

“The Pavis and Big Rubble Companion: Vol. 1”

Pavis: A Man for All Seasons

By Ian Thomson - with Peter ‘Zebra Fort’ Johannson

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Companion Website: www.pavis.nzrpga.org.nz/companion.html



“A spectacular sight, especially after the tortuous days of desert travel. Pavis City, as ever, brings refreshment merely with its appearance, and once within its walls the wonders begin in earnest. One can visit any number of restful parks, each tended by peaceful Aldryami, and if you sit quietly you will be rewarded with visions of their graceful activities. In search of pleasant company, you can do no better than visit one of the many inns (my favourite being in the shadow of Pavis’ Palace itself), and talk with travelers from far across the known world. The good-natured city patrols make sure that all visitors respect the peace, and are renowned for their quickly offered assistance in all areas of dispute. All around the city, men and dwarfs labour happily side by side constructing civic amenities, roads, tenements and residences of great splendor. On my last visit, magicians from the Empire were creating an astoundingly complex recreational canal system, the purpose of which is no more than to bring peace and happiness to the minds of all who boat or stroll within its boundaries. If only such activities as those I witnessed in this city were common across the whole of the world. One can only hope that ‘Pavis’ will continue to set such a glorious example of true civilisation for a great many centuries to come.”(From a fragmentary EWF travelogue, approximate date 900 ST)

FOR THE SAKE OF THE ENVIRONMENT, PLEASE PRINT THIS IN DUPLEX MODE. THE PAVIC ALDRYAMI THANK YOU

Author's Note:

In June 2004, two things relevant to the P&BR Companion series occurred: (i) Vol 5 "Beyond Pavis" was published, marking the end of this fanzine series, (ii) I finally obtained a decent computer for home use. So, I have decided to put on my website a pdf of the material that started it all. This is all of Vol. 1, minus the prototype Opili Cult. Apologies for any mistakes, as this had to be recompiled and took a whole day's work even to get it to what you see before you! Much of the statistical information is Hero Wars or RQ3.

- Vol. 1: **Pavis - A Man for All Seasons** (part of 'Ye Booke of Tentacles 3') - Tentacles Press - 2000
- Vol. 2: **The Masks of Pavis** - Tentacles Press, 2001
- Vol. 2A: **Tradetalk 8 'P&BR Special, Part 1'** - Tentacles Press, (I was involved in the editing and writing, and this contains several articles right at home in the Companion series.)
- Vol. 3: **The Legacy of Pavis** - Tentacles Press, 2002
- Vol. 3A: **Tradetalk 9 'P&BR Special, Part 2'** - Tentacles Press, (I was even more involved, and this contains nine articles that were originally intended for 'Legacy' and didn't fit)
- Vol. 4: **The Shadows of Pavis** - Tentacles Press, 2003
- Vol. 4A - **Rough Guide to Pavis City** (P&BR Companion Special Edition) - Tentacles Press, 2003
- Vol. 5: **Beyond Pavis: Adventures in the Zola Fel Valley** - Tentacles Press, 2004

Introduction:

This collection of work was created twenty years after I first saw Prax and Pavis in the RQ2 rulebook and went "Wow". I hope it recaptures some of the original flavour of this amazing city, and answers some of your questions, and I apologise for the delay. Incalculable thanks to Greg Stafford for taking the time to clarify a great many points, for shooting down some of my wackier ideas in flames, and for embracing others with enthusiasm. The approximate date that this material is set is 1621/22, some time after the Cradle has passed, and Duke Raus has replaced Sor-Eel, as acting Governor.

You may notice that the settlement maps seem to vary from the scale indicated in the main map of the Rubble in "Pavis and Big Rubble". This is due to following the text description (population figures and history), rather than that main map, as a guide to their size. Also, the Pavis and Flintnail Cult details here are designed to expand on the official descriptions, not to replace them. Greg (quoted in one of the CON books) has explained that Cult write-ups can only detail a part of the reality of a religion, and this is so very true in Pavis.

Much gratitude to Fabian for the initial encouragement to put this together, to Dario for appearing from nowhere and offering his wonderful pictures, and to Michael O'Brien and Wesley Quadros for encouraging me to give it a go. I can never express enough appreciation to the small platoon of people that assisted me with writing and editing when life got in the way of getting it finished in time. I have tried to credit you all within the work, and if I've missed anyone out in the insane rush to meet the final submission deadline, please forgive me. (Not all of the pieces fitted into the space available, and those credits will appear when the item worked on is published later.) Finally, thanks to Carrie for putting up with this obsession, especially during the last few weeks.

Ian Thomson
6th April 2000

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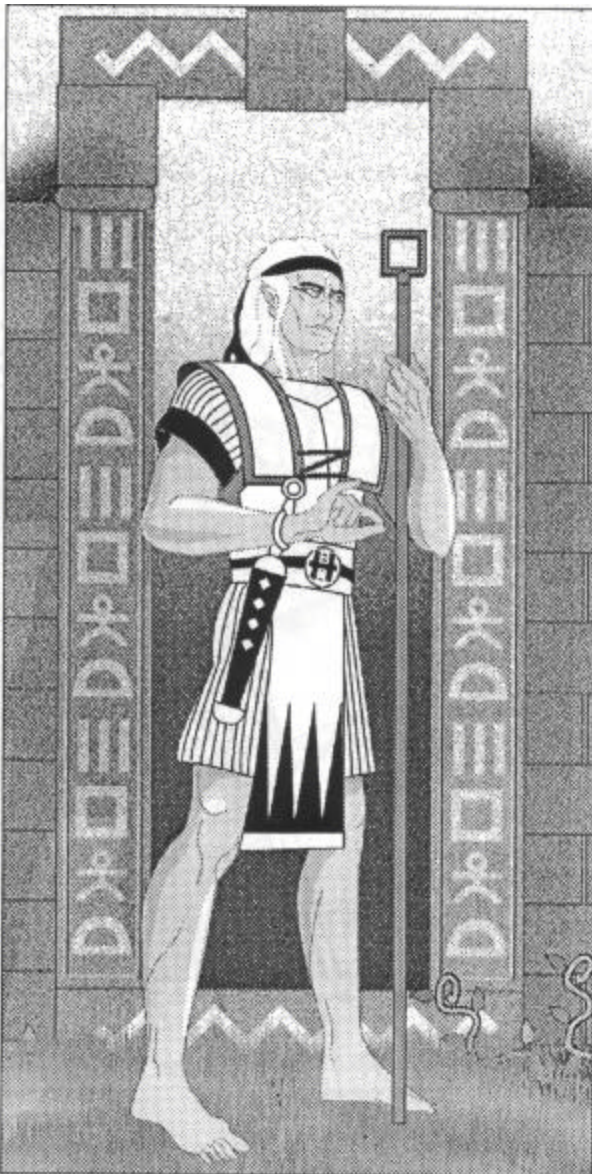


The Cult of Pavis

By Ian Thomson

Acknowledgments:

Greg Stafford for crucial advice & original concepts.
 "Cults of Prax" (Chaosium, 1979): for firing my original enthusiasm.
 Nick Brooke: for inspired editorial assistance, and additional ideas.
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I. Introduction

After the ghostly dragonewts broke down Wyvern Gate in 1539, the human survivors in the Big

Rubble painstakingly struggled up from near-extinction, and were faced with an unfamiliar world. Since 1490, the presence of Thieves' Town outside the walls had offered some renewed human contact for the survivors, but the Cult itself maintained its enigmatic solitude. Then came the "Dragonewts' Dream", and the people of the old city watched with amazement as the best of the troll warriors hurled themselves at these specters, only to be thrown back and destroyed.

Although the troll domination had been far from complete, especially in the latter half of the occupation, the Pavic humans had existed in a state of siege within their own walls for three centuries. Even protected by Pavis' impregnable temple, without the help of the Flintnail dwarves they could not have survived as a community.

A decade after the Rubble was opened, Dorasar and his companions arrived, bringing friendship skills similar to Pavis' own. Ginkizzie, the dwarf leader, spoke for all the people of Pavis, and agreements were made. Pavis and Flintnail worshippers told outsiders of their lineage, and purposes, for the first time in generations. By now, the legends of the old city were barely recalled outside the walls of Pavis itself, and the survivors were free to paint the pictures as they saw fit. Wisely, they decided to obscure a large part of the true nature of Pavis and the reasons why he founded his city on this spot.

Dorasar learned some things about the local religions, as he negotiated to sanctify a new temple to Pavis, but even he only knew a fraction of what is revealed here. The Pavis Cult themselves claim that all their papers long ago provided the fuel for fragile cooking fires amidst the ruins, and the Flintnail dwarves say that their records were all destroyed when they collapsed their halls on the invading trolls back in 1237. Even Mani's Clan can offer no help to the casual enquirer, patiently explaining that they have no need for a codified history, because the past shifts and flutters like dust on the desert winds.

II. Mythos and History

Pavis' parents were members of one of the many unusual organizations that were tolerated in the permissive Empire of the Wyrms' Friends (EWF). As well as the path to draconic enlightenment, many other secrets became available to the thinkers of the day, due to the expanded awareness that characterized that period of history.

The Green Age Revivalists were an elite collection of researchers and dreamers, who wanted to return the world and its peoples to the energies and relationships of that more harmonious time. Many saw them simply as idealists in search of an unreachable utopia, but it is undeniable that several of their experiments succeeded spectacularly.

Pavis himself was the result of arguably their most impressive project, the successful cross-breeding of a human with a dryad. As he grew, although he appeared human, it became obvious that he was a most unusual being. With his family (father and human step-mother), Pavis relocated from the Empire to Adari, a place from where it would be easy for him to interact with aldryami, and explore both sides of his heritage.

Pavis' youth was brought to a horrifying ending in 809, when nomads sacked Adari. Whilst Pavis himself escaped, his father was slain and his mother disappeared, and Pavis resolved to continue his father's work. He returned to the Empire, where other members of the Revivalists welcomed him with open arms. Soon it was clear that he was blessed with a unique breadth of insight, and could synthesize seemingly irreconcilable philosophies. He quickly became a champion of the Green Age cause.

Under the leadership of Pavis, the Green Age Revivalists entered a period of public popularity. Many people traveled to hear him speak, and amongst them was Flintnail the Mostali. The two became close friends, and a partnership was formed that would have powerful consequences.

Pavis became fascinated with the geographical and spiritual remnants of Genert's Garden. This interest had evolved during the decade he had lived in Adari, as he had traveled not just to visit his aldryami relatives, but also out onto the Praxian plains. Strange ruins and the peoples he met there left an indelible mark upon his soul.

Over the next few years Pavis and Flintnail organized and led a variety of expeditions out into Prax and the Wastes, seeking spirits and forgotten lore that might help them bring about their dreams of a new Green Age. The Horse People of Joraz Kyrem, whom Pavis knew through cult connections, usually assisted them in these ventures. Joraz was an ambitious Khan who was only too pleased to challenge the nomads. Eventually their explorations uncovered a great secret. On the banks of the Zola Fel was a

surviving fragment of Genert's Garden, preserved by a Green Age Hero and his followers. Unfortunately, these people were in hiding, due to the presence of the nomads and giants occupying the ruins of Robcradle.

Encouraged by his friend Flintnail, and by Joraz Kyrem who wanted to re-establish his own people in Prax, Pavis devised the Green Age City Project. This was not a course of action decided on lightly, and several years of questing and securing allies followed. In 830 ST they were ready.

Marching first to the Faceless Statue in Dagori Inkarth, Pavis here proved his mastery over stone, and reanimated this God Time relic. Riding atop its shoulders, and trailed by their followers, Pavis and Flintnail entered Prax and made history. The new city that later also became known as 'Pavis', was founded in 831, and Pavis used his heroic abilities of negotiation and reconciliation to forge a fragile, but nonetheless impressive, peace.

Although Pavis' main focus was creating a center for exploration of many long forgotten 'Green Age' projects, he was also an extremely charismatic and inspirational civic leader. Throughout his life, the city seemed to expand all on its own, with settlers arriving from many different places across the continent, adding their own ideas and energies harmoniously. Even so, the sheer time and energy required to govern and co-ordinate a city of such size and vitality was overwhelming, and eventually Pavis bowed to the wishes of his peers and devised a formal system of Government. He created the 'Council of Seven', each member of which was given a special 'Speaking Mask' to signify their authority.

Between 831 and his apotheosis in 860, Pavis co-ordinated a huge number of experimental ceremonies. His own daughter, Shelbaris, arrived at the city soon after her father, and was found to be almost as gifted as he. She worked principally alongside the dwarves of the city, eventually assisting in the greatest successful quest of that period. Without her contribution, it would be fair to say that the dwarves of Flintnail would not be half of what they are today.

Evidence of another aspect of the city's origins may still be noted, although most people overlook this even though it may sometimes be literally before their eyes. Pavis and Flintnail shared an understanding of sacred geometry, and based the shape of the city, and the location of major buildings and amenities, on ancient diagrams.

They held the firm belief that this would assist their work through harnessing the powers of the elemental Earth. The unusual written language of glyphs, which is known by the inner circles of the Pavis Cult, was also evolved from this tradition.

It was not clear at the time, even to their colleagues, how much Pavis and Flintnail inspired the work, nor how their personal skills, and personal associations with Green Age myths, powered the ceremonies. Even after Flintnail departed, his spirit inspired and drove the dwarves in their joint activities of city construction and mythical explorations. Pavis, with his apparently boundless energy, was able to provide enough motivation for the other citizens, but in the end even he tired.

In 860, aged in his seventies, after giving a great speech in front of the citizens, Pavis entered his temple for the last time. With the assistance of the Priests of Mani's Clan, he took his place alongside the great spirits of Prax, the country which had become his home.

As arranged, Joraz Kyrem became civic leader, ruling the council wisely, but amongst the various factions were those who sought a greater share of authority. Most outspoken amongst these was a group from amidst the followers of the City Magician, who took advantage of the awe in which all sorcerers were held.

During the life of Pavis, it had been unthinkable to interfere with the passing Cradles, and Robcradle's 'Great Basher' had stood idle. This all changed in 863 when, to the horror of the citizens, these sorcerers halted a Cradle with their magic, and looted it. The other Magicians were too wary of the might of their fellows, the fledgling Cult of Pavis was too weak to act decisively against these sorcerers, and Joraz Kyrem feared their powerful magic. Great was the pillage, and the baby was slain. The looters claimed that its death was an unfortunate accident, but their selfish motivations seemed only too clear.

