

Tradetalk

The Chaos Society Magazine

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#9

Glorantha
Hero Wars
RuneQuest
Cthulhu
Stormbringer
Corum
Hawkmoon
Pendragon

PAVIS & BIG RUBBLE

SPECIAL
PART II



Cults
Hero Bands
Monsters
Scenarios
Stories

Tradetalk

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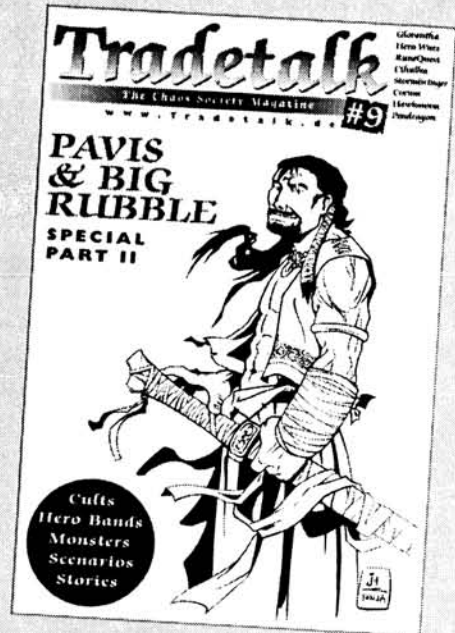
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Editorial

Hi Fellows,

Welcome to Tradetalk's second special "Pavis & Big Rubble" issue. Herein you will find a lot of material that we were unable to fit in Tradetalk #8. Our main author for Tradetalk #8, Tradetalk #9, and The Masks of Pavis, Ian Thomson, has made it possible to fill another issue with fantastic material about the adventure city of Pavis. We thank him for his special efforts.

Of course, we have a lot of material contributed by our other authors. We are very pleased to publish "It's Not Easy Being Grim", a story about Gimgin the Grim by Jim Chapin. The previously announced articles "More Adventures in the Young Kingdoms" by Shannon Appel and "Ritual Magic Part II, or 'Didn't you used to be related to that Orlanth fellow?'" by Stephen Martin will be published in Tradetalk #10 due to a lack of space in this issue.

Of course, contributions of articles, artwork, or other material for Tradetalk (or our web site) are welcome, especially for our art gallery.

We are very pleased to announce Henning Janssen as new artist and Guillermo Ortiz and Mariano Krasnanski of whom we will publishing a Glorantha comic in the oncoming issues.

Tradetalk On-line

Take a look at www.Tradetalk.de. It has been on-line since June and is a great success. The site was designed by Claire Steyert, and she has done a wonderful job. On our secure order page, you can order copies of all issues of Tradetalk, Ye Booke of Tentacles, and The Masks of Pavis (for as long as they are still available). You can also order the "Griffin Mountain" and "Pavis & Big Rubble" reprints from Moon Design Publications and the first issue of Unspoken Word.

Issaries News

Issaries, Inc., has more Hero Wars material coming. Just released was **The Complete Griselda**, which contains twenty-eight stories by Oliver Dickinson set in Pavis and the Big Rubble. This will be followed by **Barbarian Adventures** and **Orlanth is Dead!** (Sartar Rising, parts 1 and 2). **Hero's Book** and the 2nd edition of **Hero Wars** should come soon thereafter.



followed by an **Orlanthi Narrator's Kit**.

[ed. Note: With the kind permission of Issaries, Inc., we are publishing an excerpt from Sartar Rising in this issue.]

And in the middle distance, I see ...

A Promise of Thunder, a full-length novel by Robin D. Laws. This book reveals Tarkalor's early reluctance and the burden of royal blood and divine descent during the Kingdom of Sartar's war with the Lunar Empire. The tale is set in Tarkalor's youth, long before he becomes the greatest king of Sartar.

Robin is known for his fiction (such as Pierced Heart and The Rough & the Smooth) as well as role-playing games like Feng Shui and Hero Wars. Laws 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".

In the longer distance (2002) Issaries will publish **The Imperial Lunar Handbook** in two volumes, **Adventures in Dragon Pass** and **Raising the Dragon** (also part of the Sartar Rising series), and **Queen's Heir** by John Boyle, the first novel of the "Road of Kings" trilogy. Plans are also in the works for books set in Loskalm and Pavis.

Other Material

Unspoken Word published its premier issue of the Unspoken Word magazine in May. As its subtitle (**Tarsh in Flames**) suggests, it is a detailed description of Tarsh at the beginning of the Hero Wars, including keywords and looots of background. Issue #2 (**Bandits & Outlaws**) will appear later this year. But before this, they plan to publish **Son of Kargzant**.

The Chaos Society published **The Masks of Pavis** (the second Pavis & Big Rubble Companion) at the TENTACLES Convention in June. This first "Tentacles Tome" book contains background information on Pavis and the Big Rubble as well as episodes for an entire series set in the City of Adventure.

The Chaos Society plans to publish both **The Masks of Pavis Volume II** from the indomitable Ian Thompson and **Ye Booke of Tentacles Volume IV** (the Scenario/Episodes Volume) in November. **Tradetalk #10**, a Handra & Wenelia special, will also appear later this year.

Moon Design Publications produced **Glorantha Classics Volume II: Griffin Mountain** in June. This reprint comes with some new articles as well as many new illustrations. At the same time, they published a second printing of **Glorantha Classics Volume I: Pavis & Big Rubble**. Rick and Collin plan to publish the third volume, **Glorantha Classics Volume III: Cults and More**, in October.

David Hall of the Reaching Moon Megacorp has announced that **Tales of the Reaching Moon #20**, the final issue, is planned for this year. Rumor has it that the "Best of Tales Project" has morphed from a hardcopy-paper-project to a CD ROM.

Until next time, I hope you enjoy this issue.

Ingo

News from the Trader

Issaries News

A New Look for Hero Wars

Hero Wars is getting a new look! Beginning in October, all Hero Wars supplements and core books will be released in the "standard game format" of 8.5"x11" instead of the line's previous trade paperback format. Most supplements will be 64 or 72 page books. The first two books to appear in the new format will be *Barbarian Adventures* (ISS 1401) and *Orlanth is Dead!* (ISS 1402), which were previously announced as a single title, *Sartar Rising*.

"This format gives us more flexibility with the line", says Issaries, Inc. president Greg Stafford, "and allows us to improve the appearance of our books, both inside and out. Additionally, we get better display opportunities in retail placement if Hero Wars is the standard size".

The Hero Wars Fiction line, whose first offering (*The Complete Griselda*) was released last week, will remain in the trade paperback format.

Hero Wars

Release Schedule Revised

With the change in format comes a revised release schedule. "With the narrower focus that our new format requires, we will be able to meet this production schedule. The first book is available now, and all four of the books slated for release afterwards are in various stages of editing. The core components of the next few books are in place, and several additional manuscripts are in hand as well".

September

The Complete Griselda

By Oliver Dickinson

ISS 4502, ISBN 1-929052-11-1, 224 pages

(trade paperback format), \$17.95

Issaries, Inc.'s Hero Wars Fiction line begins with this book of short fiction by Oliver Dickinson. For years, fans have enjoyed his stories about the adventurer Griselda, an adventurer in the city of Pavis whose exploits are the subject of wonder, admiration, and fear. Now, all of his published stories, plus several new ones, are collected into a single book. These twenty-eight short stories about life in the Big Rubble are written in a Damon Runyon style with humor, irony, and an intimate knowledge of life in the ancient ruins. Witness the loyalty of Wolthead the bandit and the cleverness of Hurbie the con man. See Griselda's decisive action when confronting swords, and her more clumsy ripostes at love. Above all, marvel at her apparent invincibility as she defies death and all challengers in Pavis, deadliest city in the Praxian wastes.

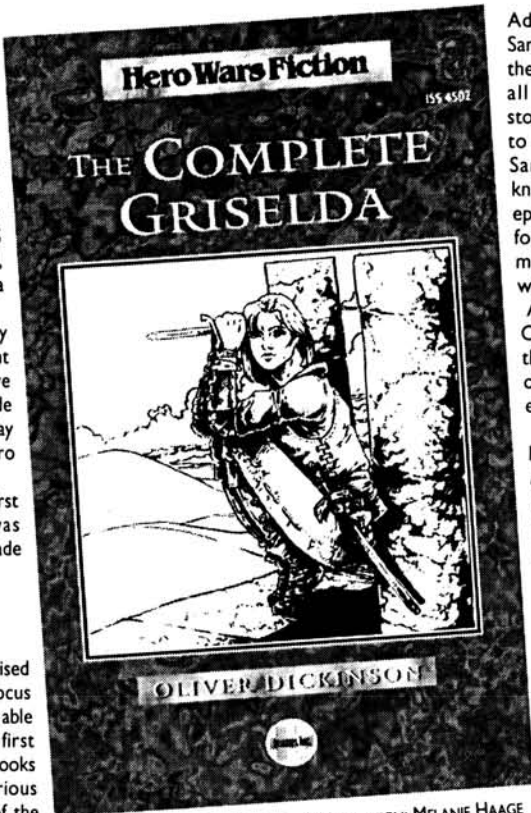


ILLUSTRATION: Heather Bruton - COVER DESIGN: MELANIE HAAGE

October

Barbarian Adventures

(Sartar Rising, part 1)

By Greg Stafford, Robin D. Laws, and friends

ISS 1401, ISBN 1-929052-05-7, 72 pages

(standard format), \$14.95

The first scenario book for Hero Wars details typical activities and unusual adventures for Heortling heroes. Seek the advice of the clan Lawspeaker, fight Chaos monstrosities, become embroiled in a blood feud because of a horse, and escort a group of friendly (perhaps more than friendly) healers around the countryside.

Also includes a Clan Questionnaire to help players understand the mythology and attitudes of their clan.

November

Orlanth is Dead! (Sartar Rising, part 2)

By Greg Stafford and friends

ISS 1402, ISBN 1-929052-15-4, 72 pages

(standard format), \$14.95

Following close on the heels of *Barbarian*

Adventures, *Orlanth is Dead!* begins the Sartar Campaign with an epic conflict against the Lunar Empire. Whitewall has fallen, and all across Dragon Pass the winds have stopped. As winter deepens and spring fails to come, the rebellion begins in southern Sartar at the supernatural struggle later known as the Battle of Iceland. Despite the epic scope of this Great Event, it is not just for the demigod types, but for any hero who might attain such status! Where will you be when the Hero Wars begin?

Also includes a timeline of the Sartar Campaign, secrets of Kallyr Starbrow and the many Argraths, details about the tribes of Sartar, and Hero Wars statistics for eight great leaders of the rebellion.

December

Hero's Book

By Mark Galeotti

ISS 1002, ISBN 1-929052-13-8, 64 pages

(standard format), \$12.95

Hero's Book is everything a player needs to know to play Hero Wars. It contains all of the game's key rules, as well as many tips for creating effective heroes, using the rules to their advantage, and role-playing in the world of Glorantha without being intimidated by its vast scope and history. It sets the stage for the new year by being fully compatible with the second edition rules, but is also of immediate interest and use to players of the first edition.

Also includes twelve beginning characters as examples or even for use as players' first heroes.

January

A Promise of Thunder

By Robin D. Laws

ISS 4503, ISBN 1-929052-14-6, 224 pages

(trade paperback format), \$17.95

Issaries, Inc. is proud to offer this novel by well-known author and game designer Robin D. Laws. *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".

February

Hero Wars (2nd edition)

By Robin D. Laws, Greg Stafford, and friends
ISS 1001, ISBN 1-929052-12-X, 256 pages
(standard format), price TBA.

Issaries, Inc. announces the second edition of its *Hero Wars* role-playing game. This edition contains the contents of *Hero Wars* (ISS 1101) and the former *Narrator's Book* (ISS 1104), which have been revised, re-edited, and laid out in a completely new format. It contains the complete rules for *Hero Wars*, including beginner-friendly Character Creation, new rules for *Hero Bands*, simplified Contest resolution, and streamlined Magic systems. New scenarios, a new heroquest, and over a dozen new bands help to breathe new life into the rules for players and narrators alike.

All previous *Hero Wars* supplements remain fully compatible with these revised rules.

Spring 2002

Orlanthi Narrator's Kit

ISS 1501, ISBN 1-929052-16-2, price TBA

This gaming screen contains all important tables from the revised *Hero Wars* rules on the narrator's side, and bears a stunning piece of artwork on the reverse made up of the covers of *Thunder Rebels*, *Storm Tribe*, *Barbarian Adventures*, and *Orlanthi is Dead!* Scheduled contents include a large full-color map of Sartar, a Heortling wall calendar, Orlanthis-specific character sheets, and a Clan Record Sheet.

Adventures in Dragon Pass

(Sartar Rising, part 3)

By Greg Stafford and friends
ISS 1403, ISBN 1-929052-17-0,
standard format, price TBA

This third book of the Sartar Campaign provides new scenarios for heroes. Travel to the Grazelands to free your kinsmen from their horse-riding masters. Heroquest to gain great powers with which to fight the Lunars. Explore the wondrous land of Dragon Pass, from Sartar to the Shaker Temple, from Beast Valley to the shadows of the troll land of Dagori Inkarth.

Imperial Lunar Handbook, part 1

By Greg Stafford and friends
ISS 1302, ISBN 1-929052-04-9, standard format,
price TBA

The *Imperial Lunar Handbook* provides an insider's look at the vast Lunar Empire. It gives players a look past the facade of evil and decadence and into the brilliance and liberty of the great Empire, and instructs heroes on how to live in it. The Empire is a fusion of many disparate regions, each with its own customs and magic. Over all the Red Moon shines down, and the Son of the Goddess rules.

Volume 1 details the Lunar Empire and the religion of the Red Goddess that holds it together. Future volumes will concentrate on the most important regions within the Empire, including Dara Happa, Rinliddi, and Carmania.

SNEAK PEEK AT SARTAR RISING

Kallyr's Story • by Greg Stafford

KALLYR STARBROW is the most influential and, later, most powerful individual in Sartar. Her story determines most of the background epic of which your campaign is a part.

Her actions keep Sartar's rebellion alive, and after this book is over she exterminates Lunar power and becomes the High King to defend the land and make it strong. Player bands, being unique and active as they are, will gravitate towards her and she towards them. Indeed, through this and the next supplement we will provide a plot line that will allow them to become as close as they wish.

However, at this stage of the story Kallyr is a distant figure. Three levels of resistance lie between them and her at the start of the game. When they meet Javern Spithorn (of the Sunset Leap; see http://www.HeroWars.com/tw/javern_sunset_eap.html), he is the first link; Orngerin (his boss) is the second; and finally is Kallyr, the leader of leaders.

As a narrator, you should be aware of how you disseminate information. The three stories below are basically outlines of the information that needs to be given out to various segments of society. Basically, people talk about things in a different way based upon how close they are to the actual events.

The long term effects of this is to insinuate the player hero band into the large scale historical process, to show the players how to affect those actions, and even to offer the chance to become pivotal themselves.

What Everyone Knows About the Daughter of Vinga

Here's the public story of Kallyr and her journey to high kingship. When the common folk talk about Kallyr, this is the type of information that they share.

Kallyr is the greatest hero since Sartar and Harmast. She is as powerful as a small god — once she alone exterminated a tornado that was tearing up her home. She is a Vingian, never wedded nor bedded by anyone since she took her oath to free Sartar. She has special powers and went to the Sky World once and conquered a star god. Now she bears its power in a jewel set in her forehead. She can be caught but never kept. She was dragged near dead off the field at Boldhome but escaped. She was captured by Lunar sorcery at Larnste's Table, but escaped. She was in Whitewall when it fell to the Crimson Bat, but escaped. She wears all the regalia of the Iron Band on herself. She heads an army of holy fighters called Sartar's Band who can run on air or water, and which includes ten heroes from

old times come back to help her.

The Great Rebel

Below is a closer focus on what her situation REALLY is. This is told by an observer who is at the level of information and action that a successful hero band could achieve.

Kallyr's Movements

1586. Born.
1600. Fire Season. Initiation to adulthood begun, tests in cult of Vinga;
Salinarg becomes Prince of Sartar.
1601. Fire Season. Tests in cult of Rigdsal.
1602. Water Season. Initiated to Vinga, Vanganth.
1602. Fire Season. Battle of Boldhome. Boldhome Falls, Sartar is occupied. Kallyr flies and fights Silverflame, is nearly killed, and is captured.
1604. Dark Season. Escapes imprisonment.
1605. Sea Season. Initiated to Rigdsal. Lives among Culbrea.
1607. Joins Fourstar battle band. Participates in Rightous Wind Movement in north, Guerilla and commando activities in north, encourages resistance among Culbrea. c. 1609 Meets Dunor! Brandgorsson, leader of Sartar's Band. Guerilla and commando activities in the north, organizes resistance among the Quivin folk.
1611. Righteous Wind Movement defeated by Harvar Ironfist. Fourstar battle band is disbanded. Kallyr elected Queen of Kheldon in defiance of Lunars.
1613. Starbrow's Rebellion (Lunar name: Battle of Orlanthe the Loser). Kallyr captured and taken to Fazzur at Larnste's Table; escapes, joins King Broyan at Whitewall. Guerilla and commando activities.
1615. Active among Culbrea, other Quivini working up resistance. About this time Kallyr becomes head of Sartar's Band.
ABOUT THIS TIME
THE HERO WARS CAMPAIGN BEGINS

In Kallyr's Future

1617. She leaves Sartar and personally serves King Broyan.
1619. Lunar Empire invades northern Heortland! King Broyan shut up inside his city of Whitewall. Kallyr returns to Quivin area, guerilla and commando activities. Winter in Heortland, with Broyan.
1620. early, middle in Whitewall with Broyan. Winter return to Quivini.
1621. In Quivini area when Whitewall falls.
1622. early Among the Quivini gathering help. middle Heortland, Battle of Iceland. late return to Quivini.

LEGENDS OF GENERT

From the Chronicles of Fethela Fodronu

by Shannon Appel

Clear Credit

This month's article cannot help but be influenced by Ian Thomson's ideas about the Green Age and Pavis from *Ye Booke of Tentacles #3*, in turn influenced by conversations with Greg Stafford. For general background on Genert and his Garden, I drew from *Nomad Gods, Cults of Prax, and Gods of Glorantha*. Much more directly, the prophecy in "Lost Seeds" is borrowed from a much longer prophecy written by Sandy Petersen which appeared in *Tales of the Reaching Moon #14*. And lastly thanks to Stephen Martin and Ian Thomson for comments.



• **Shannon Appel** is a long-time game designer who has written professionally for *RuneQuest, Call of Cthulhu, Nephilim, Ars Magica, Pendragon, and Hero Wars*. He is currently focused on online game design, and has weekly columns appearing at www.skotos.net and www.rpg.net. His first published fiction, "Keystones", should appear in *Legends of the Pendragon*, published by Green Knight this summer.

FETHELA SPEAKS: GENERT

"Move on" - Tarbrain says. "You've written enough about Pavis. Give them something new. Tell them about the House of Errinoru or the three trees that were lost then found again, or the elf who ruled the trolls. Give them variety!"

But this time I will not submit to the tyranny of the tarbrain. I will not, for there are more tales to be told in these Wastes, more songs to be sung.

Pavis was a great spirit, for he did what could not be done, dreamed what could not be dreamt, sang what could not be sung. He knew no limits and obeyed only the laws etched deep into his half-human heart. He was a warrior, a liberator, and a planner, a great man who still touches us today, whose plots are still not complete.

But he did not walk alone.

Pavis was a mighty tree, but his roots ran deep. He planted himself in the strong loam of the ancient past and only then did he blossom and grow.

How can I sing of Pavis without singing of He who came before? Of He who grew the Garden which is but a memory now, and a hope, and a promise. I sing today of what once was in this mighty land, of what once grew in these ruined Wastes, of what the city of Pavis is built upon. I sing of the giant Genert and of his Garden.

One day may Pavis' descendents help to make it grow again.

LOST SEEDS

As told me by Kurn Fivetail
of the Bison Tribe of Prax

This is what the old wise man told me about Genert.

A long time ago, he said, Genert was alive and the world was good. This whole forsaken place was a garden. Bison and we would pick the fruit we wanted and eat it and then spit out the seeds and new trees would grow. We were truly brothers then. There was always enough fruit. Everything was golden.

Other people say Genert ruled over Prax but he didn't. He just kind of watched because nothing needed to be done. The old man told me that once Genert got mistaken for a mountain for a hundred years and the stupid pstriches moved their tribe there. And another time the pygmies went to him for advice and all the babies were old before he answered. And still another time the

GAME NOTES

Though Genert's Garden is long gone from the plains of Prax, existing only as a memory—embodied only by the much smaller Garden tended by the Aldryami of the old city, and a few other sad and scattered secret sites—it still remains a powerful mythic ideal. Fragments of the Garden from before the Dawn still filter down into the Third Age in the form of artifacts, histories, and prophecies.

The Aldryami remain one of the people most interested in Genert's Garden and in the Giant himself. For most of the peoples of Prax Genert is an interesting aside, background to the tales of Storm Bull and Waha and Tada. But to the Aldryami he is a figure of awe, for to them he is often the Green Age personified.

The following adventure seeds spring directly from the tales that Fethela collected here. Although these adventure seeds could be used with any group of Hero Wars (or RuneQuest) adventurers, Aldryami would be among those most interested.

- *Certain legends tell of the five (sometimes six) gifts which Genert left the peoples of Prax. Several sources agree that he gave pure loam to the Ta-da Shi and a seed of light to the white elves. Nothing is written, however, of the gift he gave to his own golden people. And, few know who the copper warriors or sky-spears are, let alone what they might have been given.*

THE GIANT AND THE OAK

As told by Geo Talespinner at Gimpy's

Once upon a time this whole place was Green. Everything. The whole world. And so they called it the Green Age. Around here aparts they called it the Golden Age, actually, but them barbarians was always sort of color blind.

Prax was much more frilly then. There wasn't no bison riders or big barbarians or nothing of that sort. Just a bunch of folks. And you elves didn't have your little Garden out in the ruins. Instead this whole place was a Garden. Genert's Garden.

Genert was the giant, of course. Came down from the Rockwoods, some folks say. Though I ain't sure there was no Rockwoods then. Anyway, he came from somewhere else, and when he arrived here he gathered all kinds of advisors. You probably don't care about most of them, not even the dragon. But I know there was one advisor who will particularly interest you. His name was Tree Too Tall.

It wasn't redwoods that lived in Prax then. It was oaks and Tree Too Tall was the greatest of them all. He was almost as tall as Genert they say, but not quite.

So there you got it, the Giant and the Oak.

Once I hear the Giant was investigating a strange beast way up in the north. It was chaos, we know that now, but they didn't know that then. This one, it had arrived in the Giant's Garden and it had been so awed by what it saw there that it had to hide. Chaos afraid of beauty. That's, you know, ironic.

So, here was this chaos thing (and I forgot to mention, it was a big mother, almost as tall as the Giant they say, but not quite) and it's scared of this beautiful beauty it sees in Prax and it starts howling and the sound is carrying across all of Prax, bouncing and echoing off the mountains and the sea and it's got everyone afraid or curious or angry. So the Giant has to investigate. And he takes the Oak with him.

They finally find it, huddled down between two mountains and hiding its head. But it's dark down there in the crevice so they can't really see it. So the Oak illuminates things, whatever that means. That's how I always hear it. The Oak illuminates things. I don't know, sounds like those red loonies, but whatever.

Anyway, they can see it in all its chaosness. It's got three heads and a half-dozen slimy tentacles and it's breathing out poison and farting acid and the Giant and the Oak can smell the people it ate on its breath.

And the damn thing's crying.

And what does Genert do? Does he cleave off this things head? Does he rip off its tentacles and toss it into the sea? No.

Genert tells the thing its going to be all right.

We know where that got him.

I never hear anything more of the story. I think we're supposed to think that this murdering acid-dripping chaos beast saw the light and everything was better for him afterward, and the Giant and the Oak made a friend or some such

dark devil people altogether forgot he existed.

Genert didn't do nothing and the people never knew how much they needed him till he was gone. It was the chaos that killed him, same as everyone. The chaos marched south and Genert led all the peoples north and that was the first great battle of Prax.

And we lost.

Genert was killed by the chaos and scattered all across the land. Our people were scattered too, and it was only Tada who saved us. And the plants wilted and the trees rotted and nothing new grew. It was the end.

But, the old man told me, there was six gifts that Genert left behind. Six seeds he called them. These were the six gifts that Genert gave out before that first and last battle.

One of the gifts really was a seed and that was the one he gave to your kin, those elves who served him. And he said: "When your light is extinguished, and your people are adrift, this will rekindle the fire in their hearts".

And there was another gift he gave to my people. He handed it to the great bison-rider or maybe the great bison. It was hard to tell them apart in that time. It was two handfuls of beautiful loam, and these were giant-handfuls remember. He placed them before my bison kin and said: "From these hidden depths may arise the myths of the past".

Those two gifts are long gone now, because you elfs who are here now aren't the elfs who used to be here and because that stupid Jack Rabbit managed to trade Genert's loam for bison's stuff back in the real bad times. And the next three gifts, I don't know anything about them at all. They were given to folks who are all gone now.

We might find those five gifts again. Those seeds might already be planted. I don't know.

But I do know about the final gift, the sixth seed. Genert didn't say anything about that one because he was dead by then. The sixth gift was himself, you see. He was scattered all about after that first battle. His eyeball here. His big toe over there. His ear on the other side of the mountain. But my bison kin, they watched real careful and saw where some of the pieces went. And one day, we're going to find all his pieces, and that's how Genert's gonna give us his last gift. He's going to be his own seed you see.

At least that's what the old man told me.

I don't know much more to say about Genert, except that I'm not sure if I agree with the old man. I don't really know if I want Genert back. Once one of them impalas told me a prophecy and it went like this:

"But the Golden Age is not for us.

Men will not be men any longer.

Impala will not be beasts.

The Way of Waha will be lost.

The Storm Bull will be slain.

Eiritha will wear shackles.

The spirits will go away".

But I think that maybe that impala was just trying to scare me.

An epic quest could begin with tales of the five gifts. Locating the lost peoples, finding the true nature of Genert's gifts to them, and recovering the gifts themselves would all be parts of the journey.

- The cleft which the Talespinner spoke of, north of Adari, does indeed exist, though it is difficult to find. The voices have not been heard in at least a generation. Although questors might initially be disappointed, they will soon find that the area is honeycombed with catacombs and that within those catacombs are memories and relics of the three who met here: the chaos beast, the giant Genert, and his advisor Tree Too Tall.

- The white elves are a people thought lost from Glorantha, but there are some who believe that remnants of the people might be hidden in the Garden of Pavis. Without a doubt, there are a few lesser plants there that once grew upon the sun, though they are well hidden, protected by heroes and myths. Whether white elves still might live in Genertela remains to be seen in the Hero Wars.

bison dung. I figure it's more likely that Genert leaned down to pet the poor thing's head and it tried to bite Genert's face off, and then the Giant and the Oak smashed him to a fine goo.

But, whatever.

I do hear another story, however, that says that north of Adari there's a hidden cleft between two big mountains. And that sometimes you can hear crying come from there.

And that once a year, in the Holy Time, you can hear a booming voice responding. And that if you hear that voice, that no matter what happens, you know everything's gonna be all right.

THE WHITE ELVES

As told me by Arhil Oaklimb of the Garden

We hear the song of another people here in the Garden, a people now lost and gone, a forgotten secret. In the time after the Green Age it was not we who sang the songs with Genert. It was not we who tended the Garden that was so much larger than our own. It was other daughters of Aldrya, daughters now lost in the sky and gone.

It was the white elves who dwelled in Genert's Garden and sang the songs.

They are a legend now. Even we have nearly forgotten them. But then they were a reality upon the world. When we sing of the white elves we remember them as Aldrya's children sprung forth from Halamalao's soil, just as we are born of Gata's loam. They were wondrous creatures of light and life, then as pure as Halamalao was then, now as lost as Halamalao is now.

Rarely did they deign to set forth upon Gata's soil, but to Genert's land they spread like weeds. To them he was the Green Age personified, the ultimate mystery embodied, the essence of all they could never have known. The white elves so loved this land that their own father smiled upon it, and so the meat here still name him The Splendid One.

