Character becomes terrified, as if possessed by a Fear Spirit of Might 15 (Anaxial's Roster p234.)

Major Defeat - Character becomes terrified, as if possessed by a Fear Spirit of Might 6w (Anaxial's Roster p234.)

Minor Defeat - Character flees screaming and temporarily insane.

Major Defeat - Character flees screaming and insane - will beserkly attack anyone who tries to stop them.

Complete Defeat - Victim dies.

Black Mace

Cause Wound 10w, Eat Soul 18, Heal Troll 2w, See Hidden 5w (useable only by worshippers of Kyger Litor and Karrg). The table is a simple one bought at the market three years ago, it does not register as magical, but seems to from a distance due to the magical field inside the Zone of Terror. Only a Complete Victory detecting for magic - resisting the Zone of Terror - will ascertain that this table is not magical.

Capture

(See pp275/278 "P&BR")

In 'Hero Wars' "Devotees" will be slain, rather than "Rune Levels".

To charm Krang an adventurer must overcome her 'Hoomanz is Food 19' trait with a communication-related skill.

Eiritha Table

The Table functions more or less as described in p280 P&BR. Of course the POW sacrifice is no longer applicable. Instead a follower of Waha or Eiritha must perform a Ceremony for it to function.

Bison Table Ritual (15w): Bison Clan Eiritha Tradition Knowledge, Any other Eiritha Tradition Knowledge (-7), Bison Clan Waha Tradition Knowledge (-10), Any other Waha Tradition Knowledge (-15)

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Daniel Fahey and Adam Betteridge for proofing.

"Pavis and the Big Rubble" (Moon Design, 1999).

"Anaxial's Roster" (Issaries Inc., 2000).

Hero Wars details on Andor and Ongh adapted from Multisim's "Pavis: Hero Wars" by Jerome Blondel and Ian Thomson.

Playtesters: Andrew Bean, Phillip 'Harry' Grawe and Lachlan Conley.

Krang

Keywords: Dark Troll Warlord 4w2, Devotee of Karrg the Warrior 18w

Significant Abilities: Command Troll 15w, Hoomanz is Food 19, Mace and Shield Fighting 8w2, Proud 3w, Strong 3w.

Magic: Warrior 16w (Crushing Blow, Ignore Wounds, Sense Intruder, Stand Fast, Terrifying Roar), Darkness 13w (Block Sight, Command Xenthi, Darkshield, Devour Spirit, Enchant Lead).

Weapons and Armour: Lead Mace^4, Lead Chainmail, Helm and Shield ^6.

AP: 44 + enhancements.

Krang's Allied Spirit 'Creep'

(in Giant Beetle body)

Might: 18w

Significant Abilities: Bite and Claw 13w, Venomous Bite 3w, Spirit Combat 1w2, Strong 2w2

Weapons and Armour: Mandibles^8, Chitin armour^10 AP: 33 + enhancements.

Other Trolls

Dark Troll Patrol Leader

Keywords: Dark Troll Warrior 2w, Initiate of Karrg 17.

Significant Abilities: Mace and Shield fighting 11w, Sharp Senses 1w, Command Troll 18. **Magic:** Warrior 19, Darkness 18.

Weapons and Armour: Chainmail, Helm and Shield ^5, Mace ^4, Signal Horn.

Dark Troll Commando

Use Zorak Zorani guard.

Dark Troll Patrol Member

Use "Typical Uzko Hunter" from Anaxial's Roster p168.

Typical Trollkin

Use "Typical Ento Warrior" from Anaxial's Roster p169, but reduce all "Typical Abilities" by 4 and remove all weapons and armour except "Club" (unless they are actually warrior trollkin).

CRIMSON SHADOWS OVER PRAX

Original scenario by **Alban Schmid** and **Christoph Kohring**
Adapted by **Ian Thomson** with special assistance from **Jeff Kyer**
Editorial assistance by **Daniel Fahey**
Crimson Bat magic ideas from **Wesley Quadros**



Narrator Information

This adventure shows a hidden side of the Lunar Empire to the Heroes. It is a tale of mystery and investigation, allowing the team to confront odd and powerful members of some of the more sinister Lunar cults.

This piece is presented as a detailed scenario outline. Before play it should be reviewed and extra detail added to the events and encounters as you see fit. Users of RQ rules will need to add statistical details.

Requirements

The team should include at least two or three Devotees (or a Rune Lord or two), all preferably from the Prax or Pavis area. Active rebels from Orlanthi and/or Pavis culture would be ideal. This episode commences in New Pavis, and the Heroes need to be at least rebel sympathizers. These adventurers should have 8w-15w in their best general abilities, a specialist skill or two around 5w2 or more, and at least 7w in a useful magical affinity.

Scene 1 - Introduction

Through the underground come hints that someone important is coming from the

Heartlands. Lunar soldiers on the street are suddenly more officious and smartly turned out than before. No other information is easily forthcoming, which suggests that this event has the highest levels of Lunar secrecy. Resourceful Heroes might have special contacts through which they can learn that a Lunar Intelligence mission is on its way, in search of a dangerous fugitive rumored to have been seen in the Prax region.

The Governor's Office sends an official announcement to all units, and select invited specialists: Broo and other chaos monstrosities have been terrorizing landholders in the north of Pavis County for quite some time, and Lunar intelligence has just discovered that they are being masterminded by a vampire lord. Obviously they must be stopped, and all chaos fighters are called to do their duty.

Background Check on the Chaos Threat Difficulty 17

(These sections within the scenario indicate information available through good role-playing and the use of the *Streetwise*, or a similar ability)

Minor Success - It has been over three seasons since the steadholders of that part of the County petitioned the Lunars for help...

Marginal Success - ...and until now no

• **Alban Schmid & Christoph Kohring**
Swiss aficionados who have been into RQ and roleplaying for 15 years.
Mostly inactive in the HW community due to lack of time. Interested in high-level scenarios involving cosmic issues.
Modest homepage at <http://195.202.209.41:84/>

useful response has occurred...

Major Success - ... In fact no raids have occurred in the last few weeks, and the steadholders have started to hope that the creatures have moved on...

Complete Success - ...One has to wonder if the Lunars don't have some ulterior motive for this publicity exercise?

A special task force is gathered, consisting of Uroxi, Stormbullers, Humakti, Yanafali, and other mercenaries who have cause or duty to hate chaos

Background Check on the Anti-Chaos Force

Difficulty 19

Minor/Marginal Success - Few army regulars are actually part of this task force ...

Major Success - ...other than a few officers with dubious service records...

Complete Success - ...In fact, apart from Bos Tauros, nobody of importance to the Lunars is being sent along.

NARRATOR INFORMATION: *The purpose of this scheme is to remove all Uroxi and Stormbulls from the city for the next few weeks. This is because a group of Uroxi champions have sworn a death quest against Ronan the Prosecutor, and he has requested that all of their kind be removed from the city for the duration of his visit.*

Gathering the Bulls

Bos Tauros is a Tarshite Uroxi who arrived to serve with the Lunar occupation troops in 1615. His unique feature is that, even though he works with seeming ease amongst the Lunars, he bears an "Ear of the Bull". His arrival provoked a controversy within the Storm Bull community of Prax. Some Uroxi have declared that he is a heretical renegade, but others assume that, if he is blessed by the Bull and can keep the ear, he must be recognized as their leader. Through this means, the Lunars managed to cunningly install one of their own as an influential voice amongst the Stormbulls.

Tauros proclaims a Holy Crusade against Chaos, and gathers together his followers from around the County. At daybreak they meet by the river just north of the city, gather their mules (laden with supplies), and head north.

Background Check on Bos Tauros

Difficulty 18

Marginal Victory - Since 1615 Tauros has led several successful missions against Chaos, always accompanied by Lunar troopers...

Minor Victory - Of course the casualties are always high, but Stormbulls accept this as a price for doing their duty...

Major Victory - ...Cynical and smart members of the rebellion have suggested that the Lunars could invent no better way to both monitor and undermine the local Stormbulls.

Complete Victory - ...And some Uroxi point out that Tauros seems to serve no Khan and is loyal only to the Lunars, which marks him as an extremely suspect character.

Some Heroes may be keen to join this expedition. Unless they are all registered and recognized Stormbulls or Uroxi, they will not be permitted to do so.

If necessary, have a rebel contact ask for their assistance in the city, noting that rebel operatives are already within Tauros' band.

Scene 2 - The Visitors

Once again rebel intelligence is quick to note another unusual occurrence, and this is when the adventure truly begins. The very day that the Anti-Chaos mission leaves for the north, a group of strange Lunar monks arrived in New Pavis, and are greeted at the gates by the Governor himself and several important members of his administration. These eight monks all wear dark grey cloaks with huge hoods that allow no view of their faces, and they are given quarters at the imperial barracks.

The Rebel Contact of the Heroes asks them to comb the taverns and inns of New Pavis seeking rumors and clues as to who and what these people are.

Background Check on the Monks

Difficulty 2w

Complete Defeat - The Monks appeared from the desert, walking more than a foot above the ground. They are obviously chaos sorcerers.

Major Defeat - The Monks are from the Cult of the Bat, investigating Pavis as a potential snackstop for the chaos steed on its way to Kralorela.

Minor Defeat - You find out nothing, but your pockets are picked as you try to keep your ear to the ground.

Marginal Defeat - You find out nothing, but end up buying a cracked and worthless ornament from a street vendor who convinced you he had some information.

Minor/Marginal Success - They arrived as part of a small Etyries trade caravan...

Major Success - ...that was guarded by an unusually high proportion of mercenaries ...

Complete Success - ...who all seemed to have military training.

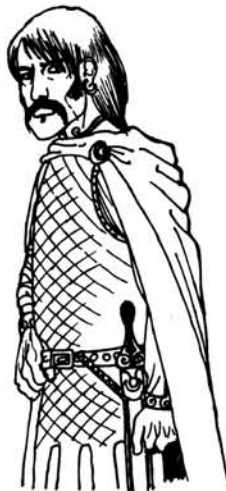
The first clue will seek out the Heroes as they are sitting beside a round of drinks at Geo's or Gimpy's, or some other suitable tavern. This clue comes in the guise of a foreign Heortling named Fengulf. He works his way round some of the other patrons, eventually reaching the Heroes, and introduces himself, explaining that he is in New Pavis seeking a kinsman: Nolantor of Tarsh. Nolantor, he says, might also be going under an alias. His description is quite distinctive: tall, thin and grey-haired, with a little finger missing from his right hand.