The terrified citizens waited, but nothing happened immediately as a result of these events, and life went on as usual. Whilst most of the inhabitants were initially against stopping the Cradles, none were strong enough to oppose the renegade Magicians, and in truth the lure of Cradle goods was tempting to all. In 867 another Cradle arrived and was plundered, and yet another in 869. The first sign of trouble came in 870, when Thog the giant led some smaller members of his kin, and

many trolls, against the city. On this occasion they were repulsed easily, with the city's network of sorcery towers providing as effective an aid to defence as the Magicians had claimed they would.

For a time, these rogue wizards gained popular support, and two more Cradles were looted, one in 872 and another in 875. Then Thog returned, accompanied again by other giants, and by an entire army of trolls. A band of mindless, brutish, constructed giants called Jolanti further enhanced the attackers, and this time they proved unstopable. Even the aerial defence network of the sorcerers proved inadequate, and several towers were smashed down. Trolls quickly occupied the city, giants guarded its perimeters, and for two years the citizens were enslaved. During this time, the last two Cradles passed safely down the river and out to sea.

As history tells us, Joraz Kyrem escaped to Dragon Pass and returned with several regiments of Sun Dome Templars, and other more unusual allies, from the armies of the EWF. Thog and his forces were crushed, and Pavis the city entered its second dynamic era of vitality. After the city was liberated, Lord Kyrem and his new friends forcefully reorganized the power of the sorcerers, who were never again able to force their wills onto others in such a way.

Soon after this time, the Cult of Pavis evolved into a powerful entity dedicated not only to the gradual recreation of Pavis' own mythical ambitions, but also to governing the city. The Cult quickly gained three of the seven council positions, and was normally supported without question by Ginkizzie the dwarf, the incumbent holder of the fourth position.

This age of prosperity lasted until 940 ST when the nomad hero, Jaldon Toothmaker, ate a hole through the walls, and the city was sacked by Bison Riders, supported by Impalas. Over the previous years, the city had been almost completely isolated from the EWF, and Jaldon's forces had defeated three relief armies from the Empire. In this year, the Arrowsmith Dynasty collapsed, and contact with the Empire was lost.

After Jaldon's invasion, which killed or enslaved more than half of the population, the city fell understandably into decline. Even though it rallied enough to drive off several further aggressors before the devastating attack of Toras Joran in 1150, the benefits of civilization slipped away, and the people slowly reverted towards barbarism.

Green Age Revivalism had already been sidelined in favor of other activities more necessary for sheer survival, especially since the fall of the EWF. As time passed, the Revivalist movement became merely a series of intriguing legends as far as the human survivors were concerned

III. Nature of the Cult

Upon the cult's founding, masonry skills were encouraged, to expand and maintain the city. Later these same skills were transferred readily to the greater needs of erecting and repairing forts, hideouts, traps and other defences that could resist the nomads and the trolls. They remain valued by the cult as symbols of their hope to one day rebuild their ruined home. Similarly, the Great Axe proved a staunch weapon against the trolls particularly, and was adopted as a heroic symbol of resilience, although many of the survivors actually used swords or spears. The ways of Plants was always close to Pavis' own interests, and he had spent much time designing public green space within the city. The ways of plants became a ritual lore embedded within cult teachings.

Although it has devolved into a simple city cult, at least to outward appearances, things are not always as they seem. Invaders have never breached the enormous original Temple, and within its echoing halls are contained artifacts and texts that reflect the glories and purposes of old. Even with the knowledge of the dragons having been torn away, much remains here that would feed an inquiring mind.

However, this Pavis Temple is not open to casual browsers, and the Priesthood long ago set up circles within circles amongst the Cult membership, to decide how much could be revealed, and to whom. The few remaining relics of the old city were sealed up for protection and for secrecy, and over time the emptiness of the chambers and passageways became seen as normal by those few allowed to wander around them without supervision.

Especially in New Pavis, the Cult appears as a social network, acting as a typical city cult should. The Priests are very careful that things remain this way. Everyone knows, of course, that you have to be a Pavis initiate to vote in elections or stand for civic office, but people don't usually think of this as a religious or ritual obligation. (Certainly not one in which some of the Priests and Initiates have a mythic agenda of their own to pursue.)

Back in the old city this social function has a

different flavor, as the Cult has also been the focal point for knife-edge survival these last centuries. Few traditional residents treat their religion as a mere social club. For them it is a great deal more. Amongst these families, many stories are known about the old city, some true, and some fanciful distortions of history. Nonetheless there is profound respect for the traditions of the city and the cult.

IV. Organization

The worship of Pavis the Founder functions in all ways akin to that of a regular city cult, providing useful magic and social functions. This branch of the cult is joined by regular worshippers in New Pavis, and also by any child born to the surviving people of the Old City. Worship of Pavis the Overseer grants further knowledge and magic, and is open to the Priests and City Administrators. The other main subcults are: Opili (warriors), Flintnail (dwarves), and Joraz Kyrem (Zebra Cavalry). Flintnail and Joraz Kyrem also function as patron deities of their own people.

Most outsiders, and many junior cult members, believe that below the 'Son of Pavis' the Cult has only three ranks: Communal Worshipper, Initiated Worshipper, and Priests or Daughters. However, there are a variety of hidden organizations within the cult. The existence of these "inner circles" has remained well concealed through the ages. Moreover, obtaining initiation into the Cult of Pavis is rather more difficult than it at first appears.

Prospective initiates must have been born inside the old city or in New Pavis, although exceptions are sometimes made by symbolic adoption of foreigners. This rule protects the cult from the casual membership of those who wish simply to avail themselves of its services, and who have no real love for the city.

Worshippers of the city cult form of Pavis the Founder will be typically New Pavis residents who desire to support the cult of their home. Through piety and hard work they may eventually progress from Communal Worshipper to Initiate, and are taught the outer traditions, including Masonry, Great Axe, and Hammer. They are also eligible to vote on mundane cult and civic matters.

Devotees of Pavis the Founder are most likely to be from the families of the old city, whether living in New Pavis or the Rubble. Many of these worshippers within the Rubble reside in the Real City, although others live in Manside and Zebraside. Their religious services include even

more unusual traditional activities, such as the Priests speaking at length in remnants of Auld Wyrnish, and wearing headdresses and cloaks of ancient design.

The City 'Marshals' (and the more senior 'Champions') of the Pavis Cult were originally worshippers who commanded different levels of the Cavalry or Foot, and most often (after the turn of the millennium) were from the Opili sub-cult. Currently there is no Champion, but the first Marshal in more than three centuries has recently been appointed.

V. Divine Intervention

As with most city cults, Pavis may intervene on behalf of his favored followers within or adjacent to his traditional territory, the old city itself, and across Pavis County. Exceptionally, he can also provide limited assistance to his followers performing special duties on behalf of the city anywhere within the region that was formerly Genert's Garden.

VI. Relations with other Cults and Groups

Aldrya: The Aldryami have a presence in this city still, and have done since Pavis invited them here long ago. Back at the height of the old city, elves and runners were relatively common sights, tending the parks and gardens. The only evidence of this still seen is when a procession of elves arrives from time to time at the Real City and sings to the plants and trees.

Black Fang: Dark rumors of close relations between these two cults are merely that. The Pavis Cult and Black Fang share an uneasy co-existence at best. The assassin cult is less than 200 years old, and throughout the troll occupation was nothing more than a violent, and self-serving, gang of daredevil bandits. Even after the founding of New Pavis, calls for their special services were limited. Only since active Lunar interest in Prax have they become a political force; increasing their skills and gradually altering their style to embrace more refined methods. The Pavis Cult prefers to use its own members to mete out any internal justice that may be required, although on very rare occasions the Fang's services have admittedly been arranged through a discreet middleman. Recent disharmony between cells of the Black Fang has been caused by an attempted Lunar takeover. Although such information is known to few, the inner circle of Pavis is well-informed, and guards itself.

Flintnail: The cults of Pavis and Flintnail evolved side by side, each revering their own founder in ways resembling both ancestor worship and city cults. Although the Pavis Priests do not like to talk about such things, the Flintnail dwarves have saved the humans of the city, time and again across their dangerous history. In return, the Pavis worshippers who know better willingly support the general misconceptions that the Flintnailers are a harmless and industrious people, who have nothing more than forges and machine shops in their underground lairs beneath New Pavis and the North Quarry. Whatever other relationship the inner circle of the Pavis Cult has with the most senior dwarves remains a mystery. Conspiracy theorists claim that the dwarves provide various opposing groups (inc. some of the Pavis Priests) with access to secret tunnels under New Pavis and the Rubble. Surely if this were true someone would have found at least one by now and exposed it to public scrutiny?

Opili: He is mainly remembered as the general of the Old City who devised the scheme of many small forts spread throughout the ruins, and is the only one of the Seventeen Foes of Waha known to be currently worshipped.

Mani's Clan: Relations have always been cordial with the occupants of this Fort in the Old City. From time to time, members of the Pavis Cult travel to Mani's Fort for short or long visits, attempting to reconstruct some of the history of the old city from the Clan's vague recollections. They do this through listening to folk tales, and by joining in the ritual dances and chants.

Zola Fel: The people of Pavis have always maintained good relations with the Zola Fel riverfolk. After all, without the river the city could not exist. Traditional Riverfolk are often part of Pavis Holy Day celebrations, making ritualized donations of their catches in return for gifts of city-made items. The Theist form of Zola Fel's worship, which is practiced within Riverside (New Pavis), the Old City, and certain towns in Pavis County, is seen as most odd by the majority of traditional animist worshippers.

The Dwarves of Pavis

By Ian Thomson

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Common Knowledge

To the residents of New Pavis, the sight of one or two dwarves wandering along a street is not something to be overly surprised at. Before the arrival of the Lunars, such an encounter was almost an everyday occurrence for someone whose activities took them frequently around town. For some reason, the dwarves have withdrawn noticeably from New Pavis in recent years, although they still maintain a trading post under Dwarfside, and "Goram's Sturdy Weapons" still operates its sales office overlooking the main city square.



For those new to this city, their first glimpse of a dwarf, or even a small group of them, going about their business, can be most startling. After all, typical dwarves who venture above ground have immense difficulty relating to human cultures, and most often travel in large, self-contained groups, equipped with their own unfathomable arms and equipment. They act as if they are traveling through an alien environment; which is of course how they view it. On the rare times they can be communicated with, exchanges are complicated by the dwarves' most unusual views of the world, and their total focus is on a single specific role, or group of responsibilities.

If a newcomer to New Pavis is from Northern Sartar, they may have had dealings with Isidilian the Wise and his Openhandist followers at Dwarf Mine. Even there, only the dwarves who are in charge of trading operations have made a reasonable attempt to understand their customers. The over-riding feeling when associating with Isidilian's dwarves is still one of great strangeness, but at least they seem content to deal with other races in relative goodwill.

The Pavis dwarves are more unusual even than their closest fellows at Dwarf Mine, and seem to have settled into living alongside humans very well. Presumably it is their long association with the Pavis Cult and the human survivors of the Old City that has brought about this familiarity. Should you have cause to engage a Pavis dwarf in conversation, whether they are out purchasing supplies, or welcoming you into their office behind Dwarf Street, you will surely find it surprisingly easy to understand one another.

This is not to say that the Pavis dwarves are just like their human neighbors, they are not. Often their manner, and tendency to assess priorities according to unknown dwarvish criteria, can remind a person very quickly that they are not dealing with one of their own kind. Even so, visitors with knowledge of dwarves have commented that those in Pavis are like no other dwarves they have ever met, or heard of.

Those inquisitive enough to delve further into the origins of these unusual beings may be treated to a recounting of the history of the city. Apparently, Flintnail himself was one of the last Mostali, and came out of Dragon Pass with Pavis to help found this city. When the city was completed, Flintnail vanished from history, but his dwarven followers remained and have been here ever since. Some

time during their association with their Mostali leader, the dwarves developed a relationship with him that has turned to worship, and now they revere him in the same way that a human might revere a hero or an ancestor.

For some years after the founding of New Pavis, the few dwarf experts amongst the knowledge cultists thought that the Flintnail dwarves were immortal heretics, who had remained followers of Mostal as well as worshipping their former leader. However, when they began to request audiences with the dwarves in order to write a coherent history of the old city based on first hand experience, Dorasar himself asked them to restrict their investigations. This act, plus the oddness of their manner, now leads sages to presume (more or less correctly) that the dwarves are fully apostate, and thus mortal.

The dwarves, when pressed, declare that they are very happy here, making metal goods, and excelling in masonry. This, they say, is what they live for, to work as the Maker did and add to the order and restoration of the world by their labors. Whilst they are reluctant to discuss points of mostali spirituality, it is likely that the Pavis dwarves are the last fully Individualist colony.

The Cult of Flintnail

What even your good friend Goram the armorer won't tell you

I. Mythos and History

Flintnail, as is documented by historians, was an unusual Mostali. He did not follow his kin when they withdrew from contact with other races, and is believed to have taught many groups of humans the secrets of working with metals. He came to the old city with Pavis, and he and his dwarf followers were closely involved with constructing the city whose ruins are these days known as the 'Big Rubble'.

Little else is known in any detail, although much has been subject to speculation. What follows are secrets known in their entirety only to the dwarves of Pavis themselves, and much of this knowledge is carefully managed in its distribution even amongst their own. Due to their long and close association with the dwarves, the innermost circle of the Pavis Cult also knows some of this lore. It is classified by this Cult as equal in importance to its own most precious secrets, and shared only with the most trusted of its members.

Flintnail came out of Dragon Pass with a substantial group of dwarf followers. They were not just any dwarves, but individualists and other unusual heretics who saw Flintnail as the only Mostali who could guide them in their search for fulfillment. At that time the Empire of the Wyrms' Friends provided a tolerant society where many more unusual groups existed. Flintnail and his dwarf associates were welcomed wherever they traveled, and sold their skills in the working of metal and stone.

During this period, Flintnail encountered Pavis and other members of the sect of the Green Age Revivalists, and was drawn to their ideas of restoring the peace and understanding that formerly existed between the races. Whilst in no way the idealist that Pavis was, Flintnail nonetheless saw a great opportunity to restore the old ways of the dwarves, and balance what he saw as an unfair domination of his kind by such conservatives as the Nidan Decamony.