Even now we hear the song of Genert's last day, when he gathered together all of the peoples of this land. We hear how his twin advisors, All Eyes But One Open and Grows Too Tall, helped him to stand strong. We hear how all the peoples of the land gathered together, bright copper, shining gold, glowing white, sky blue, and pale flesh alike. We hear how they marched north to face that which they could not beat.

We hear the song of oblivion swallowing all of the best of this land.

We may sing proudly of our white brethren, for when all the others fled, it was the white elves alone who stood by Genert and fought to the end. It was Grows Too Tall who took the first of the wicked blows and was never seen again, not on this side of the cycle of the other. It was Oaleer Brightoak who wielded the sword of light until it was broken into the three shards. It was the elves who remained at Genert's side.

And that is why there are no longer white elves on these plains.

Though our Garden is not Genert's Garden, though it is but a reminder of what once was, it is still a place of beauty, wonder, and

mystery; it is still a mystery to us so many meat generations after our arrival.

So it was that my seed-kin Rohir once told me, on contemplating our Garden after the dryad's second dream:

"Our Garden is like the Zola Fel. She stops and pauses, edging about in secret spots. She hides secrets in those edies. But one day those secrets will rejoin the river".



Jalmar Ironsword

Lieutenant of Arkat

A HUMAKTI HERO CULT

• Original RQ article by Tim Leask and Michael O'Brien.

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NB: The Jalmari were originally designed as protagonists for the "One High Priest Too Many" scenario for *Strangers in Prax*. That scenario was eventually rewritten without them, but now they're back, and itching for a rumble.

History of Jalmar Ironsword

JALMAR WAS A SWORD OF HUMAKT and one of Arkat's most trusted lieutenants during the wars against Gbaji. Originally from Dragon Pass, he journeyed to Seshnela with his Lightbringer allies to aid Arkat. Jalmar's aid was vital, for he helped discover the full powers of Arkat's legendary sword God-Cleaver. It was called the Unbreakable Sword, and with it Arkat (said by some to be the son of Humakt) slew men and gods alike, gaining for himself awesome strengths and inhuman abilities.

Jalmar's close association with Arkat led to his understanding of certain mystical disciplines; but Jalmar was ever true to his god Humakt and resisted the dark temptations of the hazardous way of Illumination. When Arkat decided to break with his restrictive Hrestoli origins, it was Jalmar who inducted him into the Humakt cult. As a Humakti, Arkat found new allies, and the chaos armies were pushed further and further back towards Dorastor, Gbaji's homeland.

However, after Arkat abandoned Humakt to become a troll, Jalmar became disheartened with his lord's excesses and returned to Dragon Pass. It was here that he



«Take no more than seven breaths to decide on a course of action. Then you must see this decision through with total attention. That is the way of the true warrior»

Jalmar Ironsword

founded the Order of the Knights of Truth, which was renamed the Brotherhood of Jalmar after his death. This mystic order of sword-brothers was founded to battle all chaos, but particularly to suppress the influence of Gbaji and other hidden chaos in Dragon Pass.

Although discomfited by Arkat-Kingtroll's shocking actions, Jalmar could not turn his back on him, and returned to Dorastor with a legion of his followers to aid in the final, terrible battle with Gbaji. Jalmar and most of his followers were slain in the tumultuous conflict, although Arkat

emerged victorious. Through careful preparation, Jalmar's soul passed into the Heroplane instead of Hell, and was later contacted by his surviving followers who established his worship.

The Jalmar Cult in Old Pavis

According to the secret records of the current Brotherhood, a chapter of the Jalmari order existed in the original city of Pavis (c.850 - 940). However, when a band of the Brothers came to Dorastor's newly-founded Pavis-Outside-the-Walls in 1550,

they could find no trace of their brethren in the ruins now known as the Big Rubble. Although privy to Heroquesting mysteries and rituals of fabulous power (most of which have been lost), the Jalmari of Old Pavis were believed to have utterly perished during the five centuries of strife and invasion the city suffered at the hands of nomads and trolls. Nevertheless, the modern Jalmari are certain that the secrets of the old chapter lie buried somewhere in the Rubble.

Among their most prized possessions is a rough diagram of the old Brotherhood's meeting-house, borrowed from the Monastery's records. The remnants of the building are thought to be situated in what is now known as the "Oldtown" area of the Manside ruins. Posing as independent mercenaries, the Brotherhood maintain an old fortified mansion (type B ruin) here, as a base to comb the ruins. So far they have had no luck. When last they attempted a full-scale (yet covert) excavation of a likely site, rumors of a great treasure site sprang up in the taverns and dives of New Pavis.

Oldtown has been the target of treasure-hungry adventurers and Lunar agents ever since. Presently, even Lunar intelligence is not aware of the existence of the Jalmari, though its agents have noted some rumors.

Another major objective of the Order is to probe the mysteries of the enigmatic Puzzle Canal. The Canal was built by the demi-god Labrygon in ancient times, and is said to be an elaborate Nysalor Riddle or a physical pathway to mystical enlightenment. The Brotherhood have organized several expeditions into the canal, and know at least as much about it as do the Lhankor Mhyugas.

Although the Humakt cult as a whole maintained a mantle of neutrality when the Lunars invaded Prax, the Jalmari used their influence within the cult to strenuously oppose the chaos-embracing Lunars' encroachment. When New Pavis was taken in 1610, the Brothers took refuge in the Rubble. Some (including the Senior Knight of Jalmari in Pavis) remain there to this day. The chapter is covertly linked to the Free Pavis faction, who seek the city's independence.

Several Humakti in Pavis are secret members of the Brotherhood, led by the Sword of Humakt/Senior Knight of Jalmari; General Caspian Vur. The other Humakti in Pavis are unaware of this hero cult's existence. In his role as a commander of the Pavis Royal Guard, General Vur was active in the defense of the city against the Lunars and has been declared an outlaw for this, although he is still not known as a Jalmari. Because of the price on his head, General Vur cannot openly return to New Pavis. He remains at the Order's domicile in Manside, coordinating the Brotherhood's activities from there. The Lunars believe he has left the area, and are not actively seeking him at this time.

Icons and Images

Jalmar's image is rendered only infrequently, and in most cases is in the form of a statue of a cloaked warrior leaning on the pommel of a huge bastard sword with its tip resting on the ground. This bastard sword is decorated with runes, and the figure's face is hidden within a deep cowl.

Nature of the Hero Cult

The Brothers of Jalmari maintain vigilance against the subtle intrusions of chaos into society. While they may muster alongside their comrades to fight chaos in all its forms, it is not their role to sacrifice themselves against the grosser foes, such as brood hordes or blasphemous horrors that wander out of Dorastor, but to uncover hidden chaos behind the mask of civilization.

Attitudes and Relationships

The Brotherhood has maintained its secrecy since the days of Arkat, and has no official connections outside of the Cult of Humakt, and few even within it. Amongst its lore, the Hero Cult maintains various rites and wisdoms related to the myths and rituals of other chaos-hating cults. Thus, at times when they need to prove their worth to gain the assistance or trust of others, the Knights of Jalmari can prove their credibility through this lore.

Organization

Services are conducted by the worshippers as and when they can congregate without attracting attention. The Order's High Holy Day is not fixed, and many worshippers make the irregular pilgrimage to Heortland to observe it each year.

Members of the Brotherhood may be found throughout all Heortling lands, but are few and scattered, operating in small cells. Inquisitive outsiders who learn too much are either inducted into their number, bound by Oaths or slain. Even other Humakti in the temple of a region that contains a chapter of the Order are rarely aware of its existence, though sometimes a group of Jalmari will form their own Hero Band under a more acceptable guise.

The Brothers of Jalmari may originally be from any of the other Humakti Subcults. However, some such as Hu, Indrodar, and Kargan, are more strongly represented. The Brothers worship as normal at their usual shrines and temples, and do not leave their original subcult. Humakti are men of action more than men of ceremony, and there is never a problem with a Jalmari needing to leave his devotions in order to act on

Humakt's will.

There is only one major center of the cult, and this is the secluded "Monastery of the Light of Truth" high in the Stormwalk Mountains, the place where the Brotherhood was founded. Since there are no specific temples or shrines to Jalmari, other than at the Monastery, this Hero Cult's inter-temple organization consists entirely of coded messages and personal messengers.

The Grand Master of Jalmari resides within the Monastery, and his Lieutenants wander the lands, seeking converts and acting against hidden chaos. Many regions support a small group of Jalmari, led by the Senior Knight. Those newly initiated into Jalmari's mystic traditions are known as Apprentices rather than initiates, and when they have attained sufficient understanding of Jalmari mysticism they gain the title of full "Knight". The worshippers may have various other ranks and positions within society, but these have no bearing on their status within the Brotherhood.

Membership Requirements

The Brotherhood is unusual, in that a person does not normally seek to join it actively. Instead, suitable candidates are approached after an investigation is carried out to determine their worthiness to become members of the Order. Once a candidate has been thoroughly vetted by the Brotherhood, he or she is secretly approached. Because the Order is very thorough in its investigations, candidates who refuse to join are rare.

The initiation ritual may take place at any Humakt Holy place, or simply in the presence of a Senior Knight and his Lieutenants. The Brotherhood takes pains to keep such events a great secret. Jalmar's gift and geas are always the same, and are granted during this ritual:

Gift: MYSTIC MIND - The followers of Jalmari are able to study Mystic Arts, despite being Theists. No mystical ability can be higher than the Mystic Mind rating, and for game purposes the Mystic Mind ability functions in roughly the same manner as an affinity.

Geas: The Brotherhood of Jalmari must never be betrayed, or discussed with any outsider, unless such is specifically ordered by the Senior Knight or his Lieutenants (the effectiveness of the Brotherhood's members depends on their ability to operate without suspicion).



Keywords and Explanations

Physical Abilities: Mystic Movement, Strike Fast.

Mental Abilities: Jalmary Philosophy, Meditation, See Hidden, Tracking.

Virtues: Dedicated, Reticent.

Magic: Jalmar provides no Affinity or Feat, and does not even provide special mystic powers for the apprentices. Only when the apprentice graduates to become a Knight (devotee), are the more profound abilities made available. An apprentice's readiness to become a Knight is often decided when he or she spontaneously manifests one of the mystic abilities. Instead of magic, the apprentices must study Mystic Movement and practice Meditation, both of which provide their own special benefits, as well as leading towards mystic enlightenment.

Disadvantages: Jalmary apprentices lose most of their remaining personal time, and Jalmary Knights have none to speak of. The dedication required to pursue this path is absolute.



Learning Mystic Abilities

Philosophical training is the cornerstone to Jalmar's mystic path. General attitudes favored by the Jalmary include:

- Using violence only when absolutely necessary, and then use sufficient force to completely solve the problem as quickly as possible.
- Realizing that the mundane world is filled with distractions, and choosing which distractions to be involved with; not letting them choose you.
- Realizing that life is as sacred as death, they exist in balance, thus using death only in the enhancement of life, so that the balance will remain.

Jalmary apprentices are trained in mysticism through applying their learning to the execution of what used to be their mundane physical and mental abilities. Training occurs at whatever rate the Knights are capable of leading. Groups of warriors are taught together, typically for around three hours, three or four times a week, and must spend further time practicing under their own dedication. Where privacy is compromised, some suitable explanation will be given to other worshippers as to why they must regularly depart into the wilderness/ruins/private temple room. This will never be a lie, merely an abbreviation of the truth, such as "special training". Other worshippers may notice that some of their fellows behave somewhat oddly, but are unaware that this is due to their involvement in a special Hero Cult. Training consists of ritual movements, guided meditations, philosophical discourse, and (at

advanced levels) minor Heroquests.

Mystic Movement is learned through ritual actions of all types: balancing on ropes, jumping through narrow gaps, climbing sheer cliffs, moving across loose boards without sound, even standing or sitting still in painful positions for hours. Very importantly, a feeling of oneness with the sword and parry item, and with one's surroundings, is cultivated. It is relatively easy for a Jalmary to practice without rousing undue suspicion, as all experienced Humakti are expected to engage in regular personal regimes of fitness and agility training, and these differ from region to region. However, Jalmary rarely stay with any temple or warband for long, and are more often a self-contained unit. Mystic Movement trains the warrior in mastery of his physical form and may be used to augment any other physical ability.

Meditation is used to clear the mind. Regular Humakti are encouraged to meditate daily on the thought of inevitable death. This is not in order to make them morbid, but to increase their acceptance of mortality and thus remove the effects of fear and uncertainty when they are in combat. Jalmary use other meditations, which of course are indiscernible even to the trained observer. Their focus whilst meditating is on

exploration of their special mystic powers (see below), or on considering aspects of Jalmary philosophy. Meditation trains the warrior on mastery of his own mind, and may be used to augment any other mental ability, as well as being a separate ability to resist mental control or other mind magics.

Acts of Devotion

Jalmary may appear in their day to day life to be as cold and controlled as any regular Humakti, but this is primarily because they are trained to exert total focus on the task in hand. In every situation they cultivate mastery over their involvement, whether it be the deadly seriousness of the battlefield, or an exchange of dry wit whilst bargaining a canny troll trader out of a week's worth of profits. Brothers of Jalmary vow to uphold both the ideals of their Order, and those of Humakt. They must never waver in their fight against chaos and injustice. They must remain in good standing in any subcult they are members of, as long as these affiliations do not impede their duties as Jalmary. For example, a

Jalmary would not be expected to uphold the Code of Humakt when fighting an evil or chaotic foe, nor would he be expected to honor the fallen if they are chaotic.

Knights of Jalmar

The life-task of a Knight is the vanquishing of chaos in any of its hidden manifestations, particularly that of the Dark Side of Gbaji. Knights roam the world ruthlessly and efficiently rooting out chaos and evil. They are also responsible for the seeking out and recruiting of new members, and must ensure no member strays from the path of Law and Justice.

ENTRY REQUIREMENTS: To have sufficiently advanced towards mystic enlightenment within the Brotherhood of Jalmar.

Mystic Abilities

This is not a complete list, but merely covers those powers that Jalmar showed it was safe to master. The Knights are aware that other powers, unapproved by the Brotherhood, may occasionally be developed, but are also aware that such unguided development may be the road to madness and chaos. It is never certain which powers a Knight will manifest. Some chapters claim they can guide apprentices according to their aptitudes, but other teachers claim that Jalmar's will alone grants these gifts, according to his own greater

plan. Powerful Knights may know all of the following mystical abilities, but some will be at relatively low power, having only been mastered recently in their careers. Typical Knights know 3 or 4 powers.

Counters

Resist Chaos: This ability can be used as a straightforward augment on any ability being used to oppose a chaos attack, or as a resistance ability in its own right.

Resist Control: This ability grants the recipient resistance to mental and emotional manipulation through magic or other means. If the mystic fails and becomes controlled, this resistance may be attempted every time he is caused to perform an action abhorrent to his true nature (such as becoming inactive whilst friends suffer, causing significant harm, damaging himself...).

Resist Detection: Such a person can choose to resist Detection magic or even normal abilities. This ability is also tested secretly by the Narrator in the first instance of any clandestine detections directed at the Knight (to see if the Knight becomes aware of the intrusion). It may also be used to cross Wardings of any god or spirit that is an enemy of Humakt.

Resist Harm: When reduced by injury to the point of unconsciousness or inability to act, the Knight may attempt this ability. It may be used to stop bleeding, prevent unconsciousness, make actions that would normally be impossible due to pain or the nature of the physical injuries, or even heal their own wounds. It must be applied to a specific goal, and a failure means it will not work for that goal during these circumstances. The first Major Defeat indicates collapse and unconsciousness.

Resist Sorcery: This skill cannot be practiced by initiates who themselves retain knowledge of sorcery. Those who wish to expunge themselves of previous sorcerous involvement may be cleansed at a special ceremony.

Strikes

Hurt Chaos: This strike must accompany any weapon attack, and may either augment the weapon attack rating or be used as a weapon attack rating (should the warrior be using an unfamiliar weapon at a lesser ability level for some reason).

Know Chaos: Successful use of this strike allows the Knight to know the basic nature of any chaos creature, specifically its chaos features, rough level of offensive and defensive abilities, original species, but not other unusual features which normally are not specifically chaotic (such as natural poison). It cannot sense, or work against, Illuminated chaos beings.

Sense Deceiver: It is noted in various ancient records of the Brotherhood,

that Arkat quested to find a way for his followers to distinguish fellow Arkati from disguised followers of Nysalor. His quest was a success, and this strike most closely resembles the Stormbull Sense Chaos ability.

However, it specifically reveals Illuminants who have a connection to chaos.

Such people would be: Initiates of the cults of Nysalor or Gbaji (which are tied to the Chaos Rune), Illuminated Initiates of the Red Goddess, Vivamort, Krarsht, or Thanatar, and Illuminants who have Chaos Features or Taints (whether active or passive), or who have other chaos magic active at the time of the detection.

Mystic Rituals

Banish Demon: Successful completion of the ritual will undo any summoning magic and return the evil entity to its origins (this ceremony is only used if there is no opportunity to simply slay the demon, or else such an opportunity would be too costly in terms of the lives of innocents).

Sword of Truth: This ritually prepared strike causes a magical blade to appear, burning with white flame, before the subject (who must be a Jalmari Knight). The Knight must grasp the purifying fire of the blade, and if they are found wanting their failings are made known to the other participating cultists, who will then act appropriately. This ritual is used to prove loyalty.

Jalmar's HeroQuest

The Unbreakable Blade

The ritually attuned sword of an enlightened Jalmari Knight is infused with the energy of the Unbreakable Sword, which Jalmar and Arkat quested for together. The regular sword gains a magical Endurance Rank equal to one half of the wielder's Honor affinity rating. This Endurance acts not only against physical force, but also against other damaging effects such as acid. This extra defence does not protect the wielder, only the sword itself. This Heroic Endurance also directly counters all armor protection up to its own strength, but does not allow infliction of extra damage.

Sample Jalmari Knights

General Caspian Vur

KEYWORDS: Heartling Warband Leader, Jalmari Mystic.

VIRTUES: Brave 10w, Disciplined 8w.

MENTAL ABILITIES: Jalmari Philosophy 19w, Meditation 18w, Mythology of Humakt 17w, Recognize Foe 14w, Recognize Lie 11w, See Hidden 9w, Stay Awake 8w, Warband Tactics 2w2.

PHYSICAL ABILITIES: Dodge 8w, Hide in Cover 12w, Jump 13w, Listen 10w, Mystic Movement 17w, Resist Poison 18, Resist Disease 17, Riding 12w, Running 18, Strike Fast 14w, Tough 19, Tracking 8w.

COMBAT ABILITIES: Close Combat 13w2 (Bastard Sword, Battle Axe, Dagger) Ranged Combat 4w2 (Composite Bow).

MAGIC: Battle Command 16w, Death 14w, Honor 11w.

MYSTIC ABILITIES: Resist Chaos 11w, Resist Detection 7w, Resist Sorcery 9w, Hurt Chaos 16w, Know Chaos 18, Sense Deceiver 13w.

RELATIONSHIPS: Devotee of Jalmar Ironsword 11w, Initiate of Efrogod Blackhands 8w, Loyal to Brotherhood 15w.

EQUIPMENT: Bastard Sword (enchanted iron) ^6 (Unbreakable Blade ^15), Chain and leather armor (enchanted) with shield ^6, Amulet enchanted to 'Repel Otherworld Foes 18w'.

GIFTS: +5 to Bastard Sword, Resistant to Poison and Disease.

GEASES: Never use a spear, Never use Poison.

Lieutenant Jodras Randel

KEYWORDS: Heartling Warband Officer, Jalmari Mystic.

VIRTUES: Loyal 8w, Ruthless 5w.

MENTAL ABILITIES: Jalmari Philosophy 10w, Meditation 15w, Mythology of Humakt 12w, Recognize Lie 8w, Recognize Foe 6w, See Hidden 7w, Sense Enemies 8w, Stay Awake 9w, Tracking 13w, Warband Tactics 10w.

PHYSICAL ABILITIES: Dodge 8w, Hide in Cover 8w, Listen 4w, Mystic Movement, 10w, Riding 6w, Running 2w, Spot Ambush 10w, Strike Fast 8w, Strong 14.

COMBAT ABILITIES: Close Combat 5w2 (Broadsword, Dagger, Warhammer), Ranged Combat 14w (Crossbow).

MAGIC: Death 10w, Honor 7w, Loyalty 11w.

MYSTIC ABILITIES: Resist Chaos 8w, Resist Control 9w, Resist Harm 12w, Resist Sorcery 18, Know Chaos 14w.

RELATIONSHIPS: Devotee of Jalmar Ironsword 7w, Initiate of Makla Mann 6w, Loyal to Brotherhood 9w.

EQUIPMENT: Broadsword (enchanted iron) ^5, chain and leather armor with shield ^3, mostali made repeating crossbow, magical dagger enhanced with the feat 'Blast Enemy Spirits 15w'.

GIFT: Sense Enemies ability.

GEASES: Never accept gift, reward, or payment, other than from commanding officer.



The Gardeners of Pavis

A PAVIC HERO BAND

Ian Thomson

Form: A group of idealistic nature worshippers.

Cultural Context: These unfathomable folk are bemusing to residents of Old Pavis and New Pavis alike. Whilst they claim that there are ancient magics hidden in the Old City, they seem to have no solid aims or objectives, and reveal no clear mythical or historical evidence to back up their assertions.

Ideology: The secrets of Old Pavis were never lost, only hidden in the natural harmonies of the city's parks and gardens. Through rediscovery of these harmonies we can help the Old City recover its rightful glory.

Look and Feel: An informal group of bizarre earth worshippers who go on about being kind to plants and elves, and are strongly suspected of just looking for some reason not to have to work for a living.

Purpose: Manside is slowly being reclaimed for habitation, and the people of the Old City are beginning to hope that one day the whole city will be theirs again. The followers of Neldryis have learned that the parks and gardens of the Old City were planted as part of a forgotten master plan to turn the whole city into a focus for great magic. They believe that the time draws near when those capable of understanding and activating this magic will be needed. In preparation for this great event, they are attempting to learn from the elves, and from the nature spirits in the city, how they can take on this role. They are actually beginning to recover significant secret knowledge, but have decided that most people are not ready for it, and that the Lunars could only abuse this information. Thus, they do nothing to convince people that they are anything other than harmless eccentrics.

Reactions: Citizens of the Old City treat the "Gardeners" with good-natured ridicule or bemused neutrality. Those New Pavis Dorasings who bother to think about them at all, find the Gardeners highly amusing and make them the subject of rude humor. The Lunars have no interest in this minor local subcult.

Resources

Leader: Virina Silbeth is descended from the original citizens of Pavis, and contacted the spirit of Neldryis only two years ago when taking part in the rituals at the Real City during Sacred Time. Since then she has convinced a number of



other women that Neldryis has much to teach them in order to prepare for the rising of the Old City, and has established this peculiar Hero Band.

Renowned Members: All members are renowned, in the sense that they are the butts of ridicule. Only Broosta Nemm is well known, and she may not even be an initiate of Neldryis. It is enough that she has attended more than one of their meetings that word has now spread of her involvement.

Membership: This group numbers less than two dozen initiates, mostly residents of the Old City who worship Pavis, but also with several New Pavis based followers of Overdruva amongst them. It is not actually a requirement to be female in order to join, but so far no males have added to their numbers.

Headquarters: Virina's family home in the Real City serves as their base of operations, though they sometimes hire a room in New Pavis for public meetings.

Other Contacts: So far the Aldryami of the Rubble have ostensibly paid little attention to these worshippers, other than to allow them to

An Old Pavic Ritual

"...my task to try and document some of their customs in an effort to glean insights on the original city. One common habit in the so-called 'Real City', also evidenced occasionally across Manside, was for the eldest woman of the family to mark out a strange geometric design on the doorstep of their dwelling first thing in the morning. As always, the locals were reluctant to converse with me, but after some effort expressing my purely academic interest I was told that it was a traditional method of assuring good fortune for the rest of the day. My informant called the design a 'Harmonizer', but my studies were unable to progress further due to several youths throwing stones and shouting imprecations. My guards chased them off, but the local who had spoken with me also took the opportunity to depart".

A fragment of Pelorian script on parchment salvaged from a waste basket in the Irripi Ontor annex of the New Pavis Knowledge Temple.



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participate in the Sacred Time "Seed Growing" Ceremony which occurs every year around the Real City. In reality the followers of Neldryis have been allowed to participate in certain important aldryami rites within the Garden itself, and relations with the Aldryami are deepening.

Organization: Virina leads her followers out across Manside, and other areas of the Rubble, to a place that was once a park or garden. Here they perform sacred dances and even sing to the plants around them like elves do. They then make some efforts to remove the worst weeds and parasitic plants, before returning to the Real City or New Pavis. This is the only evidence that they have any organization at all, but seems to serve no useful purpose. Virina has to hire guards to protect them during these expeditions, and is thought to have exhausted her family's entire wealth in order to do so.

Divine Resource

Neldryis, the Flowerwoman

Translated and adapted from Multisim's "Hero Wars: Pavis" with the permission of Issaries Inc., by Ian Thomson and Herve Ancelin

Neldryis was a powerful daimone, originally summoned by those Priestesses of Old Pavis with responsibility for caring for the city's parks and gardens and the needs of the Aldryami. Worship of Neldryis continued into the troll occupation, as Overdruva's magic was useful in growing food for the survivors in these harsh times, but eventually it died out as the human population was inexorably diminished. Although several initiates of Pavis worship her today, Neldryis is primarily a hero cult of Overdruva the Forest Friend, and provides magic that aids the natural regions within the city against nomad attacks. Neldryis wants to help the people of the Old City prepare for the Hero Wars by reviving the sections of old Pavic magic related to the Plant Rune. This will be a long and complex process, and has only just begun.

ENTRY REQUIREMENTS: Initiates of Overdruva or Pavis may worship Neldryis.

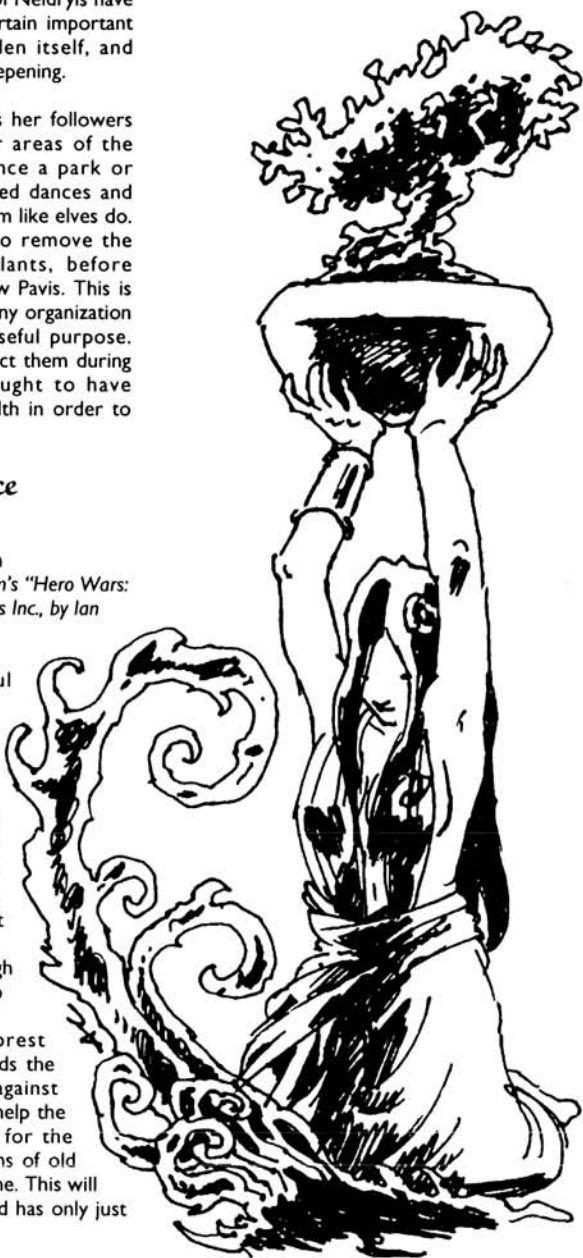
PHYSICAL ABILITIES: Gardening.

MENTAL ABILITIES: Herb Lore.

VIRTUES: Idealistic, Peaceful.

AFFINITY: Nature's Vitality (Bark Skin, Entangle Foe, Heady Fragrance, Speak with Nature Spirits, Sticky Resin, Take Energy from Nature).