Undercover Agent

Fengulf passes himself off as one of the few honest Tarsh Orlanthe left, from an isolated community out on his country's western borders. This much is true. What is also true, but will remain unmentioned, is that he arrived with seven companions beneath a red-brown cloak and is a

Supporting Characters

Fengulf the Spy



TARSH HEORTLING, WARRIOR,
INITIATE OF ORLANTHE
ADVENTUROUS

Appearance: A standard scruffy Orlanthe, perhaps seeming a little more stressed or travel-weary than most.

Abilities of Note: Close Combat 15w (Sword and Shield Fighting), Hide in Cover 18, Jump 3w, Lie 9w,

Listen 2w, Move Silently 6w, Myths of Orlanthe 17, Riding 4w, Running 18, Shadowing 19, Terrified of Lunar

Resprisals 7w.

Magic: Combat 7w, Movement 19, Wind 2w.

Equipment: Leather armor and shield ^3, sword ^3.

Supporting Characters

Ronan the Prosecutor



coerced agent of the Lunar Empire. His wife and children are being held under pain of death in Furthest whilst he acts to gather information. He has been promised that he and his family will be freed if he serves the Lunars for one year as a punishment for spreading dissent against them. Whilst he loathes what he is forced to do, Fengulf considers himself extremely fortunate, and plans to flee with his family to the Orlanthi settlement at Frog River in Dorastor when he is at last released from service.

The Heroes may observe the insistence with which Fengulf asks questions, and might also notice his nervousness. (By overcoming his 'Lie 9w' with a Perception ability.) If the Heroes are cunning enough, they will follow him, and observe as he meets with several cloaked figures in a darkened alleyway near the Lunar barracks. Attacking the cloaked figures would be foolish indeed, an act which could lead with luck only to an escape with their lives barely ahead of a Lunar patrol. Fengulf will flee at the first sign of an attack. Even if they are spotted shadowing him and have to flee, he can be found later asking questions in a different part of the city, and is unlikely to have gotten a good look at them. (If they do not immediately suspect Fengulf, then his further activities will be reported to the Rebel Contact, who will pass this on.)

Merely questioning Fengulf will garner no results without significant successes against his fear of the other Lunar agents. He will simply deny everything, and stronger measures, such as kidnapping, may be required.

Fengulf

Through strong persuasion (possibly threats, torture or magic), the Heroes can learn that Fengulf is indeed an undercover agent of the Empire. His fate is nevertheless a sad one.

The Heroes must challenge his 'Terrified of Lunar Reprisals 7w' with some form of coercion:

Minor Victory - He is being forced to collaborate as a spy, and works with seven Lunar agents...

Minor Victory - ...of whom the leader is a broo. This is why they travel round wearing cloaks and posing as missionaries or pilgrims. Agents of the Empire have promised to torture his children if he betrays them. ...

Major Victory - ...The name of this group's leader is 'Ronan the Prosecutor', and he is a broo! They are in New Pavis looking for a Tarshite Lunar named Nolantor, who is on the run from justice. Fengulf has heard the agents say that the fugitive is someone to be wary of when he is run to ground...

Complete Victory - ...and that he is wanted alive, but if necessary must be killed rather than being permitted to remain at large with the secrets that he possesses. One report claimed the man was sighted in New Pavis last year, and having failed to find any trace of him elsewhere, the Lunar agents are following every lead.

Once Fengulf has divulged this information he has betrayed a terrible oath that Ronan bound

him to, and will suffer the consequences either straight away or during the first night after this betrayal (dependent on the Narrator to place this event most appropriately). The only protection possible is to be within an area sacred to a reasonably powerful deity that is not friendly to the Lunar Pantheon (which includes Pavis as a possibility). He may beg to be allowed to go free, aiming to go back to the Lunars, and promising he won't mention having been captured.

If affected by this curse, Fengulf will be attacked by a dire fate, conjured by Ronan the broo in a horrific ceremony. At first Fengulf will feel sick, then he will begin screaming in pain. Finally, despite the best efforts of the Heroes (unless a Chalana Arroy devotee happens to be at hand, or close enough that they can carry a howling Fengulf to them within two or three minutes), he will quickly bloat and then explode. From his shattered torso emerges a larval broo that will need to be killed. Unless he makes a constitutional roll against 7w, Fengulf will die instantly. Even if he does make the roll he will need immediate attention from a powerful healer or will die within a short time. The expiring Fengulf will manage to choke out a few words: "That damn chaos Priest, he cursed me to keep silent. May he die beneath your blades".

Background Check

on what the Monks have been up to:

Difficulty 2w

Minor Success - They have not left the Lunar Barracks...

Marginal Success - ...but Lunar agents have been asking about the whereabouts of a Pelorian...

Major Success - ...A man named Nolantor, with only four fingers on one hand.

Complete Success - ...During your investigation you meet a tough-looking Sun Dome Templar, who is oddly nervous, and says he might know something to your advantage. He asks you to meet him at the nomad market near Badside, after dawn tomorrow morning. Then he hurries off.

Scene 3 - More Clues

If no Hero makes the needed success above, the Yelmation Templar will contact the rebels by himself, and the Heroes will be notified. He is one of the few Yelmations directly sympathetic to the rebellion, and wishes to meet somewhere public and crowded so that their meeting seems by chance and is covered in the throngs.

At the meeting he will say that when he was doing guard duty at the Sun Dome Temple in Sun County last year a new person was living in Sanctuary within the sacred grounds. This man went by the name of Gralon and said he was a Tarshite, but more importantly matched the description that is now being circulated. This Yelmation says that he would be surprised if it takes the Lunars more than a few days to learn this.

The rebels know of this man at Sun Dome Temple, and have been watching him. The rebels now suspect that the man in question is the same

LUNAR AGENT, DEVOTEE OF OROGERIA, NYSALOR ILLUMINANT, INITIATE OF RUFELZA.

Appearance: A goat-headed broo, dressed in good quality traveler's clothes beneath a dark grey cloak that obscures his identity.

Abilities of Note: Acute Hearing 16w, Chaos Lore 10w, Climb 15w, Close Combat 8w2 (Scimitar and Shield), Dodge 17w, Illuminated 12w, Jump 2w2, Mental Balance 16w, Move Silently 16w, Orate 11w, Ride 12w, Sedenyic Philosophy 14w, See Hidden 19w, Shadowing 4w2, Tough 18, Tracking 5w2, Ugly 12, Wilderness Survival 9w2.



person who murdered a Lhankor Mhy junior sage in the course of stealing a crystal that has power over Otherworld entities. Up until now this was just a suspicion resulting from the vague responses of an augury. Nonetheless, the Heroes are asked to act immediately in order to question this fugitive before the Monks get to him, and also to retrieve the crystal if possible.

The rebel leaders send the Heroes by river and road to the Sun Dome Temple, as quickly as possible, under an assumed purpose. The Heroes themselves are encouraged to come up with a suitable disguise:

- a group of peddlars,
- a small warband looking for work,
- a Shield Push team passing through who fancy their chances against the Sun Dome Eagles in a spontaneous 'friendly' match,
- an official census-taking party?

Scene 4 - To Sun County

The speediest way to Sun Dome Temple is by river, and their contacts are able to get them berths on a Zola Fel trading craft taking supplies to Corflu. This is not the quickest boat, but no swifter craft are due to leave in the next few days. Their boat travels all day to Illynome in Pavis County, where it ties up overnight. The second day takes them across the edge of the New Bog throughout the afternoon, including passing beneath the impressive Harpoon, and to a mooring at the Sun County rivertown of Stablefort in the evening.

At Stablefort they will be able to bunk in the 'Sunshine Inn', since vagrants are not permitted in Sun County. They will also be questioned by the militia, and charged an entry tax to enter the County. (A local innovation to gain money from people who come by the river.) From here they can ride to Sun Dome Temple easily in one day, or even walk, although this latter will require their starting early.

Scene 5 - An Eventful Evening at Sun Dome Temple

Further details in 'Pavis and Big Rubble' (Moon Design, 1999/2001), or 'Sun County' (Avalon Hill, 1992)

The great and ancient Sun Dome Temple stands inside a formidable compound wall that is punctuated by defensive towers. Each tower and gateway is guarded by resplendent and well-

disciplined Sun Dome Templars. Only people on legitimate business may go inside. Spartan but sturdy guesthouse buildings are provided outside the main gate for passing travelers, and as overnight accommodation for all foreign visitors with insufficient funds to stay at the Issaries Hostel within. Before passing through the gatehouse, visitors are required to swear before Yelmatio that they have not come here seeking Sanctuary.

Within the compound wall is a selection of buildings, including:

- the huge, tiered, temple with its massive gleaming dome,
- an impressive meeting hall,
- the Hall of Residence for the incumbent Light Sons,
- a library (out of bounds to casual browsers),
- a warming house where roaring fires are kept alight throughout Dark Season,
- the Great Hall where all manner of functions, educational activities, and even entertainments are held, as well as the communal meals,
- three retirement towers
- a hospital
- vegetable and barley plots
- the Light House Inn (an Issaries run hostel under license from the Temple).

The atmosphere within is that of an austere community, with gleaming guards and obedient trainees and family members going about their business. Casual chitchat is discouraged as being wasteful of productive time and energy. Only within the Light House will travelers find a semblance of normal life. Here they can learn about the nature of the Temple's sanctuary from the Innkeeper, Murgan Waddee (an Issaries Initiate). The custom is firmly entrenched in cult lore, although these days Solanthos is careful who is allowed to claim sanctuary.

Murgan tells them that currently benefiting from this privilege are:

i) KEGAN STORMSON, a Sartarite and former rebel who has now become a devout Yelmation. He is still wanted by the Lunars.