Consequently, Flintnail gladly followed the call of the Green Age City project, and led his dwarves through Shadows Dance and into Prax as part of Pavis' army. It was he that had taught Pavis about the Faceless Statue, and together they brought it back to temporary life. The ruins of Robcradle were taken from Waha and Paragua, and after much diplomacy a tentative peace was established and construction of the new city began.

In this new city, the dwarves were happy in their labors, striving not only to create a harmonious and progressive settlement, but also to aid Pavis and his fellow Revivalists in many powerful projects and rituals both beneath the ground and on the Hero Plane. After the year 850, once the city began to flourish without their help, they started to charge for their work in masonry and metals. For several decades many dwarves lived aboveground in a part of the city then called 'Dwarftown' and now called 'Smalltown'. (Once the nomad threat became impossible to ignore, they abandoned these buildings in favor of their more easily protected tunnels.)

Around 850, the Nidan Decamony declared 'Individualism' a complete heresy. Only a few years later, Flintnail gave himself up to the most powerful of Green Age magics that he could access. He danced his way into the myth of Genert's Garden, and from there walked into the realms of the spirits of Prax, successfully claiming his own place within the mythic framework. In

doing this, he preceded his friend Pavis onto the Godplane by several years. By the time of the destruction of the EWF, worship of Flintnail had become the Pavic dwarves' primary religion. The ways of Mostal, although remaining inspirational, were relegated to the status of being just another set of tools, and the dwarves of Pavis became apostates.

Over the first of the tragic centuries of the old city, Flintnail's dwarves were crucial to the survival of the local humans. Whether defending against nomads or trolls, the dwarves had their secure tunnels, large stocks of food supplies courtesy of obscure Green Age growing rituals, and limited quantities of effective and unusual weapons to back them up. The most well remembered example of human and dwarf co-operation during this time occurred under Opili's leadership, when the Pavis forts were constructed. There were, however, many other examples of heroism and self-sacrifice on both sides, which have left a great bond between the dwarves and humans of the old city.

The greatest challenge to the dwarves themselves came with the troll invasion, when their homes and laboratories beneath the south part of the Rubble were compromised. Showing that their resourcefulness matched that of their more traditional kin, the Flintnail dwarves had a great surprise for the trolls, and made a supreme sacrifice. They collapsed the entire complex, along with several main tunnels, onto the heads of the invaders, as well as setting deadly traps in their other tunnels.

The surviving dwarves moved north, and began a new center of operations based around a secondary refinery on the south west edge of the North Quarry, and the New Flintnail Temple in the Rubble now marks its entry point. Since this time, the dwarves have been slowly regaining their former strengths, although at first merely repelling the trolls took all their time and energy. Luckily for the Flintnailers, troll tenacity does not always match dwarf determination. Whilst the trolls remained the ruling force in the Rubble until the Dragonewts' Dream, their actual numbers diminished fairly quickly after the first few decades, as they settled down to mainly squabbling amongst themselves.

The arrival of Dorasar and the other Sartarites at long last re-opened major opportunities for the dwarves, and they eagerly began selling their skills and products once again, in exchange for money

and goods to aid them in their projects. Beneath the Rubble, the Flintnail dwarves continue with much more complex activities than merely the manufacture of superior products. Above ground they pose as harmless workers in metal and stone, but the areas below ground, which most humans believe are storerooms and workshops, are actually very much more.

II. Nature of the Cult

The Cult of Flintnail exists merely to provide the spiritual home for a group of hard-working dwarves. At least this is what the dwarves want any people who examine their affairs to believe. In truth, the Cult of Flintnail is also a secret organization dedicated to pursuing goals that they have held for almost 800 years. The Pavis dwarves have very long lifespans in human terms, and also very long memories.

Once the city's social and practical infrastructures were laid, the Green Age Revivalist experiments were also established. With the invaluable aid of Mani and his Clan, Flintnail, Pavis, and their principle followers, began carefully experimenting with the myths made accessible by the affinity of this region to the Green Age. One of their experiments was extremely successful, and had far-reaching consequences for the dwarves of Pavis. This dwarf colony is now intrinsically tied to the Green Age, in ways few others can comprehend, and beneath the Rubble they are slowly and painstakingly recreating what they can.

Flintnail and Pavis' daughter, Shelbaris, were the individuals in charge of the greatest experiment that the city ever attempted. It was to be the forerunner of an entire series of great enterprises, but sadly only this one was ever completed. These magical experiments were along the same lines as those that produced Pavis, but with a slightly different goal: that of creating a dwarf/human hybrid. First out of the pot, so to speak, was an animated youngster named Ginkizzie, and over the following decades came Prokinizzie and various others.

Despite their astounding lineage, these half-dwarves look identical to regular dwarves in the perceptions of other races. Even the most obvious differences, such as a slight increase in size, are simply not detectable by the untrained eye. One remarkable thing about them, which the Flintnail dwarves discovered early on and have kept completely to themselves, was their ability to happily procreate in a very non-dwarvish way.

Without this adaptation, the chances of their extinction would have been greatly increased.

Over the centuries since the collapse of the old city, the breeder dwarves have replaced their vat-matured fellows as the older generation has died out, but unfortunately it seems that only the first of this genealogy have been gifted with enormously enhanced longevity. Whilst a typical half-breed dwarf lives two centuries or more, Ginkizzie and the other founders have watched several generations come and go, as they themselves endure.

On the occasion that a particularly observant Lhankor Mhy historian pointed out that Ginkizzie was mentioned to have been present around the time of Pavis, the dwarves were quick to 'explain' that "Ginkizzie" is an honorary title, applied in turn to all of their leaders. So far nobody has noticed that the Mask of Altomis, which Ginkizzie wears occasionally at ceremonies, resembles his own face. In this the dwarves are protected by the fact that, to other races, they all look the same.

Most people believe that there are around 200 dwarves currently living beneath Dwarfside, including the ones stationed at the Flintnail Temple, and those observed in the Real City. The true number of dwarves living in Pavis is closer to 600, and growing all the time. Beneath Manside and the northern quarter of the Rubble they have an underground complex where they live their peculiar lives, and raise their young. Under the inspired leadership of their unusual elders, they continue to conduct odd ceremonies, all but forgotten by the descendants of the human citizens of the old city.

III. Organization

Although the dwarves are said to claim that their main underground temple is somewhere in Dwarfside, it is actually much closer to the structure known commonly as the New Flintnail Temple. This mistake probably originated from a dwarf, in response to a question, pointing at the entrance to Dwarfside and saying: "The temple is through there".

The Pavis dwarves work as a harmonious unit, and this is one of the few ways they reflect their traditional relatives. In this case, the history of close co-operation has been fostered by their isolated position, first as heretics, then as apostates, and lately as victims of what was virtually a centuries-long troll siege. These dwarves do not operate in rigidly defined social, or task-

defined, roles in the same manner as a typical mostali colony. Instead, each dwarf is encouraged to pursue the skills at which they excel, and which give them most fulfillment. Although every dwarf is also trained in the arts of tunnel fighting, and specialist melee weapons, as even now troll attacks are to be expected once in a while.

The Flintnail dwarves live in a 'collective', where each individual is considered to have value and certain rights. Regular dwarves of other regions live in workgroups where their personalities are considered a liability, but in Pavis the dwarves value each other's differences, and have codified the rights of the individual. These include participation in the various community councils, and the right for one's grievances to be heard. Even Ginkizzie and the other leaders are fully functional members of this peculiar society, and subject to the laws that they themselves helped to devise.

Their society has, however, been explained to outsiders in ways easiest to understand, reflecting an artificial 'standard cult format'. The reality is that Ginkizzie and the other elders retain the positions of highest authority, whilst also appointing the wisest and most experienced of their shorter-lived kin as specialist advisers.

IV. Communal Worship

Other than incidentally through worship of Pavis, direct communal worship of Flintnail is open only to Pavis-worshipping humans, who are readily trained in the arts of masonry and metalworking. No dwarf of the colony is ever a Communal Worshipper for longer than it takes them to squeeze into the world, and then they are initiated immediately.

Whilst these human lay members can pay for training at reduced cost, they are also required to work in the employment of the Flintnail Cult, and thus generate income for the dwarves. No communal worshipper is ever privy to unusual knowledge about the cult.

V. Initiate Membership

Whether it is with the Rubble Trackers, or working in the smithies or on building gangs, dwarf and human initiates are renowned for their skills, and rightfully require high payment for their services. On the surface all seems equal, however most human initiates are in the outer fringes of the cult, blissfully unaware of any hidden agendas.

Unless they are also members of the Pavis Cult

inner circles, human cultists remain in this outer level of initiation permanently. These humans are actively discouraged from spending time in the dwarf complexes, and the disadvantages of the low ceilings and cramped quarters are cited as the reasons for this discrimination.

Some years before the Lunar occupation there was also a group of ducks in the city that claimed they were Flintnail Initiates. These gangsters, led by a notorious 'conduck' named 'Bigbill', managed to collect a small fortune in advance payments before their fraud was discovered.

VI. Associate and Subservient Cults

Pavis - In sheer numbers, there are more dwarves than humans with significant knowledge of the real history of the city. At the major Pavis ceremonies in the old city, dwarves make up a significant proportion of all congregations. All of the Flintnail dwarves revere Pavis as co-founder of the city, and are at least Lay Members of his Cult. Many dwarves are also Pavis initiates although their cult requirements for Pavis are mostly subsumed within Flintnail duties. This is not reciprocated in a like fashion, and only members of the inner circles of the Pavis Cult are automatically accepted as honorary Flintnail Cultists.

Shelbaris - The name of Pavis' daughter has often been used to threaten worshippers who betray the cult through action or inaction. Amusingly, there is no such entity attached to the cult in this manner. Presumably it is the dwarves themselves, or perhaps stealthy nilmergs, who remove the tools of offenders and generally make their lives a misery until they repent or leave town.

VII. Divine Intervention

Flintnail, as a minor yet potent Pavic deity, still walks the tunnels and ruins, protecting his charges. He may come to the aid of initiates anywhere within, or adjacent to, the Great Walls of Pavis, and also anywhere along the route to Throne, in Shadows Dance, or along the way to Dwarf Knoll. Devotees on sacred quests may potentially access this assistance anywhere in Prax or the Wastes. Records show that human cultists have found that when their call is answered, the intervention works with total effectiveness only half the time. Dwarves do not seem to suffer from this same problem. Usually, Flintnail will produce an item of mechanical or alchemical potency in response to a successful call, although the item will cease to function once the immediate need is over. After this, his most common method of aid is

by using the elemental forces of the earth to protect the worshipper(s) or transport them short distances through the ground. If necessary these forces will clear a safe path for escape, throwing up barriers or opening pits to delay pursuers. Flintnail is also capable of repairing the broken bodies and limbs of his own people.

VIII. Miscellaneous Notes

The Vats - Of the various other unique or unusual activities that the dwarves own, but keep to themselves, they retain a working series of the old maturation vats. These have been carefully adapted to repair dwarves who have been injured, and are capable of healing the most grievous wounds, and even regenerating limbs.

Flintnail Doors - Using a combination of exceptional skills and magical assistance, the Pavis dwarves camouflage their tunnel entrances as parts of the surrounding scenery. The exact difficulty of finding and opening such a door depends upon its importance, and from time to time one of the lesser doors has been discovered accidentally. (These lesser doors never lead to areas of current dwarf habitation, as the highest level of technical complexity protects such places.)

Relations with the Aldryami - In the old days of the city, dwarves and elves were able to co-exist in harmony, and some few even worked alongside each other. Since Pavis fell, the Aldryami have retreated to their Garden and rarely come out. The old spirit of tolerance is currently clearly evidenced only by the fact that the elves and dwarves of Pavis feel no need to attack each other, preferring to expend their energies against other foes.

Public Demeanor - The Flintnailers have carefully developed the habit of behaving more like orthodox dwarves, and suppressing their human tendencies. Their subterfuge mainly involves speaking only of simple concepts, and replying directly to questions without volunteering extra information. With the people of the old city, the dwarves are more prone to relax these precautions, and the unusual sound of dwarf laughter may sometimes mix with that of other patrons, as it bellows from the 'Real Inn' at the Real City.

Growing Stone

One of the Green Age projects still under exploration is the long-term experiment of revitalizing stone. Since Stone the deity (Mostal's greatest brother and companion) was killed, all rock lost its vital abilities, which included its

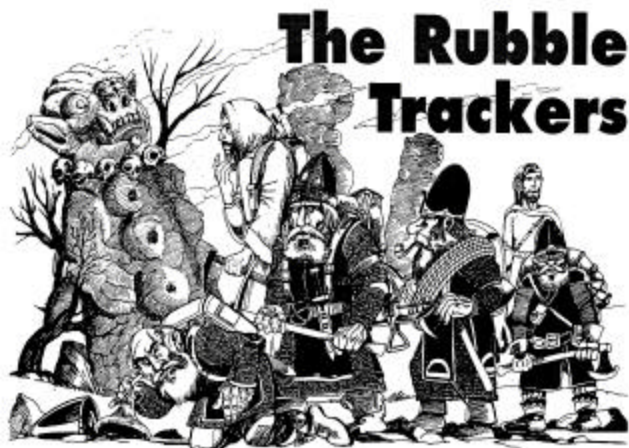
movement, communication, and exuberant life-force. Close to the Flintnail Temple at the North Quarry, a group of Lhankor Mhy archaeologists (who studied the area between 1590 and 1610) noted that the rocks appeared to be regenerating, albeit at an infinitesimal rate. Their reports were not treated seriously, and the Lunar invasion ended the research.

The Food Caves

Under the Rubble, some sections of the complex are reserved for food production. Tended by dwarf gardeners, numerous plants grow edible tubers or sprout nutritious shoots. Another relic of Green Age magic, the food caves were never completed to dwarvish satisfaction, and much processing is required to make these vegetable products edible. Nonetheless this capability was important for dwarf and human survival when the city's enemies cut Pavis off from the rest of the world.