SECRET: Harmonize with Nature (The devotee may use this magic as a straightforward ability to blend their physical form with any natural vegetation larger than



their own mass. It may also be used as a communication aid to augment any friendly dealings with Aldryami or other natural creatures).

WORSHIPPERS: Extremist Nature Lovers.

DISADVANTAGES: This cult is so minor that it has no political existence, and is not taken seriously. Neldryis' magic only functions within, or adjacent to, the great walls of the Old City.

Flintnail's «One Day House»

By Ian Thomson and Mike Dawson. Based on an original idea by Mike Dawson

THE FLINTNAIL "ONE DAY HOUSE" ritual is performed by a group of Flintnail worshippers on Clay Day of Stasis Week, in Sea Season each year. The practical object of their labors is to construct a typical common dwelling in the style of the Old City. The mythical intent is to strengthen the process of restoring the Old City back to a settlement that is safe and whole for habitation and industry as it was originally intended.

From first light to last light, dwarf and human members of the Flintnail cult attempt to build this complete stone house. Its size, and state of completion, at the end of the day is also taken to predict the success of all building projects over the coming year. The Flintnail cult has a precise set of rules and regulations for the construction of this house, which must be followed to the letter for the ritual to succeed.



Personnel:

- 1 Project Overseer
- 1 Master Mason
- 2 Junior Masons
- 2 Hod Carriers
- 1 Dogsboddy
- 1 Security Chief
- 6 Security Guards

The project overseer is not permitted to take part in any labor, nor are the guards, although the other workers may vary their roles in the construction of the house without any threat to the success of the ritual. None of the laborers may engage in the defence of the project unless an attack is made upon the building. The dwarves claim that the original ritual, on which this one is based, was a regular tradition in the Old City, and continued right up until the Troll Occupation. It began once more in 1567, when the re-establishment of human dwellings in Manside was first noticeably underway.

The "One Day House" would be easy to build if it was constructed at the center of Manside, ringed by armed dwarves and squads of

Flintnail-friendly mercenaries from the Real City Watch. However, the ritual demands that its construction reflect the dangers of life in the Old City at this time, and thus it is built somewhere on the edge of Manside, where the line between danger and relative security is commonly drawn.

Because of its location, the resulting house is not wonderfully situated for habitation. However, the Rubble Trackers use the house as a base over the following year, maintaining a permanent guard post within its walls. This acts as part of the boundary defences of Manside, and also as a place Mansiders can go for help if they need it.

The Flintnail dwarves are always ready to accept help from a band of powerful Pavic heroes to fill some or all of the roles of the seven guards in this ritual. In practice, at least one member of a

• **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 Gloranthan adventure setting

Acknowledgements:
"Hero Wars: Pavis"
(Multisim, 2000)

non-Flintnail band of guards must be a Pavis initiate, and preferably all of them should be. Any shortfall in numbers will be made up from Flintnail warriors, often being the most skilled of the "Sons of the Hammer" Mercenary Band.

On the actual day of the ceremony, Mansiders note that activity by the Rubble Trackers is disproportionately high around the borders of Manside. However, these Rubble Tracker squads are careful to stay far away from the actual ritual site, so as to be sure they do not disrupt its success by breaking the personnel restrictions if they stray within range. Unfortunately, there are various groups who stand at mythical odds with this ceremony and

conduct their own counter-rituals. This means that their warriors can arrive near the house without passing directly through the Rubble Tracker patrols, and must be fought off by the seven guards.

Nomads from the cursed Jaldon Society often make such an attack, as sometimes do trolls, and in very bad years also creatures of chaos. The Lunar Security Chief frowns upon this ritual, as it goes against the unspoken policy of maintaining the Rubble as a place for malcontents and unpredictable adventurer types to waste their energies against the various hazards. So far, the Lunars have made no clear attempts to either support or undermine the ritual.

1) THE HERO BAND has a contact amongst the Flintnail dwarves. This character approaches them with grave news. The warrior group from the Sons of the Hammer, who were scheduled to protect the "One Day House" ritual this year, fell foul of a troll ambush and are unable to take part. Of course, other Flintnail warriors are available, but none are so skilled as the Heroes. The Flintnailers can offer various mechanical and incendiary gifts as recompense for assistance.

2) BEFORE FIRST LIGHT, the Heroes and dwarf laborers assemble in the Real City, then march to the site carrying their masonry tools. Over the last few days, bands of Rubble Trackers and Flintnail masons have prepared numerous potential sites so as to discourage saboteurs. Each site has also been guarded night and day. Warriors of the Rubble Trackers accompany the group as they march towards the chosen location. At the boundary of the ritual, the dwarf who is the Project Overseer performs a Flintnail Ceremony as dawn breaks. The Tracker guards depart immediately after this, and the 14 participants in the ritual walk the remaining considerable distance to the site.

3) AT THE SITE, a standard quantity of building materials have been laid out in precise order, but the workers nonetheless will have to take stone from other structures nearby as the day progresses. The dwarves set to work with determination, and the guards must organize their own patrols, although the dwarf overseer may give advice. The Narrator might wish to devise a set of rules for how much of the house can be completed over the day, dependent on the success levels of the following attacks.

For an hour or so everything goes without mishap, and then a fearsome band of broo attacks the house.

Scenario Outline

By Ian Thomson



(Narrators with a penchant for the evils of chaos may turn this attack into one containing much more varied horrors than straightforward broo). In any of the attacks during the day, it is up to the

Narrator from which angle they appear. It is always possible that some of the attackers might reach the house and slay, or maim, one or more of the dwarves, thus putting the whole project in jeopardy. It is worth noting that at least one of the dwarf masons is multi-talented and carries a repeating crossbow and satchel full of grenades (this information may only be revealed to the Heroes if and when the dwarf in question needs to act in a defensive capacity).

4) AT HIGH NOON a band of nomad warriors attacks. They may be Gagarthi outlaws flying out of the sun, or perhaps Pik Bad Rhino and his gang of Rubble bandits. Unlike the unruly broo, the nomads show a semblance of organizational wit, and the Heroes will need to marshal all their resources to fend them off.

5) AT DUSK, to no-one's absolute surprise, the trolls make their move. A group of trollkin warriors make a feint from one side of the house, followed after a short interval by Zorak Zorani commandos attacking from a different direction. If the Heroes have taken part in stealing Krang's Table on a previous occasion, these particular trolls have been hired by Krang to take revenge. Perhaps Krang herself is even supporting the attackers? Such an event could make this the most fearsome troll attack on the ritual in recent years!

6) AS SOON AS the sun sets, several bands of Rubble Trackers converge on the scene at speed, accompanied by a Real City Watch armed response team. These worthies may be used as a plot device to rescue guards and dwarf masons if everything went horribly wrong for the defenders. If all went well, joyful celebrations and congratulations soon commence at the Real City's "Real Inn".

The Uz Mercantile Association

A PAVIC HERO BAND

• Ian Thomson

Acknowledgements
"Pavis and the Big Rubble"
(Moon Designs, 2001)
"Hero Wars: Pavis"
(Multisim, 2000)

Form: A Pavic Trading Company.

Resources

Cultural Context: A group of Traders who earn their livelihood through trade with, and knowledge of, the Uz of the Troll Stronglands.

Ideology: The local trolls can provide many things that are otherwise very difficult and expensive to come by. We are the experts who can arrange all such transactions, for a very reasonable fee.

Look and Feel: A small group of worshippers of Garzeen and Pavis have combined forces in recent years to exploit the trading advantages inherent in knowing how to deal profitably with the local Uz. They conduct all trade in New Pavis only in the evenings, attend general ceremonies at the Argan Argar Temple, and habitually wear dark clothing. Some of their members have acquired dark glasses of the kind worn by influential Uz, and these are worn ostentatiously as a mark of pride.

Purpose: Making money through arranging and overseeing trade between trolls and all other Pavic races. Trolls offer various unusual commodities including insect meats, exotic (and hazardous) liquors, curious sculptures, fungal based potions and salves, trollkin slaves, and minor relics from the Old City ruins. In return, amongst other things, they have a liking for various meats (including mock pork), metal goods, leather goods, and strong fabrics.

Reactions: Everyone in New Pavis, apart from other Garzeens and the few human worshippers of Argan Argar, think that the members of the Uz Mercantile Association are just plain weird, and play a very dangerous game. Many people in Old Pavis are suspicious of anyone who deals with the trolls, and the Association does not do much business with the Old City humans.

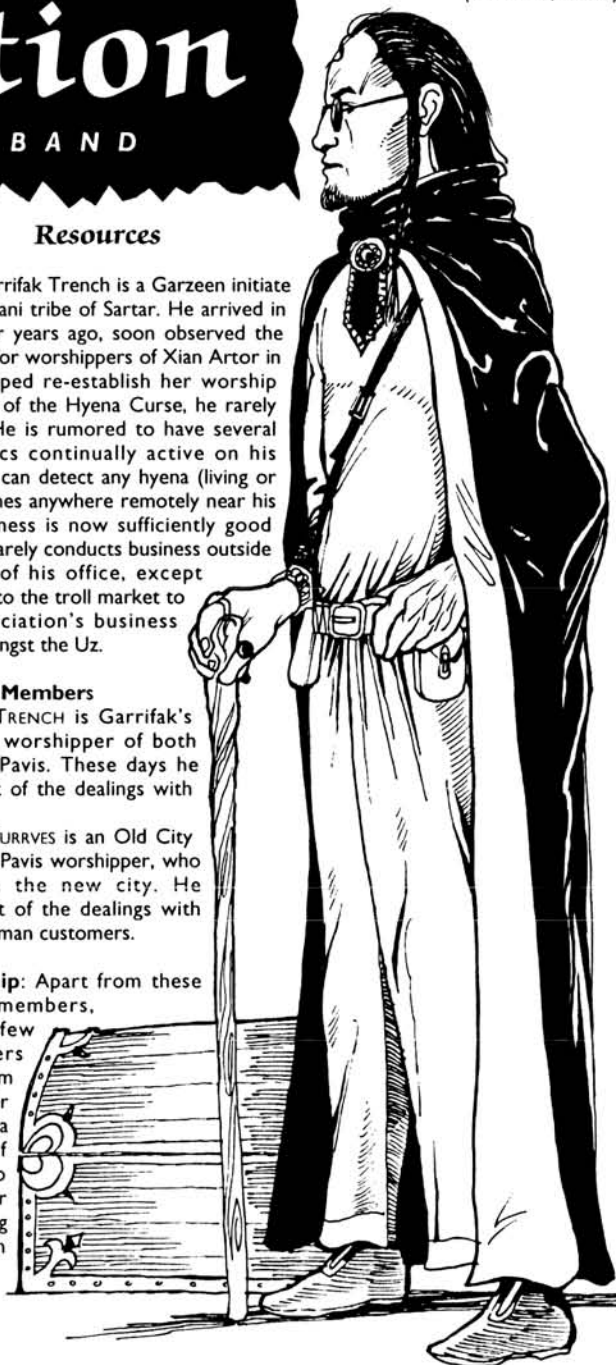
Leader: Garrifak Trench is a Garzeen initiate from the Torkani tribe of Sartar. He arrived in Pavis only four years ago, soon observed the opportunities for worshippers of Xian Artor in Pavis, and helped re-establish her worship here. For fear of the Hyena Curse, he rarely leaves Pavis. He is rumored to have several unusual magics continually active on his person, which can detect any hyena (living or dead) that comes anywhere remotely near his location. Business is now sufficiently good that Garrifak rarely conducts business outside the comfort of his office, except when he goes to the troll market to gift the Association's business associates amongst the Uz.

Renowned Members

MURZZILIM TRENCH is Garrifak's son, and is a worshipper of both Garzeen and Pavis. These days he oversees most of the dealings with the Uz.

KANDILION PURRVES is an Old City Pavisite, and a Pavis worshipper, who now lives in the new city. He conducts most of the dealings with prospective human customers.

Membership: Apart from these three main members, there are a few lesser traders who assist them with their business, and a number of lackeys who spend their time organizing and assisting in



the transportation of trade goods to and from the Troll Stronglands (see also 'Worshippers' below).

Headquarters: The Head Office of the Uz Mercantile (indeed the only proper office) is in the front room of the Trench house in the Farmers' Quarter (this is at F75, near the Uleria Temple, to which noble institution a fair proportion of the Association's proceeds are donated).

Other Contacts: The only other New Pavis group that has reasonable relations with the Uz Mercantile Association are the Argan Argar Traders. Various troll groups make temporary agreements with them at different times, depending on who has commodities to sell, or is in the market to buy. Rumors of a group of troll independents who supply the Association with illegal commodities, such as mushroom-based poisons and narcotics, have never been substantiated.

Divine Resource

XIAN ARTOR

Originally written in French by Xavier Spinat. Translated and adapted from Multisim's "Hero Wars: Pavis" by Ian Thomson and Herve Ancelin, with the permission of Issaries Inc. Additional ideas: Stephen Martin

Whilst the trading company has attempted to legitimize their business by spreading the rumor that Xian Artor was one of Pavis, daughters, she is in fact a Garzeen hero who has various outposts of worshippers in regions where Heartlings routinely trade with trolls. This Hero Cult has a traditional place within the original city, although the reason for its introduction here has been almost entirely forgotten. Xian Artor's worship was traditionally presided over within the Old City by one of the Priests of Pavis. Her worship was introduced at Pavis, request, to assist with his plan to bring the Darkness people into harmony within the city. In the end, these efforts were spectacularly unsuccessful, although Xian Artor's worship continued to be followed by a dedicated few within the city.

Entry Requirements: Initiates of both Garzeen and Pavis may become followers of Xian Artor. Each applicant must first prove reasonable knowledge of the ways of trolls.

Physical Abilities: Find way in the Dark.

Mental Abilities: Speak Darktongue, Uz Customs.

Virtues: Strong Stomach, Tolerant.

Affinity: Know Darkness (Feel no Fear, See in Darkness, Sense Lead, Talk to Uz,

Walk in Shadows).

Note: Xian Artor is unusually powerful as a Hero Cult in that it offers an entire affinity. This indicates its antiquity and once powerful status.

Secret: One of Uz (the devotee can subtly alter his manner, speech, and even appearance, so as to more closely simulate the ways of trolls. This is most useful as a direct augment to any and all abilities used to convince trolls that it is a good thing to communicate with you rather than attack and eat you).

Worshippers: Mostly merchants who are attempting to gain beneficial deals with the trolls. In Pavis, a few politicians, dedicated to restoring harmony and order in the Old City, also avail themselves of Xian Artor's magic and influence, through becoming associate members of the Association.

Other Connections: The followers of all Pavis and Issaries subcults are neutral to awards the followers of Xian Artor (except Joraz Kyrem's worshippers, who are hostile). Argan Argar worshippers are friendly, and most troll cults other than Zorak Zoran are neutral.

Disadvantages: For followers of Pavis, who treat Xian Artor as a Hero Cult of the City God, Xian Artor's magic only functions between, or adjacent to, the great walls of the Old City.

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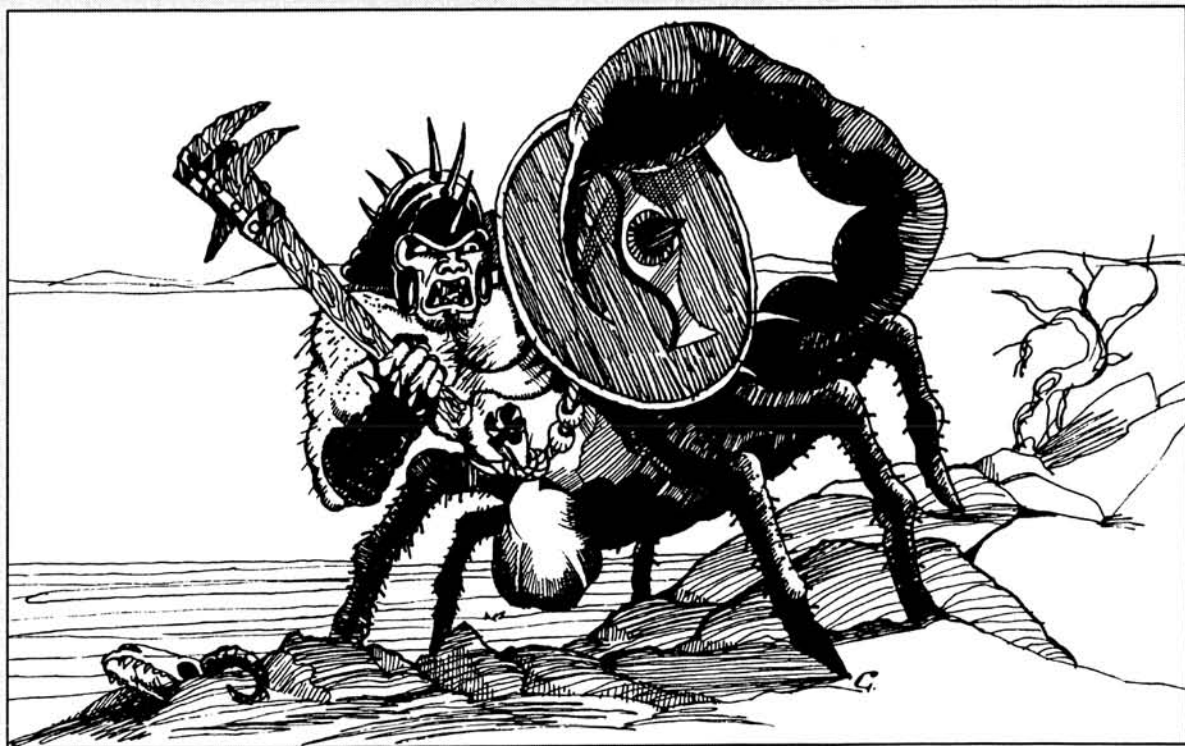
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Deadly Denizens of the Big Rubble

Hero Wars statistics and mechanics for some horrible monsters of the Big Rubble



Scorpion Men

HABITS: The Scorpion Folk vary in their abilities. Some are comparatively well-trained warriors, enhanced by integrated spirits and carrying metal-tipped spears (and occasionally even a sword). Others are of only animal intelligence, using little more than pointy sticks and their natural claw and stinger weaponry.

ENVIRONMENT: Scorpion Men are found only with any regularity in and around the Devil's Playground, and sometimes Ogre Island. Of course, they may also turn up within any darkened ruin across any part of the Rubble except the Garden. They are only rarely encountered in the Troll Stronglands and Manside.

Scorpion Man - Mercenary

GENERAL ABILITIES: Climb 12w, Dodge 9w, Fearless 6w, Large 5w, Listen 10w, Move Quietly 4w, Quick Reflexes 17, Rubble Survival 19, Set Traps 3w, Strong 3w, Tracking 2w.

COMBAT ABILITIES: Claws 5w², Sling 5w², Spear Attack 3w³, Stinger Attack 3w².

EQUIPMENT: Armor (chitin) [^]1, Poison (deadly, fast-acting: Imins) POT 2w.

Scorpion Man - Bestial

GENERAL ABILITIES: Climb 4w, Dodge 19, Large 2w, Listen 2w, Move Quietly 16, Slow Wits 14, Strong 20, Tracking 17.

COMBAT ABILITIES: Claws 18², Stinger Attack 15².

• Ian Thomson

Acknowledgements:
Anaxial's Roster
(Issaries Inc., 2000)

"Pavis and the Big Rubble"
(Moon Design, 2000)

EQUIPMENT: Armor (chitin) ^1, Poison (deadly, slow; 5mins) POT 18.

Each Scorpion Man Mercenary also has from 0-4 Integrated Bagogi Spirits.

Sample Integrated Spirits: Bagog's Resilient Chitin 14w, Disorder Foe's Mind 7w, Rend Flesh 10w, Regenerate Self 12w, Searing Slingshot 8w, Terrify Foe 10w.

Any Scorpion Man might have a Chaos Feature, possibly even two.

Sample Chaos Features: Chitin^6, Chitin^12, Explosive Morbidity 5w2, Rubble Runner's Head instead of Human Head, Resists All Magic 4w2, Reflect Magic 15w, Unusually Hideous 15w (all attacks reduced by 10, unless this can be countered), Wavering Outline (augments all defence by 5 or acts as ^3 defence rank bonus).

Resisting Scorpion Man Venom (Resist with: Ignore Wounds -10, Large -10, Resist Poison, Strong -10, Tough -5).

COMPLETE VICTORY: The poison has no effect.

MAJOR VICTORY: The poison causes 3 Hurts, which endure for an hour or so.

MINOR VICTORY: The poison causes 6 Hurts, which endure for several hours.

MARGINAL VICTORY: The poison causes 9 Hurts, which endure for several hours.

MARGINAL DEFEAT: The target is injured by the Poison and must be Healed to recover in anything less than a day.

MINOR DEFEAT: The target is injured by the Poison and utterly incapacitated. Without Healing it will take them days to recover.

MAJOR DEFEAT: Target is so badly injured by the poison that they are now Dying, and will expire within the hour without treatment.

COMPLETE DEFEAT: Target dies in convulsions within a minute, unless treated.

Walktapi

Walktapi are rare in the Big Rubble, except in the Devil's Playground and the Puzzle Canal, where they are uncommon. Very occasionally one wanders into Manside and is the subject of an anti-chaos uproar, accompanied by full mobilization of the Real City Watch and Manside Militia. They are so dumb that they never retreat from combat, no matter what the odds. Each walktapi begins combat by releasing its toxic gas cloud (which affects everyone in close vicinity) without suffering a multiple target penalty. Other than this innate chaotic ability, and their legendary (if slow) capacity to regenerate from a severed body part over the course of a few hours, fewer than 1 in 20 walktapi have any other chaos feature.

Standard Walktapi

KEYWORDS: Walktapi 17.
GENERAL ABILITIES: Fearless 5w, Large 20, Spot Prey 15, Strong 19, Swim 12, Tough 11w.

COMBAT ABILITIES: Grapple 19w, Poison Cloud 14w.

ARMOR: Rubbery Skin ^2.

Unusually Dangerous Walktapi

KEYWORDS: Walktapi 3w.
GENERAL ABILITIES: Fearless 10w, Large 2w, Spot Prey 19, Strong 2w, Swim 14, Tough 15w.

COMBAT ABILITIES: Grapple 5w2, Poison Cloud 18w.

ARMOR: Rubbery Skin ^2.

Unequivocally Deadly Walktapi

KEYWORDS: Walktapi 8w.
GENERAL ABILITIES: Fearless 15w, Large 4w, Spot Prey 3w, Strong 5w, Swim 17, Tough 19w.

COMBAT ABILITIES: Grapple 12w2, Poison Cloud 4w2.

ARMOR: Rubbery Skin ^3.

Target's Challenge of Walktapi Poison Cloud:

(Resist with: Dodge -10, Jump -5, Resist Poison, Tough -5.)

COMPLETE OR MAJOR VICTORY: Target jumps clear or is able to take a deep breath before cloud strikes him.

MINOR VICTORY: As Complete or Major Victory, but target suffers 3 Hurts if his defensive action did not involve a magical defence or his moving rapidly away from the cloud.

MARGINAL VICTORY: As Minor Victory, but 6 Hurts if his defensive action did not involve a magical defence or his moving rapidly away from the cloud, and 3 Hurts otherwise.

MARGINAL DEFEAT: Victim takes 6 Hurts.

MINOR DEFEAT: Victim takes 9 Hurts.

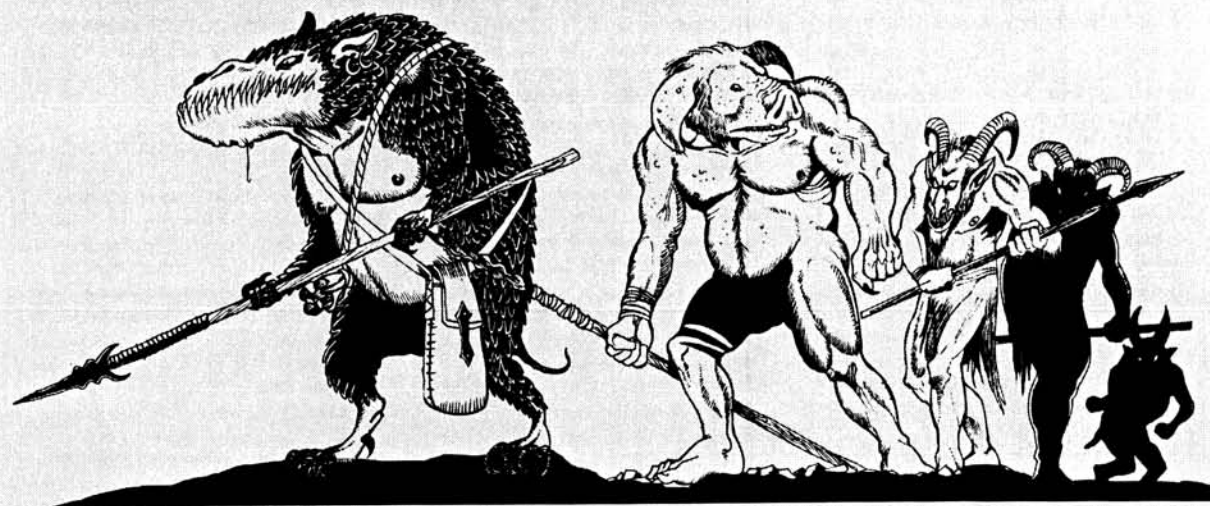
MAJOR DEFEAT: Victim is Injured.

COMPLETE DEFEAT: Victim is so badly injured by the toxic cloud that they are now Dying.

NB: Hurts sustained by exposure to a walktapi poison cloud last for several hours.

After releasing their gas cloud, walktapi attack with four or more tentacles simultaneously, and ignore multiple target penalties against up to four opponents. When half of a walktapi's AP are gone, the multiple target immunity is lost. On a Grappling Major or





Complete Victory, a walktapus is deemed to have constricted its opponent, and each round thereafter is treated as simple contest in which it applies its Strong rating. The victim's defence may be augmented appropriately, bearing in mind that it is not possible to cast complex spells whilst constricted, but it is possible to call on theist magic at a -10 penalty to the rating of the magic.

Victim's Challenge to a Walktapus' Constriction

(Resist with: Brawling -5, Dodge -10, Grappling/Wrestling, Strong, Tough -10).

COMPLETE VICTORY: Victim breaks free without taking damage, and, if still armed, strikes the walktapus for 6 Hurts.

MAJOR VICTORY: Victim breaks free without taking damage, and, if still armed, strikes the walktapus for 3 Hurts.

MINOR VICTORY: Victim breaks free.

MARGINAL VICTORY: Victim breaks free, taking 3 Hurts.

MARGINAL DEFEAT: Victim is unable to break free but takes no damage this round.

MINOR DEFEAT: Victim is unable to break free and takes 3 Hurts.

MAJOR DEFEAT: Victim is unable to break free and takes 6 Hurts.

COMPLETE VICTORY: Victim is unable to break free and becomes Injured. If already Injured instead takes 9 Hurts.



Rent and Runt's Chaos Band

Rent and Runt are brood of exceptional intelligence and organizational ability (compared to the rest of their species). They have gathered together a band of plunderers that has survived for several years in one form or another. These are just the kind of evil opportunists to terrorize Manside families or ambush weakened adventurer expeditions.

Rent

KEYWORDS: Rubble Runner Brood 8w, Brood Shaman 15w (acts as affinity with feats: Shamanic Escape, Spirit Combat, and Spirit Sight).

GENERAL ABILITIES: Climb 18, Hide in Cover 6w, Jump 2w, Move Silently 19, Rubble Survival 15w, See Hidden 3w, Smell Disgusting 15, Tracking 7w, Tough 6w.

COMBAT ABILITIES: Ferocious Bite 16w², Spear 16w³.

INTEGRATED SPIRITS: Heal Self 9w² (one attempt possible even after death), Rend Foe 2w², Resist Harm 19w, Resist Magic 2w², Sense Spirits 17w, Sniff Out Foe 16w.

FETISHES: Blast Flesh 16w (3 uses), Gigantic Leap 15w (2 uses).

CHAOS FEATURES: Scaled Hide ⁷.