If you have access to the new version of the Garhound Contests from glorantha.com, then Kegan might convince them to take part in a friendly game of 'Shield Push' against him and his Yelmation associates. He might make up the numbers in the Heroes' team if required, along with a couple of burly Issaries hostel-workers.

ii) CORIANDER, a disgraced Lunar official who was blinded in one eye for the impertinence of flying into the temple compound on a sylph without applying through the regular channels.

iii) A MAN WHO HAS GIVEN NO NAME, and is commonly called the Third Man. He still wears the tatters of former finery, and does not speak. Every year he has been here a courier delivers a letter of credit from Tarsh that can be redeemed for a hunk of gold at the Seven Mothers temple in Pavis.

v) GRALON OF TARSH, a tall man with grey hair and a finger missing on his right hand. He

Magic: Chaos 12w, Madness 6w, Healing 14w (Cure Madness, Heal at a Distance, Heal Otherworld Denizen, Heal Self Beforehand), Otherworld 15w (Defend against Magic), Survival 6w2 (Find Food and Water, Follow any Trail, Sense Danger)

Heroquest Feat: Appear Human 12w (this demands continuous concentration, making all other tasks as difficult as if he was Injured).

Illumination Abilities: Fall Safely 18, Great Leap 8w, Recognize Illuminant 10w, Resist Detection Magic 10w, Resist Mental Control 7w, Riddling 11w, Sense Lie 6w, See True Form 3w, Sense Chaos 16

Chaos Features:

Transformed into a Broo during his studies in Chaos; Can only be permanently slain if his body is completely dissolved in acid or burned in an intense fire – otherwise it will reform and heal, even from some small part, within a few hours.

Equipment: dark blue/grey robe, iron scimitar [^]5, scale armor [^]7.

Other Notes: All his martial equipment is made from enchanted iron, engraved with elaborate care and of the highest quality. Ronan travels Genertela on behalf of the Empire, seeking wrongdoers and those who have learned too much, and sending them to the peace of the Goddess. He bears nobody any malice, and is always the soul of politeness and decorum. He is used to being a broo, and at peace with this, donning his human disguise only when absolutely necessary.

Supporting Characters

Blue Moon Bounty Hunter



claims that he was the target of a family feud in northern Tarsh, which had nothing to do with him personally. He is the most recent arrival to Sanctuary.

Murgan also will point these personalities out as they arrive, as his hostel is literally the only place to go around here, and all will attend during the evening. If the idea appeals to the Narrator, Gralon can engage the Heroes in some minor riddling before the news is broken that Lunar Monks are tracking him down.

If told that the monks are on his trail, Gralon/Nolantor claims that these bounty hunters would not desecrate Yelmalion holy ground. However, at the first moment he is told of his pursuers, his calm will break for an instant. (Overcome 5w - his Illuminated ability with penalty - in order to spot this.) He will soon excuse himself, saying he has duties to attend to. (All people benefiting from 'sanctuary' must help clean the common rooms and cook the meals.) In fact, he hurries off to see Count Solanthos (although the Heroes won't know that is going on unless they discreetly follow him). If the Heroes attempt to stop or confront Nolantor, he will assure them that he is "not going anywhere". His movements and manner will certainly not indicate he is planning an escape, but then he is a highly trained Lunar Agent. When Solanthos hears about the Blue Moon monks, he agrees to allow him leave the complex without hindrance.

If the Heroes choose not to warn Gralon/Nolantor of the Monks and decide to try and steal the red crystal themselves, the crystal is not something he treats casually, and is securely hidden on his person. The Count and his Templars will not look on violence within the Temple grounds kindly. In the early hours, presuming Gralon has still not been warned, the Temple will receive another visitor, an exhausted Lokarnos Merchant who has ridden all the way from Pavis, almost killing his horse in the process. This man will deliver the warning to Gralon/Nolantor, having been paid handsomely to do so, and confidently expecting further hefty reward as promised. Nolantor will throttle him to death just before escaping.

Coriander/Lukaros

After Gralon/Nolantor leaves, the Heroes may think to question the other Lunar, Coriander, who is actually the real reason why Nolantor came here. Coriander/Lukaros is a former Priest of the Crimson Bat who defied the cult and fled to Prax, though he is unlikely to divulge this after keeping it secret for so long. He will claim that he is a mere worshipper of Rufeza, who was once a provincial cult leader who failed a grab for political power and now has a price on his head in the Empire. The Lunar Spoken Word actually knows that he is here and they are petitioning for his extradition. However, neither Solanthos nor the Lunar Governor knows his identity, or why he is wanted.

All that Coriander/Lukaros admits that he knows about their quarry is that in private Gralon has been practicing odd and disturbing rituals in

preparation for some special event. He has also observed him once or twice thoughtfully rolling a red crystal or stone between his fingers, and each time quickly pocketing it upon seeing that he was observed. Lukaros observed Nolantor looking very worried just now as he left the hostel (after he had turned away from the Heroes), and knows that this 'never' happens. He anxiously wishes to know what the Heroes know, fearing that retribution is forthcoming at long last. If he learns about the monks, he will beg the Heroes to help him escape overland, but has nothing to offer them (other than his agreement to silence on his suspicions that they are rebel agents).

Lukaros has actually been teaching Nolantor some rituals on communing with demons. Lukaros had no wish to take an apprentice, but Nolantor threatened him with exposure to the Count and others as to his true identity, a revelation likely to cause great loss of favor and possibly displacement from the sanctuary. This tutelage is not something that Lukaros is likely to mention (certainly not the full nature of the rituals). Lukaros wears (concealed beneath his clothes, and secret, he wrongly believes, from all) a Holy emblem that he has stolen from his cult. This red crystal amulet in the shape of a distorted bat was created to help the Bat Priests control their demon steed, but also assists in communing with demons in general.

Scene 6 - Leaving the Sun Dome

In the early hours of the morning Nolantor attacks Lukaros in his room, blasting his mind and leaving him for dead. He then steals the Bat amulet and runs into the courtyard to retrieve a well-stuffed pack from the shadows. Reciting several linked phrases of unpleasant syllables, he calls up a sylph by breaking open an enchanted glass rod (he has been saving the last use of this item for an emergency). With the aid of the sylph, he leaps into the air and flies over the walls, heading north. The Temple defences make no complaint as he passes across them. (Thanks to Solanthos' relief to have him out of here.)

Depending on the actions of the Heroes during the night, it might only be through their intervention that Nolantor fails to murder Coriander/Lukaros outright. The Narrator will need to choreograph events off the cuff. Sun Dome Templars may be lurking, making sure that Nolantor departs as promised. They will not know about his planned attack on Coriander, but they may well act to interfere with skulking Heroes. If the pack is somehow retrieved then it contains a couple of filled waterskins and an empty spare, and several packs of Sun County standard travel rations. The Heroes may need to convince the Sun Domers to allow Coriander treatment by the Chalana Arroy healer within their hospital to save his mind (this may cost them).

Solanthos let down the defenses to be rid of Nolantor without breaking the sanctuary laws. The Count would have been caught in a terrible dilemma if the refugee were still in his temple when a Lunar pursuit party arrived.

Now the Heroes are at a loss, they have no

LUNAR, INITIATE OF OROGERIA

Appearance: Human male of nondescript appearance, but serene and dedicated manner.

Abilities of Note: Chaos Lore 2w, Close Combat 18w (Scimitar and Shield Fighting), Dodge 9w, Move Silently 12w, Ride 13w, Sedenyic Philosophy 17, Tracking 14w, Wilderness Survival 18w.

Magic: Healing 5w, Otherworld 9w, Survival 11w

Equipment: dark blue/grey robe (enchanted to be ^3 armor protection), iron scimitar ^5.

Each also has a special Talisman of Orogeria which grants them the feat 'Mindspeech 17' with any of their colleagues nearby. Hence they rarely converse out loud.

Other Notes: These men are totally dedicated to Ronan

more clues to go on, unless Coriander/Lukaros volunteers that Nolantor's only weakness was alcohol, and that on occasions this led to long and detailed discussions. Lukaros says that he knows where Nolantor has gone, and will take them there if they agree to protect him (Lukaros) and help him escape from Prax by ship immediately afterwards. What Lukaros really knows is that Nolantor will never leave him alive - the rest is a fabrication, since he is trying to recruit the Heroes as back-up in both his escape and his retrieval of the amulet. Sensing the chance to travel with allies, who also have a real reason to want Nolantor dead, Lukaros has grabbed it.

Lukaros can also tell the Heroes that Nolantor owned a black book which he caught him reading on more than one occasion when he thought he was unobserved. The Sun Dome authorities have no awareness of this book because Lukaros also saw Nolantor burning it! Lukaros will claim that Nolantor is, like himself, also a worshipper of one of the subcults of Rufelza, but says that he will give no further details because of his cult oaths.

Once they agree, Lukaros will assume a travelling robe with a hood, and accompany the Heroes from the compound. Unless people activate magical alarms, identities are not scrupulously checked when leaving the Sun Dome Temple, but only on entering, (unless a special reason exists, such as an alert).

What Lukaros is not telling them is that he is able to magically sense the direction of the bat medallion. He does not actually know where Nolantor is going, although he will never admit this. He will refuse to give any details, claiming if necessary that he does not trust the Heroes and that this knowledge is the only thing keeping him alive.

No matter when they leave the Sun Dome Temple and head north, if enough light is present the Hero with the best vision will see a group of sable antelope riders coming from the direction of the river. Riding with them are the seven monks seen earlier, identifiable by the large hoods completely obscuring their heads and faces.

The atmosphere in which the monks are presented should serve to discourage any casual attacks on them by the Heroes. If such an attack is nonetheless made, the Monks will likely repel it with ease, especially if aided by the sable riders, but will assume it is a random attack by bandits, and leave any injured survivors to die (or miraculously recover, as Heroes sometimes do) by the wayside. Lukaros will discourage any such attack, claiming that speedy pursuit of their prey is of higher priority.

Scene 7 - Going North

Less than two hours out of the Temple, the Heroes will notice a column of mounted Sun Dome Templars coming after them. This is highly unusual as horses are rare in Sun Dome County, and they must be from the Count's personal stable. Lukaros will panic and attempt to flee any way he can.