Reactions to Foreign Dwarves

The few foreign dwarves who arrive at Pavis create great consternation amongst the Flintnailers. The local dwarves always make great pains to welcome such newcomers, are very nervous until it is clearly established that the visitor is at least an Individualist or Openhandist heretic. The Pavis dwarves fear their distant kin more than they do the trolls, and the reason that their original complex was rigged to collapse on command was not due to the nomad threat, but rather due to concerns of a possible attack from fanatical followers of Mostal.



Common Knowledge

The Flintnail Cult maintains several squads of mercenaries who are for hire as horse guards,

guides, or explorers in the Rubble. Their cost is high, but their skills are undeniable. These groups are composed mainly of dwarves, but may often also contain human auxiliaries who are Lay Members, or even Initiates, performing their Cult requirements.

True Objectives

The Trackers are a good source of income for the Cult, and they also gather intelligence about the Old City as they go. Each squad is briefed to observe closely and to report back in great detail. Each mission usually also gives the dwarves and their companions a chance to practice their combat skills and reduce the numbers of trolls, outlaws or chaotics in the Rubble. The group hiring their services effectively funds this on-the-job training.

Standard Terms of Service

Cost of Hire

Term of service is classified as either from dusk until dawn or from dawn until dusk, each at its own costing rate.

Exceptionally, fractions of such a period may be negotiated, and longer-term rates are available on application.

This table is a guideline only, and rates will be arranged on application.

CHARGES	Dawn to Dusk	Dusk to Dawn
Rock (Class 1) Mission	150L	250L
Tin (Class 2) Mission	250L	350L
Iron (Class 3) Mission	350L	450L
Rescue Insurance	+40L/person	+60L/person

Sections of the Rubble

'Rock': Manside, Zebraside, Furner Fields, North Quarry, N. part of Big Grazing, Huntlands during daylight only

'Tin': S. section of Big Grazing, Huntlands during darkness, Outer Troll Stronglands during the day, Devils' Playground and Ogre Island during daytime, Yelmatio Hill during darkness, Blind King's Hill

'Iron': Inner Troll Stronglands during the day, Outer Troll Stronglands at night, Devils' Playground and Ogre Island during darkness, Yelmatio Hill during the day, Temple Hill during the day, area around the Dragonewt Temple

Not available: The Garden, Inner Troll Stronglands at night, Puzzle Canal

Terms of Hire

- 1) The Clients will engage the services of an experienced Squad, fully armed and armored. No less than nine Trackers will be provided, and a squad will usually consist of 12. (Contrary to rumor, undersize squads are not a sign of ineptitude, but rather a sign of above average competency.)
- 2) Each Tracker will be armed with a broadsword, battleaxe, or warhammer in which they can demonstrate superior ability. Additionally, a minimum of six Trackers will carry blunderbusses or crossbows in which they hold professional competency.
- 3) On a 'Rock' mission, serious melee is not expected. The Squad's duty is to protect the clients from incidental attacks, and guide them through the Rubble to any location in the Class 1 areas. Additionally, the Squad will await the return of the clients until a prearranged time, and after this time the squad will return to base. In the event of major assault, the Squad will withdraw and will offer all possible opportunity for surviving clients to join them in this withdrawal.
- 4) Missions of Classes 2 and 3 ('Tin' and 'Iron') are considered duty during which serious melee is likely. In addition to the duties and restrictions detailed above, the Squad will be prepared to support in an assault against a prearranged foe, or against any chaos, trolls or bandits. Additionally the Squad will assist the Clients in any fighting retreat that may become necessary.
- 5) The exact nature of the exploration in which the Trackers are to be involved must be detailed beforehand. This includes proposed route, estimated duration of expedition, and the details of any known or suspected foes. Once these details are logged and payment made, the Flintnail Cult will offer any suggestions it considers will aid the success and survival of the expedition.
- 6) The Flintnail Cult extends a guarantee of secrecy around any unusual or valuable discoveries made, however requires 20% of the value of any such treasure which the Trackers protect during transportation to a place of safety.

General Restrictions

- 1) Trackers will not enter any unknown underground complexes beyond initial entry halls and chambers, with the single exception of an attempt to retrieve lost clients who have paid their Rescue Insurance.
- 2) No member of the squad will be required to sacrifice themselves against superior forces, and the senior surviving squad member is expected to

- order a fighting retreat in such circumstances. Once again, surviving clients will be offered every reasonable opportunity to take part in such a retreat.
- 3) The squad will return to base on expiry of their paid time, unless Rescue Insurance has been paid in full. Squad commanders are permitted only cursory searches for missing clients before departure if this Insurance has not been arranged.
- 4) Credit or cost exemptions are permitted in only one situation - where clients (or potential clients) assist any Rubble Trackers in defending against superior foes and removing themselves to a place of safety. In exceptional circumstances refunds may be offered for such actions.

Options

- 1) On 'Rock' and 'Tin' missions, the Client may pre-purchase dwarvish incendiary devices at the discount rate (availability permitting). In the event that these items are returned intact to the Cult, a full refund will be given. Only under exceptional circumstances will clients be permitted to operate such devices themselves.
- 2) Rescue Insurance entitles the Clients to confidently expect a search and retrieve mission for survivors and bodily remains, if they fail to return to a rendezvous by an appointed time. The Squad will exercise all possible efforts in such an attempt, barring attacking obviously superior forces, but including entering unknown underground complexes should such action be judged to be within tolerable safety limits. If necessary, the Squad Commander is also authorized to open negotiations as to exchanging ransoms for captives.
- 3) In the unlikely event that a Client saves, or significantly protects, the life or body of a member of the squad, whilst exposing themselves to risk, a credit note of 350-850L (dependent on the boldness of their actions) will be made available to them on return to the Cult.

Rubble Tracker Equipment

Standard Gear: rope (strong, 50ft); climbing mallet (with safety strap); metal pitons (box of 50); pulley fitting (for use with rope); Type IIb 'Helper' (metal crowbar, 1.1 ft long); warhammer or battleaxe; chain armor (+1AP dwarven); plate helm; Type IVb 'Sparker' (Flintlock firelighter); MIIe 'Dining Tool' (Tin-opener/spoon); and sufficient tins of dwarf food for each standard meal break during the mission.

Non-standard Gear: Type VIIIf 'Adjuster' (monkey wrench); Type XIIa 'Longviewer' (telescope);

musket; repeating crossbow; pistol; Type IIIc 'Investigator' (6ft long wide metal rod that telescopes out to a 15ft implement suitable for prodding out potential dangers); Type IIa 'Facilitator' (4ft long sturdy metal rod useful as a lever or for just hitting things); box of 6 emergency flares of assorted colors; 20ft coil of sturdy wire (for setting traps); Type IIc 'Snipper' (a pair of springloaded handclippers used for cutting wire).

Purchasing Goods from the Dwarves

The Flintnail Cult has strictly limited amounts of dwarf goods for sale (as indicated by the high prices they are able to command), and the details that follow should in no way be taken to mean that they operate a chain of stores for explosives and projectile weaponry. Nor are they a ready source for musket-wielding, grenade-hurling stormtroopers. Their skills and devices are always employed only after due consideration (and of course appropriate payment). If adventurers, or dwarf adventurers, approach the Cult to buy or hire such items, the Narrator should restrict availability to a limit that will not imbalance play. All 'black powder' items have only recently become available again in any case, since the Flintnail dwarves have re-opened relations with Isidilian's folk at Dwarf Mine. (The Flintnail Cult does not discuss their suppliers or modes of transports, and so outsiders are unaware of any relations between the two colonies.)

There is a dwarf adventurer in my campaign, and once the adventurers had amassed some wealth, and things got tough, it was necessary to codify the potential resources he had available. Dwarf goods will always be rare and expensive, even when the dwarves of Pavis sell things to their friends. The entire Pavis area is a frontier town, and someone visibly carrying dwarf gear is obviously extremely wealthy, or else supported by someone who is. I may inadvertently present this information in a way that suggests some kind of ready availability of dwarf goods. This is inaccurate, and normal adventurers will have to pay through the nose, as well as joining at the back of the sales queue, which may be many weeks, or even a Season, long. Bartering rare goods or interesting items with the dwarves, or performing a dangerous mission for them, is probably a quicker way of obtaining dwarf items.

Dwarf Food: The first purchase of this commodity must normally also include the acquisition of at least one MIIC 'Tin-opener', a flanged and rugged hand-held implement that is designed to remove the tops from the tins. Its cost is 15/30/40L.

Without this item the tins might still be opened, but require a solid pointed implement and precision stabbing. Such efforts often result in damage to the stabber or to the contents. There are a great variety of dwarf foods, however the Flintnail Cult only markets two forms of standard rations: one to dwarves (DFDIXb), and one to humans (DFHVIIc). The dwarven variety tastes of dirt to humans, and is unpalatable by them except in small quantities. The human version, which tastes and feels like some kind of fowl to humans, is almost as distasteful to dwarves, but they can live on it for a while if they must. The greatest benefit of Dwarf Food Tins is that their contents keep indefinitely, often being discovered in serviceable condition after centuries. Thus the market in Pavis is mostly amongst well-financed expeditions heading into the Rubble, the Wastes, or across Prax. As with most dwarf goods, discounts are available for bulk purchases. (Bulk orders need booking in advance as they may take a long time to fill.) Each tin provides enough food for one day, and when opened the contents normally keep for the whole day (reduced to only a few hours in intense heat).

Item (all subject to availability)	Discount	Partial Discount	Standard
Tin of Food	6L	8L	10L
Repeating Crossbow	600L	700L	800L
Repeating Crossbow (superior)	700L	800L	n/a
Repeating Crossbow (deluxe)	800L	n/a	n/a
Flares (6 Pack - various colors)	120L	170L	200L
Rocket-powered Scaling Ladder	200L	250L	300L
Blunderbuss	500L	n/a	n/a
Pistol	450L	n/a	n/a
Musket	550L	n/a	n/a
Grenade	300L	400L*	500L*
Bowling Ball	350L	450L*	550L*
Disorder Keg	400L	500L*	600L*

"Discount" Rate: Dwarves & extreme Dwarf friends
 "Partial Discount" is for Dwarf friends/bulk orders
 "Standard" rate is for general purchasers
 * Only available if the purchaser is a dwarf-friend, and dwarf operators must still also be hired
 ** Only available if dwarf operator(s) also hired
 Standard Repeating Crossbow - 7 shots
 Superior - 9 shots, Deluxe - 12 shots
 (All crossbows come with a spare clip that takes one round to reload.)

The Flintnail Tunnels

By Ian Thomson

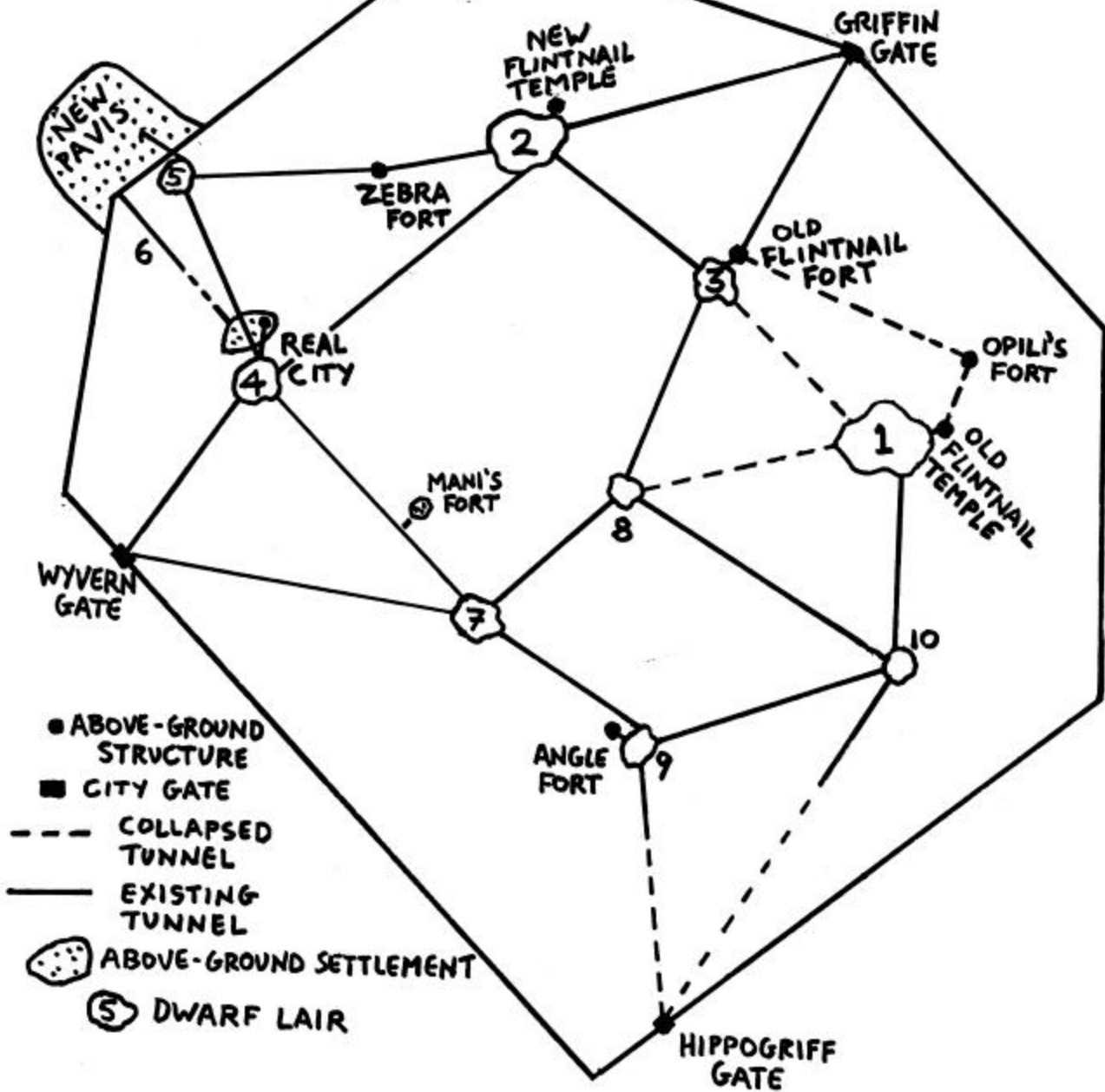
These dwarf-made tunnels are Flintnail Cult secrets, and all access points that are not under direct dwarf control are hidden with the most cunning workmanship and magic. On those, extremely rare, occasions that an 'active' entrance is discovered, alarms alert the dwarfs, and inner doors swiftly close to prevent access further into their territory. Under these circumstances, it is normally possible for the dwarfs to maintain the illusion that intruders have discovered a tunnel or entrance that has long since been abandoned.