Runt

KEYWORDS: Pig Brood 6w.
General Abilities: Climb 3w, Hide in Cover 19w, Jump 3w, Move Silently 16, Running 8w, Rubble Survival 2w. See Hidden 17, Small 7, Smell Disgusting 3w, Squeal Like a Pig 10w.

Tough 18.

COMBAT ABILITIES: Spear 8w³.

Integrated Spirits: Resist Detections 14w, Run Fast 19w.

CHAOS FEATURE: Explodes on Death 2w³, Highly Damage Resistant (takes only half any calculated loss).

Standard

The worshipped Goat Brood underling

KEYWORDS: Initiate of Thed 3w, Goat Brood 5w.

GENERAL ABILITIES: Climb 19, Hide in Cover 10w, Jump 8w, Rubble Survival 2w, See Hidden 17, Smell Disgusting 17, Tough 15.

COMBAT ABILITIES: Club/Spear 19³, Head Butt 2w².

INTEGRATED SPIRITS: Resist Attack 12w, Smash Foe 7w (in weapon).

FETISH: Blast Flesh 9w (2 uses) OR Heal Self 16w (2 uses).

CHAOS FEATURE: One at Narrator's whim.

Uncommon Malia-worshipping Goat Brood underling

KEYWORDS: Initiate of Malia 4w, Goat Brood 3w.

GENERAL ABILITIES: Climb 17, Hide in Cover 12w, Jump 4w, Move Quietly 7w, Rubble Survival 5w, See Hidden 19, Smell Disgusting 6w, Tough 17.

COMBAT ABILITIES: Club/Spear 3w³.

INTEGRATED SPIRITS: Smash Foe 3w (in weapon), Heal Self 9w.

FETISHES: Cause <Disease> 12w (1-3 uses).

Resisting a Disease Spirit

(Resist with: Devoted to Deity -5, Ignore Wounds -15, Initiate of Deity -

10, Resist Spirits/Otherworld Entities, Spirit Combat, Strong -10, Tough -5). COMPLETE VICTORY: Spirit Dispelled and attacker loses 10AP if appropriate.

MAJOR VICTORY: Spirit Dispelled and attacker loses 5AP if appropriate.

MINOR VICTORY: Spirit Dispelled.

MARGINAL VICTORY: Spirit Dispelled and target loses 5AP if appropriate.

MARGINAL DEFEAT: Spirit Dispelled and target loses 10AP if appropriate.

MINOR DEFEAT: Target suffers debilitating effects (an Injury), but these are temporary and pass in a few hours.

MAJOR DEFEAT: Target is infected with the disease, and begins to suffer debilitating effects within a few minutes, becoming too ill to move within an hour or so.

COMPLETE DEFEAT: Target is lethally infected with the disease and collapses within a few minutes, Dying within an hour or two without treatment.

Resisting a "Blast Flesh" Spirit

(Resist with same abilities as against Disease Spirits, except Ignore Wounds is only at -5).

Or **Bonegummer's Flaming Breath** (above) and the **Cacodemon Vomit Acid Spirit** (below):

(Resist with: Dodge -5, Jump -5, Resist Fire/Acid, Running -10, Strong -15, Tough -10).

COMPLETE VICTORY: The attack has no effect and attacker loses 15AP if applicable.

MAJOR VICTORY: The attack has no effect and attacker loses 10AP if applicable.

MINOR VICTORY: The attack has no effect and attacker loses 5AP if applicable.

MARGINAL VICTORY: Target takes 4 Hurts, but these are through discomfort and pain, and are considered recovered as soon as combat is over.

MARGINAL DEFEAT: Target takes 6 Hurts. This is actual physical damage that must be healed.

MINOR DEFEAT: Target is Injured (actual physical damage).

MAJOR DEFEAT: Target is so badly injured that they are now Dying.

COMPLETE DEFEAT: Target is slain outright.

Resisting an Exploding Chaos Creature

(Resist with: Ignore Wounds -10, Strong -5, Tough).

MAJOR OR COMPLETE VICTORY: The

attack has no effect unless victim was directly adjacent to the explosion (in which case he is knocked down for one round).

MINOR VICTORY: The attack has no effect unless the victim was directly adjacent to the explosion (in which case he is knocked down and stunned for two rounds).

MARGINAL VICTORY: Target knocked down for two rounds and takes 4 Hurts. These are through discomfort and pain, and are considered recovered as soon as any combat is over.

MARGINAL DEFEAT: Target takes 6 Hurts. This is actual physical damage that must be healed.

MINOR DEFEAT: Target is Injured (actual physical damage).

MAJOR DEFEAT: Target is so badly injured that they are now Dying.

COMPLETE DEFEAT: Target is slain outright.

Ogre Bandits

Ogres are common nowhere in the Rubble, save from time to time on Ogre Island, although they may rarely be encountered in the Devil's Playground (or indeed anywhere in the Rubble outside of the Garden and the Elf Stronglands). A small ogre band actually lives within the Devil's Playground, but travels widely for food and plunder. Other ogres come from near and far for Cacodemon ceremonies that are performed on the Island (simply tack on other abilities at will if your ogre has a specific personality).

Standard Ogre

KEYWORDS: Initiate of Cacodemon 5w.

GENERAL ABILITIES: Climb 18, Crave Human Flesh 18, Dodge 2w, Hide in Cover 9w, Intimidate 2w, Lie 4w, Move Silently 6w, Rubble Survival



14w, See Hidden 16, Strong 20, Tough 15, Tracking 19.

COMBAT ABILITIES: Club/Spear 7w^3.

Integrated Spirits: 1-3 (see below).

Armor: Leather and Hide with Shield ^2.

Superior Ogre

KEYWORDS: Initiate of Cacodemon 10w.

GENERAL ABILITIES: Attractive 15, Climb 5w, Crave Human Flesh 19, Disguise 18, Dodge 8w, Hide in Cover 13w, Intimidate 8w, Lie 9w, Move Silently 11w, Proud 16, Rubble Survival 19w, See Hidden 3w, Strong 5w, Tough 19, Tracking 7w.

COMBAT ABILITIES: Sword / Scimitar / Spear 15w^3.

INTEGRATED SPIRITS: 2-5 (see below).

FETISHES: 1-3 (see below).

ARMOR: Composite with Shield ^3.

CHAOS FEATURES: One at Narrator's whim.

Sample Cacodemon Spirits

Integrated:

Confuse Victim 15w, Disguise 8w, Follow Trail 6w, Heal Hurts 14w, Hide Chaos Feature 16w, Resist Theist Magic 14w, Resist Detections 19w, Resist Spirits 15w, Ripping Claws 10w, Run Fast 12w, Scent Fresh Blood 5w, Shimmering Outline (combat augment) 18w, Slashing Blade 16w (in weapon).

In Fetishes (typical 1-3 uses only):

Blast Flesh 14w, Chaos Wound 11w, Convincing Lie 20w, Disguise 2w2, Dispel Theist Magic 18w, Flight 17, Heal Wounds 17w, Hide Trail 16w, Mindspeech to Comrade 8w, Shatter Metal 14w, Slow Opponent (simple contest) 12w, Vomit Acid 19w.

A Fiend

DIVINE INTERVENTION OPTION:

Cacodemon grants only one form of Divine Aid to his followers, attempting revenge for their slaughter by having a Fiend burst out of the ogre's bloating corpse. Such events should be rare, although Fiends are also sometimes called for other reasons (such as acting as guardians at important ceremonies).

GENERAL ABILITIES: Dodge 6w, Fly 6w, Large 18w, Terrifying 10w.

COMBAT ABILITIES: Claw and Bite 7w2^5 (+poison POT 10w), Kick 14w^4, Tail Slash 2w2^3, Wing Buffet 2w2^2.

ARMOR: Demonic Hide ^7.

CHAOS FEATURES: 2-6 at Narrator's whim (these may include innate abilities taken from this lists of possible Cacodemon spirits).

The Zebra Tribe

of Pavis County and Prax

Clan Captains: Erik Nolander and Ian Thomson • Lawspeaker: Daniel Fahey • Shaman: Keith Nellist



History of the Tribe

Introduction

When Pavis and his allies came to Prax to build their city, with them was Joraz Kyrem, a Khan of the Pure Horse People, and his followers. Joraz was a citizen of the EWF, just as Pavis was. Like Pavis, he had been inspired by the unusual ways of the EWF, and he too gained an ally in Issaries, the god of Communications. Joraz wanted to re-establish his followers in Prax (from whence the Pure Horse Tribe had been driven by the nomads), but he knew it would be difficult due to the Praxian hatred of horses and the old alliance of the Pure Horse with the hated God Learners of Robcradle.

The Zebra Tribe is the youngest of the Tribes of Prax. With help from Issaries, Joraz Kyrem created the War Zebras and

founded the tribe in 830, after making a deal with the Priestesses at the Paps. The Zebra People were linked strongly to Pavis, serving as the new city's cavalry. Being accustomed to a life on the plains, many of them lived in camps within the open areas of the city rather than in buildings. They also operated patrols from Pavis County, ensuring that the Praxians remained peaceful. It wasn't until after 940 that the tribe accepted the need for strong fortifications and based themselves around Joraz Kyrem's City Headquarters (known popularly as the Zebra Palace).

Tribe and Clan Structure

The tribe's military traditions stem from their early days, and are reflected in their organization. The Zebra Tribe is currently divided into several clans that typically

consist of around ten extended family groups. A Captain of noble lineage within the tribe leads each clan. When a Captain dies, or is otherwise no longer able to serve in the role, a successor is chosen from among the available nobles. Most often it is the one with the greatest fighting and diplomatic skills who is chosen. The Captain represents his clan at the Tribal Assembly, and answers to the King, whose clan lived until recently around Zebra Fort in the Big Rubble (the site of the former "Zebra Palace").

The Arrowsmith Dynasty

In 860 Joraz Kyrem became King of Pavis and founded the Arrowsmith Dynasty, which was to rule Pavis for only 80 years.

He married Fehala, one of Pavis' daughters, thus sealing the bond between

their respective families. His people thrived in the open lands inside the walls and around the region today known as Pavis County. Some ventured onto the plains of Prax, remaining true to their nomad heritage, but most remained closely associated to the city. When Pavis achieved apotheosis, many Zebra Riders joined in his worship.

Thog's Attack

In 870, Thog the Giant led an attack on Pavis, but was driven back, largely due to the fierceness of the Zebra Cavalry. Five years later he returned, now with an army of animal nomads, trolls and Jolanti. This time the attack could not be resisted, and the city fell. The Cavalry fought gallantly, but were driven off with heavy losses and had to flee the city. Joraz Kyrem retreated with a small contingent of Riders to find allies in Dragon Pass. He spent a year enlisting help there from within the EWF, most notably gaining aid from the Sun Dome Templars.

The Liberation of Pavis

In 877 ST Joraz returned to reclaim Pavis, accompanied by a large army of Horse People and the Templars. Thog was defeated, and his Jolanti were made into the gates of the city. Joraz Kyrem granted the Sun Dome Templars land alongside the Zola Fel to the south of Pavis, and this became Sun County. The Zebra Riders were highly esteemed in Pavis, and their leaders were counted among the nobles and the rich, though they avoided ostentation. The Zebra Cavalry's military skills were known to be as good as any of the forces of the nearby Empire, especially their ability with the bow, and the powerful magics they used on their arrows. During this time, the Flintnail dwarves began construction of a Palace for Joraz and his family. This was an impressive and elaborately decorated mansion. Though he died at a great old age, Joraz did not live to see the completion of the palace. The work finished in 910, with a grand ritual at which he appeared and blessed the completed construction.

The Nomad Threat

In 927, Pavis was again besieged, but this time for thirteen years. A nomad Hero, Jaldon Goldentooth, led a vast army of the Praxian Beast Riders against them. In 940, they finally broke through the walls, with Jaldon chewing his way in, and the city was laid waste. The Zebra Tribe was scattered, the palace badly damaged, and the rule of the Arrowsmith Dynasty brought to an end. The historic location of the Zebra Palace is lost to common knowledge, though some rumors correctly suggest that Zebra Fort was constructed on its ruins.

Some of the Zebra Cavalry fled to the

plains of Prax, but many warriors of the tribe stayed to defend the remnants of the city. At least three Zebra Riders were among the Pavic Champions known as Seventeen Foes of Waha. The best known was Opili the Protector who abandoned his zebra in favor of fortress defences, and was a great hero of the city. Garngar Gateguard is the most tragic; slain defending the zebra stock, and he was the final Zebra General. Mapiri Red Stallion was the last and least known. He came from the far reaches of Prax, intending to re-establish the Arrowsmith Dynasty, but died in the attempt.

The Troll Invasion

The final blow to Old Pavis came in 1239, when a large army of trolls invaded the city.

Despite the human survivors putting up a desperate resistance, the defenses were crushed, bringing the glory of the valiant defenders to an end. Many of the few remaining Zebra Cavalry riders died or were enslaved during the invasion, and some were forced to take refuge within the forts. This was the beginning of the worst period in both the history of the Zebra Tribe and of Pavis itself. The walls of Pavis

were kept closed by the trolls. Their patrols, magic, and guardian spirits made it extremely difficult to leave or enter the city.

The Tribe on the Plains

For three centuries, the remnants of the tribe survived on the plains of Prax, adopting much from the ways of the animal nomads. The trolls had killed a large part of the male population; leaving women to take up many roles traditionally belonging to the males. At first the tribe struggled to survive, being despised as "friends of the city", but as the years passed they slowly came to be accepted by other Praxians. They retained their cavalry traditions, and were hired as mercenaries from time to time by the other tribes. Some clans roamed the region around Adari, and helped strengthen the trade route to Pavis.

A few other clans even travelled out across the Wastes to seek new grazing grounds for their steeds. Yet another clan allied with the Pol Joni, a tribe of Orlanti who rode horses and herded cattle in NW Prax. The leaders of this clan claimed heritage from the Arrowsmith Dynasty and from Joraz Kyrem himself.

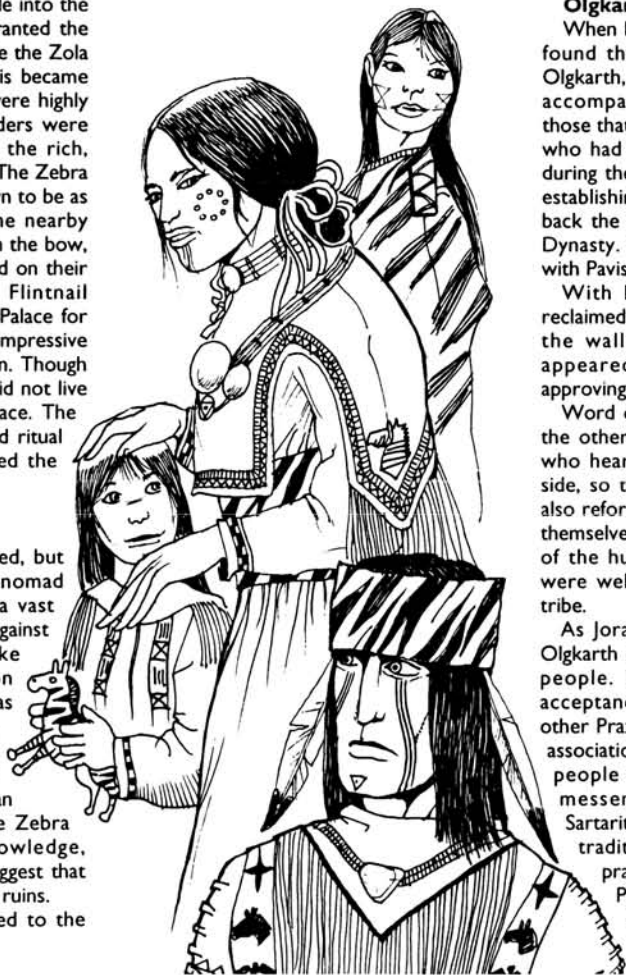
Olgarth Reforms the Tribe

When Dorasar arrived in Prax in 1550 to found the city of New Pavis, his friend Olgarth, Captain of the Arrow-Eye Clan, accompanied him. His clan was one of those that had allied with the Pol-Joni riders who had entered Prax from Dragon Pass during the 1400s. Olgarth dreamed of re-establishing the Zebra Tribe, and bringing back the glorious days of the Arrowsmith Dynasty. As his ancestor Joraz had allied with Pavis, Olgarth allied with Dorasar.

With help from the Heortlings, he reclaimed the ancient Zebra grounds within the walls. The spirit of Joraz Kyrem appeared to this force of avengers, approving Olgarth as the rightful king.

Word of this visitation quickly spread to the other scattered clans, and all of them who heard the news came to Olgarth's side, so the tribe was reformed. Olgarth also reformed the Pavis Cavalry, who called themselves the "Pavis Survivors", and some of the human survivors of the Old City were welcomed as new members of the tribe.

As Joraz Kyrem had done before him, Olgarth looked to secure a future for his people. In order to strengthen the acceptance of the Zebra people by the other Praxian tribes, despite their renewed association with the city, Olgarth sent his people out as neutral emissaries and messengers. With the might of the Sartarite settlers behind them, and their traditional allegiance to Issaries, this practice was accepted and the Zebra People further strengthened their position.



The Lunar Invasion

The Lunar Treaty of Occupation disbanded the Zebra Cavalry immediately after the occupation of Pavis. The Cavalry had defied the Lunars (albeit only briefly), but most of all they were seen as an unacceptable military arm of the Old City. Some members of the tribe remained in Old Pavis, and some were eventually allowed to serve again under Lunar Command at Zebra Fort. This acceptance was slow in coming due to the presence of a rebellious loyalist zebra gang that somehow survived within the ruins of the old city. This gang still calls themselves the "Pavis Survivors", claiming to be led by the true descendants of Joraz Kyrem, and refusing to give up their ancestral grazing grounds. They have managed to remain at large due in part to peculiarities of the Rubble that distort magical means of observation and detection, and perhaps due to their own unusual magic.

The Zebra Tribe Today

Since the Lunar Invasion, most of the tribesfolk who were living in or around the city have abandoned the Big Rubble. They live now as nomads, rather than suffer the tight restrictions imposed by Lunars within the city and the settlements of Pavis County. The current Zebra King, Darodan Arrow-Eye, has proved that he is not a descendent of Joraz Kyrem and Pavis' daughter, and is not considered a political threat by the Lunars. It was under his guidance that the tribe created a settlement and trading post at "Zebra Town" on the edge of Pavis County. This was built inside the ancient earth bank and ditch defenses of an EWF era border post.

The region around Zebra Town is not good for farming and so was not recently inhabited, but serves well enough in providing fodder for zebras. However, the tribe is forced to sell a proportion of all its zebras cheaply to the occupying government in exchange for their rights to this land. Many clans come and go between here and the plains, and so the population is not as stable as some people assume.

Some Pavisites evidence surprise that any nomad tribe would ever regard a settlement as a center of their society, but this neglects to consider the Zebra Tribe's particular loyalties and heritage as defenders of Pavis. There is no Lunar garrison at this settlement, but under the treaty of occupation, Lunar border patrols must be accommodated or resupplied here if necessary when they pass through. These patrols are often sable riders, who are less



contemptuous of the zebra people than the other tribes, but relations are still strained, and recompense for supplying the patrols can be slow in coming.

Some few Zebra folk have stayed on in Old Pavis, tending the zebras in Zebraside. Although operating under strict Lunar supervision, these Riders make every effort to maintain their fragile independence.

They pay taxes to the occupation government, but in the hearts of many they wait for the glory of Pavis to return when the Arrowsmith Dynasty once again takes the throne.

Some of the tribesmen operate as independent mercenaries, and fight for anyone who will pay them. However, with the slow spread of the zebra as local riding beast of choice, many zebra-riding mercenaries are not from the tribe at all, coming from all manner of backgrounds, including some who are former Lunar soldiers. Few true tribesmen will work for the hated Lunars who drove them from the city.

The bandit Hargran the Dirty currently controls Zebra Fort, commanding the Royal Guard (the Lunar-approved replacement for the Cavalry). He originally proclaimed himself King of Zebra Fort, and has refused to swear allegiance to King Darodan. Hargran's command consists mostly of Lunar-backed mercenaries, and the Fort also hosts a contingent of Lunar

troops. In recent years Hargran has begun to accept true Zebra people into the ranks of his warriors, and these now form a significant minority. Despite these new signs of equality, Hargran is still considered a traitor by most loyal Pavisites, including the Zebra Tribe as a whole. Those Zebra people who accept his command walk a fine line in terms of loyalty, but are certainly much appreciated by the local Mansiders they help protect.

Gods and Spirits of the Zebra Tribe

Before Joraz Kyrem made a deal with the Most Respected Elder in the Paps, and quested to create the War Zebras, his tribe belonged to the Pure Horse People, revering the fire horse tradition of Yu-Kargzant and La-Ungariant. The creation of the new tribe meant a change in their traditions. No longer being of the Pure Horse People; the mythical link was broken with these former gods and their spirits. Joraz Kyrem had foreseen this, and undertook a great quest to show that he could retain the powers of fire and light. He succeeded, and was able to teach his strongest warriors the same magical techniques. After his death, many more of his people could obtain these powers through his worship.

His studies within the EWF had opened Joraz's eyes to the importance of other deities not of the Pure Horse tradition. This was how he had found Issaries, and he had shown his followers how the Travelling God could be useful when dealing with foreigners. The tribe adopted worship of the Storm Pantheon, joining with the ways of a significant proportion of the other city dwellers, yet retaining their own unique identity. Their most popular new gods were initially Orlanth and Humakt, and when Pavis became the city god, many zebra folk began to revere him as well. Joraz himself came to be worshipped as the tribal founder, either independently or alongside Pavis.

Through their allies, the Templars of the Sun Dome, some Zebra Riders also learned how to worship Yelmatio. This practice started after the Sun Domers helped retake the city of Pavis in 877, and continues even today among families and clans with ties to the Sun Dome. In those times the followers of Yelmatio and the people of the Storm were strong allies. After Pavis was sacked, those zebra folk without mounts, who were still living inside the walls, began to worship Opili the Protector, who taught them how to fight within the ruins.

Keywords

The Zebra Folk differ from the other tribes of Prax in several important respects. Whilst there are still significant variations in gender roles, the general outlook of the tribe is egalitarian. They were influenced by the cosmopolitan ways of the city, and later also forced to make compromises in order to survive. Children are raised in the saddle, and all of them learn how to fight. Both boys and girls are initiated at around the age of 15, and the tribe sees nothing strange with a woman taking on the ways of a warrior. As with most regular Praxians, women see to the specialist upkeep of the herds, although everyone is involved in one way or another. The female Herders tend their clan's animals and perform the breeding rituals necessary to keep the herd strong and fertile (although a worshipper of Joraz Kyrem must take a central role in each ceremony).

The Zebra Tribe came from a society already accustomed to nomad life. Now, due to their founder's pact with the Herd Mother, they respect the ways of Eiritha, and so have earned a degree of respect on the plains. However, Waha is not worshipped by them, since the Zebra Riders were not part of his Compact. Due to their association with the Storm Pantheon, Theistic worship is the norm for the Zebra Tribe, although their shamans are also considered sacred and special: the males who commune with the ancestors, and the women who follow the Eiritha Traditions. As long as each worshipper remains true to their worship style, none suffer the penalties for misapplied worship. Thus, the modern day tribesfolk worship an eclectic collection of deities, and these are generally associated with specific occupations.

After the tribe was separated, the balance of worship of different cults came to vary

greatly from clan to clan, but since the reforming of the tribe, distributions of worship are becoming more even. One of the most common misconceptions about the tribe is that their hunters must surely worship Foundchild like the all other Praxians. This is not true, as hunters have followed Ormalaya since the tribe was formed. They do however carry fetishes provided by the Eirithan shamans that allow them to grant the blessing of the peaceful cut upon their quarry, and this is one source of the confusion.

Zebra Tribe Cultural Keyword

PHYSICAL ABILITIES: Close Combat (Spear and Shield Fighting), Craft Arrows, Ranged Combat (Archery), Ride Zebra, Tend Zebra.

MENTAL ABILITIES: Prax Lore, Zebra Tribe Customs, Zebra Tribe History.

PERSONALITY: Proud.

RELATIONSHIPS: to Clan; to Tribe.

NOTES: The Zebra People are among the best archers in Prax, almost as good as Impala riders and with no equal in massed missile combat. They take no penalties for using a bow whilst riding their zebras. Most Zebra Tribe members can speak some Praxian, though Old Pavic is their native tongue.

Occupation Keywords

Each person in the tribe specializes in a profession and follows the deity that supports this. However, it is important to note that all able-bodied tribesfolk must be able to help look after the herd, ride, hunt, and fight no matter what their specific duties. It is through this adaptability, constant readiness, and skill at arms, that the zebra folk survived their long separation

from the city. In many cases the professional abilities below are less important to the survival of the tribe than some of the cultural abilities above, and outsiders often cannot easily distinguish one Zebra Rider from another, professionally speaking. In some instances (such as with scouts and hunters) their roles within the clan overlap considerably in daily life, with differences coming to the fore only when very specific duties are undertaken.

Herder

ENTRY REQUIREMENTS: Women only.

PHYSICAL ABILITIES: Close Combat (Axe Fighting), Cooking, Sewing, Tan Hides.

MENTAL ABILITIES: Assess Pasture, Find Edible Herbs, Find Lost Animal, Find Water.

PERSONALITY: Pragmatic.

RELATIONSHIPS: to Herd.

MAGIC: Eiritha Tradition.

EQUIPMENT: Axe, bow and arrows, cooking equipment, zebra.

Hunter

Hunters are adept at working either mounted or on foot, as the situation requires.

PHYSICAL ABILITIES: Butchery, Craft Bows, Ride Down Prey, Set Traps, Stalking.

MENTAL ABILITIES: Know Terrain, Listen, Tracking.

PERSONALITY: Patient.

MAGIC: Ormalaya.

EQUIPMENT: Bow and arrows, spear and shield, zebra.

Scout

Scouts search the plains for pasture grounds and enemy movements. They also watch the area around the clan for enemies, and may live independently of the clan for days at a time. They too can operate without their zebra when necessary.

PHYSICAL ABILITIES: Enduring, Move Silently.

MENTAL ABILITIES: Acute Vision, Recognize

Distribution of Worship amongst the Zebra Tribe in Pavis County

Males		Females
Leaders:	Joraz the Chief (1%)	Pavis Overseer (1%)
Lawspeakers:	Pavis the Overseer (2%)	Eiritha (7%)
Shamans:	Ancestor Worship (7%)	Eiritha (20%)
Traditional Zebra Warriors:	Joraz the Rider (22%)	Joraz the Rider (16%)
Hunters:	Orlanth/Ormalaya (35%)	Vinga/Ormalaya (25%)
Warriors from the old family		Herald Goodwood (3%)
Solar Traditions:	Yelmatio/Vorshek (7%)	Vinga/Tatouth or Vinga Pathfinder (9%)
Messengers:	Herald Goodwood (4%)	Issaries Goldentongue (1%)
Scouts:	Orlanth/Tatouth (5%)	Humakt (7%)
Traders:	Issaries Goldentongue (1%)	Bevara (4%)
Independent Mercenaries:	Humakt (11%)	Other Ermaidan (3%)
Impetuous Young Men:	various Orlanth Adv. (3%)	various Vinga/Orlanth Adv. (3%)
Chaos Fighters:	Urox/Stormbull (2%)	Urox/Stormbull (1%)
		Lawspeakers:
		Herder Elders:
		Herders:
		Traditional Zebra Warriors:
		Hunters:
		Messengers:
		Scouts:
		Traders:
		Independent Mercenaries:
		Healers:
		Healers:
		Impetuous Young Women:
		Chaos Fighters:

Those of the tribe who live more or less permanently in Pavis County are also communal worshippers of Pavis, as are all of them who actually live in the Old City. Some of the Zebra Tribe residing in the Old City are warriors who follow their ancestor Opili.

Enemy, Scan Terrain, Listen, Stay Awake.

PERSONALITY: Alert, Independent.

MAGIC: Tatouh the Scout or Vinga Pathfinder.

EQUIPMENT: Bow and arrows, spear and shield, zebra.

Shaman

Shamans, or spirit-talkers, are responsible for interpreting the signs of the spirits for the benefit of their clan, and contacting the ancestors.

ENTRY REQUIREMENTS: Males only, must have a fetch that can be awakened.

PHYSICAL ABILITIES: Craft Fetish, Draw Summoning Circle, Drumming.