These Templars have indeed been sent by

the Count, to make sure that the Heroes and Lukaros are escorted out of Sun Dome County as quickly as possible. They will not give an explanation to the Heroes, nor pay any attention to Lukaros' antics except to go and retrieve him. They have brought along spare horses if necessary, so that all may ride to the border. The rest of the day, and riding long into the evening, will take them most of the way out of the County. If any Hero has means to befriend or otherwise influence one of the Templars, they may be told that Solanthos was visited by some Lunar monks accompanied by sable riders. Soon after this, he secretly ordered these Templars (his own bodyguard) to take the horses and get the fugitives out of the County as quickly as possible. In fact, if the Heroes do not have mounts of their own, the Templars will give them horses, once again with no explanation (and with some apparent rancor).

Up early after only a few hours sleep, the Heroes and Templars make a hurried breakfast of oatmeal, and a long morning's ride takes them to the White Rock River some hours east of Garhound. Here is a ford that the Templars will aid them to cross if necessary. The Sun Domers stay behind to make sure that they do not return. After they have been travelling only a short while, someone will spot a hunched shape some distance to their right. Investigation reveals the body of a Zebra Rider, one of Pavis County's messengers. He shows no visible cause of death. Successful 'Tracking' abilities with regards to their quarry from now on will discover that he is riding a zebra. There are no tracks indicating an ambush, nor even footprints of attackers.

Unbeknown to the Heroes (though likely suspected) the monks and the sable riders are coming along swiftly behind. Ronan, the commander of this group, is able to sense the direction that Nolantor is travelling in, using his magic. He has also heard that others were at the Temple ahead of him, and is intrigued to find out who they are. He had known all along that Lukaros was at the Sun Dome Temple, and had considered a 'visit', but did not suspect that his quarry would also be at this place. He is now somewhat embarrassed by this oversight.

Travelling at a good pace, it still takes more than two days to cross this eastern edge of Pavis County. On the second day they will come across a slain llama, that was wastefully and amateurishly butchered. Predators have devoured much of what remains, but the way the skin was sliced still makes the disinterest of the killer clear.

During the following trip Lukaros will tell them a few things:

"I know little of Gralon. From our conversations, in which he was most guarded, he let slip that he was once ambitious within the Empire, and destined for greatness. His experiments went beyond what was considered permissible for someone of his station and he was forced to flee to continue his work. Those who follow us no doubt want to make sure he never continues with his work".

Lukaros will reveal his own name, having

and will die to protect him if necessary. If engaged in conversation they show distinct lack of interest in anything and volunteer no information. They operate as a team, and train together regularly at group combat, never allowing themselves to become isolated and therefore weak. Before a fight they use their Survival magic to augment their combat abilities (use of shield and effectiveness of armor). If possible each will also improvise 'Heal Self Beforehand' at the start of any day where combat is at all likely.

Lukaros, alias Coriander

Lunar, Devotee of the
Crimson Bat, Initiate of
Rufelza



Appearance: Middle-aged bookish gentleman with an unruly shock of fair hair, who wears the faded robes of a travelling scholar.

Abilities of Note: Close Combat 16w (Scimitar and Shield, Dagger), Debate 19w, Hide in Cover 17w, Identify Foreigners 12w, Mental Balance 17, Myths of the Bat 19w, Ride 19, Sedenyic Philosophy 19.

Magic: Emulate Bat 7w2 (Drain Energy, Chaos Shriek, Acid Breath Cloud, Sprout Wings), Chaos 15w, Madness 10w.

Equipment: dagger ^1, scimitar ^3, silver bracelet with crescent moon motif (enchanted, giving ^6 armor rank). Amulet of the Bat (magical artifact that enhances powers to communicate with, and control, the demon steed, and other chaotic demons).

Other Notes: Coming second in an internal power struggle within the Cult of the Bat, Lukaros knew that he was destined to be the creature's next ceremonial meal. Through a mixture of excellent planning and even better luck he managed to slip away and flee from the Empire. He had never been to Prax before, but knew of the Sun Dome Temple and the policy that all such places have on sanctuary. It took the cult more than three years to locate him, and they have been petitioning for his extradition for three more. Lukaros knows that his retribution will arrive one day, but has accepted this with relative calmness, and to him each new day that he sees is a blessing. He is still a believer in the Lunar way, just not the part where he personally has to be devoured to feed a chaos monstrosity. He secretly hopes that bringing Nolantor to justice will gain him a pardon.

long cursed the day he quickly chose an alias whilst standing next to the temple herb plot. He will not talk about his own background, except to say that his crimes are far less serious than Gralon's, although he has no doubt that the termination squad would also end his life without a second thought, should the opportunity arise.

Once out of Pavis County, the Heroes are technically in the Wastes, and it just wouldn't be right if they didn't have at least one run-in with hostile nomads, broo, or other dangers of the region. During this hazardous encounter Lukaros will reveal some of his magical abilities when he fears for his own life. Later, from a high point in the Desolation Hills the Heroes will catch a glimpse of the seven sinister monks mounted on sables crossing the brow of a hill as they too leave Pavis County, only two or three hours behind them. The monks are now alone, and if the Heroes keep a lookout for a while longer, further west they will catch a glimpse of the sable riders heading back towards Pavis.

Ambush

It is possible that the Heroes will attempt to ambush their pursuers, rather than be chased through the Desolation Hills. Depending on the balance between the Heroes and Ronan and his monks, the Narrator can choose to introduce some allies. She can for example have them encounter a camp of Agimori warriors; always ready to fight for a good wage - such as gifts of weapons, tools, food, or magical items.

The Heroes should be aware that failure to kill all of the Lunars would likely have dramatic consequences. Any survivors will be able to report to their bosses, and the Heroes will risk becoming known foes of the Empire, living a life of fear and hiding to avoid retaliation.

If the Heroes do not set a trap, the ambush will come to them, as the monks drive themselves all night and attack at the first sign of morning light. Hopefully one of the guards will sense them approaching, otherwise the Heroes could face severe penalties for surprise. If necessary Lukaros will feel a nearby build-up of Lunar magic and warn the Heroes, giving them just enough time to prepare. "They are coming! Now! Out of the night! Arm yourselves!" Once again Lukaros will use his magic to aid them.

Despite the best efforts of the Heroes, Ronan himself will survive this attack. Due to his blessing of chaos he cannot die in any other way than to be consumed by the Bat, and may appear dead, or even be chopped to pieces and melted in acid. The next time the Moon rises he will appear again hale and whole (although possibly with a minor grudge to bear). At this point the Heroes will have no idea that they will see him again.

Scene 8 - On the Trail of the Fugitive

Along the trail through the hills the party comes across a dead bison. (See earlier llama corpse description for details, but the zebra prints can also be found here, as well as the tracks of a small herd of wild bison.)

Continuing north the Heroes find that they are on a little-used caravan trail. Those familiar with this part of the world know that the Hidden Green is the only significant destination reputed to lie in this direction, and even that is said to be much further north. Within a few days the Heroes will catch up with a merchant caravan travelling from the south, ie. moving in the same direction they are going. The caravan is led by Caspar Godsmen the Argan Argari Dark Troll (see details in 'Drastic: Darkness') and is accompanied by twenty or so human and troll mercenaries, and three nomad guides. Caspar is one of the few who knows the way to the pass of the Giants. They expect to reach Hidden Greens in about three weeks, but it's always hard to tell due to it being an oasis that is not always where it is marked on the map. The Heroes are unlikely to find a safer way to travel and will be hampered by their own need to hunt regularly in any case. Once the caravan is underway again, the Heroes will learn that its final destination is actually Gonn Orta's Castle in the Rockwoods.

Because of the valuable skills of the Heroes, they will be able to reach an agreement with Caspar: and can join the caravan if they participate in its protection, and help hunt for food. Lukaros will confirm that they are still headed in the right direction, and if questioned will say that it has been more than ten years since he came this way, and he only remembers the route as he sees it again. The caravan folk will obviously be most interested in where they are going. After three days an odd encounter will occur: a wild-eyed shaman is seen sitting on a rock some distance from the trail. He will watch them for a while and then jog over, shaking his totem stick at Lukaros and muttering. He does not seem to be casting magic or calling spirits. This may prompt further questions.

Two days later a party of nomad braves (including two or three Stormbulls) will attack the Heroes, when they and Lukaros are scouting ahead of the main group. These should be of strength to give our Heroes a good fight, but not enough that warriors survive to attack the caravan. After another nine days with the caravan they will enter the middle foothills of the Rockwood Mountains. It is up to the Narrator whether or not to include a 'Hidden Greens' episode (as in 'To Giantlands' from the Borderlands campaign).

After Hidden Greens, at the end of the first day into the Rockwoods proper, the caravan passes through a large canyon between two mountainous ridges in the early evening. They begin to set up camp in this valley, which is almost two key-miles across. Alert Heroes will notice a ruined fortification of some kind on the opposite side of the valley, and if they ask questions will learn that these merchants have heard rumors that it is haunted. According to the nomad guides, evil forces have attacked people who have camped near to it. The traders unfortunately don't know any details. Lukaros can sense that the medallion is now in this ruin, and will quietly tell the Heroes that this place is their goal. He will refrain from admitting his ignorance

Supporting Characters

Nolantor



Lunar, Sage of Irripi Ontor,
Gbaji Illuminant

Appearance: A tall man with grey hair, who is missing the little finger from his right hand. At first glance seemingly of no particular remark, on engaging him in conversation his personality seems strangely unworldly, beneath his bland veneer.

Abilities of Note: Close Combat 16w (Scimitar and Shield Fighting), Chaos Lore 7w, Debate 14w, Demonology 15w, Dodge 12w, Illuminated 10w, Nysalorian Philosophy 11w, Scan for Danger 16w.

Magic: Identification 14w2 (Read Foreign Writing, Read Item's History, See/Hear Historical Events)

in other aspects of this matter, and is making a calculated assumption, based on the direction he senses the medallion as being in.