The tunnels are very deep beneath the Rubble, and the northern section is maintained and guarded superbly. Recently, the dwarfs have re-opened access to the southern tunnels, but have confirmed that trolls and chaos still dwell there, and so progress in reclamation is slow.

From time to time the dwarfs have trouble with Krarsht incursions into their territory, however they have refined their defensive measures into an art-form worthy of their tactically trained, Mostal-worshipping, kin. The dwarfs are continually on the alert for any breach of tunnel integrity, and maintain a stock of special missile and explosive-based weapons for these contingencies.

- 1) The original underground base of the Pavis dwarfs. Collapsed since the initial troll invasion.
- 2) The new Flintnail home complex and centre of operations.
- 3) An abandoned outpost. Some paths have been left open, but all of these are heavily trapped. A close watch is also continually maintained at this strategic junction.
- 4) A minor operations centre, and formerly a shelter for human refugees. Now off-limits to all humans, save those with the highest level of clearance.
- 5) Storerooms and workshops that supply the Dwarfside trading post in New Pavis.
- 6) The largest tunnel from New Pavis into the Rubble, and the only such major route unknown to the Lunars. Currently used only by rebels, few people even suspect its existence. Even the most streetwise adventurers, and residents, scoff at those newcomers who take the rumour of this tunnel seriously. The dwarfs assure the rebels who use it that there is no secret continuation of this tunnel all the way to the Real City.
- 7) Another abandoned, and trapped, minor outpost, where the dwarfs maintain constant vigilance.
- 8) The old pumping station for the city's piped water. Now in ruins, and fought over as a temporary home by escaped trollkin, renegade trolls, and worse.
- 9) This area once served the residents of Angle Fort as a refuge. These days its echoing chambers offer only danger instead of comfort.
- 10) A former research station that is usually occupied by trolls from one clan or another. Anything of interest was destroyed or taken, by the fleeing dwarfs, when the trolls invaded.

THE FLINTNAIL DWARFS' MAJOR TUNNELS



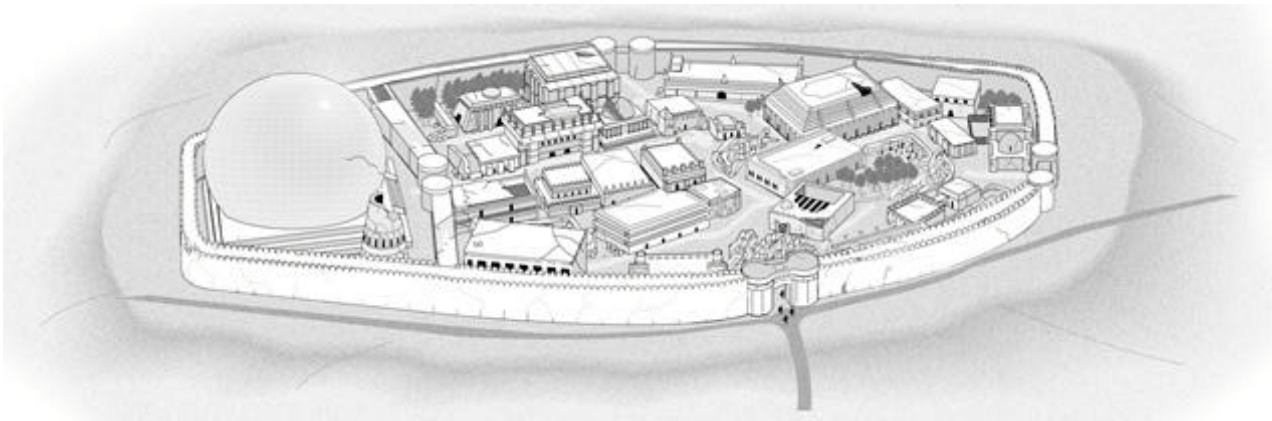
Holiday Glorantha:

The 'Real City' of Old Pavis

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History

The Real City represents the first completed part of the original city of Pavis. Although it was constructed by dwarves, its design was heavily influenced by architectural styles that Pavis had admired during his time in the Empire of the Wyrms' Friends. This settlement has withstood the ravages of its enemies over the centuries with greater success than other parts of Old Pavis partly due to this dwarven durability. Nomads managed to destroy several of the ancient buildings, however, and the temple itself has a large crack across its front. This was caused by rhino tribe magic, during an invasion led by nomad Khan Toras Joran. Buildings smashed by nomad magic mostly block the main street near the gates, however the resulting heaps of masonry are now crucial to city defences.

The residents have always felt a deep loyalty to Pavis, and are dedicated to keeping the essence of the original city alive. Without their continuing loyalty, the worship of Pavis might have completely vanished. In return, Pavis has helped protect the residents from attack, and at least sheltered them in the Temple and hidden tunnels during the worst periods of nomad and troll activity. Local history records that the number of survivors here sometimes fell to less than a hundred souls, but the very fact that they survived at all appears nothing short of miraculous. Since the Dragonewts broke the Rubble open in 1539, and slew many troll warriors who tried to stop them, the Real City has slowly begun to re-establish itself as a lively echo of Old Pavis. Dorasar's arrival has influenced the nature of the Real City somewhat, and he assisted them with rebuilding and donations of supplies, in return for a negotiated relocation of the Spirit of Pavis into the new temple.

The Old Pavic families in the new city acknowledge the Real City as their ancestral home, and there are blood ties between the two groups. Some of the families of Real City also own property in New Pavis. Relations with the Lunars are stable, with the official Lunar policy being that the Real City is just another settlement in the Rubble. The Real City residents themselves like to claim that they are a free province, undefeated since the time of Pavis, and all Lunars are required to complete weighty forms before entering. The Lunars tolerate this independent stance, so as not to threaten their plan to woo Pavis into marrying the Red Goddess, an outcome publicly supported by Benderri, the current High Priest, or 'Son', of Pavis.

Getting There

The easiest way to reach the Real City is to leave New Pavis by the People's Gate (after filling in the appropriate Lunar paperwork), and travel out past the Zebra Stockade along the old roadway. It is a little more than one key-mile from here, and takes around half an hour of careful travel. However, the Real City is far enough into the Rubble that attacks on those traveling at night are fairly common, and not unheard of against small groups traveling during the day. The ruined areas are quite dense, especially past the halfway point on the roadway, and can easily hide ambushers. The next most common way to reach the Real City is to pass through the demolished Wyvern Gate (perhaps hiring the services of one of the numerous escort agencies), and make a slightly longer trek across marginally more dangerous ruins. Rarely do more than a few weeks to go by without adventurers emerging directly from the Rubble at the Real City to seek refuge with varying degrees of urgency.

At First Sight

The upper part of the glinting multi-faceted sphere of the Pavis Temple usually catches a viewer's attention first. This can even be seen from the Great Walls alongside New Pavis, but often disappears from view whilst one travels through the ruins. On close inspection, the size of the Temple looming above the Real City walls often surprises newcomers, as it is one of the largest buildings in Prax. The Real City walls are 15m high dwarf-made stone defences, and, whilst not as tall as the 25m giant-built Rubble Walls, are nonetheless impressive. Six sturdy towers punctuate the wall, one either side of each gate.

The walls have proven their worth again and again throughout the area's violent history, although sometimes even they were not enough. Some of the buildings inside are four stories tall, and travelers can occasionally see the tops of these above the walls as they cross raised areas of the Rubble.

City Defences

The Real City benefits from ancient Pavic magic that is slowly being reactivated, in addition to the walls and the vigilance of the Protectors. The Pavis Temple staff, understandably, gives little away. However, it is said that in the event of a serious attack they can activate protective sorcery, on and above the city walls, which can resist spells, spirits, and even physical intrusion. The Pavis Temple also controls spirits, which patrol the settlement.

Visiting the City

Many Manside residents consider the Real City to be their local trading center; however, there are entry regulations. Entrants must agree to respect Pavis, Opili, and the hospitality of the Real City. It is customary also to give your name, cult and reason for visit when entering. Casual visitors may stay without restriction for two full days, and then must leave an hour after dawn. If they want to stay longer, they must petition the Mayor (through the Captain of the Watch) stating their special circumstances. Any 'undesirables', whose survival might be threatened if they were simply evicted, will be escorted back to New Pavis with the next supply convoy. Mansiders tend to visit only for a few hours in the middle of the day, respecting the wishes of the residents.

If the visitor's privilege is abused by repeated frequent arrivals for no real purpose, the Watch will establish an entry toll as they see fit. In this way the settlement discourages floods of refugees from the Rubble straining their meager resources and very limited accommodations. Gifts to the City certainly increase the chances of being welcomed back without awkward questions. At any one time there are also several dozen honorary residents who are granted a yearly permit to enter and leave the Real City as they wish. These are usually people who have visited several times, shown their trustworthiness, and have some significant attachment to the city even though they don't wish to live there. (Talk around New Pavis is that certain rebel personalities take advantage of such freedoms, but Real City authorities vehemently deny this.)

Pavis Cultists from New Pavis are the most common visitors, other than the Mansiders, and are welcomed in relative friendship. Even so, it can be quite a surprise to new Initiates that the Real City retains many traditional customs and behaviors. It often appears that one has stepped back in time, until the visitor gets used to their ways. The Orlanthei of New Pavis are greeted as friendly neighbors when on recognized business, and many of them have grasped the nuances of local custom here and fit in quite well. For the first-time visitor who is not a Pavis Cultist, the social atmosphere is initially quite cold, with these new arrivals being subjected to stares, and hearing whispers from darkened doorways.

Lunars are treated politely, but are never engaged in friendly conversation nor invited to stay. Those Lunars who genuinely believe that they are friends of Pavis can be disappointed by their reception here. Likewise, adventurer groups are tolerated if they have a good reason to enter the city, such as to purchase supplies or be healed, but are encouraged to leave as soon as possible. The exceptions to this rule are adventurer groups with a significant membership of Pavis Cultists. Sometimes locals cannot help but question these dashing fellows about their experiences in the Rubble and New Pavis, and perhaps even foreign lands if the group is one that has traveled.

Nomads rarely come to the Real City in large groups, and such are always watched carefully. Only Ceremonial processions of nomads dedicated to Waha, who visit on certain Holy Days, are regular visitors. Trolls are also rarely seen in groups of any significant number, but their traders sometimes attend markets, and others might visit as members of adventurer parties. The few merchant trolls who visit fairly regularly are sure to show their respect ostentatiously. None of this means that there is overt prejudice: there have been, and still are, both troll and nomad worshippers of Pavis, and these are accepted. This wariness represents a sensible caution amongst the Real City residents, unsurprising given their history.

The Real City Interior

Inside the main gate is an uneven open area, bounded by the gatehouse itself and by rubble heaps and broken foundations. The locals know this place as "Foes Welcome", and the rubble is mostly the remains of a building destroyed by nomad magic. The inhabitants have set up

shielded missile locations and easily rolled boulders to greet invaders. An apparent path through the main pile of shattered masonry is actually a decoy known as "Dead Troll Lane". Once beyond "Foes Welcome", the real Real City is at last clearly visible.

The ruins here are in a variety of states of decay, and this disordered mixture is emphasized by the lack of any original coherent street plan. Even as a shadow of its former glory it is still impressive, and reflects the beauty the original city must have held. The large buildings are all of especially fine design, a blend of dwarven and EWF architectural styles. Several buildings were three or four stories high, and a ruined tower stands even higher, although its top has long since disappeared. In area, some of the buildings are as large as those in major cities of the West, and local youths have taken over a large room in one ruin as an 'arena' for contests of skill.

The streets still give the general appearance of a city at the end of a violent siege, with shattered paving stones, rainwater pools, and ever-present large piles of broken masonry. Closer examination reveals that the pools are part of a carefully designed watercourse (which still empties into the original drains), and the piles of rubble have been rearranged to allow entry to buildings, and to provide strategic barricades for the inhabitants to fight behind if necessary. The trees that grow singly or in small patches of woodland, amidst the ruins provide fruit and limited quantities of timber.

Visitors who are not known will be acknowledged only with nods and grunts, and the normally playful children will tend to run and hide from them. The inhabitants otherwise go about their daily tasks seemingly at peace with themselves. Their antipathy towards outsiders is a result of the centuries of extreme persecution they have suffered.

Residents of the Real City

More than 500 humans live here at present. Dwarves maintain a small trading presence at Flintnail Mansions, and sometimes as many as several dozen of them might congregate here for special meetings or recreation. They arrive through tunnels known only to themselves and the city leaders. (It is widely believed that tunnels lead here all the way from Dwarveside in New Pavis.) No Aldryami live in Real City, however Elf groups from the Garden visit from time to time and are welcome here. They much prefer Real City when

they have to visit a human settlement, and find the disordered architecture and overgrown streets much calmer to Elfsense than the straight lines, stenches and pandemonium of New Pavis. On Pavis Holy Days, the Aldryami help keep the valuable city vegetation thriving by speeding the growth of useful trees and shrubs with their magical singing. Apparently these rituals have continued, whenever possible, since the days of the Old City.

The humans have reclaimed parts of many buildings, and dwarves have also helped them restore sections of housing, which allows them to live in a reasonable shadow of the city's former greatness. The city's dwarves have in fact been crucial to human survival throughout the last centuries, sheltering and feeding their neighbors, often for extended periods. (This aspect of the city's history is not normally discussed with outsiders.) Whilst the inhabitants live in fairly close proximity in these reclaimed sections of buildings, storage space is usually underground, and there is considerably more recreational space outdoors here than at New Pavis.

The Real City culture is tied intimately to the Pavis Cult, and children normally become Initiates on reaching maturity. All the residents are staunchly committed to supporting what they see as 'true' Pavic society, as opposed to the "frontier town" mayhem of New Pavis, and as always are prepared to fight fiercely to defend their ways. The residents work as a semi-closed community, and grow their own fruit and vegetables around their dwellings. Food supplies have been significantly increased through hunting in the Rubble since the troll domination was broken. The Real City culture appears to operate as an extended temple society, with a single hierarchy revolving around the Priesthood.