MENTAL ABILITIES: Find Shaman Plants, Lead Ceremony, Ride Spirit Zebra, Shamanic Escape, Spirit Combat, Spirit Sight, Zebra Ancestor Tradition Knowledge.

PERSONALITY: Resourceful.

RELATIONSHIPS: to Ancestors.

MAGIC: Zebra Tradition of Ancestor Worship.

EQUIPMENT: Ritual equipment, shaman plants, drum.

Advanced Occupations

Captain (Clan Leader)

The leader of a Zebra Clan is a noble, well versed in politics, who has usually fought in several battles. Most of his duties concern the immediate well-being of the clan, though he also has to represent the clan at the Tribal Assembly.

ENTRY REQUIREMENTS: Male, chosen by the Ancestors.

PHYSICAL ABILITIES: Close Combat (Sword and Shield Fighting).

MENTAL ABILITIES: Bellow Orders, Cavalry Tactics, Inspect Soldiers.

PERSONALITY: Honorable or Stern.

RELATIONSHIPS: to King.

MAGIC: Joraz the Chief.

EQUIPMENT: Sword, bow and arrows, lance, metal scale armor and helm, war zebra.

Cavalry Warrior

The Zebra Soldiers are taught the ancient military traditions of the tribe. They might be assigned to guard the clan against attackers, or to an emissary delegation protecting a Zebra Herald. Some serve as official tribal mercenaries.

ENTRY REQUIREMENTS: Chosen due to combat aptitude, usually from the tribe's scouts or hunters.

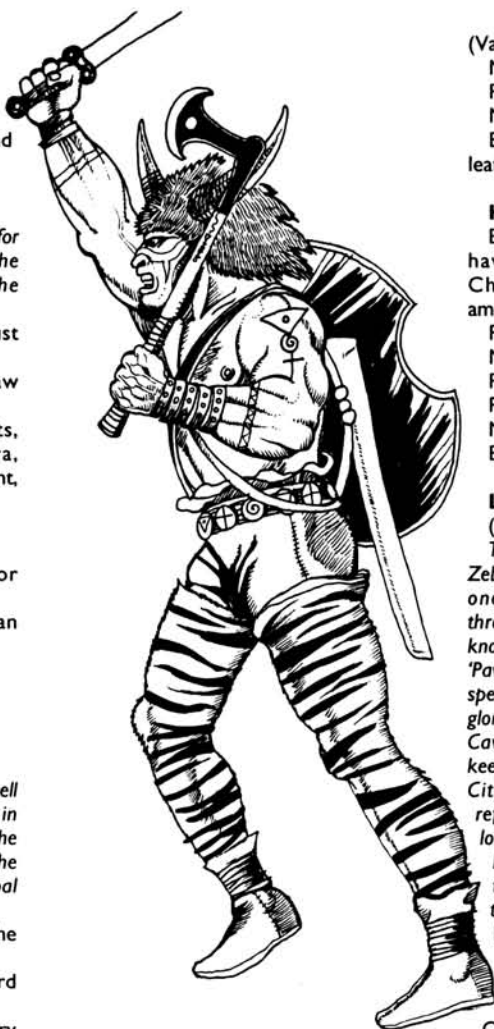
PHYSICAL ABILITIES: Close Combat (Lance, Sword and Shield Fighting), Ride in Formation, Volleyed Archery.

MENTAL ABILITIES: Scan for Danger.

PERSONALITY: Disciplined.

RELATIONSHIPS: to fellow soldiers; to Captain.

MAGIC: Most worship Joraz the Rider.



though some chose instead Yelmalio or Humakt. Those who follow Yelmalio tend to do so because it is a clan or family tradition. Those who become Humakti do so because they have chosen the life of the warrior above all other concerns, though some retain their loyalty to the tribe as a priority.

EQUIPMENT: Bow and arrows, lance, sword, shield, leather armor, helmet, cavalry zebra.

Chaos Fighter

Prior to the Lunar conquest it was common for at least one warrior within each Zebra Clan to be an Uroxi, but such people have been subject to harsh restrictions, and have brought undue suspicion upon the clans to which they were attached. Consequently, most have switched to worship of Stormbull and taken to the plains.

ENTRY REQUIREMENTS: A personal choice, often made after a particularly traumatic experience with chaos or its terrible influence.

PHYSICAL ABILITIES: Close Combat

(Various).

MENTAL ABILITIES: Intimidating.

PERSONALITY: Fearless or Reckless.

MAGIC: Stormbull or Urox.

EQUIPMENT: Weapon of choice, shield, leather armor, helmet.

Herder Elder

ENTRY REQUIREMENTS: Females only, must have a fetch that can be awakened. Chosen by the current Elders from amongst the Herders.

PHYSICAL ABILITIES: As Shaman.

MENTAL ABILITIES: As Shaman.

PERSONALITY: Wise.

RELATIONSHIPS: to Zebra Spirits.

MAGIC: Eiritha Tradition.

EQUIPMENT: As Shaman.

Lawspeaker/Ambassador

(The Clan 'Pavis')

This profession is a tradition within the Zebra Clans, each of whom retained at least one 'Pavis' and his or her apprentice throughout the lost centuries. In addition to knowing the laws and customs of the clan, the 'Pavis' is always literate, and widely versed in speaking the stories of the Old City and of the glorious days of Joraz Kyrem and the Zebra Cavalry. It was the role of Lawspeaker to keep the memories and traditions of the Old City from being lost. Since Olgarth's reformation of the tribe, each 'Pavis' is no longer just the Lawspeaker and storyteller, but now also an Ambassador in charge of the special Messenger Service run by the tribe.

ENTRY REQUIREMENTS: Chosen by the Clan Leader.

MENTAL ABILITIES: Memorize, Myths of Pavis, Orate, Pavic Laws and Customs, Pavic Philosophy, Read/Write Old Pavic, Speak with Authority, Storytelling.

PERSONALITY: Diplomatic.

RELATIONSHIPS: to Pavis Temple.

MAGIC: Pavis Overseer.

EQUIPMENT: Ceremonial Robes, zebra.

Messenger

Zebra Messengers travel at short notice across Prax carrying diplomatic messages between the tribes or important missives between the settlements and camps. Occasionally they might be attached to a trading caravan, supervised by one of the tribe's merchants.

ENTRY REQUIREMENTS: Outgoing Personality, Notable Riding Ability.

PHYSICAL ABILITIES: Ride without Tiring.

MENTAL ABILITIES: Scan Terrain, Sleep in Saddle, Wilderness Survival.

PERSONALITY: Dedicated, Honorable.

RELATIONSHIPS: to Clan 'Pavis'.

MAGIC: Herald Goodword.

EQUIPMENT: Bow and arrows, spear and shield, despatch satchel, leather armor, zebra.

Zebra Rider Magic Keywords

The worship practices of the zebra tribe confuse outsiders, because they combine reverence of their traditional spirits with worship of several Theist deities. Within their tribe these practices are considered normal, and their founder, the Hero Joraz Kyrem, made this possible.

Joraz was not only of the Pure Horse People, but was also a citizen of the EWF, and knew the ways of Issaries. It was Issaries magic that found his people a place in Prax by creating the War Zebras from the horse and the Praxian zebra. It was Issaries magic also that allowed Joraz Kyrem to find the way for his people to adopt both styles of worship. As with any regular pantheon, individuals within the zebra tribe worship a particular deity simply because of professional or traditional custom. It is possible later in life to shift from one style to another, but not common.

The Praxian nomads still regard the Zebra Tribe as at least half city-folk, due to their known association with the city, and non-Praxian religious customs. Conversely, the city folk of Pavis see the tribe as half-Praxian due to their lifestyle and reverence of Eiritha. For the zebra people themselves none of this is a problem: in fact it was a desired outcome, allowing them to exist in Prax exactly as they wanted.

Zebra Tradition (Ancestor Worship)

ENTRY REQUIREMENTS: Must be a member of the tribe, and chosen by the current shamans.

MENTAL ABILITIES: Zebra Tradition Knowledge.

TRADITIONAL SPIRITS: Ancestor Spirits (typically providing a skill or personality trait).

SPIRIT ALLIES: Zebra Stallions (typically: Endurance, Leaping, Speed, Strength, Virility).

FETCH: Zebra Spirit.

FETISHES: Made from Zebra hides and bones.

TRADITION SECRET: Incarnate Clan Ancestor.

TYPICAL CLAN ANCESTOR: Archery 18w2, Lance Attack 10w2, Ride Zebra 6w3.

OTHER SIDE: After their death, Zebra people roam Eiritha's fields along with their faithful steeds. They also know the way from here into the region around Pavis' Palace.

Eiritha Tradition

There is as yet no official Eiritha Tradition, although some details are at:

www.glorantha.com/hw/keywords_praxians.html

Worshipped Deities

JORAZ KYREM

Joraz the Rider

See the 'Masks of Pavis' [P&BR Companion: Vol. 2] for full Keyword information.

Also, core information at:

www.glorantha.com/hw/magical_pavis.html

PHYSICAL ABILITIES: Leap into Saddle, Ride Fast.

MENTAL ABILITIES: History of Joraz Kyrem (useable as Myths of Pavis at -10), Negotiate, Pavis Cavalry Traditions.

VIRTUES: Brave, Proud.

AFFINITY: Warrior of the Sun (Arrow Strikes Spirits, Blinding Shield, Burning Blade, Flaming Arrow, Lance of Flame, Sear the Dark).

SECRET: Breed Pavis Zebra (allows the worshipper to ceremonially enchant an area in which a normal warhorse and a Plains Zebra are contained. These will always mate and produce one of the Pavis War Zebras as their offspring. Without this ceremony, the two species cannot produce fertile offspring, although the existing War Zebras are a true species, and can breed among themselves as well. The ritual must also include at least one Clan Shaman and an Elder of the Clan Eirithans).

JORAZ THE CHIEF

Worship of Joraz the Chief functions as if it were a Hero Cult of Joraz Kyrem.

ENTRY REQUIREMENTS: Be Ordained as Clan or Tribal Chief.

MENTAL ABILITIES: Speak with Authority.

WARRIOR OF THE SUN FEATS: Call Fire Daimon, Commanding Radiance.

PAVIS THE OVERSEER

See the 'Masks of Pavis' [P&BR Companion: Vol. 2] for full Keyword information. Also, core information at:

www.glorantha.com/hw/magical_pavis.html

ORLANTH ADVENTUROUS

Ormalaya and Tatouth

See 'Thunder Rebels'.

STORMBULL

Use the Cult and Keywords at: www.glorantha.com/hw/cultshort_stormbull.html

UROX

See 'Storm Tribe'.

VINGA (Ormalaya and Pathfinder)

Ormalaya - See 'Storm Tribe' and 'Thunder Rebels'.

Pathfinder - See 'Storm Tribe' and 'Tales of the Reaching Moon: Iss. 20'.

VORSHEK THE CAVALRYMAN

Hero of Yelmalio

See the 'Masks of Pavis' [P&BR Companion: Vol. 2] for short form Yelmalio cult, or the medium-form at www.glorantha.com: due on site anytime from Sept. 2001 onwards

The Yelmalian warriors of the Zebra Tribe have traditionally ignored the Grain affinity, gaining additional magic instead through their reverence of the Zebra Tribe Hero, Vorshek, who has been all but forgotten by the Sun Domers themselves. The worship style for Yelmalio is less formal than the ways of Sun County, albeit quite regimented compared to other worship practices within the Zebra Tribe.

MEMBERSHIP REQUIREMENTS: Be a warrior within one of the Zebra Tribe families that traditionally revere Yelmalio.

MENTAL ABILITIES: Solar Cavalry Tactics.

PHYSICAL ABILITIES: Sleep in Saddle.

VIRTUES: Moral, Proud.

AFFINITY: Cavalryman (Armor Steed, Control Steed, Piercing Lance, Terrifying Charge).

HERALD GOODWORD

Hero Cult of Issaries Goldentongue

See the 'Masks of Pavis' [P&BR Companion: Vol. 2] for full information; or the outline details in 'Storm Tribe'.

PHYSICAL ABILITIES: Leap into Saddle, Ride Fast.

AFFINITIES: Communication (Clear-voice Shout, Protect Message, Recite Message Perfectly, Talk with Hands, Voice of Reason) Messenger (Bless Negotiations, Identify Liar, Recognize Magical Coercion, Secure Saddlebags) Travel (Cover Tracks, Detect Ambush, Find Escape Route, Locate Trail, Protection while Sleeping)

SECRET: The Message Must Get Through

BEVARA

See 'Thunder Rebels'.

ISSARIES

The Traders of the Zebra Tribe worship Issaries Goldentongue. See 'Storm Tribe'.

HUMAKT

See 'Storm Tribe'.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Codex I

(Mike Dawson, 1994)

The Book of Drastic Resolutions: Volume Prax

(Stephen Martin, 1998)

Pavis and Big Rubble

(Moon Design, 1999)

The Lore Guards

Ian Thomson

«None shall threaten the sanctity of knowledge»

A NEW ORGANIZATION OF SWORD SAGES was founded in New Pavis last century. Poised on the edge of the vast and deadly ruins of the Big Rubble, the Knowledge Temple began sending expeditions into the Old City only a few years after the Sartarites began the new colony. The Knowledge worshippers soon learned that this was a dangerous undertaking, and that impetuous Orlanthi mercenaries were not necessarily best suited to assist with the careful collection of relics and historical documents.

In 1562, Bolgar Olavsson led his Sword Brothers in founding an elite band of sages and apprentices dedicated to the protection of their less martially inclined brethren. With the arrival of the Lunars in 1610, and the introduction of the Irripi Ontor worshippers into the Knowledge Temple, the presence of the Sword Sages also helps to maintain respect for Lhankor Mhy's followers in Pavis.

Common Names: Lhankor's Swords.

Form: Brotherhood of Sword Sages.

Cultural Context: Weird band of Knowledge worshippers specializing in Sword Combat.

Ideology: Keep the knowledge safe, and protect its rightful collectors.

Look and Feel: Sages and apprentices who carry swords, and can expound (with practical demonstrations) at great length on the intricacies and advantages of their use.

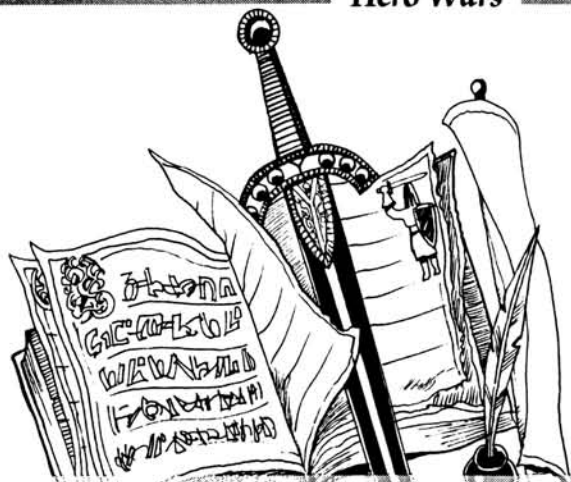
Purpose: As well as defending the Lhankor Mhy worshippers of New Pavis, and assisting in the exploration of the Rubble, their duties sometimes include guarding knowledge missions along the River of Cradles.

Headquarters: New Pavis Knowledge Temple.

Reactions: Unlike their learned colleagues, the Lore Guards relate with comparative ease to a social group other than sages: professional mercenaries. The Lore Guards not only spar with other warriors, but also drink with them, and occasionally even go on missions not directly related to the accumulation of lore. Other Knowledge worshippers see them as an oddity, although the Lhankor Mhy very much appreciate their presence. City residents with no particular interest in combat or academia, find them only marginally less obtuse than any other Knowledge cultists. The Irripi Ontor worshippers are somewhat intimidated by these Sword Sages, but in general the Lunars tolerate them much more than other Heortling warriors, due to their association with the Knowledge Temple.

Resources

Leader: Lodreg Copperskull is the current leader of the Lore Guards. Some years ago he came face to face with a broo champion in the grounds of Kakstan's Art Museum and had his head partially crushed. (Before collapsing, Lodreg nonetheless assisted the broo in performing a convincing impression of the noted Praxian delicacy -



ostrich shishkebab.) Real City healers were fortuitously nearby, and saved Lodreg's life, although the visible metal plate on the left side of his skull now makes him appear even more daunting. Other Sword Sages quickly deny rumors that, since this event, Lodreg occasionally turns berserk during combat.

Renowned Members: Hengist Drubb's deficiencies with the quill are more than made up for by his mastery of the double handed bastard sword, and Orngelot Two-Swords is noted to have lasted for seven full exchanges of blows with noted Pavic swordmaster Garreth Sharpword.

Membership: There are twelve active members of the Lore Guards at present.

Other Contacts: As a faction within the Lhankor Mhy worshippers, the Lore Guards are friendly with the various followers of other Lightbringer deities. They are also on good relations with some of the Pavis-based Humakti.

Organization

The Lore Guards answer as normal to the Knowledge Temple hierarchy. It is recognized that much of their usefulness comes from their unconventionality, and their often 'unsagelike' behavior is tolerated much more than it would be amongst their colleagues.

Membership Keyword

Membership Requirements: Any Hevduran worshipper in good standing may join the Lore Guards, and most Hevdurani in Pavis are members.

Physical Abilities Taught: Move Quietly.

Mental Abilities taught: Prax Lore, Rubble Survival.

Typical Personality Traits: Alert, Proud.

Magic: Stukkix the Blade is their Guardian Being.

Guardian Being: Stukkix the Blade

When Bolgar Olavsson first founded the Lore Guards, they drew to them an entity called Stukkix the Blade. It claimed to have been a Hero of Old Pavis who fought against Jaldon's hordes in 940 ST, eventually slain after defeating scores of nomad warriors. The Pavis Cult archivists have since confirmed that Stukkix is noted as a valiant defender of the city.

Method: Emanation.

Form: Stukkix is enshrined within Bolgar's ceremonial sword. This is kept secured in a special vault within the Knowledge Temple.

Membership Requirements: Maintain your sword in optimum condition. Never let any lore of Old Pavis be destroyed if you can prevent it.

Awareness Function: Sense Foe 8w.

Blessing Function: Ignore Wounds 6w.

Defense Function: Move Safely on Broken Terrain 4w.

It's Not Easy Being Grim

By Jim Chapin



Part I The Bull in the Painting

IN THE PITCH BLACK, Gim Gim heard the young woman begin to scream. Although he could not see directly, his second sight enabled him to observe that the Krarshtkids climbing up the altar must have reached her. As the six-legged monsters began devouring their sacrifice, Gim Gim assumed what he thought to be the correct Krarshtian expression, combining reverence and enjoyment. Although the blind priest that ran this ceremony always held it in Darkness (indeed the Altar was in itself a Darkness spell), it was best to be safe.

This Goddess, certainly, might well be able to view his physical expression through any veil of Darkness.

In truth, he found the ceremony both disgusting and boring. Why were Gods so limited and predictable, he thought? Surely, if he knew that life was something more than good and evil, the Gods should know it too? Krarsht, evidently, was by far more intelligent than any other Chaos God, but even She found pleasure in this silly business of killing helpless creatures. Not that Gim Gim minded killing, but killing peasant girls and trollkin on a regular basis served little obvious purpose.

Of course, he felt, as the others in the room did, the presence of the great Mother Mouth. Unlike them, however, he was not involved emotionally in the ceremony. Being illuminated allowed him to assume a spiritual mask even more effective than that assumed by his face, or by the literal mask that he habitually wore above ground. While the others were unmasked before this great creature, all She could know of

him was what he chose to allow Her. Gim Gim the Grim, the Masked One, he thought. True enough, since his masks were more than physical.

As he gazed spiritually at the great creature that was (vicariously?) participating in the ceremony, he thought about what She might be. Unlike most of the other Chaotic Gods, she was not a relative of the Orlanthei pantheon. Nor was she something good corrupted, as the Crimson Bat or Vivamort were. She was from OUTSIDE.

Salonar Tarnaskil had written: "Of high crown concerning the hordes of the Divine Fear may be that the Four Horrors of the long night could have been the Four Origins turned into and through themselves". If his remarks were true, then the doctrine preached at the temple, that "the Great Goddess as Glorantha created the world; as Arachne Solara She preserves it; and as Krarsht the Devourer She will destroy it at the end of Time" made some sort of sense: Krarsht must be the chaotic parallel to Arachne Solara herself.

Or, more correctly, he thought, all that Arachne Solara could seem like to such worshippers as stood here. Would Krarsht's webs of nothingness be shown to bind all Glorantha in some unimaginable way at the end of Time as the Spider had swallowed entropy to create Time in the first place?

The Krarsht worshippers believed that they would all become part of Her after their death.

Personally, the relationship between Krarsht and her worshippers reminded Gim Gim of the old tale of the meeting between the bear and the hunter: the bear wanted a full belly and the hunter wanted a full coat - and after their meeting, both had attained their goals!

The Krarsht priest's prediction was that this Third Age was an Age of Earth, which would end in Earth, but would be succeeded by an Age

• Jim Chapin

His days as a game-player stretch back to Gettysburg with rulers. He is older than anyone counted in the TotRM poll of RQ players, and has raised two sons in the Gloranthan faith.

of Fire. What that meant, Gim Gim could not tell. His thoughts drifted again to this business of prediction.

About the only useful thing about these long sacrificial rites was that they allowed time to think. On the basis of long experience, Gim Gim could allow his body to chant, cry and participate in whatever the rites of the various cults he belonged to without devoting even a minute's thought to what he was doing, let alone whatever was supposed to be the "inner meaning" of the ceremonies.

Just as well, when this ceremony involved such activities as drinking blood. Well, better the blood of a human girl than of a trollkin, let alone a troll!

He knew the prophecy concerning the immediate future, as revealed by his visit to the Painting Room in the Puzzle Canal. He knew that the painting was accurate, because all the evidence suggested that it was. Unfortunately, it had not been entirely clear what would bring his death, for the two new objects he had seen, unseen by previous viewers, were a tiny cradle and a White Bull.

Thinking it unlikely that he was to be killed by a baby, he had focused immediately on the second object as that most likely to be his death. Indeed, the discovery of the Bull in the painting had help propel him into membership of the Krarsh't cult, for they were the Bull's most effective enemies.

He could not yet figure out how to reconcile that with what he had every reason to believe HAD to be an accurate prediction about his own future: "You will meet the fate of a God". Crushed under the Block? Defeated and skinned? Apotheosized INTO the bull?

He had taken the trouble to finance two more expeditions into the Grotto, although neither party knew who their backer was. The single man who had returned from the second expedition (the first had vanished altogether) had reported the cradle and the small cloud in the shape of a Dragon floating toward the dominant Red Moon, both of which Gim Gim himself had seen.

However, he had not seen the Bull, but rather a Mask. He probably never knew why he died, or at whose orders, Gim Gim thought complacently. It was too bad that his present powers forbade him humor, but wit would have to do.

The cradle and the dragon cloud, then, were general predictions, or at least predictions specific to Pavis. His years of study of the future had taught him that the future of Glorantha would be decided in Pavis. Else why was he in this backwater?

The cradle might have some link to the old name of Pavis, RobCradle. As for dragons, the idea that dragons were a threat to the Red Moon seemed hard to believe. As far as he could tell, they had done nothing since the Dragonkill, so many years ago.

It was unfortunate that prediction, of



its very strength, could never be fully accurate. Not even the Gods could stand outside of Time, and even if he was to end a God, neither could he.

Trying to balance all these events while grappling with the rotten Lunar bureaucracy was a difficult task. Here, as elsewhere, disguise was the best strategy.

The mutual interaction between the Krarsh't worshippers, Black Fang, and the Lunar bureaucracy was fascinating, he thought. Only the Black Fangs had straightforward motives. He himself ran smuggling operations through these tunnels as much to hide his true motives as to make money. Many years ago, Gim-Gim had learned that avarice was in itself a useless trait, but also that the appearance of avarice could cloak many other purposes. Knowing now what he knew of the cult whose inner ceremonies he was observing, it was obvious just how this cult used avarice to hide its deeper sins.

This was a secret he had learned years ago, though as an illuminate himself, he was less sure than ever that it was possible to figure out the relationship between good and sin any more than the perception of Law and Chaos. Glorantha held more secrets than even Gim Gim knew, unfortunately. As an illuminate, he could recognize that the Puzzle Canal was itself a Riddle. But there were greater Secrets than that around him in this place.

This business of knowledge, thought Gim Gim, was difficult. Knowing too little was a sure path to death, but so was knowing too much. The wrong kind of knowledge could drive you insane, as many of the members of Chaos cults were, and, if the stories of the Godlearners were true, there was knowledge that could lead directly to getting yourself killed.

Gim Gim himself had long since learned to forget, a valuable skill. No one in this town knew who and what he really was, and sometimes he wasn't entirely sure

himself.

But there was something he still needed to learn. He still hadn't found all that was going on down here in the Devil's Playground, although knowledge of the presence of both Krarsh't and Thanatar put him ahead of almost anyone else in the town. The undead standing at the edges of this temple room were sufficient evidence of a degree of cooperation between these two religions that could hardly be found anywhere else.

Although the tunnels down here had mostly been dug by the Goddesses' creatures, they had been occupied by other things over the years, and the tunnels had impinged on older pathways and byways.

Tonight, however, he was to embark on a more difficult task, and it was necessary to have the support of this temple to go safely where he wanted to go.

The first stop on his way would be his first visit to a Thanatar temple. But he knew that even worse things than Krarsh'tkids or Thanatari lay beneath him. What they were, and what powers might be secured by them, he did not know. Tonight would be the first step on the road to discovery.

Part II The Breath of Thanatar

AS THE CEREMONY ended, Gim Gim could feel the vast presence of the Mouth withdrawing. He knew from experience that most of the Cultists would take some time to recover from the overwhelming experience of the presence of their God. This temple, unlike most Krarsh't temples, had a largely non-human membership, including obvious chaotic monsters. He could only assume that the Mother Mouth did not take her usual care here because of the nature of the "neighborhood". He shouldn't complain, he thought, for it was that shortage of members that could "pass" in Pavis that had helped make him so major a figure in this temple so quickly.

He turned to the broo he knew was next to him, murmuring in Pelorian, a language spoken by few of the other cultists: "Fineman, let's plan the visit". Although a broo, Fineman was easily the most intelligent one Gim Gim had ever encountered (not that the competition was very great). And, of course, he was illuminated, and like Gim Gim, a member of several cults. Gim Gim knew him well enough now that he understood his purpose; spreading the doctrine of Gbaji to the members of the anti-Chaos cults.

Fineman's methods were a bit direct, but no one could complain about his ability to control the most unpleasant collections of chaos monsters that Gim Gim had ever encountered.

The hard part of working with Chaos, thought Gim Gim wryly, was that it was so...

chaotic! You couldn't always count on the creatures to act even out of self-interest. That applied even (or especially) to the Chaos Gods. Krarsht, an exception, perhaps because Krarsht, ironically, was a God of Order, which apparently was not the same as Law.

As an illuminate, Gim Gim had long come to realize that chaotic beings inspired in themselves the same feelings as the Storm Bulls sensed (he wondered that the Bull's worshippers had such an odd empathy for the creatures they hunted) probably just a result of the fact that Wakboth was Storm Bull's nephew, after all, if legends were true.

But illumination offered chaotic creatures release from those feelings, if they chose to use it. It had half released Fineman, into an odd obsession with illuminating Lightbringers.

As long as Gim Gim kept to his arrangement of occasionally notifying the broo illuminate of the travel plans of Orlanthi adventurers, Fineman could be trusted. And as long as Fineman was with him, he could help control any of the more dangerous broo gangs he might run into.

As the two of them murmured "Krarsht" to the groping undead, and climbed the ladder leading back to the main tunnel (Gim Gim made sure to go first, there was no point in touching something just touched by a broo), Gim Gim thought how much easier it would be for him if Krarsht deigned to tell Her worshippers all that She knew about Her tunnels. But, apparently, even when She built a new temple for one of Her followers, She left it up to the consecrating Tongue to find out on his own what the set-up was.

Therefore, Gim Gim had concluded that the most likely place to find a full map of the tunnels had to be the Thanatari, who were, after all, knowledge seekers, of a sort.

The blind priest below, not much more communicative than his Mistress, had never revealed to Gim Gim how he had made the arrangement with the Thanatari that provided him with undead trolls and trollkin, both zombies and skeletons, to protect his own temple (as if krarshtkids and krarshtides were not enough).