When the Heroes head in that direction (or notify the merchants that this is their plan), Caspar tells them that he thinks they are taking a huge risk and that he cannot assist them, but wishes them luck. The duties performed by the Heroes on behalf of the caravan are counted as full payment for their protection along the way. To avoid any attacks from evil entities that the Heroes might disturb, he informs them that the caravan will be immediately pushing on for a campsite well away from this place, and requests that they wait some time before entering the ruin.

Scene 9 - The Ruined Castle

Approaching the ruin, the Heroes can see that it was once a castle guarding a rocky trail up the side of an eight meter high sheer escarpment. The escarpment is blocking progress through this section of the canyon. A ruined defensive wall also runs along the top of this barrier. On closer investigation, this ruin seems to have nothing of interest inside it, being little more than a shell. Once the Heroes actually enter, amongst the debris they can find a broken wall surrounding a single well-shaft that descends into darkness. Someone has cleared aside the debris which covered it, and a knotted rope has been recently secured around a nearby broken pillar and lowered down the side of the shaft.

Lukaros may be questioned about this place, and will invent the information that he once came this far as a junior with his cult but was left amongst the guards outside whilst the others went in to perform holy rites. He does not know what kinds of rites were held: they could have been worshipping any kind of benevolent entity, or appeasing an evil one.

NARRATOR NOTE: *The Heroes will never find out the long and complex story of black rites, treachery, and betrayal that has led to the events of this scenario. This episode should serve to illustrate only that agents within the Lunar Empire have unholy powers and do not all serve the same harmonious end that the Lunar missionaries would have people believe.*

The Guardians

The bottom of the well shaft ends four yards above a wide, shallow, lake in a small cavern. The only exit is a wide passageway, cut long ago by water and turning ever deeper into the earth. This is guarded in three stages: The first of these are the howling ghosts - spirits of those who have come here trespassing and been slain for their trouble. These are encountered only a few hundred steps along the tunnel that leads out of this cavern, and manifest themselves as a band of translucent human warriors racing up out of the darkness, screaming as they come. Their voices sound as if they speak from some distance away, even though their actual forms are very close by.

Guardians

These unfortunate bound souls have been cursed to attack all intruders who do not perform

the correct ceremonies. They attack by draining life essence, not by possession, and continue to attack whilst intruders are within this tunnel or within a hundred steps of the cave entrance. They are immune to the effects (AP loss) of non-magical weapons, except those made of Rune metal, but are affected by Spirit Combat, or feats and spells designed for combating the dead. Provide enough ghosts to give the Heroes a harrowing battle. Perhaps the group will even have to retreat and return. These ghosts deal wounds with their translucent weapons, but these do not hurt - it merely appears that one is injured, and a growing sense of weakness occurs. However, APs are being lost in the normal fashion, and the attacks can be fatal.

TYPICAL GHOSTLY GUARDIAN: Might 11w, Fearful Aura 6w, Draining Touch 9w

The next guardian is found when they enter the second cavern. This area doesn't seem too dangerous at first glance, despite the fact that it is a grotto in which the hanging and standing pillars of stone have been carved into leering faces and twisting bodies. These ancient sculptures have been gradually covered over by seeping water; accumulating mineral deposits have made them now appear to be emerging from the rock.

As the Heroes traverse this cave a loud slithering noise comes from the other side. They have only a few moments before the bound stoorworm that inhabits the cave beyond arrives and attacks them. It is not in a good mood, as it is held here magically and can only leave for long enough to feed on the local wildlife, before being drawn back (Its entrance and exit are via a series of twisting tunnels that include vertical shafts without good climbing holds, and this way is not passable without enormous difficulty to the Heroes, even if they find it).

STOORWORM: See "Anaxial's Roster" pp182/183

Once the dreadful battle with the stoorworm is over, the Heroes are free to continue. The smaller cave beyond is a grisly charnel house, containing the mostly eaten bodies of a dozen humans, a troll, and numerous mountain goats. A search through the filth of this area uncovers an Iron Dagger, a Silver Scimitar, and a small ingot of Lead, on which are inscribed a series of sorcerous sigils (this magical item allows the owner to see in the darkness or sunlight equally well). Useless fragments of armor and other broken weapons and equipment are also here, all destroyed by exposure to the stoorworm's venom.

A smaller passage leads on into the darkness beyond, and this is enchanted darkness, so that non-magical lights barely function at all, and even magic light or sight is reduced to less than a third its normal strength. This tunnel too slopes gently downwards, and after quite a few minutes of walking ends at a wooden door carved with many strange runes, some few of which might (Obscure Runic Symbols

Literacy 3w2 (Memorize Document, Read Buserian Code, Read Lhankor Mhy Text, Read Malkioni Magic) Otherworld 7w2 (Bash Spirit, Blast Enemy's Mind, Divert Spell)

Illumination Abilities:

Recognize Illuminant 3w, Reflect Theist Magic 18, Reflect Sorcery 19, Resist Agents of Retribution 18w, Resist Detection Magic 17w, Resist Mind Control 8w, Resist Otherworld Entity 4w, Riddling 16.

Equipment of Note:

- Scimitar (enchanted to ^6), Silver ear-ring in the shape of a full moon, giving ^6 magical armor protection,
- A piece of moonrock into which are bound 3 lunes (see "Anaxial's Roster", p246),
- Crystal of the Otherworld (enhances all communication and coercion abilities towards Otherworld entities by +6).

Other Notes:

Nolantor went on a mission as one of the cultural envoys to Ralzakark in Dorastor. As a cruel trick, Ralzakark Illuminated Nolantor in ways that the Lunar's mind could not support. When his mission was over Nolantor climbed quickly through the Imperial ranks, and began an all-consuming search for knowledge. He infiltrated several mystical groups through his duties as a collector of Lore, and became fascinated by demonology and the powers of the Other Side. Seeking a suitable being to enslave he learned from the deepest archives of the creature bound into the cavern, and secretly devoured the little research on it that he could find. Nolantor also learned by coincidence of Lukaros and the attempts to extradite him from Sun Dome County in Prax. This

3w) be recognized as having an association with chaos or darkness. From beyond the door can be heard the sound of a man chanting in an unrecognizable tongue. (Unrecognizable, that is, except to Lukaros, who studied this ceremonial language as part of his training with the Cult of the Bat. It is a language of the Underworld, and he realizes that a summoning is being attempted. He will inform the Heroes that someone beyond is in the middle of a ritual, and that an ideal time to attack might be right now, whilst that person or persons is busy with their incantations.)

The Dark Temple

The wooden door is old and relatively fragile (Tough 12), and can be smashed down. Beyond is an area lit by flickering red light of no discernible source. It is a large square temple plaza dug from the rock, with great pillars of stone left to hold up the roof. The entire chamber has been carved on its walls, floor, and pillars with renditions of writhing tentacles, disembodied eyes, grimacing mouths containing fearsome teeth, and other disturbing forms. It has a pronounced air of unwholesomeness.

Across the center of this chamber is a chasm several paces wide, and beyond it a raised platform on which a chanting man dances and gesticulates wildly. He is wearing a dark red robe, and a demonic crimson mask, and at his chest a red crystal swings wildly at the end of a leather thong. Behind him, the back wall of this place displays the massive leering distorted face of a creature with great fangs and narrow eyes, also carved into the rock. Beneath its stone jaw is an altar, also carved from the rock.

Actually entering the room brings the Heroes to the attention of the third and final guardian, a living pool of darkness that flows like a cloud of mist from out of the central chasm and rolls towards them. It can attack anyone in this part of the room at the same time, and will not hesitate to do so. Swift or agile characters may attempt to avoid it by beating its 'Dark' ability with Running or another agility skill, whilst their colleagues distract it with combat.

MASSIVE SHADE: Dark 10w2, Resist Damage 10w. (See "Anaxial's Roster" p202)

The central chasm is not infinitely deep, but descends into magical blackness. It is certainly deep enough to kill anyone who falls in and is unable to use magic to assist against the fall. (Not to mention the chaotic entity who dwells below.) Ideally those attempting to jump should be attached to ropes so that they can be saved if they fall. The difficulty factor to jump this chasm is 5w, and a marginal failure or success leaves the jumper hanging from their hands from the edge of the far side. (Nolantor will only cease his chanting to come and stamp on hands if the Hero is clearly alone; otherwise they must overcome Difficulty 16 with Climb or a similar ability to haul themselves out.)

Scene 10 - Confrontations

Nolantor will be hard to hit with missile fire, since the temple platform is protected from mundane missiles by an enchantment of 10w3 that must be beaten for them to penetrate. This force radiates along the edge of the platform, which covers approximately a quarter of the space of this section of the chamber. Similarly, magic must also resist a 10w2 protective field to reach him. Once people are across the chasm they may attempt to take him on in hand to hand combat, and he reluctantly gives up his chanting. An ability such as Strong (or Tough at -5), or a magical skill, must be used to overcome 10w, in order to press through the field. When seriously threatened, he will attack using all available resources. Nolantor will ignore all minor irritations.

Eventually the Heroes will (hopefully) defeat Nolantor, and sit down to deal with their wounds and examine their surroundings. Near the carved face in the back wall is a stone altar decorated with similar runes to those that were on the door. Nolantor's demonic mask may still be intact, or he and all his gear may have been flung into the chasm, leaving no trace.

In terms of spoils a few things are stashed inside the altar:

(The lid to the altar can be removed by finding the secret catch and manipulating it. This action requires beating the difficulty of 7w with a Search or similar ability).

- A SILVER ORNAMENT in the shape of a human skull, but much smaller. This is etched with enchanted symbols for the feats: "Blast Enemy's Mind", and "Bash Spirit" (both at 19).
- A WOODEN BOWL with a dozen red crystals in it - when a crystal is broken (crushed underfoot or struck hard with a weapon etc) it releases 10AP that may be added to any spell or magical effect currently being prepared for imminent use,
- AN ODD BOOK made of thin copper plates wired together at one edge and etched extensively with lines of peculiar symbols. (Narrator's choice, but most likely something to do with demonology, and in an extinct language used by certain unpleasant worshippers of the Dark during the days just after the Dawn),
- A RED CRYSTAL BOWL with white chalky powder in - crushed human skulls,
- A SMALL RED CRYSTAL PESTLE (presumably for grinding the chalky powder),
- A NECKLACE of heavy bronze chain links - a chaos item that reeks of evil. (Worshippers of deities that specifically abhor Chaos will feel uneasy when near it, and the hairs on the back of their necks and hands will rise.)