The tough admission policy of new residents is due to the limited resources of the Real City. Even so, a handful of successful ex-adventurers and a few former New Pavis residents have added to their numbers in recent years. In the mid-1500s a few individuals and families from the 'City of Thieves' outside the walls were also allowed to settle here, and a few more in the years following Dorasar's arrival. However, the Cult is determined to retain a truly Pavic identity here, and are very careful who is allowed to become a resident.

Since the humans began to live above ground again, residents who die are cremated on top of the

towers of the temple walls in a traditional service. Real City residents were forced to use more mundane and messy ways to deal with physical remains when confined underground.

People of Note

Benderri - Son of Pavis

The current High Priest of Pavis conscientiously spends the vast majority of his time looking out for the welfare of the residents and any other members of the Pavis Cult that are in need. Whilst he is old now, he is still strong-minded and not to be trifled with, often flexing his will from his position on the New Pavis City Council. It is his determination that has gained most of the important concessions from the Lunars, helped by his public view that marrying Pavis into the Lunar Pantheon is a good idea.

Bendrath - Daughter of Pavis

Bendrath is a former adventurer who was born in Oldtown and has spent time in the Rubble. He is the younger brother of the mayor. He is a new Priest, dedicated to restoring the whole city to its former greatness. Bendrath is the least Lunar-friendly of the Temple staff, and his enemies say he has rebel sympathies. He certainly spends as little time in New Pavis as he can, where an evening at Gimpy's with his friend Goram the dwarf is more to his taste than passing the time with members of the occupying forces.

Bilkar - Daughter of Pavis

A Real City native, Bilkar has worked his way up the cult hierarchy from altar boy. Although technically senior to Bendrath, Bilkar has chosen to defer to the newer Priest's quicker wit and more active devotion to the cult.

Gomor anx the Wise - Mayor of Real City

The Mayor is elected by popular vote (all adult residents are required to vote), but must also be approved by the Temple. His duties are simple: to act as official spokesperson for the City, and to coordinate and organize the small committees required for important city decisions. Gomor anx is always willing to meet with residents to discuss any problems. He is both an Initiate of Pavis and of Issaries, and sometimes disagrees with High Priest Benderri as to the extent of concessions they should allow the Lunars.

Nervon Kline

Originally from Aggar, Nervon made Prax his home a long time ago, and doesn't talk about his past. Whilst a demanding employer, he is generous, and he has often provided temporary employment for

reliable fellows, even adventurers who have found themselves stuck in the Rubble and taken shelter here in the Real City. He is an initiate in the Cults of Humakt and Pavis (Opili), and has been for a long time, apparently once turning down the opportunity to take the test for Pavis 'Champion'. Kline commands the small but effective Real City Watch that conducts patrols and mans the walls, gate, and lookout posts. He also commands the irregular force known as the Real City Armed Escorts (RCAE).

Ginkizzie the dwarf – Daughter of Pavis

Also a priest of Flintnail, he is believed to be the most senior dwarf living in the Rubble. Though he is rarely abroad in New Pavis these days, he and his closest dwarf colleagues (especially Karzad the Chief Mason) have a liking for the Real City, and can usually be seen at least once a week at the Real Inn. Like the Flintnail dwarves in general, his comparatively sociable demeanor is strikingly unusual for the species.

Hovak the Morocanth

An officer of the Watch, he is a rarity in several ways: an aging morocanth, thumbed, and comfortable with humans. He is an extremely successful ex-adventurer, and is good friends with Nervon (who sponsored his appointment). Still a formidable warrior, he and Opus (the bound spirit in his broadsword) are stalwarts of internal security. Brought up on the Praxian plains, Hovak nevertheless had unusual ambitions and temperament for a morocanth, and eventually chose to abandon his people's traditional spirits and worship Tatouth the Scout. (He is also an initiate of Opili the Protector.) Despite his formidable appearance, he has been seen letting three or four human children ride through the sculpture garden on his back - when off-duty of course. Hovak is loyal to the Real City, but could be tempted onto an adventure of an impressively high quality (such as a Cradle coming down the river, or the need to recover Balastor's Axe before Lunar archaeologists find it).

Argan the Curator

During the day, Argan is often found at the New Pavis Knowledge Temple or expeditioning under heavy guard in the Rubble rather than the Museum. He has made study of the Rubble his life's work. Rather scatterbrained, Argan relies heavily on his own enormously convoluted notes; however people with immense patience may be rewarded by revelations. Unfortunately almost half the time, his knowledge is wrong or misleading,

and even when correct he easily forgets how he came to such assumptions. His name is coincidental and has no connection to the troll trader cult. If this similarity is pointed out he always reacts with mild amusement, as if he had never considered it before. He is a devotee of Lhankor Mhy and also an initiate of Pavis.

Argan the Curator:

Physical Abilities: Ceremonial Masonry 5w, Spot Hidden Object 11w2.

Mental Abilities: Dwarf Masonry Lore 8w, Geography of the Old City 15w, History of Pavis 19w, Myths of Flintnail 3w, Myths of Lhankor Mhy 15w, Myths of Pavis 18w, Pavic Philosophy 12w, Ramble On and On 7w2, Read/Write Auld Wyrnish 4w, Read/Write Mostali 15, Read/Write Old Pavic 11w, Rubble Survival 17, Speak Mostali 15, Speak Old Pavic 8w, Speak Trade 17, Tracking 17.

Combat Abilities: Staff Fighting 18.

Virtues: Friendly 8w, Intelligent 9w.

Flaw: Forgetful 5w.

Magic: **City Harmony** 4w, **Exploration** 17w, **Knowledge** 14w, **Literacy** 6w.

Relationships: Devotee of Lhankor Mhy (Chernan the Seeker) 11w, Initiate of Pavis the Founder 2w, Member of New Pavis Lhankor Mhy Temple 7w, to Real City 16w.

Followers: **Finrax the Dwarf** (Hide in Cover 6w2, Listen 7w, Make Useful Things 14w, Rubble Survival 8w2, Sneak About 7w2); **Lorn the Lad** (Clean Up 15, Fetch and Carry 19, History of Pavis 17, Keen Vision 6w2, Look Busy 8w)

Gedge Firebow

A local celebrity, Gedge is a Sartarite who came to Pavis in 1604 as a child. After adventuring in the Rubble for several years, often alongside Hovak, he became well known as a guide and hunter. He was permitted to move into the Real City as reward for aiding the RCAE on some dangerous missions. Gedge instructs in the finer points of hunting and in archery for a living, as well as being the Chief Hunter. A crack shot with a Firearrow, and mean hand with a broadsword, he can still often be tempted to guide adventurer parties (for a stiff fee of course). He is an initiate of Ormalaya.

The Real City Watch

The full-time Watch consists almost entirely of Initiates of Opili, who are known as Protectors. Presently they number 49, including Nervon and Hovak. In an emergency they are able to call upon around 200 able-bodied city residents in a matter of minutes by blowing alarm horns. The citizens are all reasonably well trained, as practice at arms is required of all residents that are able. If the city walls are breached, aboveground defence will be limited, as Watch leaders are trained to lead a

fighting withdrawal underground through trapped entrances. All dwarves available also aid in any defence, and are rumored to have a variety of bizarre weapons stored at Flintnail Mansions for this purpose.

A squad of ten 'Protectors' staffs the Gatehouse at all times. They admit visitors first into the retaining area between the gate and the portcullis, if it is too dangerous to leave them outside whilst they are being questioned. Often the guards include two or three dwarves armed with magically assisted repeating crossbows, or with blunderbusses and other oddities if there is reason to suspect trouble. The guards are required to submit all suspicious visitors to thorough assessment by questions and magical detections. This has led to some harrowing delays for those seeking sanctuary from pursuing forces, but the guards always know what they are doing. Sometimes, members of the Watch will sally forth and rescue groups under attack who have almost reached the Real City. They will never sacrifice themselves pointlessly, but if Hovak is duty commander he can rarely restrain himself from attacking any Chaotic scum that dare to disturb the peace. Captain Kline also hates to see trolls attacking people almost as much as he despises human bandits.

The Real City Armed Escorts (RCAE)

A fairly recent addition to the Real City population, Kline created the RCAE. These warriors are recruited from a variety of local sources for contracts that may be renewed season by season. All who are not at least Initiates of Pavis or Opili must swear strong oaths of loyalty under Kline's watchful eye. Duties are simple: they are contracted to protect the twice-weekly supply convoy to and from New Pavis, as well as ensure the safety of important visitors journeying between New Pavis and the Real City. They are also available for hire on other expeditions into the Rubble, but Kline may veto any jobs he thinks are too dangerous or disorganized. Their pay is low, but they receive regular training, and food and shelter are free. The Real City gains the benefit of extra warriors for its protection and prestige, and profits from the occasional mission that finds something of worth in the Rubble.

The Grey Company

Originally this Company was a band of dilettante adventurers which formed way back in the mid 800s. They roamed the River Valley and the Wastes, and later helped protect Old Pavis from

the nomads. When the Troll invasion drove everyone underground, the Company bravely fought on. They survived as heroic defenders and a scourge of the trolls, but suffered inevitable casualties, and eventually the Pavis Temple was given joint custody of their resources. Sadly the Pavis Cult became the sole owner, when all remaining members vanished in the Rubble around 1370. The Pavis Cult honored their requests and kept their records and special items safe inside the temple until the Company could be reformed, which it was in 1564. Since then, they have waxed and waned in fortunes, mostly acting as a superior band of independent Rubble adventurers, guides and bodyguards. Currently there are 11 members, and their leader, Skren Vester, is both an initiate of Pavis and a Wind Lord of Orlanth Adventurous.

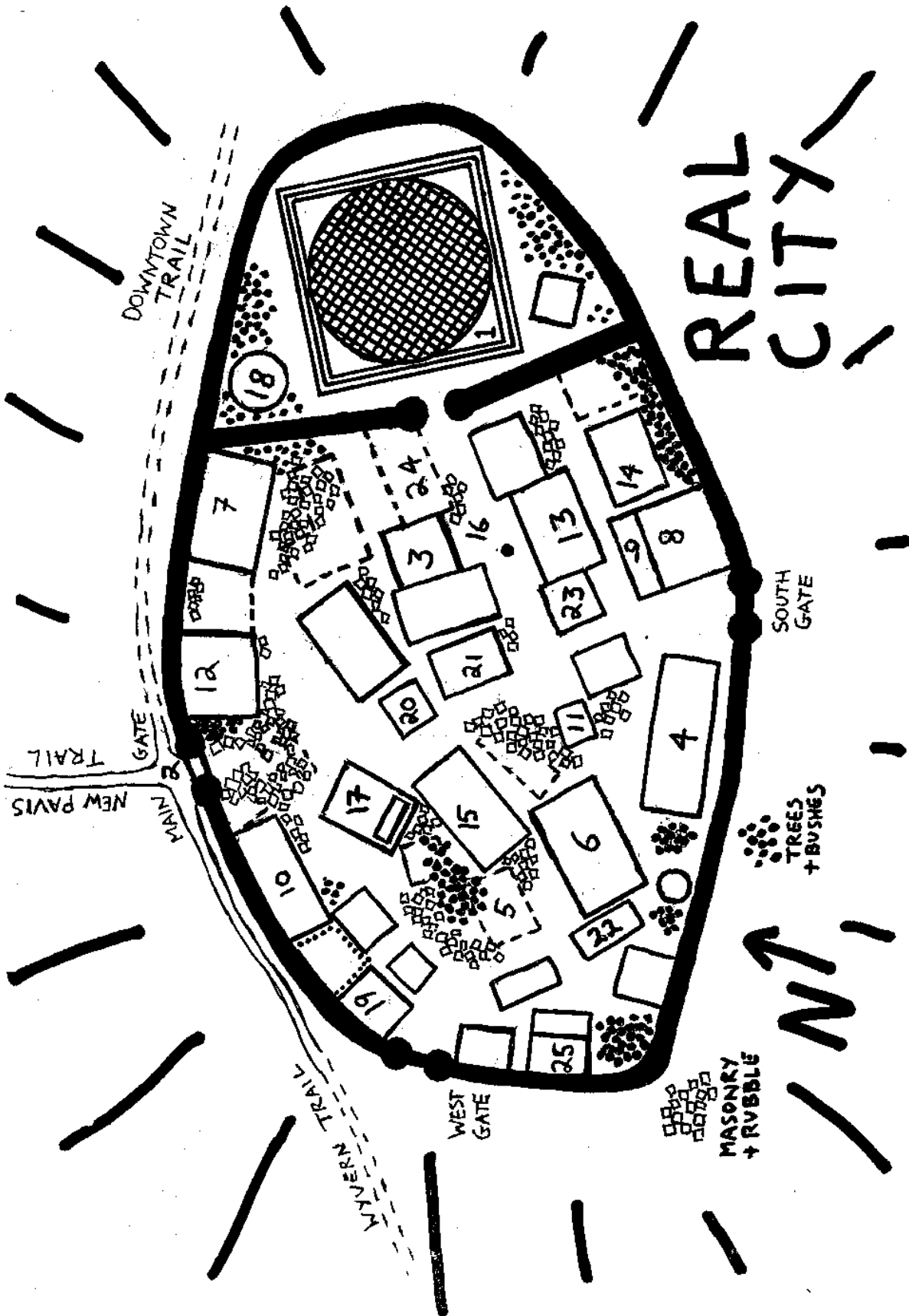
Prices

Being a relatively isolated outpost, many items are difficult to come by. Some residents store goods for sale, knowing that many visitors do not wish to return to New Pavis, or are in a great hurry. Therefore if required goods are available, double the price compared to the regular New Pavis cost, although friends of the Real City can expect a better deal.