Despite his previous negotiations with them through third parties, the Thanatari had a well-deserved reputation for taking anyone's head, body, or very mind if they desired it. Luckily, he felt (or hoped) that they knew enough about Gim Gim not to want to attack him, and nowhere near enough to understand what his mind might give them.

They were unlikely to disturb the arrangements that kept the Chaos in these tunnels in relative peace. On the other hand, getting them to pass out information wouldn't be much easier than getting it from Krarsht and Her priests.

As the two stepped into the main tunnel and out of the range of the Darkness Altar, they could see again, by the light of

the torches held by the two monstrous creatures that had preceded them up the ladder. They had four arms, a head with no mouth, and shark-teethed oval mouths where their chests should be. These were krarshtkid/broos, something which Gim Gim had never seen before, and would be happy never to see again. He had trouble envisaging how even a broo might rape a krarshtkid.

Gim Gim glanced in both directions up the three meter wide tunnel. He knew that more than a kilometer to the East along the main tunnel was a barricade held by the trolls, while the underground road to Pavis led to the West.

Tonight's trip would take him off this main route. To Gim Gim's knowledge, besides the Krarsht temple he was leaving, and the Thanatari temple he was travelling to, there were temples or shrines down here to Thed, Malia, Bagog and Vivamort, as well as a tunnel that led to the old Cacademon site on Ogre Island.

The balance of power among these temples was complex. Malia's diseases were overwhelmingly effective, against everyone except broos. The Bagog worshippers were mighty warriors, and mighty stupid, too. Vivamort worshippers were incredibly powerful, but few and vulnerable to the elements. Thed worshippers were the most common, and some of their chaos features were quite powerful, but they were as likely to kill each other as the other Chaos creatures.

Thanatari, while less randomly violent than Thed's people, could trust each other even less than the other Chaos folk, but they had a special way to utilize the knowledge of their captured foes. Krarsht had few worshippers, and the most cautious ones, but the Krarshtkids could penetrate any temple, even through its walls. Bagog, Thanatari, and Vivamort could each "convert" others to their religion, in their own way. Even Thed occasionally recruited through those who over-used chaotic features. Gim Gim recalled the creature now called Ravening, once a human.

Fineman and Gim Gim set off down the tunnels, with the two hybrid monsters carrying torches to illuminate their way. He stopped briefly at the stream, in order to wash the blood off his mouth and hands.

Fineman, fastidious for a broo, did the same. The multi-armed creatures with them did not bother. After washing, Gim Gim put on one of the several masks he always carried. He had heard that the Thanatari temple was mostly human, and he knew that its members were sometimes in Pavis.

While the leaders down there had to know who he was, there was no point in making his identity certain to them.

Soon, they turned off the large main tunnel into a smaller one that led past a Krarshtkid hive. The tunnel wandered for several hundred meters through a series of descending slopes, and then straightened out again. Some 20 meters ahead lay a pile of

skulls and rotting heads, beneath a large gong. This marked the boundary of the Thanatari temple, and it was a sign to those who knew that they should stop and shout the code phrase for peaceful intent, a phrase in Dark Tongue: "I summon the Master of Doom!"

Those who proceeded further would soon find themselves under attack from the mad head ghosts who infested the temple. Gim Gim took the opportunity to cast his Second Sight on himself, prolonging it with the techniques of the Goddess, and, as a courtesy, did the same for Fineman. The two krarshtkid monsters with them, he noted, were probably nervous, for they had retreated behind the two leaders. Of course, given their features or lack of them, it was impossible to tell WHAT they might be feeling.

With the sight on him, Gim Gim could see the tormented spirits thronging around the skulls; most of them human, of all ages and both sexes, "wearing" clothes and armor of all types, including some that even Gim Gim could not recognize. The non-humans were less frequent but even more interesting, for they included a few strange types that Gim Gim had not seen before. It was obvious to Gim Gim that the chain of occupancy of this temple (or of heads once "belonging" to occupants of this temple) stretched back in time to at least the Second Age. Gim Gim thought briefly of the odd history of this city, which had joined together both elf and dwarf, EWF and Godlearners, in that far-past time. Thanatari might well be among the few people here, or anywhere east of Brithos, with access to direct memories of that ancient era.

The spirits fell back as half-a-dozen of their masters emerged from the deep gloom behind the pile of skulls and passed through them. He knew enough of the general power relations in a temple of this sort to know that the leader of this party would be a Doom Master, though probably not the Doom Lord, depending upon how big this temple actually was. From his limited knowledge of this cult, he knew that very few of its temples held a full complement of members. He did not mean to inquire too deeply about the structure of this temple.

The Thanatari here all seemed to be human, with the exception of one huge scorpion man and an undistinguished-looking broo. With the odd double vision of the spell on him, Gim Gim noticed that the huge scorpion man had a tiny spirit, while three of the four humans had something strange about their spirits. The fourth human, evidently the leader of this group, intoned a phrase in Darktongue, which, as far as Gim Gim could understand, went something to the effect of, "I, the Doom Master Tralor, offer you passage from the Hand of Than, the Horn of Atyar, and the Breath of Thanatari". Following this only moderately encouraging phrase, the lead member of the Thanatari party, a very large and strong man



peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never
comes
That comes to all».

As an illuminate, Gim Gim expected to escape the Hells of the various religions he belonged to. He hoped that this place was as close to any of them as ever he would come.

He did not expect the Thanatari to lead him through their inner sanctums, and he was not disappointed. Similarly, he was not surprised that they chose to blindfold him before he had gone very far into the now-lighted complex. At least, they did not strip him of his weapons or possessions, nor had they dispelled the magic upon him. They did not even attempt to remove his mask.

The man just in front of him took his arm to guide him. He assumed that the broo was doing the same for Fineman. As they moved deeper into the temple, his second sight enabled him to see a variety of shapes moving about the large space they were in.

A strange odor came from one hallway, not of rot or decay, but rather a rich (if cloying) vegetable odor.

Gim Gim's wandering thoughts turned to the economic question of supporting so much chaotic life underground. The Krarsht temple, composed largely of krarshtkids, at least did not have much of a problem. They could eat the very ground around them. But how was it possible to feed such gluttons as scorpion people on the pickings derived from raids above? The shortage of food sources probably did much to explain the limitations on the numbers of Chaos folk, as well as leading to the occasional internecine wars that broke out down here. But apparently the Thanatari, like their Darkness enemies, trolls and black elves, had discovered ways of growing vegetation underground - judging by the odors - and therefore were at least potentially self-sufficient. Perhaps, thought Gim Gim with the financial side of his mind, they bartered their food production with other temples down here. If they didn't, here was a financial opportunity, and, therefore, a political one.

After a while, it became obvious that they had passed out of the main hall into a smaller space. The man in front of him released his arm and stepped behind him. Looking back, Gim Gim could recognize that Fineman's strong spirit was still there, with a weak spirit which must be that of the huge scorpion man and a strange-appearing spirit which must be the man with a garotte. As always in this temple, several ghosts flitted about them. The others had left.

He looked forward again to see two spirits in front of them: one with the same odd appearance as the man with a garotte; the other a mighty blob, meaning a very powerful spirit. Upon closer inspection, he saw a number of strange spirits arrayed around it and he realized that he must be

who looked harmless enough except for the fixed grimace on his sallow features, handed Fineman and Gim Gim each a little talisman, made of a human finger bone, human hair, and a shard of tarnished silver in the shape of a horned skull. Once each of them cast magic into this talisman, they would be safe from the attacks of the ghosts.

Since their escort was not offered the talisman, Fineman spoke a brief phrase in what must have been the tongue of broos, and they remained where they were.

The Thanatari broo wandered over to a gong, and struck it once, paused, then struck it thrice more. What purpose this act served, Gim Gim had no idea.

After casting their little bit of magic into the tokens they held, Fineman and Gim Gim stepped forward, a bit tentatively, into and through the spirits. The spell worked.

But the party of half a dozen moved to surround them. Gim Gim observed that the man behind him held a garotte, while the

scorpion man at the rear of the party held his stinger over his head, ready to sting either Fineman or Gim Gim if ordered to do so. Gim Gim, however, had left fear behind with humor many years ago, so he marched into the temple.

It was only then that Gim Gim noticed that the sacrifice of a little power into the tokens had suddenly lightened the tunnel into which they were proceeding. So the story that the Thanatari had some special form of light was true.

What he now saw, with his strange double vision, called back to him a phrase he remembered from his early years of poetic study:

*«A dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great furnace flam'd; yet from
those flames
No light, but rather Darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where*

looking at a Thanatar Priest with its heads hanging upon it.

"I am the Breath of Thanatar" intoned a voice in front of him. "What do you seek from the Horned God?"

"Information" replied Gim Gim.

"Information we have" sing-songed the voice in front of him, "but the price is high".

"I can meet most prices", replied Gim Gim.

"Perhaps not ours" came the reply.

The triteness of this conversation reminded Gim Gim that people were as stupid as their Gods; well, he thought, whether Gods represented their people or people represented their Gods, or both together represented some greater third principle, it was perhaps too much to expect substantial differences between them.

Especially in the case of a God without a head, who functioned at all only by stealing the brains of others.

He repressed an involuntary sigh, and tried to get himself back into the right frame of mind for this dialogue. "Pomposity and cliché", he said to himself, "Pomposity and cliché".

His silence led to a further comment from the Thanatari: "Our God is not a God of barter, but One who takes what He wants".

"I can offer you access to something you may want, but only if you give me access to what I want".

"And what do we want?"

"Vengeance on your God's enemies, I am told".

"True. But how can you offer us vengeance?"

"You may ask Fineman here. I offer Orlanthi to him, and occasionally Storm Bulls to the Krashit cult. I know that you, too, hate the Bull, as do I, but to you I can offer something even more valuable - Lankhor Mhy worshippers - that means knowledge to use as well as vengeance for your Master".

"And what do YOU want?"

"I want your knowledge of these tunnels around us".

"We reveal our tunnels to no one".

"Not YOUR tunnels - the other tunnels around here".

"You come from Krashit - surely She tells her followers what Her creatures have built?"

"Sometimes She does - but mostly the Mother Mouth uses that organ to consume, not to counsel".

"As my Master uses his skills to take, not to give - as is proper".

"If you give something to me, you will be able to take more".

"This is wonderful", thought Gim Gim. "Brief sentences, meaning almost nothing, and everyone thinks you are profound. This reminds me of Nysalor Riddles. In truth, Brevity is not the soul of Wit, Brevity is the soul of Pomposity".

Part III The Eye of the Father

"WHAT CAN YOU HELP us take that we cannot take ourselves?" asked the priest.

"I can give you access to minds that you could never identify on your own" replied Gim Gim.

"Only because you need access to the minds we already have".

"You have benefitted from Krashit before" said Gim Gim, waving his hand, hoping the motion would be interpreted as referring to the temple, which, from his brief sight of it, had in part been the result of krashitid labors.

"The Mouth's goals are not those of the Horned God".

As an expert on prediction, Gim Gim knew that it was the custom in some parts of the Homeland to place little fortunes inside dessert pastries. Allegedly, this was an imitation of Kralorelan customs. Since his wide-spread travels had never taken him to the eastern parts of Genertela, he had no idea of whether this attribution of origin of the custom to Kralorela was true. But he began to think that the conversation was leading in this direction. He was tempted to murmur "Long roads are short to the swift" or something else equally pointless, just to get a reaction from the figure he could not see.

Instead he said, "Perhaps we are ready to converse face-to-face?"

The other hesitated, then said, "Yes".

The man behind him took the statement literally, for removed Gim Gim's blindfold - and his mask.

Blinking a bit, Gim Gim gazed around the room. It fit his preconception of the temple - except that it was very well furnished. His interrogator was sitting in front of a desk. Standing behind him was a very large man, looking like a Bison Rider by appearance, but not by dress. Gim Gim wondered if the story that the Thanatari knew how to bind spirits into the bodies of human prisoners was true. The evidence that he had seen both physically and spiritually, suggested that it was.

"May I sit?" He inquired, pointing to the chair on his side of the desk.

"Yes, you may, but not the broo", responded the other, snapping his fingers and nodding to the other broo in the room.

That broo took Fineman by the arm and led him out of the room. It was a good thing that Fineman was illumined, thought Gim Gim, else he might have responded in some other fashion to the insult. Of course, the presence of the scorpion man, stinger raised, would have been a deterrent in any event, not to mention the power of the Thanatari priest.

Gim Gim sat and studied the face, or rather the faces, in front of him. This was the first time he had seen a Thanatar priest

in repose. He was dressed in the full regalia of his profession, including a horned helmet and armor of tarnished silver. As far as he could determine, the man in front of him was physically indistinguishable from the native Pavisites (quondam Sartarites) that Gim Gim had met. Even his features showed no particular sign of the horrible acts he had performed to be what and where he was. If anything, he looked to be in better physical and mental condition than the average Pavisite - but then he lived better than most of them did.

Of course, no normal citizen of Pavis had four heads hanging from his chest. The heads seemed active enough - one appeared to be asleep, while the others were blinking, opening their mouths, and showing other signs of life. One of them was a troll head, the other three human - indeed, one of those seemed vaguely familiar - Gim Gim groped after a memory but could not recall the face.

"What, exactly, are you proposing?" said the priest.

Gim Gim, although no Etyries member, knew negotiation very well.

Eventually, after an hour of complicated haggling, the two reached a verbal agreement, involving everything from krashitid tunnel digging under carefully controlled circumstances, access to the Thanatari's chaos food supply, weapons for the Thanatar Temple, and information leading to the opportunity to kidnap two Lankhor Mhy priests.

It was obvious that the Thanatari had expected to reach the deal, for as soon as it was concluded, one of them appeared with three maps, one quite old and two of more recent vintage. Studying them, he realized that the third map summarized the information in the first two.

"We show you the originals to demonstrate that our copy which we give you, is a true one", said the priest.

Examining the map, Gim Gim saw the main tunnel, the paths to the various temples, and a path marked "to the Pool of Gorpgod". "What does THAT mean?" he asked.

"I do not know - it is an old phrase, and none have travelled that difficult road for a long age. It requires climbing gear and strong warriors, I am told".

Suddenly, one of the heads spoke up "The Eye of the Father is near".

The priest looked startled. He looked down at the head, which looked as vacant and incapable of speech as ever.

Glancing at the head himself, Gim Gim tried to figure out what its identity was.

He could not tell, for to him it was just another human head.

"I thought heads could not speak", he said. "They can't" replied the priest.

Rising abruptly, the priest said, "This meeting is at an end. The Doom Master will arrange a way to communicate with you", and left the room, with the other man

following him.

Within minutes, Gim Gim and Fineman found themselves escorted out of the temple, stripped of their tokens, and sent on their way. "That was what Pavis people call a bum's rush", said Gim Gim.

"What happened?" asked the broo. Briefly, Gim Gim described the discussions, and the event that had ended them. "What do you make of it?"

"Obviously it was a communication from their God, and they want to figure out what it meant", said Fineman. "What do we do now?"

Gim Gim produced the map. "Well, let's take a quick look at the passage marked here, to the pool of Gorggod".

They took the road to trolltown, then looked at the sharp angle that led off the main road. Turning into the cleft, they soon enough came to a cavern which opened up, finding a dragonsnail blocking the way.

"It would require a priest of Primal Chaos or a couple of food animals to go further", said Fineman.

"Judging by the angle of the exit, we could use some climbing gear here too", said Gim Gim.

"That's your problem, not mine", said the broo cheerfully. Illumination made him the only broo Gim Gim had ever encountered who could BE cheerful, let alone have a long-run goal that did not involve physical suffering or death. "Remember that I am mustering a group two nights from today, and will need to know the location of an adventuring party of the requisite religious belief and strength". "Requisite?" thought Gim Gim; this must be the only broo who ever heard of the word, although he knew that Fineman spoke at least half-a-dozen languages very well, and was one of the three literate broos in the Rubble (not that Gim Gim knew all the broos there, but he suspected that he knew all the literate ones).

Fineman and the two torch-carrying monsters accompanied him back to the entrance of the Krarsh temple. There, Gim Gim produced his own torch, lit it from one of the torches the krarshkid/broos held, bowed farewell, and walked back up the long tunnel to New Pavis.

As always, his mind raced on. He had committed himself to delivering parties containing Lightbringers to Fineman's chaotic monsters, and two Lankhor Mhy priests to the worse fate that awaited them at the hands of the Thanatari. It was a good thing that there was enough treasure left in the Rubble, still, that it was possible to find new parties to send to their fates without worrying about reducing the "tourist" flow to the city. What a strange economy this city had, he thought. No wonder that the world-lines converged here - for, sooner or later, almost every potential Hero in central



Genertela would pass through this place. Of course, Gim Gim knew well that for every Hero there were thousands of victims - indeed, it was the presence of the victims that made being a Hero possible.

Of course, as if being a Hero was not enough, all the stories were told about the Heroes, and almost none about the victims.

Every fool who heard a story or a song imagined himself to be a Hero, and none noted how great the odds were that they were going to be one of the - usually nameless - victims of the great Sagas. A good thing, too, for the flow of hapless would-be Heroes provided the raw material that made Gim Gim's career possible.

Although he had always made a point of keeping his identity masked, Gim Gim knew that he himself would be remembered in the end. But what could he say of himself, now, that one of the few "people" with whom he could actually converse was a broo?

One consequence of the lack of conversational partners was that he spent too much time thinking, and not enough doing, these days. He would sleep a few hours at the rented house, and then arrange the ultimate fates of several parties of victims who thought they were Heroes, and would never know the part he had played in their lives.

And he had to arrange a tunnel-climbing party, too.

Gim Gim shrugged, and began climbing the stairs back to the city.

Part IV The Pool of Gorggod

IT HAD TAKEN THREE WEEKS for Gim Gim to get the right party together for this expedition. Only four members of the Krarsh temple - very few indeed - knew of his special passage into Pavis. None of the Black Fang cult members - even his closest aides in the gang, knew of it - but he needed their members and their special climbing skills to take the path past the dragonsnail chamber that supposedly led to the "pool of Gorggod".

Of course, there were others in Pavis who would have even better ways of doing the same thing, but this was not exactly an expedition for anti-chaos fighters.

The Black Fang members, as dangerous as they were, would not work with or tolerate open chaos, and that in turn meant that he could not get past the dragonsnail, let alone anything else that might require such powers, with a Priest of Primal Chaos (even assuming cooperation with such a creature might be possible - on the basis of his limited experience it would not have been easy). And the Black Fang members were generally city people. Even their murderers were people more used to backstabbing than to fighting monsters in the Rubble.

So it took a fair amount of work and thought to put together a party of five people, besides Gim Gim himself, including two of the few Krarsh temple members who were presentable humans with no chaos features, and three members of the Black Fang cult who combined fighting skills and climbing skills. At that, this expedition would cost him an arm and a leg, Gim Gim thought, hoping the expression was figurative and not literal.

It was also necessary to get down into the tunnels by some method that did not reveal the presence of the various Chaotic temples, and, finally, to take some potential food with them. He solved the second problem by getting the temple to "donate" two of its potential trollkin sacrifices, and the first by getting the krarshkids to dig an angled tunnel alongside the underground stream that ran across the main path between Trolltown and the Krarsh temple.

Then "all" that remained was to get Gim Gim, and his three Black Fang associates safely to the entrance near Devil's Playground. They could meet the two Krarsh and their trollkin prisoners at the bottom of the tunnel.

Gim Gim pondered whether it was better to go most of the way under the escort of a Lunar patrol, but finally decided against it, on the grounds that the fewer that knew of their progress, the better. As it was, the guards at the gate would know that agents were going out. Ironically, as they traveled out into the Devil's Playground,

heavily cloaked, all that they met was a small band of newtlings, who immediately ran to the River, and then a Lunar patrol. Gim Gim flashed the proper identification, sighing to himself that, for all the difference it had made, they might as well have taken the Patrol with them.

The passage down the tunnel and the meeting with the Krarshti and their hand-tied prisoners went well - Gim Gim's fears of a troll raid notwithstanding. The climbing gear they needed was in a pile next to the trollkin - that at least had been brought by creatures whose appearance would have disturbed the Black Fangs, had they seen them. The whining of the trollkin, apparently instinctive rather than controllable, was so irritating that Gim Gim finally ordered their mouths to be gagged. As an afterthought, he ordered them blindfolded, too. Best they not see where they were going!

Once again, Gim Gim followed the course of the map into the dragonsnail's chamber (*Author's note - most of the passageways here are filled with water at the time of the adventure in River of Cradles - but that adventure happens later, after the tunnel to the Zola Fel River near Ogre Island is broken open, and the main tunnel between the Krarsht temple and Trolltown is closed off by a sinkhole: RoC, p. 133). The dragonsnail still blocked the way to the passage above its head. This time, however, the problem was easy to solve - the two Krarshti picked up one of the trollkin and pitched it to the back of the chamber. Sensing motion, and smelling food, the dragonsnail slithered there and began to feed.

The Black Fangs, less accustomed to these practices than the Krarshti, looked a bit disgusted, but realized that trollkin were trollkin, and would most likely have been eaten by their relatives if not by a the dragonsnail. Besides, they were too busy taking advantage of the dragonsnail's movement to spend much time watching the trollkin's end.

With rapid and skillful use of acrobatics, ropes, and Glue spells, the climbers arranged a rope pulley sufficient to bring along the less skilled members of the party, including the other trollkin. Gim Gim himself, of course, was no mean climber, given his long experience, but he was impressed with the skill of these "second story men" in this quite different environment.

The tunnel was quite difficult to climb, even with all the skill of the party members, especially given the cave slime that coated the walls. The climbing became even more difficult as they got close to the top of the shaft.

Two of their senses began to be overwhelmed - hearing, and smell. A horrible smell of living rot began to be obvious, and a continuous wailing noise like that of a nursery began to be heard. But the infants in this nursery never paused for breath or stopped.



They entered upon a chamber, apparently empty except for a pool at the far end. Once again, the exit from this chamber was over the pool. The smell and the noise were even worse, and got worse the closer they came to the pool.

One of the Krarshti stepped in the pool, and tentacles suddenly emerged from the far side. The Krarshti jumped back, as a walktapus began to emerge! "Well", said Gim Gim calmly, "give it what it wants". This time throwing the trollkin went even better than the last time. The trollkin landed in the far side of the pool with a splash, and floated for a few seconds until the tentacles of the walktapus pulled it down.

Gim Gim cast his life detection, held his breath (sincerely hoping the water wasn't too poisoned), and stuck his face in the pool long enough to see that there was nothing in there except the walktapus and the rapidly dying trollkin. He waved the party forward, and with equal precision, they formed a pyramid, and set up the rope pulley as before. There was only one problem: several of the party was retching, and one of the Black Fangs vomited, luckily not hitting Gim Gim, who was just below him.

The climb up this chimney wasn't any more difficult than the one before, and this time they weren't carrying a trollkin like a wiggling lump of baggage, but the smell and the noise made it all seem much more difficult. At times like this, Gim Gim was glad he had the reputation that he did - for it was obvious that both the Krarshti and the Black Fangs feared to show fear in his presence. "The greatest fear of all", Gim Gim thought, "the fear of being made afraid".

As they reached the end of the climb, it was obvious that the source of the by-now overwhelming smell of corruption and the horrible wailing was coming from a place

beneath the tunnel. Peering down, they saw a set of ledges, further apart than a man's height, running down to a scum-filled pool.

By now, everyone in the party, even Gim Gim, was retching and vomiting every few minutes. The smells and the noise were too much to bear. They could see what was causing the noise - weird distorted manlike creatures - about two dozen of them. The wailing creatures milled around, biting each other and occasionally falling into the scum-covered pool below. Everytime they fell, a great distorted hand and arm rose from the pool and pushed them back onto the ledge.

Cautiously, the party descended the slippery slopes, using spears and their ropes to prevent a long fall into the horrible-looking pool. Then, several gorgs slithered out of the pool onto the ledge. It soon became obvious that the gorg were looking for the party, but, upon experiment, it became equally obvious that, if they kept a long distance from the gorg, the gorg could not detect them and wandered back into the pool.

It was obvious where the name "the pool of Gorggod" had come. It was less obvious what manner of creature was in the pool. The noise made it impossible to think, as did the smell. Gim Gim tried to reduce both by stuffing some material in his ears and tying something over his nose. The first expedient worked better than the second.

Gim Gim pondered whether it was worth the risk to try to establish communication with the pool monster.

Finally, he shrugged, and threw a Mindspeech spell at the great limb the next time it rose above the water.

The mighty blast of volume and emotion in response knocked Gim Gim off his feet, literally. Luckily, his climbers managed to keep him from sliding down the

slippery ledges into the gorp-filled pool. At first, he had no idea of what he was hearing. But he realized soon that it was Seshnegi, a language which he had not heard for many years, and had never particularly expected to hear again.

Listening more closely, it appeared to be a form of Seshnegi that he had never heard before. Many of the words and the phrasing were utterly incomprehensible. He tried to sort something from what he heard: "Love... creation... birth... chaos... the chaos in me truly makes... give birth to... the Primal Chaos... joy... oh wonderful... agape... transcend the limits... overwhelm the world... all is Life".

Jim Gim was not sure what was down there. He guessed it was some sort of Priest of Primal Chaos, although he had heard that there might be some other GorpGod. The creature down there was undoubtedly quite old (it had been long centuries since any Seshnegi speakers had been in Prax), but it had done nothing with its Age other than to live. It was probably barely distinguishable from the gorp that it created with such ecstasy. On the other hand, it was obviously one of the few happy Chaos creatures that Jim Gim had ever encountered: it was in a perpetual state of theopathy.

It occurred to him that the the question of separation was the key between Law and Chaos. Law separated things, distinguished one from another - two sexes, male and female; two philosophies, good and evil, and so on. Chaos blurred all distinctions, including those between Life and Death - for broods even Love-making was an act of Death, for vampires Death was an act of Love-making.

Viewed that way, it was quite probable that the Orlanthi view of the Lunar Empire as ultimately Chaotic held a strong element of Truth - for nothing so engaged in dissimulation and blurring distinctions could in the end be anything else. So, it was possible that Chaos was using him and the Empire as much as they were using Chaos.

On the other hand, was this creature's immortality so different from that of the Gods? Wheezing Orlanth, as much as this creature, was tied into a circle of repetition by the Great Compromise. And, although the Red Goddess claimed to have transcended the Compromise, she had not so much conquered the problem of Being as denied it.

Well, he thought, enough ontology, time to leave. What he had learned really hadn't helped him much: although information of any sort had value, and maybe he could trade this information to some Chaos worshiper who could make better use of this than he could.

The first priority, however, was to get out. They had used up their trollkin, so he wondered if they should take a couple of these strange wailing creatures with them. A little experimentation soon convinced the

party that the creature's bite contained some form of weak acid. It might be a form of justice to feed these to the walktapus and the dragonsnail, but getting them out of here safely was more trouble than it was worth.

And the entire party was weak and distraught from what could only be called the illness of their immediate environment.

In fact, the trip back proved easier than the trip in. The walktapus and the dragonsnail were still munching on the last of their respective trollkin, and no one fell this time. Since all of them had emptied their stomachs, there was little left to vomit. Of course, they all smelled horrible, and they would probably have to burn everything they were wearing.

Even worse than the stain on their clothes was the putative stain on their souls.

They were weary, and appalled, especially the Black Fangs, who had never seen naked Chaos before. Jim Gim would not be surprised if one or more of them would soon undergo a religious conversion of some sort.

He would have to figure out what to do with the Black Fangs after they got home. It would be a shame to waste such talents as they had displayed tonight, but now they knew too much.

For them, as for him, knowledge could be as much a disadvantage as an advantage. He would have to decide soon, very soon, just how much a disadvantage it would be.

Part V Night of the Cacodemon

GIM GIM HAD BEEN ANGRY, an emotion which he rarely felt any more. His possessions in the Krarsht temple had been looted by a party of adventurers, and, if they had chosen, they could have identified his dealings to his enemies. Luckily, since they were Sartarites, they had not notified the Lunar administration, and since they were cautious, they had not told anyone else what they had found or where they had found it.