Ronan Arrives

It is most likely whilst they are exploring that Ronan the broo, accompanied by two dozen slaving goat-headed followers of Thed, as well as his monks, arrives in the room. He politely calls across to the Heroes in a passable version of the most common language amongst them.

"Congratulations on still being alive. I know

this is small comfort to you, since you shall shortly be annihilated, but I honor you as worthy adversaries. Nothing personal, you understand, but I can sense that Nolantor has disturbed the demon and therefore it is my duty as a responsible citizen to make sure that it is appeased. Rather you than me, as they say".

Ronan will not answer questions, unless the Narrator has some answers at the ready at this point. After his little speech, he begins chanting, protected on all sides by the broo who are armed with spears and shields. The Heroes should understand that attacking this packed mob of chaos fiends would be utterly suicidal, but if that's the way they want to go, then kind Narrators might bring forward the next encounter.

Unlike Nolantor, Ronan does not require the ceremonial regalia in order to perform this ritual. After several minutes of flawless performance (obscured from any desperate missile-wielding Heroes behind one of the huge pillars), he ends in a screaming crescendo. After this he and his companions turn and leave the room. He is last in line, and as he goes he gestures across the wall and the doorway closes behind him like the shutting of an eye, leaving no trace that it was ever present. From the chasm comes a boiling, hissing noise, accompanied by a foul stench, which should cause some consternation. It also sounds as if far below some large beast with sharp claws is beginning to climb towards them.

Scene 11 - End of the Road

Stormbulls to the Rescue

Presumably the Heroes will cross back over the chasm using ropes, leaping, or magic (or a combination of all three) and attempt to find and open the door that Ronan has removed. They will be unsuccessful, but should be allowed to feel that they may have a chance, as the (presumably demonic) creature clammers up the chasm towards them.

Suddenly the wall glows brightly where the door was, and it reappears, to be just as suddenly flung open. Several broo run into the room, accompanied by Ronan, and the Heroes get to fight him all over again. Once he is defeated a dozen berserk Stormbulls and Uroxi also charge into the room, looking for something to attack.

They cannot be reasoned with and also take on the Heroes, even though already badly wounded.

After a few combat exchanges as the Heroes try futilely to convince them that they are not the enemy, they are all distracted by a huge red demon with bat-like wings (Large 8w2) that peers out over the chasm edge, with smoke pouring from its nostrils.

The Stormbulls leave the Heroes and charge this demon, and each of them manages to wound it once or twice before being grappled with its claws and drained to a withered husk.

Precipitous flight is the only sensible course of action open to our Heroes at this point, and yes the demon could conceivably fit along the corridor behind them.

NARRATOR NOTE: *Some Hero groups may*

choose to fight the demon, despite the apparent odds against them. If you perceive this to be a likely occurrence, make sure to give them fair warning by graphically describing the ease with which it terminates the Stormbulls. Alternatively, the Stormbulls and the Heroes between them may wound the demon sufficiently to drive it into retreat, or the Heroes may be magically powerful enough to dismiss it.

Back along the corridor are many dead and dying broo, plus a smaller number of unmoving human warriors (the Stormbull casualties). If anyone stops to examine them, one or two Stormbulls are still alive and may be carried to safety between two burly Heroes.

The Heroes may learn from these survivors, or later from reports back in New Pavis, that a splinter group of Bos Tauros' anti-Chaos army became fed up with what was appearing to be a wild goose chase, and headed north into the Desolation Hills looking for broo. They eventually found some tracks and traced a pack of them to a hidden camp. After wiping out the camp they followed the trail of a hunting party and eventually reached the ruined tower, encountering Ronan and his new allies as they attempted to leave.

Back to Town

It is up to the Narrator if she wishes to add further difficulties as the Heroes make the arduous trek back to Pavis County. Perhaps on the way they will meet more Stormbull warriors who have deserted the Tauros mission?

The Heroes have escaped alive with knowledge of the location of a demonic temple that is valued by the Lunars, probably with the bronze 'book', and possibly having retrieved the red crystal. Members of the rebellion do not understand what this is all about (or else the Heroes are not in the 'need to know' loop), but nonetheless will send a real anti-chaos brigade to close this gateway once and for all. The demon may have already been dispelled by now, having encountered the main the Tauros expedition. In this case, the big news is that the Bos himself was killed before the demon was finished off, and the Lunars hold a small commemorative ceremony. They will also question any recently returned travelers from the north; to ascertain if anyone knows what manner of monstrosity it was that slew Bos and his henchmen.

Of course the Heroes have solved the mystery of the Lunar monks, and may also have brought Ronan's regenerating body back to town (by simple means of continual wounding so that he stays dead or at least incapacitated). What happens to Ronan when he disappears into the custody of the rebellion is beyond the scope of this adventure.

was a special opportunity to gain both specialist training and a powerful artifact capable of aiding him. Covering his tracks (mostly through murder and wholesale destruction of his temple's library) he set off on a winding trail across Glorantha, gathering the remaining knowledge he needed. Eventually he arrived in Prax, to begin the last phase of his plan to raise an ancient demon as his mentor and ally. When attacked, Nolantor prefers to use magic from cover.



Crimson Shadows over Prax - Runequest stats

Stats from Alexandre Lanciani

NOLANTOR

	Locations	AP	HP
STR 11	Rleg	1	5
CON 13	Lleg	1	5
SIZ 14	Abdomen	1	5
INT 16	Chest	1	6
POW 18	Rarm	1	4
DEX 11	Larm	1	4
APP 8	Head	1	5

Move 3
 Fatigue 24 (-ENC=17)
 HP 14
 MP 18

Scimitar: SR7 95/75 1d6+2+1d4 API0
Shield: SR8 45/90 1d6+1d4 API2

Skills: Dodge 70 (-ENC), Chaos Lore 70, Demon Lore 90, Nysalor Lore 90, Orate 80, Scan 80, Speak New Pelorian 90, Speak Talastari 75

Magic: Ceremony 75, Summon 90

Spirit Magic (105%-ENC): Befuddle, Detect Magic, Farsee 2, Mindspeech 2

Divine Magic (115%-ENC): Command Lune 3, Knowledge 2, Mindblast 2, Translate 2

Illumination abilities: Illumination 85, Recognize Illuminant 80, Riddling 75

Weapons and armor: Scimitar holding a Truesword matrix, heater shield, red robe (Total ENC=3D7)

Special Items: A silver earring in the shape of a Full Moon that protects its wearer with a Damage Resistance 10 spell, a Crystal of the Otherworld which gives a +30 bonus to all rolls involving communication with and/or coercion of Otherworld entities, such as the Summon skill or Spirit Combat rolls), a piece of Moonrock which holds 3 medium sized Lunes. He may use the POW of the Lunes so that he can cast more spells, or may release them as additional attackers.

Lune 1: Str 9, Pow 14, HP 9
 Lune 2: Str 13, Pow 11, HP 12
 Lune 3: Str 14, Pow 14, HP 12

Illumination as a special protection

Some of the Illuminated have a bonus added to their defense against certain attacks, much like a generalized Spirit

Resistance spell, equal to their Illumination skill/10. For example, in Nolantor's case, this bonus is added to characteristics defending against Sorcery and Divine spells, otherworldly creatures' attacks, detection and mind control. Equally, Ronan is protected against mental control and detection, and from falls. They always have at least this protection, even if the attack usually allows none. If the "attack" is a skill (such as an attempt to scan, i.e. detect, the Illuminated), then they defend with their full Illumination skill.

RONAN

	Locations	AP	HP
STR 16	Rleg	9	5
CON 17	Lleg	9	5
SIZ 13	Abdomen	9	5
INT 18	Chest	9	6
POW 16	Rarm	9	4
DEX 11	Larm	9	4
APP 14 (5)	Head	9	5

Move 3
 Fatigue 33 (-ENC=8)
 HP 15,
 MP 16

Scimitar: SR7 110/40 1d6+2+1d4 API5
Shield: SR8 60/100 1d6+1d4 API2

Skills: Chaos Lore 85, Climb 80, Dodge 85 (-ENC), Hide 80, Jump 85 (-ENC), Listen 85, Orate 85, Ride 75, Scan 85, Search 85, Sedenyic Lore 90, Sneak 90, Speak New Pelorian 60, Speak Tradetalk 45, Track 90

Magic: Ceremony 90, Summon 105

Spirit Magic (95%-ENC): Disrupt, Countermagic 2, Detect Food, Detect Water, Find Enemy, Heal 2, Peaceful Cut

Divine Magic (115%-ENC): Chaos Gift, Madness, Truesword

Illumination abilities: Illumination 95, Recognize Illuminant 85, Riddling 80, See True Form 80, Sense Lie 80

HeroQuest ability: Appear Human (in combat keeping the disguise counts as an action)

Chaos Features: Transformed into a Broo during his studies in Chaos, can only

be permanently slain if his body is completely dissolved in acid or burned in an intense fire otherwise it will reform and heal, even from some small part, within a few hours.

Equipment: Iron Scimitar, Full Iron Scale (9 points), Heater Shield (total ENC=24.5).

Special Items: Ronan has a POW storage crystal that contains 24 MP he may add to his own for the purpose of casting spells, but not in adding to his effective casting POW.