Places of Interest

1) Pavis Temple - *"The Pavis Temple is the original temple, and its cracked, but intact, crystalline walls still shelter services, in defiance of the worst that nomad or troll could do. This cyclopean structure has given spiritual backbone to the surrounding colony of humans ever since it was founded. The human culture of Pavis has always been centered on this temple. It is enormous and seems to be made out of a single piece of translucent pinkish-white stone. The only mar on the structure is a single crack running the height of the front. Pavis himself is no longer believed to dwell permanently in this temple, and (some of) the (cult) leadership lives in New Pavis. Still, this old temple has the patina of centuries to shed honor and respect upon its main priest, Bendrath. The temple is still the site of sacred city rites, carried out anew each Holy Day. Though Pavis lives here no longer, he is said to be here every Holy Day."* (Moon Design's 'Pavis and the Big Rubble', 1999)

Differing rumors say that this building is made from the heartstone or the headstone of the Faceless Statue; however surely that would make the statue unfeasibly vast? Whether or not either is true, this enormous multi-faceted dome is a



wonder to behold, and in certain lights still reflects the sun from radiant crystalline grains within the stone, revealing its magical origins. It contains shrines to Flintnail, Opili and Zola Fel, and rooms maintained by Benderri, Bendrath and Bilkar. Within the Temple are also two 'Wonders': (i) the 'Eyes' of the Faceless Statue, which are actually ancient bindings for the spirits that patrol the Real City and its nearby surroundings; and (ii) the 17 immortal (but not indestructible) warriors remaining from those created from the Statue's teeth by Pavis. (These normally line the entryhall motionlessly, but spring into action when commanded by chief cultists or when an attacking force crosses the Real City walls.) Various lesser and greater spirits also reside in the temple, performing duties and wielding magic the nature of which few people now recall.

The walls that divide the Temple from the main city are comparatively recently reconstructed, and the entire Real City used to be the Temple compound. Lunar Priests visit this Temple quite regularly, renewing requests for Pavis to 'marry' the Red Goddess. This is required by the Pavis Cult, as the first step before the Lunars can renew their application at the more convenient New Pavis Temple. Some cynics have suggested this is all part of a Pavic conspiracy of passive resistance to Lunar plans, but spokespeople from the Cult deny this completely. Beside the temple stands a battered mausoleum containing the burial vaults of Estangtang Griffin Rider, Opili and Jokat Pulos, three famous leaders of the Pavis people during the days of the nomad raids. One of the most remarkable features about this original Temple is its lack of a discernable door. On Holy Days, worshippers, led by the priests, walk in procession directly through its surface at the top of the stairs, near the crack made by the Great Rhino.

2) Main Gate - This is the chief access point to the city, the other gates having been blocked long ago. The two strong towers are connected by a double-wall, with a small room above. In the wall facing the Rubble are large double-gates of huge bronze-bound wooden slats, including a smaller postern gate with a small grill. Behind these is an enormous portcullis, creating a retaining area under the gate's huge arch. The Gate Guards have their own series of questions, which replace the Lunar paperwork that New Pavis offers. In fact, only Lunars must complete forms to enter here, often needing an hour or more to do so. All others who enter are greeted with a ritual challenge, typically something like: "Halt! What are you

called and what is your business?" - "I am Jerod, son of Mornil and I have come to attend the market." - "Do you swear before Opili, our Protector, not to bring harm to the people and property of this city?" - "I so swear." - "Pass friend and hoist a drink for me." These ritual words draw the attention of the protective spirits attached to the Pavis Temple and make them aware of the visitor. (*Despite the Main Gate commonly being perceived as the only access point, there is also entry to the settlement via at least one super-secret tunnel. This connects the sewers near Flintnail Mansions to an exit hidden by a concealed 'Flintnail door', half a key-mile away to the northwest.*)

3) The Real Inn - Nailed to the wall outside this establishment is an old metal sign. The writing on it is regularly repainted, and reads in Trade and Pavic, "*The oldest pub in Pavis.*" A smaller plaque on the wall inside also makes the claim that this was Balastor's favorite drinking establishment. Moran is the name of the Innkeeper, a Pavis Initiate who claims his ancestors have run the place since the time of Pavis himself. The building certainly was some kind of hostelry before, and has been carefully restored. The food here is famous: Moran has contracts with Gedge and his hunters and prepares memorable dishes every day. Accommodation is reasonable, and it is the only proper drinking establishment in the Real City.

4) Flintnail Mansions - This large residence was taken over by dwarves when the humans began to live above ground once again. They have walled most of the doors and windows, and only allow visitors into the main parlor area. It is here that they seal trade deals, and off the parlor is a wide corridor where the Rubble Trackers sometimes discuss missions with hopeful employers.

5) The Sculpture Garden - In their spare time, local youths have created a unique exhibition space here. On this derelict site, amidst the small and bedraggled trees, they have gathered bits of old statue, rusted and shattered metal, and sections of wood. From these they have fashioned makeshift sculptures and other indescribable installations, often painting sections of them in garish colors. This has proved an unlikely venue for dwarf and human co-operation, and several small pieces of unfathomable machinery have mysteriously appeared overnight, adding to the artistic jumble. Callous visitors have occasionally tried to steal these unusual items to sell elsewhere, discovering too late that the dwarves maintain a constant watch, and that thieves must

pay a high price in goods or services if they don't want to be evicted naked into the Rubble.

6) Jolanti Heights – This large housing block is amazingly well preserved. Some rooms on the second story, and most of those below this level, are still sound, although only a few have been patched up enough to be comfortably habitable. Some of the rooms are vast, easily the size of entire dwellings in certain of the poorer parts of New Pavis. One of the rooms here has been converted by local youths into a bad-weather sports hall. The architecture here and at Riverview Apartments remains the best example of (mostly) still-standing EWF buildings throughout the whole of Prax and Dragon Pass. At the back of Jolanti Heights stands a small roofed structure supported by pillars and open to the elements. Its local name is the “Temple of Winds”, however it is not known to be an Orlanthe sacred site.

7) Riverview Apartments – Very similar to Jolanti Heights, just smaller. Another popular place with local residents, especially as its stable upper floor overlooks the Rubble: across Kakstan's Art Museum down to the River of Cradles. One of the Real City's permanently staffed watchposts is on the roof of this building. Whatever structure was originally between this building and the Watch HQ is completely gone except for the foundations.

8) South View – Another example of beautiful architecture, however in a much sadder state of repair than Riverview and Jolanti Heights. Its main point of interest is that it contains the Issaries Hostel - the “Rubble Runners' Rest”.

9) Rubble Runners' Rest – Retired adventurer, and Issaries cultist, Sendrik Wideyes runs a cheap and cheerful series of cramped dormitories on the lower floors of this building. His prices are very generous for the Real City; however guests are expected to undertake chores as part payment, and may even stay for free, weeks at a time, if they enroll as official helpers. (Sendrik can arrange a special permit for people he takes a shine to.) This hostel gets supplies via the regular convoys from New Pavis. Its main customers are adventurer groups passing through, and people staying over around market time. At any time during daylight hours, Sendrik may play for long periods on an unknown stringed instrument he picked up on his travels. Whilst some of his tunes touch the soul, others are considered an acquired taste.

10) The Law Courts – In great disrepair, although efforts are being made to reclaim some rooms.

11) The Entrance to the Drainage Tunnels – Below the city, dwarves and humans long ago created a labyrinth of secret fortified caves and tunnels to protect them from nomad and troll depredations. These areas have entry points off the main drains. Only the city leaders and dwarf masons still regularly inspect these areas, in case they are ever needed again. The main drain is still partially used for its original purpose, and many latrines in the buildings above have been restored. The domestic cisterns do, however, require refilling with buckets, as no aboveground piped water has functioned for centuries.

12) Headquarters of the Watch and the 'Real City Armed Escorts' – This large building has been fortified over the last decade, since retired mercenary Nervon Kline gathered the best of the local fighters and New Pavis lower-class adventurers to forge them into a respectable fighting force. Suspicious characters and thieves are held here, awaiting trial or deportation to New Pavis, depending on the severity of the offence. The Armed Escorts and the Watch are not one and the same, but are very much interlinked. Kline is now head of the Watch, and some of the Protectors always lead the supply convoys. The community's zebras are penned in the shell of the building next door.

13) The Old Town Hall - Gomoranx and his family and servants live in this formerly prestigious building that has been extensively restored. Many of the upper rooms are still exposed to the weather; however the ground floor and basement provide comfortable living, comparable to the best places in New Pavis.

14) Rubble Museum – Especially since the founding of New Pavis, adventurers have swapped unusual items for the cost of meals or accommodation. These have been supplemented by rare discoveries made by the RCAE whilst performing their duties outside the Real City walls. Two famous exhibits are here: a battered metal signpost informing the viewer in Trade and Old Pavic that Balastor's Barracks is only two key-miles to its right; and an enormous wooden fork the size of a man, said to have come from a Cradle. Visiting adventurers from New Pavis are often surprised that information they found hard to clarify in the larger city is clearly displayed here in the tabletop models. Museum staff are: Argan the Sage; his assistant Lorn; and Finrax, a dwarf artisan who helps create the impressive models.

15) The Old Traders' Hall – This building retains much of its original sculpted façade and Issaries Holy Symbols, and is considered one of the landmarks of the Real City. Families now live in the booths and rooms amongst the faded grandeur within.

16) The Market – Twice every season, on Waterday in both Harmony Week and Stasis Week, the Real City hosts a large market along this street. Here Mansiders, travelers, and New Pavisites gather to barter food, equipment and information, and the locals sell produce and items they have made. Markets are the only times that the City actively welcomes visitors, and many people from New Pavis attend, as much to experience the traditional culture as to buy anything. The unusual city pump is also situated here, and is in good working order. Apparently, long ago, every district of Pavis had one of these dwarf-designed items.

17) Transients' Shelter – This ruin is mostly protected from the weather, and has the added advantage of an exterior courtyard where a fire may be made if those using the shelter have brought their own wood, or can afford to buy some. The Watch requires penniless, suspect, or rowdy adventurer groups to stay here, if some emergency, or lack of discernment by the gate guard, means that they are allowed into the city at all.

18) Tower of Alchemy – A small group of Quicksilver and Lhankor Mhy cultists have taken over the lower three levels of this tower (the higher level being too damaged). With the occasional help of dwarven experts, they pursue their dangerous professional exploration away from Lunar rules and regulations. Once there was a fourth story laboratory, but they blew out one of its walls. The services of an alchemist are available for a very reasonable fee.

19) Sisko's Stables – The only private stables in the city. Sisko, a friendly ex-Zebra Rider, will stable most riding beasts (rhinos are barred, and all nomad mounts other than zebras cost extra). Usually a few zebras in reasonable condition are for sale, as well as standard riding gear. Animals are also penned on the open ground alongside the building.

20) Werrick's Store – Werrick is considered a genuine Real City relic. At 84 he is still a sharp-witted individual with dry humor and a thirst for imported wine. He's also an Issaries cultist with a formidable skill at striking bargains. His front

store is fascinating enough, and some say he has a cellar filled with bric a brac he can't bear to part with. Locals have a saying: "If you can't find it at Werrick's, you can't find it anywhere." He sells and trades everything from minor magical items (such as matrices), to simple traveler's gear, and can recount his memories of the day Dorasar and his forces arrived at the Big Rubble. Some adventurers correctly assume that Werrick's store is designed to take advantage of the, often dire, need for magical items, or the need for quickly gaining ready cash in exchange for spoils.



Hovak of the Watch

21) Lightbringer Shrines – This building was originally a theatre, or possibly a meeting hall of some kind. It was refitted soon after the arrival of Dorasar, when the Real City became a relatively safe place to live again. The overseeing Priest here is technically Riblin the Talker, a Lhankor Mhy Sage who is more likely to actually be at the Real Inn or the Tower of Alchemy. The only genuine full-time staff member is Cillandra, who is an Acolyte of Chalana Arroy. The basement of this building serves also as the Real City hospital, although for emergency cases, the healers must call on their Temple in New Pavis for aid. Each

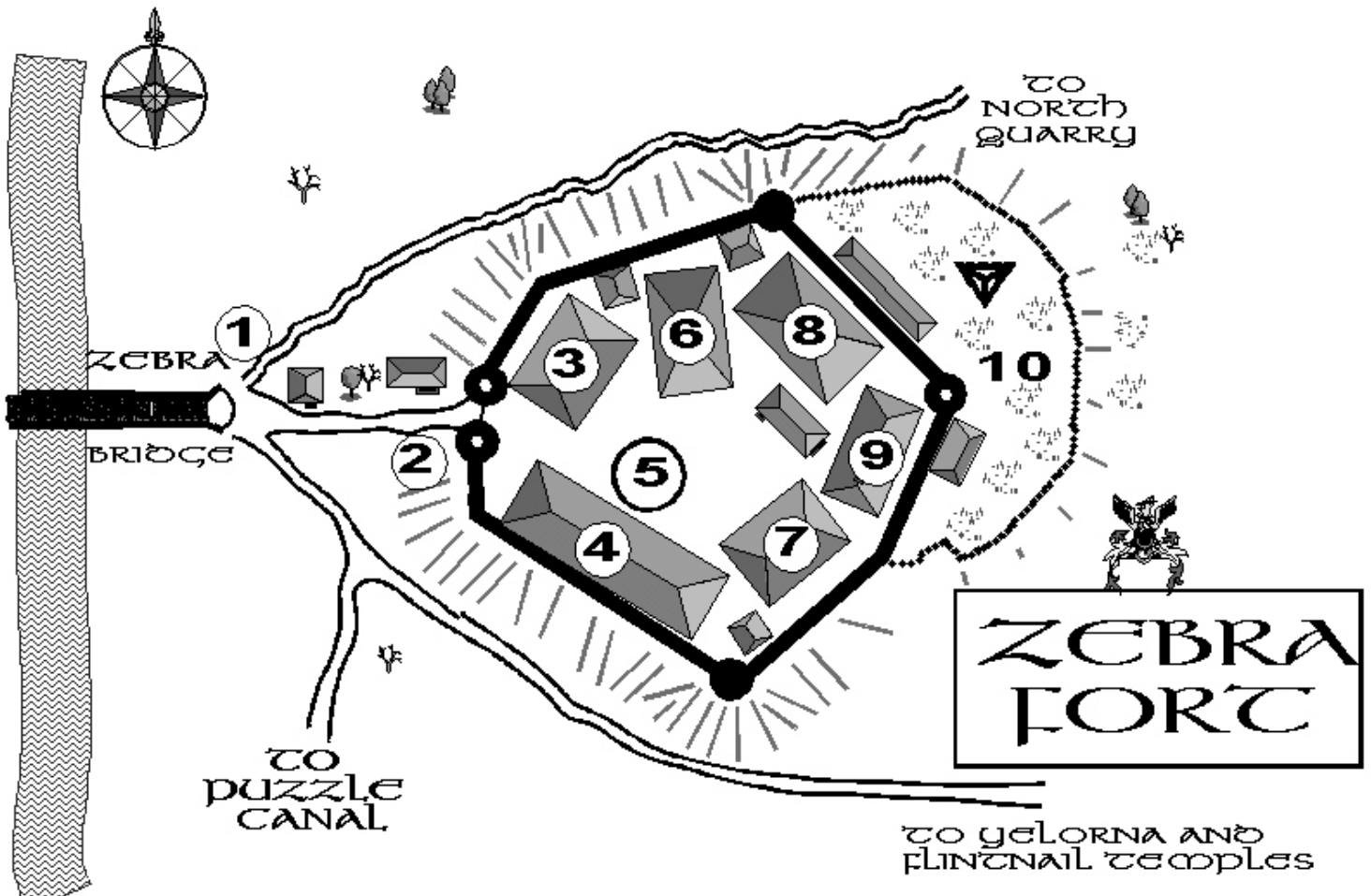
Lightbringer Deity has a small shrine here; however the Real City residents are primarily Pavis cultists, so visitors are the main users of these facilities.