And since their leader was ambitious and a touch greedy, Jim Gim had arranged for the party to get a commission to carry out an expedition against the Yelornan Temple being set up in the Rubble. All had developed better than he could have hoped - they had trashed the temple, killed its leader Morganeth, and disappeared out of Pavis to avoid the danger of the pursuing unicorn women. Those women would never give up, so that group, or, rather, its survivors, would have to spend the rest of their lives fleeing.

Meanwhile, given the danger of discovery, Jim Gim had had to issue orders to close down a few Krarsht enterprises being set up down the Zola Fel valley. That interrupted plans to get the hazia networks in more efficient operation. Those networks

put some powerful figures back in the Empire under obligation to him, and the delays resulting from the temple closures would cut back his influence at a crucial moment.

But it was an ill Wind that blew no one good (although it was no doubt heretical for a follower of the Goddess to think such thoughts). Upon tracing the path that led the adventurers into the temple, he had come upon the story of the Yelmaliac priest Taleo Lumine and the illuminated beggar Oakley Gauntest. While the priest was no doubt back in Sun County staring at the Sun with his useless blind eyes, Gauntest was now residing in the Chalana Arroy temple, thanks to a large subvention from these same adventurers.

Gauntest was mad, of course, but also illuminated, and the words he had to say when Jim Gim had risked visiting the temple and questioning him directly were "Where lies the flesh of the Devil, the foulest part of all. That sees through the flesh of every evil, and watches through the parting pall!"

Although the poetry was bad enough to be Orlanthi, Jim Gim had put these words together with those of the Thanatari head, and began to realize what was going on.

Two divinations to two different Goddesses, phrased carefully, had shown that either the Red Goddess and Krarsht had no idea of what was beneath the Rubble or that They didn't want to tell him.

Ironically, it was his temporal agents in the Rubble, reporting increased activity on and about Ogre Island, that suggested another way to confirm the Truth.

He thought he knew what the ogres were up to - but there was only one way to find out for sure, and that was to visit them in their own place and time. His agents, naturally, included an ogre, and he reported that the annual event on Ogre Island was taking place tonight. So, when dark came, Jim Gim was going to be on Ogre Island itself, trying to get there before the Cacodemon came.

Jim Gim traveled the streets alone, to the small rented house where people thought he kept his mistress. In fact, the woman there was of no interest to him, for he had given up sex together with humor and fear and so many other things long years ago. The woman and her mute guard both knew how to maintain the appearance that Jim Gim spent the night there, and he kept full changes of clothes and other personal items there.

After the guard admitted him, he ascended the stairs to her room, nodded to her to show that he was supposed to be there, and then retraced his steps and went down to the cellar. He pushed the panel on the stone wall in the proper fashion, murmured the code words, a brief Nysalor Riddle, and passed through the door, shutting it behind him.

The trip down the tunnel to the

passing stream did not take too long. When he got there, he saw that Fineman was awaiting him with his promised followers.

With an escort like this, even the Cademon cultists would hesitate before attacking. It was an impressive lot of broos that Fineman was leading - one was a sort of scorpion-like creature with four legs and copper plates on its skin, another had giant horns of brass, the third had the largest sex organ that Gim Gim had ever seen, even on that notoriously lecherous race. Fineman nodded at this one, murmuring in Pelorian "acid urine spray". The other two were large, but less superficially impressive. In the same tongue, Fineman said "regenerator" of one, and "a huge soul" of the other. He concluded these introductions, if they could be called that, by murmuring "this is the Mutation Gang".

It was at moments like this that Gim Gim was glad he knew Fineman. With this bunch as escorts, anything short of Storm Bull Khans or berserk Zorak Zorani great trolls would be unlikely to come anywhere near him.

This time, they walked straight up the path towards the Devil's Playground.

River. Signalling for the Gang to stay behind, Gim Gim approached the shore to see if the promised two boats were there.

He emerged, nodded to the Black Fang members in the boats, and waited while all of them piled into the smaller boat and paddled away. After they had left, Gim Gim whistled softly, and the crew of broos piled into the large boat left. Gim Gim stood in the prow, with Fineman between him and the others. Rather to his surprise, two of them proved capable of rowing, and the passage to Ogre Island went quickly and smoothly.

Dragging the boat up onto the shore took but a moment longer. Gim Gim paused to communicate briefly with his other allies, and then to give them a minute to go where they needed to go.

The great monsters behind him shuffled, but Fineman's ability to control them seemed unimpaired. After all, if he could keep Chaos monsters from devouring those he wanted to illuminate, there probably wasn't much that Fineman couldn't do.

There was enough light, apparently, to travel without torches, but there were torches ahead in any event. As they began walking towards the light source, dark figures emerged from the forest.

Only three of them were visible - two appeared normal, slightly husky men, the third was larger and uglier. Half-a-dozen more lurked in the Darkness behind them.

The expressions of the first two "men" he could see seemed friendly, even jovial. Judging by the appearance of the third, he was just as glad that he could not see the faces of the half-dozen others outside the circle of torchlight. These "people" would eat him as soon as look at him, but the

presence of Fineman's gang obviously restrained them.

"Our ceremonies are closed, stranger" said the leader sternly.

"I have no interest in your ceremonies" replied Gim Gim with equal vigor. "I have already attended such ceremonies elsewhere, and have seen the fiend and the severed Hand of your God".

The ogre stepped back in astonishment. "You are saying dangerous things, and treading on dangerous ground, friend. And we would trust you more could we but see your face".

"You see as much of my real face as I see now of yours; I know this well! And I can trade food - of the kind you like - for information", said Gim Gim "but I must speak with your leader".

"Leaders, more like", scowled the second of the human-appearing ogres. "But only one is free; the other is calling upon the God tonight in just a few hours. You picked an odd time to come".

"It was the only time when I could be sure of meeting you" replied the Black Mask. "But I know enough of your habits that I brought a few friends along". He gestured to the half-a-dozen broo behind him.

"Fitting, if strange company for a food-man" snarled one of the creatures in the back. "And that lot could not save you against all of us, and our God".

"That's a matter for argument" said Gim Gim. "Observe this". He nodded to Fineman, who in turn gestured to the broo with the giant sex organ, saying "Thobute". The broo responded by a stream of urine accurately placed across the toes of the ogre who had spoken. Although the ogre immediately jumped back, he let out a scream of pain as the powerful acid burned his toes.

"And this" said Gim Gim almost cheerfully, as his mental commands went out. Suddenly a hole opened in the ground behind the ogre, and a wad of spit from the Krarshtkid there hit him. The pratzim tangled it up, and the ogre fell to the ground, still screaming from the pain in his toes.

This was the key moment. Gim Gim raised his hands palm outwards and said "Hold"! The ogres paused for a key moment. "We can deal, or we can fight. You may make your own choice as to which course is better for you".

The first ogre responded with the same motion, while snarling to the whimpering and entangled ogre on the ground, "Shut up, Vestrol, there may be trolls about!".

"I will take care of him as soon as you take me to your leader, or bring him to me", said Gim Gim.

"I can't take THAT to see the Talon", snarled the lead ogre, pointing to the broo that Fineman had called Thobute, "or THOSE", more generally indicating the party behind Gim Gim. "Well", replied Gim Gim,

"I know enough of your habits, especially on this night, that I'm not going to see the Talon by myself".

"How about THEM"? said the ogre, pointing to the six-legged beast gazing out of the hole in the ground, "Aren't they enough security for you"?

"They do sort of even the odds, don't they"? Gim Gim replied.

"Now I'll tell you how it will go. My 'people', including our little friends 'below' will stay here - your 'people' back off a hundred paces or so. When your Talon is here, he and I will meet at the fifty pace mark".

"C'mon, food-man, we know that - whatever you say - some of those creatures behind you might be able to jump - or piss - fifty paces, and who knows where the six-legged eaters are"?

"Well, my friends, that is just a chance your Talon will have to take. We are not trolls - we are not here to fight you, and if the trolls come out tonight, you will be weaker if you fight us".

The ogre considered his statement - then gestured to his companions, who moved away, except for the entangled one. Gim Gim moved over to him, pulled out a vial, and emptied it over the goo, which rapidly dissolved. He touched the creature's toes, and cast a minor healing spell - it would not remove the scar, but would reduce the pain. The ogre got up and limped away, cursing under its breath.

Within a few minutes, a large ogre, undisguised, appeared in front of the others. He was wearing heavy armor with no appearance of effort. His face looked about as savage as that of his God.

Gim Gim walked out to the two-way meeting.

Undisguised both in appearance and manner, the Talon snarled, "What do you want, food-man"?

"I want to know what you know about the flesh of the Devil".

"Wakboth lies beneath the Block, you fool"!

"Not all of Him does, I know, some of Him is beneath this Rubble".

"Well, if you know, why are you asking me"?

"I can use confirmation that what I think is there is there".

"And WHY should I tell YOU"?

"Well, I can be of use, and I can provide food - of the kind you like".

"We eat in secret".

"There are no secrets here that I do not know. Else why am I here on THIS night of all Nights"?

"To provide enjoyment for the Fiend, perhaps"?

"No, because I knew YOU would be here. And if I were to turn what I know against your kind, I could crush you all AND your project".

"Not MY project. Only some of us

are fools enough to believe that we can get there".

Gim Gim raised an eyebrow. "To the Eye of the Father"?

The ogre eyed Gim Gim with a bit of respect. "YOU DO know"! Gim Gim nodded.

"The fools are trying to get to the Eye of Wakboth. Their divinations told them that, far below, near a pool surrounded by ghostly trees thriving on Darkness, lies the Eye of Wakboth himself. As you said, not all of Him is under the Block".

"It is not yet time for Wakboth to come forth, is it"?

"That's what I told them, the fools, not to mention that the Eye is many kilometers deep".

Gim Gim was glad that he was the only one hearing this story. He wouldn't be telling this even to Fineman. Once such a story got around, it might well be too hard to "control" the Chaos beneath the Big Rubble. Not to mention that, sooner or later, the Storm Bulls and Orlanthi would hear it, and thousands of Chaos-fighting cultists would swarm into the Rubble.

Gim Gim could handle - barely - what was going on so far, but he did not feel that he was ready for the start of the Hero Wars, just yet. Not that he was likely to have too much choice in the matter, of course.

He had been working on making himself strong enough to be a Hero, but maybe in the end, after all, he would be just another victim. Well, tomorrow could take care of tomorrow. The mighty Talon facing him said "The ceremony is about to start - if what I hear of your earlier remarks is true, you may come".

"No, thank you", said Gim Gim, "once is definitely enough for THAT ceremony".

"Remember your promise to us, then", replied the Talon.

Gim Gim nodded to what appeared to be the Talon's back. He travelled back to his own party as quickly as he could, but by the time they got back into their boat, he knew that the fiend had arrived. He could SENSE the sickening presence just a few hundred meters away, and hear the triumphant shouts of the religiously frenzied ogres, as well as the horrid screams of those prospective initiates who had proved unacceptable to Cacodemon, for whatever reason.

More important, the presence of so much Chaos so near to them was agitating the Mutation Gang. Even Fineman was having trouble controlling them. Gim Gim was wondering if they could make it across the River before one of the broos attacked



him. At the best, it appeared that he was going to have to make his own way back across the Rubble.

Part VI A Night on the Town

IN A STRANGE WAY, Gim Gim's problem of getting safely away from an increasingly hysterical group of Chaotic monsters was solved as the boat ran up on the opposite shore of the Zola Fel. A large stone struck his head, and he fell headlong into the bottom of the boat. Looking up, dazedly, he saw other stones falling around him and onto other party members. From the shore he heard the roar of trolls. Earlier that evening he had thought that only Zorak Zorani would attack such a party - and here they were!

An answering roar went up from the agitated broos. Gim Gim lay in the bottom of the boat, half unconscious, as the two metal-plated broos leapt out of the boat and charged the trolls. The other four were casting spells, two of them drawing weapons and the third raising his two shields in front of them. The fourth broo improved everyone's situation immensely by casting a

lightwall a few meters away. By then, Gim Gim, shaking his head to clear it, was half-sitting up and peering over the edge of the boat. A mass of trolls and great trolls was boiling around the copper-plated scorpion broo and the brass-horned broo. Nothing they were doing was hurting the first, but they seemed to be doing damage to the body, if not the mighty head of the second. From their shields, they seemed to be members of the Loricek clan.

At this point Fineman and Thobute, wielding their huge axes, jumped into the fray. They were followed by the "regenerator" broo, carrying a 2-handed spear. Thobute's mighty spray hit the face of what Gim Gim believed was a Death Lord who had the brass-horned broo down, and that troll uttered a horrid scream and fell to the ground clutching its blinded eyes. The large broo in the boat who was covering himself with shields from the trollkin stones that were still falling around them (and, not incidentally, providing some cover to Gim Gim) apparently had finished casting spells on the two metal-plated broos ahead of him, and cast a spell at the second largest troll, whose breastplate suddenly broke. At that point a dark troll in the back of the enemy party cast a Rune spell of some sort against the broo next to Gim Gim. The broo repelled it, with obvious ease. Had

Gim Gim not been wearing armor, he might have jumped in the water and tried to get away, though a moment's thought told him that the trolls would have "seen" him in any event, and he would have died under a hail of stones. "Well", he thought, I guess I am committed".

Since he had no desire to join directly in this fight of titans, especially against Zorak Zorani who might well have cast Permanent Wound on their weapons, he decided that he would imitate the broo that he was, perforce, next to. He hoped that his "shield brother" was not carrying a fatal disease.

He took his own shield off his back and held it over his head, then tried to concentrate. He put up his countermagic, first. It proved to be a fortunate choice, because another Rune spell came at the boat, this one directed at him. It took down his countermagic, but did not affect Gim Gim himself. Time for the Shatter spell, boosted from his crystal, and directed it at the troll who had tried to take him down. It worked, although he could not tell the exact effects, given the mass of bodies struggling in front of him.

Fineman was knocked over by the

great troll facing him. He waved his hand, cast magic, and the troll's legs disappeared! The scorpion broo plunged its stinger into the chest of the troll whose armor had just broken. Gim Gim thought this was a good moment to try to inspire panic in the enemy - at least the trollkin might run - although on second thought - if they did they would be eaten later. So he cast an amplified Fear at another dark troll. Once again, the spell worked.

Then another spell hit Gim Gim, and he lost interest in the fight. It was rather interesting watching the dancing creatures in front of him. They were very funny looking.

Some of them had horns, and some had big teeth, and they were covered in different colors, mostly red, but some sparkly magic colors too. There was a nice furry creature next to him, waving around two big things in the air. He cuddled up to it.

Gim Gim knew he should be doing something, and he tried to remember what it was. He watched as one of the big black creatures with crosses that had been asleep got up and waved his hand at one of the horned things. A bolt of something hit that one and it fell down and didn't get up. The furry thing next to him said something and a funny color appeared on it. Then it pointed its finger at the big creature and several lights ran from its fingers to the big black creature, which fell down again. But it wasn't asleep - it was yelling and holding on to its leg.

Just then a stone hit his head again. What was happening? He looked around - little funny creatures were throwing stones at him. They must be the bad guys. "I better protect myself", thought Gim Gim, a bit fuzzily, and he cast a spell on himself, "and then I better get the bad guys". He pulled out his own axe and jumped out of his boat to get the bad little guys.

Unfortunately, one of the big guys got in his way and tried to hit him with a big hammer thing. Gim Gim put up his shield, and managed to avoid having his head knocked off, but only at the cost of a numbing shock to his shield arm.

It was only then that he became aware of the fact that he had been befuddled, and had just run into hand-to-hand combat with a Zorak Zoran great troll. Luckily, the broo behind him in the boat (what WAS his name?) chose this moment to cast a spell at the troll facing Gim Gim, and the monster's shield broke. Gim Gim looked at the matrix on his axe, and activated it, praying desperately that he could get his shield in the way of the troll one more time.

The troll bellowed, dropped its shield, and swung its maul again, two-handed this time. Gim Gim parried once again, but this time the shock to his arm was so great that his arm ceased to function and fell limply to his side. At the same instant, his axe cut into the troll's leg, and the great creature fell to the ground. Unfortunately, that left Gim



Gim open to the trollkin, and three more rocks hit him, knocking the breath out of him and knocking him down too. Good thing he had protection on him!

The insensate troll on the ground kept swinging its maul at him, but Gim Gim with two legs, could crawl faster than the troll with one. The trolls had finally dispelled the lightwall, so Gim Gim had trouble seeing what was going on. Just then the lightwall went on again. The regenerating broo had popped up again and recast the spell. The smells of animal-like sweat, blood, guts, and Thobute's acid urine were pervasive.

The brass-headed broo was down - permanently, Gim Gim realized - that must have been a Sever Spirit cast on him. The scorpion broo was down to two legs, and looked to be in trouble, although the trolls fighting him were stepping on the bodies of their own dead and dying. Fineman was enveloped by a shade - no way of telling what was happening to him. Thobute was still pissing away - although Gim Gim had no idea of how much urine his capacious bladder held. He could shoot it a long way, too, and had apparently eliminated most of the trollkin slingers at some point in the battle. The trolls obviously had no idea of what to do with Thobute, other than send another shade against him - that shade was just forming.

The trolls were in pretty bad shape, too. Only a few were still standing. Gim Gim's thoughts raced at lightning speed. He had enough experience of battle to know that the next minute or so would decide.

Usually one side or the other had enough "reserve" or will to win the fight. It was hard to tell, here. Both sides were at top morale - the Chaos monsters were excited because of the fiend, and he should

have realized before he set out that this was a Holy Day for the Zorak Zorani, Freeze Day of Death Week. He was getting careless.

He pulled the moon rock from his tunic, and activated the spell for the lune. Waiting for the lune to form, he tried to take control of the shade that was just forming - there WERE advantages to multiple cult memberships. The few seconds of conflict that followed were inconclusive - although he temporarily prevented the shade's master from instructing it - then he dropped the effort and instructed the newly-arrived lune to attack the troll that was controlling the shade.

The results of the arrival of new elementals might have been called a draw - Thobute ran as the new shade enveloped him, but the troll that was controlling the shade fell into catatonic Madness.

Then the tide turned. The shade enveloping Fineman disappeared, and Fineman stepped forth. His appearance was strangely altered, as his mouth was wide and a huge Tongue emerged from it. Butting, striking with his axe, and hitting with his Tongue, Fineman assaulted the remaining group of trolls around the scorpion broo. Gim Gim started casting amplified Dispel Magics on the trolls, while the broo in the boat continued to cast what must be Crack spells.

The remaining trollkin took to their heels, and, after a few more seconds, so did the few trolls still on their feet. Two of the Death Lords, who must have been unable to reach their God any more, were left alive, according to Gim Gim's second sight. Both had weak souls left, and only one was still conscious. Attempts to heal the scorpion broo proved useless - it was obvious that some of the Zorak Zorani had used Permanent Wound on their weapons, but at least this broo could still walk with only two of his four legs functioning.

"Rabnai is dead, and Thobute ran away", said Fineman, gasping. "We have to plunder these bodies and get away quickly", said Gim Gim. "There are ogres and others about". It was a truism of life in the Rubble that, after a great battle, carrion eaters and grave robbers of all sorts would appear.

Fineman nodded. "We have five minutes" he said to Gim Gim, and then, presumably, said the same thing to his broos. To let the remaining broo enjoy their victory, Fineman allowed them to spend some of the short time available in slowly killing the still conscious Death Lord. "I will reserve the unconscious one for 'conversion', he told Gim Gim.

While the three other broo performed their "labor", Fineman and Gim Gim, using their detect spells, plundered the bodies of what valuables, mostly magic items, they possessed, as well as binding the sleeping Death Lord. One of Gim Gim's slave collars was big enough to fit the creature, and it was snapped over its neck.

Gim Gim kept the smaller magic items, while leaving the heavier ones to Fineman's group. Fineman knew that in the end, Gim Gim would cheat him no more than was absolutely necessary.

Gim Gim had originally arranged for the Black Fangs to meet him back at the River near Dawn, but given these circumstances, he thought it best to leave the boat there - if it was stolen, who cared?

He scratched the motion symbol on the agreed upon rock - indicating that he had chosen another method to get home.

The broo hoisted the still slumbering Death Lord on their shoulders, as well as a dead troll ("dinner", thought Gim Gim) and vanished into the Rubble, while Gim Gim, who wanted to run but could only stagger, made his way back through the tunnels to Pavis. It was lucky that he met no one there. In the cellar of the house, he divested himself of all his clothes, armor, and possessions new and old.

Going upstairs in total nudity, he put on the simplest clothes in the cupboard. Then, he went downstairs, and with the escort of the mute, went immediately to the temple of the Healers. Tired as he was, he had just been rubbing the fur of a broo.

"It's useful to have enough money and power to ensure immediate examination by the Healers", thought Gim Gim somewhat vacantly. At least, he hoped that he would not end up like Oakley Gauntest. That was the most brutal fight he had engaged in since he had come to Pavis. Sometimes it was hard to tell a Hero from a victim.

Part VII A Rainy Night in Pavis

IT WAS RAINING LIGHTLY outside - not exactly a shock since it was early in Sea Season. I suppose a poet would say that the rain matches my mood, thought Gim Gim. Glorantha, it seemed to him, was an uninspiring place. When he had been young, he thought that the sacrifice of sex to ambition was important, and the sacrifice of humor a mere bagatelle. Now he knew better - he regretted the sacrifice of sex not at all - being rid of sex was being rid of a monster, but he regretted the loss of humor, for it was quite possible that only humor made life bearable at all.

The long and essentially boring struggle in Pavis was going on. Recently, things in the City had been disturbed, first, by the arrival of the Lunar Coders, a rarity in the Empire, five people of Honor devoted to stamping out crime. The fools had no idea that, by now, the difference between stamping out crime and destroying the Empire was not exactly obvious.

To some degree all Empires were criminal enterprises, most especially on their fringes. He remembered the words of a once-popular prophet in the Homelands: "Not all rich men are thieves. Some are the

grandsons of thieves". Of course, the man had been impaled for treason, not because he was lying, but because he was speaking Truth too directly.

Despite the presence of the Coders, the "Frees" had made an attempt to take over the Orlanth temple. The result was something of a draw. While the Coders had defeated the rebels and then protected most of them from the consequences of their folly, the rebel priest Orvast Tintalker had gasped out his last on a Lunar Cross.

Unfortunately, the rebels had gotten away with the regalia of Orlanth, which meant that Faltikus, the "tame" Orlanthi installed by the Lunars still had no legitimacy.

At least, it had been possible to get the Coders out of town, on a wild-goose chase after the regalia. With any luck, they would be out there for months.

Gim Gim turned his mind to his adventures in the Rubble over the last few seasons. He had discovered something very important - if he could find any use for what he had learned. So far, he had not reported it to the Lunar authorities, because he had no idea what they would do with the discovery. He knew enough about the tangled structure above him to know that each level had a different idea of what was going on. He had long since concluded that the Red Goddess Herself had no more enlightened Her followers as to Her ultimate purposes than Krarsht had Hers. Indeed, he had long understood that neither the Gods nor their followers knew what the entire purpose of this world was.

The Cacodemon cultists had at least known that the Eye of Wakboth was beneath them. What this Eye was, how it appeared to what Gim Gim knew was his own limited senses, and what would happen to any mere human who came too close to it, were matters about which even Gim Gim did not care to speculate.

Luckily, now that he knew what was going on, he did not have to chance the Eye himself, even assuming that the ogres ever got there. Things would have to be much

worse than they now were for him to risk so close a view of such a thing. Illumination had its limits, surely, and Gim Gim thought that Wakboth would test those limits.

He would tell Krarsht of the presence of the Eye at Her next religious ceremony.

He suspected that She might already know of the Eye, but since The Mother Mouth had arrived on Her own, and, unlike the other Chaotic Gods, had no relation to Wakboth at all, whether He was released or not was undoubtedly not a concern of Hers.

If anything, the theology Her priests taught implied the opposite. She would want Wakboth released only when She was ready to devour the Universe, and that time lay at least two more Ages in the future.

Assuming, of course, that She, or rather her Priests, knew what She was talking about. As a member of six other faiths, Gim Gim had heard too many different views of the future to take any of them entirely seriously.

Nonetheless, he was more at ease informing Krarsht of the presence of this piece of the Devil than informing the Lunar bureaucracy. Krarsht, like him, was a creature of the shadows. But if he informed the Lunar bureaucracy, he could just imagine the arrival of dozens of high-level Lunar priests and officials, all engaged in planning a giant excavation project. Such a project would involve multiple levels of new corrupt officialdom, who would prove their "honesty" by demolishing his existing networks, not to mention uncovering the Chaos nests in the Big Rubble, and probably wrecking all the world-lines converging here.

Of course, he thought wearily, maybe the converging world lines here meant that he SHOULD be informing the bureaucrats. But his natural instinct for dissimulation argued against such a risky course.

Gim Gim sighed. None of his adventures in the Rubble had advanced him an inch closer to the goal of finding the identity of the Bull in the Painting. Or for that matter, the cradle or the dragon cloud.

At least the rain had stopped, and the dawn breaking to the East implied that today, Fire Day of Harmony week, was going to live up to its name. Gim Gim yawned and stretched, determined to spend the first part of the day sound asleep. It was time to relax, he thought. It really would be helpful if there was anyone in this town, or this world, worthy to talk to. He thought of the old joke: "I talk to myself because I always talk to the most intelligent person present".

His reverie was interrupted by two unheard-of events - first, a pounding on the door, and then, before he could say anything, one of his agents burst into the room. "Upstream" - the man gasped - "There is a cradle, a CRADLE".



Joraz Kyrem Gains an Ally

By Simon Phipp

Development assistance
and additional ideas:
Ian Thomson



THIS IS A HEROQUEST used by the Pavis Cult and particularly by the Joraz Kyrem subcult of Pavis. It is used to gain an ally, something that is quite important in the tumultuous political situation of Pavis.

Mythology

Once, after Pavis had retired to his temple, the city was attacked by its old foes, Giants and Darkness. The Giants simply stepped over the walls and fought those within.

Joraz Kyrem saw that the Darkness was too strong to overcome by himself, so he decided to return to Dragon Pass, the

homeland of Pavis, and to seek new allies from Pavis' friends. He sacrificed to Pavis and his people's other Gods, to gain their support, mounted his faithful steed and set off on his journey.

Even though he knew that he risked accusations of cowardice, he swallowed his pride and left the field of battle, pursued by his foes. He escaped through Pavis and used the secret places that he knew to evade his pursuers. He rode across the plains of Prax and defeated all those who opposed him there, for he had faced all these foes before.

Joraz Kyrem faced the Bronze Dragon and persuaded him that he was a friend of the Empire. He gave certain signs and spoke certain words showing himself to be speaking the truth, and the Bronze

Dragon allowed him to pass, but he was changed afterwards.

Joraz Kyrem searched the length and breadth of Dragon Pass for allies. Some spurned him, some drove him away, but some listened. He made his vows of friendship and gave gifts and promises, and at last some agreed to help him.

He returned across the Plains of Prax using his knowledge of these lands. He followed the paths that he knew and headed for home. The Plains were cruel to him, as they were hard for everyone, and he faced many physical trials on the way. He met his enemies again and defeated them again, showing his friends that he was a worthy ally and one who could be respected. He returned to Pavis with his

new-found friends.

Joraz Kyrem gathered his allies together and, with a rallying warcry, he rode into Pavis and smashed into the Darkness that had gathered there. His new forces followed him into battle, knowing him as a great leader. Together with his new friends they forced the Darkness back and retook Pavis.

Joraz Kyrem rewarded his new allies. He gave the Sun Domers a grant of land near Pavis, and offered them the friendship of the city forever more. He promised to aid them if they ever needed it and to maintain fair trade with them. He exchanged rings and horses, and a marriage between the city and the county cemented relations further.

The Quest

The HeroQuest has several stations:

INVOCATION - INVOKE PAVIS AND JORAZ KYREM
 ESCAPE THE INVASION
 CONVINCE DRAGON GUARDIANS
 FIND ALLIES AND RECRUIT THEM
 GUIDE ALLIES ACROSS DESERT/PLAINS
 LEAD ATTACK AND DEFEAT INVADERS
 THE QUEST ENDS

1. Invocation

Invoke Pavis and Joraz Kyrem

Joraz Kyrem saw that the Darkness was too strong to overcome by himself, so he decided to return to Dragon Pass, the homeland of Pavis, and to seek new allies from Pavis' friends. He sacrificed to Pavis and his people's other Gods, to gain their support, mounted his faithful steed and set off on his journey.