TYPICAL SABLE RIDER

	Locations	AP	HP
STR 12	Rleg	3	5
CON 14	Lleg	3	5
SIZ 13	Abdomen	4	5
INT 13	Chest	4	6
POW 11	Rarm	3	4
DEX 11	Larm	3	4
APP 9	Head	4	5

Move 4
 Fatigue 26 (-ENC=15)
 HP 14
 MP 11

IH Spear: SR7 75/40 1d8+1+1d4 API0

Scimitar: SR7 60/40 1d6+2+1d4 API15

Shield: SR8 30/60 1d6+1d4 API2

C.Bow: SR3/9 45/- 1d8+1

Skills: Animal Lore 60, Conceal 30, Dodge 60 (-ENC), Fast Talk 15, First Aid 45, Hide 30, Listen 60, Ride 75, Scan 60, Search 60, Sneak 30, Speak New Pelorian 30, Track 45

Magic: Ceremony 15

Spirit Magic (60%-ENC): 6 points between Darkwall (2), Demoralize (2), Disrupt, Endurance, Heal, Mindspeech, Protection

Weapons & Armor: Scimitar, Heater Shield, Bezainted Hauber and Coif, Cuibouilli limbs (Total ENC=11.5). Any other equipment is left on the Sable.



Stats from Meirion Hopkins

FENGULF THE SPY

Initiate of Orlanth

	Locations	AP	HP
STR 14	Rleg	4	5
CON 13	Lleg	4	5
SIZ 15	Abdomen	4	5
INT 13	Chest	4	6
POW 13	Rarm	4	4
DEX 11	Larm	4	4
APP 12	Head	4	5

Move 3
 Fatigue 27 (-ENC=11)
 HP 14
 MP 11

Broadsw: SR7 73/35 1d8+1+1d4 AP10
Dagger: SR8 41/23 1d4+2+1d4 AP6
Kite Shld: SR8 13/65 1d6+1d4 AP16

Skills: Fast Talk 95, Hide 52, Jump 70, Listen 65, Scan 45, Sneak 82, Ride 68, Running 53, Shadowing 58

Magic: Ceremony 25

Personality: Terrified of Lunar Reprisals 80

Spirit Magic (72-ENC=56%): Bladesharp 4, Disruption (1), Heal 2, Mobility 2, Protection 4

Weapons & Armor: Broadsword, Kite Shield, Dagger, Padded Cuirboilli armour and Helm (4 points)
 (Total ENC=15.5).

BLUE MOON BOUNTY HUNTERS

Initiate of Orogeria

	Locations	AP	HP
STR 16	Rleg	6	5
CON 15	Lleg	6	5
SIZ 13	Abdomen	6	5
INT 15	Chest	6	6
POW 16	Rarm	6	4
DEX 15	Larm	6	4
APP 10	Head	6	5

Move 3,
 Fatigue 31 (-ENC=24)
 HP 15
 MP 16+10=26

Dodge 70 (-ENC=63)

Scimitar: SR7 90/80 1d6+2+1d4 AP15
Shield: SR8 45/85 1d6+1d4 AP12

Skills: Chaos Lore 50, Hide 74, Ride 66, Sedenyic Philosophy 54, Sneak 73, Tracking 80, Wilderness Survival 77

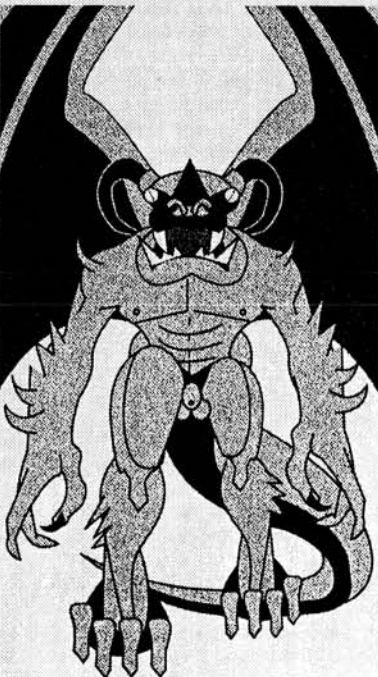
Magic: Ceremony 50, Summon 40

Spirit Magic (94-ENC=87): Befuddle (2), Heal 6, Invisibility (3), Mindspeech 2 (from matrix) and 4 points of Countermagic, Dispel Magic, Dullblade, Extinguish or Slow

Divine Magic (all 1-use) (114-ENC=107): Conceal, Vision

Equipment: Iron Scimitar, Heater Shield, Enchanted Robes (6 points)
 (Total ENC=7).

Special Items:
 Robes are enchanted with armouring enchantments to give 6AP. Each has a Talisman of Orogeria. These are conditioned so that they may only be used by an Initiate of Orogeria and containing Matrices for Mindspeech 2 and a 10 MP store.

**LUKAROS (alias Coriander)**

Priest of The Crimson Bat, Initiate of Rufeza

	Locations	AP	HP
STR 10	Rleg	10	5
CON 13	Lleg	10	5
SIZ 15	Abdomen	10	5
INT 13	Chest	10	6
POW 16	Rarm	10	4
DEX 14	Larm	10	4
APP 9	Head	10	5

Move 3
 Fatigue 23 (-ENC=21)
 HP 14
 MP 16

Scimitar: SR7 78/63 1d6+2+1d4 AP10
Dagger: SR8 63/34 1d4+2+1d4 AP6
Target S: SR8 30/66 1d6+1d4 AP12

Skills: Crimson Bat Mastery 98, Hide 79, Human Lore 63, Oratory 84, Ride 58, Scan 36, Sedenyic Philosophy 61

Magic: Ceremony 75, Summon 50

Spirit Magic (91-ENC=89): Befuddle (2), Demoralize (2), Farsee 1, Heal 4, Slow 4

Divine Magic (111-ENC=109): (From the TotRM8 cult write-up) Absorption 3, Dismiss Magic 4, Glowspot x1, Power Drain x2

Weapons and armor: Scimitar, Dagger, Enchanted Bracelet (10 points)
 (Total ENC=2)

Special Items:

Amulet of the Bat (magical artefact that enhances powers to communicate with, and control, the demon steed, and other chaotic demons).

Enchanted Silver Bracelet with Crescent Moon motif, which provides wearer with 10AP, conditioned so that it may only be used by an initiate of a lunar cult.

Ghosts of Britain

by Shannon Appelcline

"Knights of Arthur" in Tradetalk #4 presented a trio of knights for use in King Arthur Pendragon. This article is a sequel. However, unlike "Knights of Arthur", which presented three knights, this presents one, who, very much unknown to himself is the host to three different personalities.

In many ways, the Pendragon RPG can be seen as a game centering around the community of Arthurian knights. They head off on their own quests and searches, but always reunite: at tournaments, at feasts, and at ceremonies. NPC knights can be used to thread a campaign together, to always offer a familiar face at knightly events, and to help players feel like they are truly a part of the community of the Round Table.

Appendix I Ghosts in Glorantha

Sir Haegirth and his odd troubles could be easily mapped to the world of Glorantha. At the base of Blind King's Hill, in the Rubble of Pavis, is a small cemetery that is as mysterious as the Hill itself. None knows who is buried there. The area is usually avoided, because of the spirits that roam that place.

Sir Haegirth becomes a Zebra Rider. A worshipper of Humakt, he has thrown his lot in with Hargran the Dirty as a sword-for-hire. He investigated the cemetery after hearing stories of the dead risen, but now fears to return there—and also fears what his god will think of this cowardly action.

He has been possessed by the ghost of two ancient inhabitants of Pavis.

Trebius is a Sun Domer, come to Pavis centuries ago with Arinsor Clearmind. His beloved

SIR HAEGIRTH is intended to be used as an NPC: an opponent for tourneys, or a questing ally, perhaps. However, his rather strange and unique condition will no doubt cause players knights much confusion and consternation

The Story of Sir Haegirth

Sir Haegirth has a secret known to none: he is haunted.

It all started at a graveyard overlooking the Severn River, not far from Gloucester. It is a very ancient place that had been used for the burying of corpses for millenia. Romans, Celts, and Picts are all buried there, in strata-like layers, outlining a history of Britain's invasions. Sir Haegirth came to this graveyard as part of a quest: he was seeking the thighbone of a sorcerer and had determined that a Pictish sorcerer by the name of Dric was buried in this Severn cemetery.

Unfortunately, Sir Haegirth found much more than he had bargained for. In the cemetery he was set upon by wakeful ghosts. He found his sword useless against this incorporeal creatures, but still he fought. It was a battle he was doomed to lose. In the end two of the ghosts possessed him. Now, Haegirth wanders Britain, a man at war with himself.

Whenever players meet Haegirth, the gamemaster should roll a D6 to see who is currently in control of Haegirth's body:

- 1-2 Sir Haegirth
- 3-4 Trebius the Roman
- 5-6 Talist the Pict

Every 2D6 days, a new roll should be made.

Characteristics remain the same for all three personalities, but skills and personality traits differ, as noted below.

Note that the spirits inhabiting Sir Haegirth could be banished if a magician used his Necromantic talent and attained a total of 60 + the Spirit Defense of the ghost. This is unlikely to happen as none of the three entities has any reason to seek out magicians.



Sir Haegirth: Spirit the First

Cymric/Pagan

Glory 1,972

SIZ 12	Move 3	Major Wound 12
DEX 16	Damage 4d6	Unconscious 6
STR 13	Heal Rate 3	Knockdown 12
CON 12	Hit Points 24	Armor 12
APP 13		(reinforced chain) + shield

Combat Skills: Battle 12, Dagger 10, Horsemanship 18, Lance 19, Spear 10, Sword 16
Significant Traits: Energetic 12, Generous 15, Honest 13, Proud 16, Valorous 16
Significant Passions: Fear (Graveyards) 12, Honor 15, Loyalty (Arthur) 16

Significant Skills: Awareness 10, Courtesy 12, First Aid 10, Heraldry 12, Hunting 6, Tourney 10

Heraldry: argent, a board's head coupes gules, a label azure.

Horse: a roan charger, sleek and well-cared for, Damage 6d6, Move 9, CON 10.

Appearance: Sir Haegirth is the type of knight who fades right into the background at a tourney. He's of medium height and girth. His hair is dark brown, and his face is very plain. If not for his lancing skill Sir Haegirth would be virtually unknown. His fair skill at such a young age (Sir Haegirth is just 23) has brought him some renown on the tournament circuit, and many believe that he is destined for great things.

Demeanor: Sir Haegirth also believes that he is destined for great things. Unfortunately his pride and his fearlessness tend to get him into trouble, the incident at the Severn graveyard just being the final prideful mistake in a long series.