The Questor normally starts the HeroQuest at a holy place to Pavis or Joraz Kyrem. He must know the myth of 'Joraz Kyrem Gains an Ally' or must know the Pavis myths. The Questor must also name the foe to be defeated and the reason for seeking the ally. Once he invokes the name of Joraz Kyrem or Pavis, he crosses over to the Other World and begins the HeroQuest.

During the ceremony of invocation, the Questor may choose to restrict the HeroQuest to a search for tokens, rather than an actual full-blown HeroQuest. This makes it a ritual short-form, but allows the Questor to perform the quest safely for lesser rewards.

2. Escape the Invasion

Even though he knew that he risked accusations of cowardice, he swallowed his pride and left the field of battle, pursued by his foes. He escaped through Pavis and used the secret places that he knew to evade his pursuers. He rode across the plains of Prax and defeated all those who opposed him there, for he had faced all these foes before.

The Questor must realise that he cannot defeat his foes or achieve his aim by himself. He must break with tradition and seek help, for every man is stronger with friends than alone.

Having broken off, the Questor then must escape and hide from his problems. Normally, this involves travelling through Pavis and seeking the secret places that only the folk of Pavis know. Once he has hidden himself away, the Questor will leave Pavis and travel through the Plains where he will meet a Guardian who will test him.

This Guardian is normally a traditional foe of Pavis, possibly Nomads, Trolls and Giants, Jaldon Goldentooth, Lunars, Bandits or Personal Enemies. They must be overcome in order for the Questor to pass. Sometimes this involves combat, sometimes a wager, sometimes a test and sometimes simply persuasion.

If the Guardian cannot be passed, the Questor must find some other way to go, perhaps by travelling through Pent or to the South. In this case, the Questor may use his own wits to continue, but normally the Quest would end here.

3. Convince Dragon Guardians

Joraz Kyrem faced the Bronze Dragon and persuaded him that he was a friend of the Empire. He gave certain signs and spoke certain words showing himself to be speaking the truth, and the Bronze Dragon allowed him pass, but he was changed afterwards.

The Questor will meet a Dragon Guardian who wards the approach to Dragon Pass. This Dragon Guardian is normally a Dragonewt, although it may instead be a dream dragon, wymm, or other Draconic creature. Very occasionally a True Dragon is met here, but that only happens if the Questor has met the Dragon previously.

The Dragon Guardian will ask why the Questor is here, and will test him. The Questor must persuade the Dragon Guardian that he is a friend of the Dragons and that he is seeking help for Pavis, another Dragonfriend. Normally, he gives a gift or skill to the Dragon Guardian to prove his worth. This should be a formality for Pavis or Joraz Kyrem cultists, but past associations can have a bearing on this, so Questors who are enemies of dragons or Dragonewts may find things difficult here. If he succeeds then he may continue, otherwise he must try to find another way into Dragon Pass, perhaps seeking another pass through the mountains, or going via Dagori Inkarth and the Dark Lands.

The Questor may fight the Dragon Guardian, but this is not a normal part of the Quest. Questors who fight the Dragon Guardian may be marked as Dragon Enemies and carry this association around with them forever, affecting their dealings with dragonkind.

Sometimes the Questor will enter the Dragonewts' Dream rather than simply encounter a Dragon Guardian. This may allow him to meet very exotic Dragon Guardians, perhaps more powerful than those normally met, and capable of greater interactions. There are Quests in Pavis/Big Rubble that use the Dragonewts' Dream as a convenient method of reaching the Draconic Plane.

The Dragon Guardian is often a Dragonewt who is used to such Quests. If it behaves Dishonourably then it is tied to the Questor until it can disentangle itself. This means that the Dragonewt will encounter the Questor on other HeroQuests where a Dragonewt is required, or perhaps even in daily life. Eventually the Dragonewt will behave Honourably and will be able to extricate itself from this Connection. A Dragonewt may behave Dishonourably even if it does the right thing - basically it has done the right thing instinctively rather than through Conscious Thought. Those Questors with specific ties to particular Dragonewts will normally find that their Dragonewt will appear as the Dragon Guardian. This is good if the Dragonewt is friendly, but bad if it is an enemy.

4. Find allies and try to convince them

Joraz Kyrem searched the length and breadth of Dragon Pass for allies. Some spurned him, some drove him away, but some listened. He made his vows of friendship and gave gifts and promises, and at last some agreed to help him.

The Questor must find potential allies and persuade them to help him. This may be achieved in a number of ways.

Normally the Questor will travel to those places where he expects the potential allies to live. So, if he wanted Sun Domer allies he would travel to the Sun Dome, if he wanted duck allies he would travel to the Upland Marsh. Sometimes, the Questor will be met by others accidentally on his travels, and he may wish to attempt to ally these instead. So, he may meet a band of Tusk Riders on the way to the Upland Marsh and may decide that Tusk Riders are more useful allies than ducks. These encounters should be tailored to the area travelled through and not just be random.

Sometimes, the Questor will meet truly random people, and must choose whether to attempt to ally them or wait for better allies. This can result in powerful allies but also be dangerous.

On some lesser quests, the Questor will be given a choice of tokens when he asks the Guardian for allies. The Questor must wager for each token that he wants to ally. If the wager is successful, then the Questor may take the token, and can redeem it in Pavis when the person represented by the token is found, as they soon will be. These rare 'dragon tokens' are

mentioned in Pavic folklore, but even foreigners will know that an old debt to dragon kind is being called in when one is presented to them.

In order to persuade the potential ally, the Questor must make fine speeches, and give promises and vows of friendship. He must offer gifts to persuade the person to join him as an ally. Alternatively he may wager a skill against that of the potential ally in order to seal a friendship.

If the potential ally refuses to help, then any gift given or wagered is lost and the Questor must make challenge for it if they want it back. If the Questor wagers for a token and loses then the token is returned to the Dragon Guardian's bag.

If a potential ally refuses to help then the Questor must try again with a different potential ally until he succeeds.

The Questor may ally more than one group of people, if he wishes, for he can return with a number of allies rather than a single ally.

Possible allies to be found include EWF spirits and Heroes as well as mundane allies, denizens of Dragon Pass in EWF times, denizens of Dragon Pass now and perhaps denizens of the Big Grazing or wherever the Quest is being performed.

Sample allies may include:

EWF Denizens/Spirits/Heroes

- Sun Domers
- The Six Sisters
- Beast Men
- Ducks
- Newtlings
- Mostali (The Dwarf of Dwarf Run)
- Dragonewts
- Delecti
- Cragspider (although not of the EWF, she was intimately associated with them and would make a wonderful ally)
- Lady of the Hunt (Wild Lady)

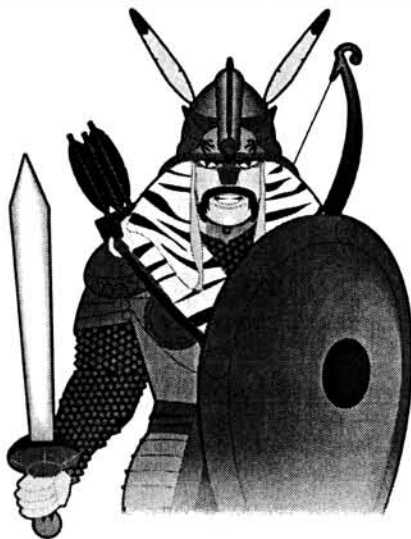
Current Denizens

- Orlanhi
- Grazelanders
- Lunars
- Bastard Tribe Members
- Ghoul King

5. Guide allies across Desert/Plains

Joraz Kyrem returned across the Plains of Prax using his knowledge of these lands. He followed the paths that he knew and headed for home. The Plains were cruel to him, as they were hard for everyone, and he faced many physical trials on the way. He met his enemies again and defeated them again, showing his friends that he was a worthy ally and one who could be respected. He returned to Pavis with his new-found friends.

The Questor must cross the Plains of Prax and must return to Pavis without



getting lost. This should not be a problem for Joraz Kyrem cultists, but may be a problem for Pavic cultists who have never left the city before. [Test "Cross Plains", "Scout (Plains)" or "Navigate" abilities].

The Questor must withstand at least one of the elements of Wind, Heat, Dust, Darkness and Water, this may involve elemental effects such as Sandstorm, Drought, Thunderstorm or Freezing Night.

Summer: Sandstorm/Dust Storm - chokes Questor and allies

Summer: Drought - Questors suffer dehydration and disorientation. Animals suffer and may die. Major Defeat means quest fails.

Winter: Blizzard - freezes the Questor

Winter: Flash Flood - drowns the Questor

Winter: Thunder/Hail storm - attacks the Questors

Winter: Fog - makes the Questors lose their way

Any Time: Desert Madness - Makes the Questors mad from their travels through the empty desert

Fighting the elements may include battles with elemental followers. Lunars may be accorded elemental status here if necessary. For example:

Summer: *Fight with Agimori*

Summer: *Maran Gor/Babeester Gor cultists avenge a slight against the Earth*

Winter: *Gagarthi bandits attack*

Winter: *Newtlings and Ducks attack from the rivers*

Winter: *Thunder Bird cultists attack the Questors*

Winter: *Inora cultists ritually attack the Questors, perhaps with Snow Maidens or Holli*

Any foes should be of the same strength as the Questor and he should have no trouble in fighting them off with the aid of his allies. The physical foes should not present a problem for anyone who knows the Plains well.

The Questor must fight a group of enemies that would block the way. These may include Nomads, Chaos, Darkness, Giants or Personal Enemies. Even Oasis Folk may be a threat here on rare occasions. These enemies may be stronger than the Questor and should be tricky to defeat. The Questor must prove himself to be a leader of men worthy to be followed into danger.

6. Lead attack and defeat invaders

Joraz Kyrem gathered his allies together and, with a rallying warcry, he rode into Pavis and smashed into the Darkness that had gathered there. His new forces followed him into battle, knowing him as a great leader. Together with his new friends they forced the Darkness back and retook Pavis.

The Questor must gather his forces, these include the allies he has brought and the allies he already had. If he has not proven himself to be a leader of men, his new allies may desert him at this stage and go their own way. It sometimes becomes known that the Quest is nearing its end when some of the Questor's supporters are pulled in at this stage to assist this battle.

The Questor and his allies must defeat the foe that was facing the Questor. If he wants the allies for a future endeavour then he must ritually defeat a representative foe in order to seal the alliance. If the allies are intended to defeat a present and dangerous foe then they must go into battle here. The Quest may end at this point, or rather it may move into a final mundane plane section, during which the Questor and his allies must locate and confront the specified enemies.

If the Questor has collected tokens on this Quest, he must exchange these for allies back in the 'real world'. The tokens indicate magically to whom they should be presented, and the potential ally knows by the appearance of the token that it is time to redeem their dragon debt. Of course, people may still refuse, but this invokes a draconic curse. Allies gained this way may still ask for something in return for their help.

If the attack on the Foes fails, the other elements of the Quest may be repeated until the attack succeeds. This is preferable to ending the Quest in defeat and then trying again later.

7. The Quest Ends

Joraz Kyrem rewarded his new allies. He gave the Sun Domers a grant of land near Pavis, and offered them the friendship

of the city forever. He promised to aid them if they ever needed it, and to maintain fair trade with them. He exchanged rings and horses, and a marriage between the city and the county cemented relations further.

The Questor must reward his new-found allies, otherwise he will be treated as a miser by others. If the allies have performed the job that he intended for them, he must reward them appropriately, especially if he made them promises earlier. If the allies are for a future endeavour, then he must still reward them here, as thanks for returning to Pavis with him, but may promise them more rewards in the future.

If allies are not properly rewarded then attempts to call on them at a later date will be heavily penalised

The Questor may try to seal the allegiance, and retain the allies as friends for future use, by giving them extra gifts and making further promises.

Allies who remain as friends may be bonded to the Questor or to Pavis in some way. Quite often this takes the form of fixed term mercenary contract, bonded service, temporary allegiances or promises of help in future Quests.

The Questor in the full version then leaves the Other Side and returns to normality, if he has not done so already.

Extra Comments

1. In the mundane world (Practice Run Quest or Shadow Version) the ideal place to run this Quest is the Big Grazing in the Rubble

(i) The Big Grazing serves as proxy location for the Praxian chaparral.

(ii) There is a Dragonewt Presence at the Dragonewt Temple

(iii) It is close to potential allies (Yelmatio Hill, The Garden, Zebra Pens etc.)

(iv) Opponents can be easily encountered here (Chaos/Darkness/Nomads)

2. If the HeroQuestor has personal HeroQuest enemies, they can appear as foes even if they would not normally be considered foes in this Quest. For instance, a HeroQuestor with Orlanthe enemies may meet them here even though Orlanthe are normally considered friendly or neutral in this Quest. These personal enemies could appear as well as the normal encounters or perhaps instead of one of the encounters. So, the Orlanthe may be encountered as part of the Raging Storm.

3. Gifts are given even if potential allies are not allied or Guardians are not convinced. Gifts may be physical objects but are often magical, skill-based, political or social in nature. For instance, the Questor may offer his friendship and brotherhood to the potential ally regardless of the outcome, if the Questor is politically important this is a useful gift.

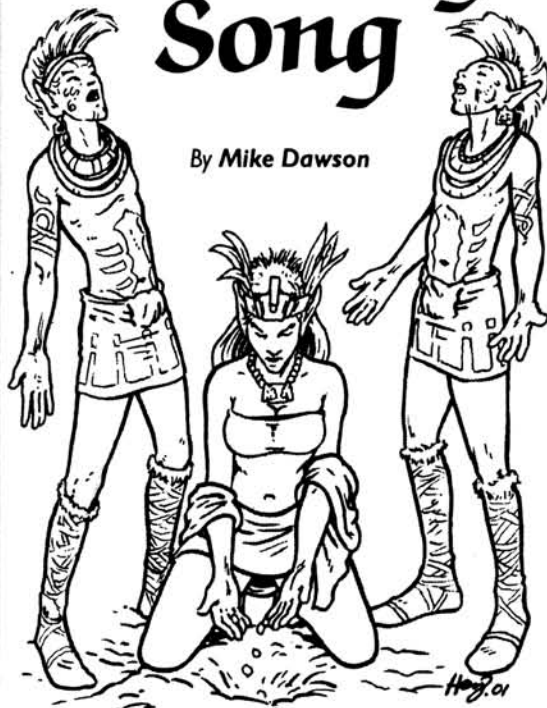
4. Past experiences may impact on the Quest. For instance, a Questor who tries to ally the Yelmations at Yelmatio Hill may find his chances reduced because he once performed the Orlanthe Hill of Gold Quest. Also, personal rivalries and experiences may have an impact - if the Questor is an enemy of a Pavic clan then it is little use trying to ally the Clan unless he brings powerful gifts and promises.

5. This may seem a simple Quest with few penalties for failure, but quite the opposite is true. At each stage of meeting a Guardian or making an ally the Questor must give away something important to him, quite often this will be skills or spells. If the attempt fails then these have been lost for no purpose. Any combat could result in the defeat or death of the Questor. The Questor could return without any allies and hence fail to defeat the Enemies. This could mean a political defeat and also mean problems with the Pavis cult itself.

6. Even though this is a Quest for allies against an attack, it may be used to gain political allies or spiritual allies. The attack could be a war of words, a ritual contest or some other prearranged event.

The Aldryami Planting Song

By Mike Dawson



THE 'FIRST PLANTING SONG' CEREMONY takes place on the first day of Sacred Time.

A procession of elves from the Garden bears seeds and cuttings across the Big Grazing and the Grasslands, towards Manside. They are guarded by members of the Old City Watch, and by heroes friendly to Pavis.

Arriving in Manside, the elves circle the Real City Hill before making their way through the city itself. They sing and dance while planting the seeds of various shrubs and flowers, before taking their part in an ancient Pavic ritual before the original temple.

Once the elves have departed, humans from the Old City must protect the new plants for the two weeks of Sacred Time. The more successful they are, the more fertile the plants in and around the city will be over the next year.

Heroes who are initiates of Pavis may volunteer as escorts for the elves, or stand guard shifts over the plantings on the hill. These guards may end up fighting trolls, nomads or chaos. The Lunar Governor has offered extensive military protection from Zebra Fort and the Lunar Garrison, but so far this has been politely declined as not being required.

Guards for the Planting Song must be approved by the Pavis Priests prior to Sacred Time, or be accepted by the elves before they leave the Garden. Otherwise they cannot participate fully in the ritual.

Introduction

Sacred Time is approaching, and several volunteers from the Real City Watch and the local auxiliaries (i.e. a few adventurous young men), are practicing their Rubble Survival techniques, prior to travelling to the Garden the day before Sacred Time begins. Heroes friendly to Old Pavis hear about this ritual from a friend in the Watch or just on the local grapevine.

Research: Those Heroes who wish to know more about the risks, find out that the procession is often attacked two or three times, but has never failed yet, although occasionally volunteers or elves are killed. Last year trolls made a severe offensive near Yelmatio Hill, but were beaten back. The elves are apparently adamant that an attendant warband of any size will invalidate the ceremony, and thus accept only a limited number of human defenders to accompany their procession.

Part One: The Heroes may need magic, knowledge, or assistance that only the Garden Aldryami can provide, and offer their help in this ceremony in the hopes of being granted whatever they require (or perhaps they are motivated purely by altruism?). Either way, this involves approaching either the Priests of Pavis at the Real City, or a representative of the Aldryami themselves. They must pass the requirements of being from the cult of a deity friendly to Pavis, or worshipping Pavis directly, and also convince the Pavis Priests, or Aldryami of their sincerity.

Part Two: Our Heroes join the small group of other volunteers and travel to the Garden, via a trip outside the Rubble. They are greeted at Hippogriff Gate by a procession of elves and runners, and escorted in solemn ceremony along Creeper Road and then into the depths of the Garden. Fully disorientated they eventually arrive at a sacred grove, where, after an unfathomable and majestic overnight ritual, a Dryad hands over handfuls of seeds to the leading elves. The seeds are solemnly placed in finely spun silver sacks, and the procession passes through the Garden, emerging into the Big Grazing south of Yelmatio Hill as dawn breaks.

Part Three: The runners do not accompany the procession, which now consists of ten members of the Watch, the Hero volunteers, and a dozen elves. The human warriors are asked to flank the group of elves: Watch members on one side, and Heroes on the other. The elves guide the group across the Grasslands,

Planting Song Scenario Outline

By Ian Thomson



curving around the Devil's Playground and towards the Twin Hills. Early on in the trip, the procession is attacked by a band of broo, from the direction of the Playground. These broo should be designed at will by the Narrator, and may be led by two powerful ogres.

Part Four: Approaching the Twin Hills, the procession is attacked by trollkin feinting on one side, and then by ambushing Zorak Zorani Uz from the other. This is the fiercest attack on the procession in the last few years. The elves are able to cast deadly magic on their arrows, and have the help of strong nature spirits, and earth daimones. However, the fighting is dangerously closely matched until a group of Flintnail dwarf Rubble Trackers burst from the ruins, armed with crossbows and muskets, and put the remaining trolls to flight. After the combat, the dwarves go hurriedly about their business, as they are not officially permitted to involve themselves in the procession.

Part Five: The procession passes between the Twin Hills, and two dozen young men and women emerge from Mani's Fort and flank them. These people are armed with spears and swords and wave in a friendly fashion, but do not approach. The groups walk by the Arm of Pavis and approach Real City Hill. Many

Mansiders are waiting along the road beside the hill, but are careful to give the procession plenty of room. The elves now begin to sing in beautiful otherworldly voices and lead the way up the hill in a wide spiraling path. After one complete circuit of the hill, the elves with the seeds begin dancing gracefully as they cast the seeds in wide arcs about themselves.

Part Six: The procession eventually passes into the Real City and continues about the streets, sowing even more seeds on the ground reserved for fruit bushes and vegetables. The Real City residents line the streets, and some play the Pavic reed pipes or respectfully strike soft drums to accompany the melody. At last the procession approaches the great temple of Pavis, and cuttings are magically grafted onto the few trees that grow in its shadow. The Son and Daughters of Pavis step forth from the temple and greet the elves in their own tongue. The ritual exchange is impenetrable to those without at least moderate facility in the ways of the Aldryami. If Hero is capable of comprehension, the basic content reaffirms the alliance between the elves and Pavis cult, and the mutual wish to see the day when the Old City becomes bounteous and harmonious once more.

Part Seven: The ritual is now over, and the elves are treated like visiting royalty. Eventually they depart, this time under heavy escort by the Real City Watchmen. For the next two weeks, the seeds scattered around the hill must be protected from the enemies of Pavis. Volunteers include, as well as those who accompanied the entire procession, Mansiders and Real City residents, and even some Pavic Heartlings. They are organized into night and day patrols, although the day patrols are considered to be little likely to come under threat. Night attacks may occur from trollkin (led from the shadows by malevolent troll shamans); Lunar adventurers keen to undermine the ways of the Old City; chaos gaggles merely hoping to snatch away some of the guards; or from bandits who want some of the magical seeds for their own benefit. The Narrator must design such attacks and attackers.

Part Eight: Over the two weeks, the seeds inside and outside the Real City grow into small bushes abundant with fruits and berries. On the last day of Sacred Time these are harvested, and the second generation of seeds are planted in specially prepared plots in and around the city. If the defenders did well, there will be a great feast that evening, and bounteous crops will spring forth in late Sea Season.

A Lunar Patrol: The Silver Shields

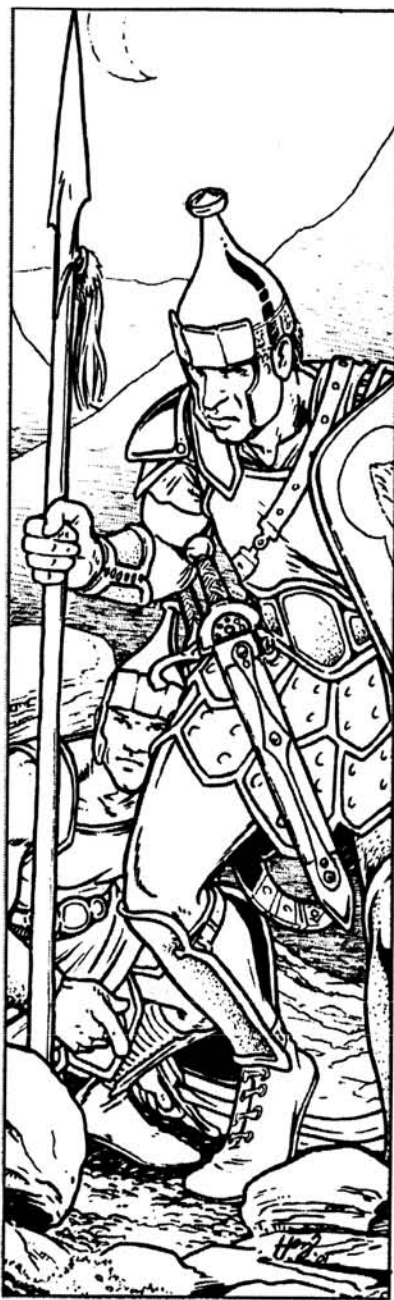
By Mark Galeotti

OF THE DIFFERENT IMPERIAL FORCES in Pavis, the Silver Shields are best suited to patrolling the rough and lawless stretches of the Big Rubble. Unlike the gleaming hoplites of the Marble Phalanx, they are flexible and mobile, able to fight, engage enemies from a distance or in hand-to-hand, turn a blind eye when appropriate, and run when necessary. As such, the unit launches regular patrols in the Rubble, whether from the city or Zebra Fort (one of the three squads based there is generally on patrol at any time). The two line companies in the city periodically mount familiarisation exercises in the Big Rubble, to ensure their soldiers have a sense of its geography and conditions. Typically, a maniple of each (two seven-soldier squads, under a sergeant) will be deployed, one designated as attacker, tasked with trying to steal or storm a flag from the other, which might either be on static defence of escorting it through the ruins. Not only do these exercises help hone the hypaspists' skills, they also remind both the citizens of Pavis and the denizens of the Big Rubble of the presence of the empire.

The Silver Shields patrol the Rubble in squad strength: seven hypaspists, one of whom is their First Spear (corporal). Unlike New Pavis, the Rubble is always dangerous, so they will be armed and armoured, with spears, javelins and scimitars. However, on a routine daylight patrol while the alert is at the relatively relaxed Crescent status, they will be bunched together, probably chatting. Otherwise they will be slightly spaced: three taking point and then the others some 3-5 metres behind (to minimise the danger of all being caught in one trap or ambush). One of the second group will be 'nose', tasked with keeping a particular watch on rooftops and other higher elevations, another will be 'tail', checking behind the patrol. All will generally be initiates of Jajagappa Hunter, Odayla the Bear (see 'Storm Tribe'), or Ipharia Elnestratos, the regimental cult (see the 'Pavis and Big Rubble Companion: Vol. 3: The Masks of Pavis' or www.issaries.com/hw/magical_ipharia.html), so all will have stealth, detection and ambush magics.

Ajappa's Patrol

The patrol led by First Spear Ajappa Longnose of the 2nd Company is a typical one encountered in the Big Rubble. Ajappa herself is an amiable Jajaloring and, as with the Silver Shields in general, her easy-going manner belies a wealth of experience.



Typical Silver Shield hypaspist

Close Combat 1w^{^3} (scimitar & shield, spear & shield), Ranged Combat 1w^{^3} (javelin), Dodge 17, Scrounge 17, Initiate of Ipharia or Odayla 17, Rubble Survival 10, Magical Affinities 19. Light Armour & Shield ^{^3}.

Cult affiliations and unusual extra abilities follow:

Ajappa's Patrol

FIRST SPEAR AJAPPA LONGNOSE: Ipharia and Jajagappa. Tactics 1w, Shrewd 1w, Seen It All Before 5w.

PARAKHEN: Ipharia. Communicate with Gestures 18.

YOTHINE: Odayla. Ranged Combat 5w^{^3} (javelin).

HURRULF: Dedicated practitioner of the Sairdic spirit tradition of Black Dog: integrated spirit Terrifying Bark 1w; fetishes for Dognose 18 (2/day) and Chase Away Cat 1w (1/day).

DAJJINDER: Ipharia. Follow Trail 18.

OTRIX (NOSE): Jajagappa. Sense Ambush 18.

BEKIS (TAIL): Odayla. Jump 1w.

COMMON IPHARIA FEATS: Dodge Arrow, Quick and Nimble, Screaming Javelin, Wait Unseen.

COMMON ODAYLA FEATS: Acute Vision, Arrow Sureshot, Bear's Hide, Hide in Foliage, Identify Scent, Move Silently, Strength.

Other Patrols

It is easy to vary these patrols by simply changing the character of their First Spear. For example, Borgo Rhes is clever (5w) but corrupt (18). He and his men would be prepared to bend the rules for a suitable sweetener, but don't try and outsmart them. On the other hand, First Spear Ganavon of Derfik is a dour and grizzled veteran, the sort who takes no backchat (Shout Loudly 5w, Bully 1w). His squad is a tough and even brutal one, victors in ten battles and a hundred tavern brawls (Brawling 1w, Pick Fight 20). Alternatively, the unit could be accompanied by a more senior officer or be taking part in one of the familiarisation exercises. Players could find themselves attacked (non-lethally) when mistaken for the other side, or even asked to help, by distracting the others or even stealing their flag. (The Silver Shields believe in winning rather than playing by the book!) This could be a good way to earn a useful favour.

Typical Silver Shield officer

Close Combat 5w^{^3} (spear & shield, scimitar & shield), Ranged Combat 5w^{^3} (javelin), Dodge 17, Infantry Tactics 1w, Command Unit 1w, Initiate of Odayla and Ipharia 5w, Magical Affinities 4w, Well-Made Light Armour & Shield ^{^4}



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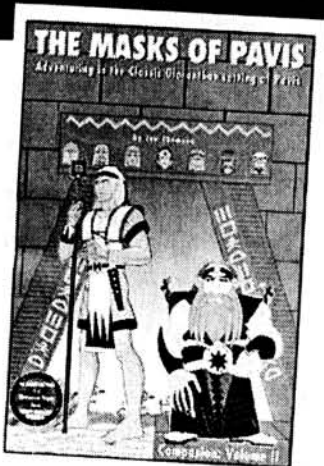
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