Sir Haegirth's pridefulness comes from the love of his Pagan religion. He feels no animosity toward Christians, but he wishes to show all that the Pagan ways are just as good; in every tournament he dedicates his victories to the Pagan gods, and then proceeds to act according to the Pagan virtues.

Still, Sir Haegirth is the soul of chivalry in court: polite to foes and helpful to women. This attitude has caused others to accept his outspoken Pagan ways without animosity.

As of yet Sir Haegirth does not realize that he was possessed by ghosts in the Severn Graveyard. Instead, he thinks he is going mad, as he frequently loses days or weeks at a time. He refuses to admit his infirmity to others, afraid of what they would do if they knew his true condition.

Story Ideas

The Thighbone's Connected to the ...

- Sir Haegirth still seeks the thighbone of a sorcerer, an item that he needs for a Pagan ritual which will increase the power of his gods around his manor house. He has (wrongly) convinced himself that there is no sorcerer at the Severn graveyard, but may ask friendly player knights to help him quest for a thighbone elsewhere. The thighbone he quests for may or may not be attached to a living sorcerer, as the gamemaster prefers.

Monster Mash - Eventually Sir Haegirth will overcome his fear and return to the Severn graveyard, believing that the answer to his problems lies there. He will definitely seek steadfast friends to join him. The Severn graveyard is a dangerous place. It has a high ambient magic, and this has caused many ghosts to be trapped in the place. There are numerous ghosts in the area which will seek to possess player knights (they may do so by winning an opposed dice roll based upon the personality trait or passion which ties them to the world--for example Love for Trebius and Vengeful for Talist). In addition, more corporeal skeletons and zombies also inhabit the area. The worse revenant



of all is the corpse of the Pictish sorcerer, Dric, a dead necromancer who has attracted a cult of followers from the nearby Severn valley. The only way to free the graveyard from its awful curse is by having a priest of God bless it. This will require not only convincing a priest to do so, but also keeping him safe during the ritual. If the graveyard is blessed, the free roaming shades will finally rest, but Haegirth must still deal with the two that possess him.

Trebius the Roman: Spirit the Second

Trebius died several hundred years ago, a member of a Roman legion fighting the Cymric people of Wales. When he died he was engaged to marry Decmia, a young Roman maid who lived in London. His last thoughts were of her, and they tied his spirit to the Earth. Whenever he gains control of Haegirth's body, Trebius strives to find her--a fruitless task since she is hundreds of years dead. Only if Trebius is able to find Decmia's grave will his spirit be allowed to go on to its final reward, freeing Haegirth from one of the two spirits possessing him.

was left behind, at the Sun Dome temple of Dragon Pass, but eventually travelled north into the Solar lands, where she was buried.

The temple of her final rest is in Dara Happa, now ruled by the Lunars. Journeying to it will be quite an adventure.

Talist is a Praxian barbarian, once leader of a tribe of oasis people who broke away from the tyranny of the beast riders and made a place for themselves in the Paps. Centuries later, his tribe is now fled to the Wastes. They still live, and prosper to some extent, but they have taken on chaos as a part of their life.

Much as in the Pendragon adventure, Sir Haegirth can be freed by putting the spirits to rest--by finding Trebius' love and Talist's tribe.

Since Hero Wars is likewise d20 based, the skills and stats can be carried straight over. Skill levels may need to be adjusted to fit your campaign. The best skills of the ghosts tend to run in the 20 (20) to 24 (4w) range. If the best skills of players are notably better, add the difference to all skills for the Haegirth and his ghosts. (For example, if the best skills of your characters tend to run around 8w you might want to add about 5 to the skills of Sir Haegirth and his ghosts.)

Appendix II Ghosts in Cthulhu

The Severn Valley, located at the edge of Wales, is also the home of Ramsey Campbell's Mythos tales, as recorded in *Cold Print* and *Made in Goatswood*.

Valkyrie magazine #15 & 16 contained an atlas and mini-bestiary for using these tales in *Call of Cthulhu*. The basic concept behind this article could likewise be adapted.

Have an investigator stumble into a graveyard in the Severn Valley and come out possessed by the spirits of these three warriors. Sir Haegirth was never able to free himself of the spirits that hounded him. He returned to the graveyard and was slain by the the sorcerer Dric. His allies dragged his body from that unholy place, and this is all that saved him from eternal unlife under Dric's control. Now Haegirth is too a spirit, and he too has a quest: to slay Dric once and for all.

The quests of Trebius and Talist can allow for an amusing change of pace. *Call of Cthulhu* investigators rarely find themselves seeking out after lost loves or searching for the remnants of a Pict tribe in modern Britain. However, putting to rest an ancient sorcerer is well within the realm of a typical Cthulhu adventure.

The three characters can be converted with little trouble. Multiply the skills by x5, using the closest equivalents. Each character needs to be given mental statistics: Sir Haegirth has Int 12, Pow 8; Trebius has Int 11, Pow 13; and Talist has Int 13, Pow 16.



Trebius
Roman/Christian
Spirit Defense 54

Combat Skills: Battle 15, Dagger 15, Horsemanship 2, Lance 0, Spear 12, Sword 21

Significant Traits: Chaste 16, Deceitful 14, Forgiving 14, Valorous 12

Significant Passions: Honor 5, Love (Decmia) 16, Loyalty (Roman Emperor) 12

Significant Skills: Awareness 12, Courtesy 5, First Aid 14, Folk Lore 12, Heraldry 0, Tourney 0

Demeanor:

In contrast to Sir Haegirth, Trebius is fairly quiet and reserved. He knows better than to talk of his Christianity, but definitely doesn't say anything about Paganism either. Overall, Trebius is low-key and polite. He doesn't drink much, avoids women, and is willing to turn the other cheek. He tries to avoid the spotlight, except when he can't due to whatever Sir Haegirth or Talist was doing beforehand.

Trebius is quite aware that he is a ghost inhabiting Sir Haegirth's body. He doesn't speak of this, afraid that he might be banished by a powerful necromancer. In general, he tries to pretend that he is Sir Haegirth--although his demeanor is so much calmer that Haegirth's that a change is obvious--while at the same time pursuing his personal quest.

Story Ideas

Maid Quest - Trebius, probably masquerading as Sir Haegirth, may approach the player knights if they seem friendly to Haegirth. He tells them of a new quest which requires him to find the last resting place of a Roman girl, likely dead for several centuries. This is, of course, Decmia. Decmia is buried in France, where she joined a convent after Trebius' death. Discovering this final resting place will be a tricky business. Descendants of her kin still live in Britain, not too far from where they lived in Trebius' time, but they don't take kindly to strangers looking into their familial affairs, and it will take searching through the Latin-language records of the oldest members of the family before even a hint is uncovered of the trip to France.

Talist the Pict: Spirit the Third

Talist lived over a thousand years ago, in the waning days of the Picts in Britain. He was a great warlord of the Ce tribe, and he fought many battles against the invading Celts, but in the end he was overwhelmed by their iron blades. He died bravely in battle.

Talist will be unable to rest until he sees that the remnants of his tribe still live and prosper, in the lands North, beyond the wall. He does not realize this, though, so instead takes this second life as an opportunity for vengeance against the

Cymric people who slew him so long ago.

Talist

Pict/Heathen (boar spirit)
Spirit Defense 71

Combat Skills: Battle 21, Great Axe 24*,
Horsemanship 5, Spear 19

* Talist's high great axe skill is due to his
Heathen religious bonus. Does +1d6 damage.

Significant Traits: Arbitrary 18, Honest
16, Indulgent 16, Proud 18,
Valorous 14, Vengeful 18, Worldly 20

Significant Traits: Hate (Cymrics) 13,
Honor 10, Loyalty (Ce Tribe) 18

Significant Skills: Awareness 19,
Courtesy 0, Faerie Lore 13, Heraldry
0, Hunting 20, Tourney 0

Demeanor:

Although just as active and outspoken as Sir
Haegirith, in many other ways Talist is his
opposite. He is crude, rude, and will carry a
grudge beyond the grave. He believes he has been
brought back to continue his battles against the
Cymric people. He understands Arthur's society
well enough to realize that becoming a black
knight would just send him back to the grave. So,
instead, he uses the tournaments of Britain to
demand battles to the death for the smallest

slights. He is also eager to join in battles between
knights, something that still occurs, even in
Arthur's Britain. Because of Talist's exploits, Sir
Haegirith is gaining quite a reputation as a
tactician, something which causes occasional
problems when Sir Haegirith suddenly finds
himself at the head of a unit in the middle of a
war.

After a few early incidents, where Talist
loudly claimed he had been reborn, and acted
without restraint, he learned that he needed to
use at least some subterfuge if he wanted to
continued his quest for vengeance. He is happy to
let others think him mad, and does not hesitate to
immediately turn from whatever Haegirith or
Trebis was doing, but likewise he does not
openly declare who and what he is.

Story Ideas

Hand-Pict Friends - When Talist finally
learns that his tribe, the Ce, still lives, he will
decide he wants to see them. Unfortunately, the
Northern lands are dangerous. He will wait until
another expedition to the North is being gathered
(for some other reason), and then join them.
Perhaps he will encourage such an expedition by
spreading (true) stories of the strength and
fierceness of the Ce about court. Talist plans to
join the Ce, betraying the Cymric knights of
Arthur's court in the process. He may have the
opportunity for one last battle (against his former
allies) before his spirit is put to rest.

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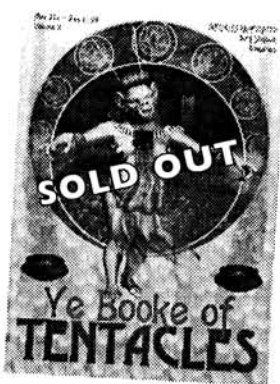


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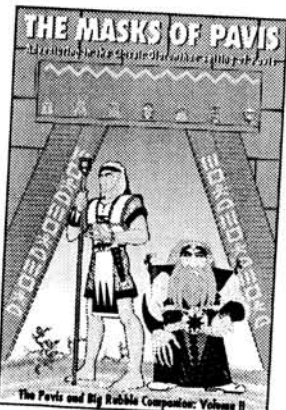
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