22) The Watchpost - This small building is the informal meeting place for the night patrols to use during shift changes and special alerts.

23) The Old Jail - The lower floor of this building is an all-weather meeting and trading place for the residents. Here they informally discuss matters of interest, barter goods, assign daily tasks, and distribute food from the public allotments as well as that brought from New Pavis. This local market takes place every morning except Godday and during the twice-seasonal city market.

24) The Drill Hall -The building is sheltered enough to provide cover in bad weather conditions. (Captain Kline and the other Protectors train the locals here in combat techniques for free.)

25) The House of the Grey Company - Inside this building (restored by the new members in the mid-late 1500s) powerful spirit guardians and wardings protect the Armory, Library and Treasury. Among the most valuable contents are the diaries of the original Company, which include rare lore from long ago. Members of the Company may sometimes be seen sparring, through the gates of the walled front yard.



Zebra Fort and the Stockade

By Peter Johansson, Sten Åhrman, and Ian Thomson

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History

Zebra Fort was built by dwarves and humans during Opili's Fortification phase, and was one of the main human settlements (alongside the Pavis Temple community, Mani's Fort, Angle Fort, and Opili's Fort). It successfully withstood nomad attacks for around three centuries, before eventually falling to trolls. Records from the troll-domination period are scarce, but historians believe that trolls used the fort as a base for raids on both human settlements and rivaling clans of their own race. After the Dragonewts' Dream, a combined force of dwarves and humans drove the trolls out and re-established it as a human settlement.

When Dorasar founded New Pavis, he brought his friend Olgkarth Arrow-eye who had a dream to re-establish the Zebra Riders in Prax. With Dorasar's help, Olgkarth and his housecarls climbed the walls of Zebra Fort one night and took control. Olgkarth became leader of the 'Zebra Tribe', and his family and kin prospered until the coming of the Lunars in 1610. They chose to fight the invaders, and lost, although many escaped into the Rubble. The weakened ruling family of the Zebra folk was driven out of the fort by the Lunar-sponsored bandit-leader Hargran the Dirty, who then proclaimed himself "King of Pavis". Hargran originally staffed the Fort not only with his own gang members, but recruited also a number of local and foreign mercenaries to bolster the numbers.

In the last two or three years particularly, Hargran seems to be changing his image. The more violent members of his former gang have been dismissed from service, and many of the

new recruits are loyal Pavic mercenaries. Hargran is even approaching the Pavis Cult, seeking official

Pavic acceptance. Around the fort, as this section of the Rubble gradually becomes safer, a small local community is arising, and Hargran long ago gave up his claim to kingship.

Some local historians speculate that Zebra Fort is built in the same spot as Joraz Kyrem's 'Zebra Castle'. These ideas have contributed to several rumors that there are great riches to be discovered under the fort.

Location

Zebra Fort stands next to the eastern end of the Zebra Bridge, to which it controls access. The fort is easily reached by travelling through Manside from New Pavis, or by boat along the river. Although it is on the east bank of the Zola Fel, the fort and the surrounding 'Zebra Ruins' are considered to be part of Manside.

Appearance

The fort is a well-built structure, and by far the most impressive in the Zebra Ruins. Like all remaining buildings in this area its stonework is striped in black and white, like a zebra. It has several sturdy towers and a well-protected corral at the rear. The ruins closest to the fort have been cleared to prevent attackers from using them as cover, but many of the larger buildings slightly further towards the river have been repaired and re-occupied in recent years.

The Fort Buildings

Inside the fort, there are seven major buildings, and all of them are striped. Unlike the original structures in Zebra Ruins, most buildings inside the fort are painted stone from the North Quarry and are not built of the easily identifiable black and white marble. The exceptions include the outer walls, and the tower that the dwarves built to their own plan. This has led to the conclusion that only the walls and the tower are original buildings, and that other masons than the dwarves have built the rest. The difference in quality of construction gives credence to this theory.

The Walls

The walls of the fort are over six meters in height, making them impressive to visitors. However, the

entrance to the fort has at some point been replaced, with a structure that is probably not as reliable as the original gate. Hargran always has warriors manning the walls and gate.

1) The Zebra Bridge

One of the few original features of the old city that is still standing, it is a tribute to dwarf workmanship. At the base of the bridge are two buildings, the smaller immediately next to the bridge, and the larger some meters away. The closest to the bridge is an original construction being of the same style as the bridge and virtually indestructible, while the larger one is much more recent. This larger gatehouse has an alarm bell that is used by the guards if there is an attack. Hargran has a squad of the Fort Guard stationed by the bridge at all times whose job is to keep it under surveillance and collect toll from its users. The toll has, since Hargran's take-over, been one silver per leg for each of those who cross (i.e. two silvers per man, and four per beast). Residents from Zebraside, and the areas of Manside closest to the other end of the bridge, come to the fort to visit the Tavern, for Pavis Ceremonies, and to engage the services of the Fort's craftspeople. Poor locals from across the river are exempt from the bridge toll, but must be registered with the PRG. (Anyone who can afford a zebra is not considered to be poor.) All local Pavis Cultists are also exempted from the toll if attending Pavis ceremonies at the Fort.

2) The Main Gates

These gates mostly stand open during daylight, and are firmly closed at night.

3) Menial Quarters

All the servants and staff at the fort are bunked here in relative squalor (although conditions here beat Badside, hands down, and are certainly an improvement on an average Manside residence). Probably the worst aspect of living in this building is the overcrowding caused by the creation of the fort's tavern.

4) The Guard Barracks

A building very basically equipped. Apart from the "Blades" and the rest of the Guard, various skilled servants also dwell here.

5) The Tower

The tallest structure in the fort is the tower, a

three-story building just inside the entrance. The height makes it possible to scan the surrounding area in every direction from the roof. Hargran always keeps a lookout here.

The third story of the tower holds Hargran's scrupulously maintained quarters. These have only basic furnishings, and no decorations apart from some original murals, which depict scenes from ancient Pavis in fading colors. Morkro Smellgood and Nesca the Sleepy also have their rooms here. The second floor of the tower contains rooms for storage of religious items, and also the quarters of Birtel the Ragged and Azera Shorthair.

The ground floor harbors the Pavis shrine. It was lavishly renovated by Olgkath and his kin and is the most (some would say the only) beautiful room in the fort. The Pavis Priest Cyrilius Harmonius holds regular ceremonies here for the locals, the most prominent attendees being Hargran and Hubert the Short. Harmonius is a known Lunar ally, and as such is finding it difficult to obtain advancement through the inner hierarchy of his cult. Consequently he is taking full advantage of his responsibility for the zebra people, and trying to establish a respected 'parish' amongst the local Mansiders. Local Pavis worshippers tolerate him, although Initiates of Opili often travel all the way to Real City to worship, especially on major holy days.

In the basement is a currently inactive shrine of Opili. It is a large black and white marble block, inscribed with Opili's runes. The shrine still detects as highly magical and is said to once have had magical connections with the outer walls. Guards are always posted here, as stairs lead down to ancient underground chambers that are off-limits to regular personnel, and nearby is a blocked up arch said to connect to the secret dwarf tunnels.

6) The Tavern

Hargran's latest addition to the fort is this tavern. He made the space here by moving the fort's servants and some of the storage into one building (3). The tavern has yet to be given a proper name and serves as a drinking locale for locals and the inhabitants of the fort. It also provides beds for visitors who can afford Hargran's inflated prices. Lately, the tavern has attracted attention from fortune hunters and adventurers preferring to sleep in the safety of the fort rather than in the Rubble, despite the high prices on food, drink and beds. Such outsiders who want to take advantage

of this service must leave their weapons and armor at the gatehouse.

7) Lunar Barracks

Whichever Lunar platoon has been assigned to Rubble patrol this Season is bunked here. It is the most well maintained building in the whole fort, as the soldiers can afford luxuries from New Pavis, and their officers refuse to live in squalor. Here is the spacious office of Zartax Goldenthread, Zartax's personal suite, and the fort's only meeting room. In this building also live various Lunar servants and comfort women, and the fort's holding cells are here in the basement.

8) The Barracks of the Zebra Patrol

This building is another that is only basically equipped, and even the former bandits who used to work for Hargran are not treated to any luxuries. Only the officers have private rooms, and even they share with each other. Just inside the main door is the small office of Hubert the Short. Also housed here are various family members of the soldiers.

9) The Stable

For security, the zebras are usually brought into the fort overnight, via a tunnel through the adjacent watchtower. It is a single-roomed building, giving some protection from the weather. The turfed roof and its wooden supports give a feeling of natural shelter that soothes the zebras, which prefer open areas and are at unease inside buildings. The majority of the patrolmen based here ride the sterile cavalry zebra, although Hargran and a few of the officers each have an impressive war zebra reserved for personal use. Around fifty of these animals are stabled here at any one time.

10) The Corral

The outdoor stables and corral allow the zebras to be exercised in safety. A solid palisade fence, and an exterior ditch, protects the corral.

The fort also has its own smithy, used for all sorts of metalwork and repairs. This building is situated in front of the stable, and Malan the Smith is in charge. Against the fort walls are also workshops for leather- and woodworking.

Beneath the Ground

Under the fort exist several spacious areas. These were apparently originally built as storage facilities and as shelters for the residents of the fort and its

surroundings during attacks. The shelters were also used as a last resort for retreating troops in case of invasion. Hargran apparently uses them mostly for storing food and equipment. The entry to the underground area is located in the tower, and these basements were once connected to the dwarf tunnels. This tunnel was blocked by the dwarves when trolls took over the fort long ago, and was re-opened in co-ordination with Olgkath's attack, to allow dwarf commandos to assist in the take-over. The tunnel was blocked again when the Lunars invaded. Hargran has the old entrance constantly guarded, wary of the connections between the dwarves and the former occupants.

The Surroundings

The inhabited buildings outside the walls are mainly located between the fort and the river. Only a small number of reasonably intact houses stand close by, and these zebra-striped marble buildings are inhabited by the most prominent of the non-fort dwellers, such as the leaders of the militia in Zebra Ruins. Around 250 people live here, under the protection of the Fort.

The Inhabitants of Zebra Fort and the Ruins

More than 300 people live inside Zebra Fort, although a significant number are out on patrols during the day, or working in the fields and vegetable patches near by. Inside the fort, the residents are divided more or less evenly between non-combatants and military personnel. Although the inhabitants of Zebra Fort often get lumped together, there are actually four main groups: Hargran and the surviving members of his old gang; more recent recruits from the local population; a mercenary group called the Silver Blades; and the Lunar platoon. (Each group, other than the Lunars, also contains members who have family residing at the fort.) All non-Lunar combatants work either in the Fort Guard, or amongst the Zebra Patrols.

The Pavis Royal Guard (PRG) is the collective official name of the non-Lunar forces under Hargran's command. It was originally a Lunar created force of local warriors that replaced the Zebra Cavalry (now known as the Pavis Survivors) who resisted the Lunar occupation. There are three branches, two of which (the Fort Guard, and the Zebra Patrols) are based at Zebra Fort. The third branch (the New Pavis watch) is usually seen as an independent entity and is rarely identified any more as being part of the PRG.

Senior Officers: 8
 Fort Guard: 60 (25 of Hargran's original bandits/mercenaries, 20 original Silver Blades, 15 Pavic recruits)
 Zebra Patrols: 88 (34 of Hargran's original bandits/mercenaries, 28 Lunar cavalrymen, 26 Pavic recruits)
 Artisans: 9
 Apprentices: 7
 Servants: 36
 Family members (inc. children): 87

Hargran the Dirty and his Comrades

Hargran only considers four people in the fort to be totally trustworthy: Azera Shorthair, Birtel the Ragged, Morkro Smellgood and Nesca the Sleepy. They are the four surviving officers from his original gang, and are all combat veterans holding positions as officers in the Fort Guard. What they say goes, in regards to the PRG and non-military personnel in the fort. Only the Lunars and the Silver Blades are outside their direct control. They still socialize with other original gang members at the fort, but consider none of these to be their equals.

Hargran the Dirty

Hargran is the current ruler of Zebra Fort, who proclaimed himself "King of Pavis" after the Lunars drove the former owners out of the fort and put him and his followers in control. He now regrets this rash action, which was inspired by Lunar promises that were never made good. The Lunars have only granted him the title of Fort Captain, and Lunar officers here only defer to him on paper. His enemies call him "the Dirty" due to this connection with the Lunars, and the perceived betrayal of his city. His background is mostly unknown, but he claims descent from Baragrat the Bold, who is said to be an ancient king of the Arrowsmith dynasty. He is a worshipper of Pavis, and recently has been attempting to gain the favor of the Cult's Priests, through gifts and flattery.

Over the last few years, Hargran has become more reclusive towards strangers, and Morkro has conducted most meetings with visitors to the fort. According to stories told by those who have met him, Hargran looks troubled these days and his behavior can be somewhat absent-minded. Hargran is still an excellent fighter with his axe and shield, but rarely engages in any kind of combat these days, apart from the occasional sparring with some of his closest followers. Few people know that Hargran's grandfather was the

commander of Zebra Fort when Dorasar arrived, or that he was slain by Olgkarth.

Hargran

Virtues: Crafty 7w, Insightful 18, Intimidating 4w.
Abilities: Dodge Attack 4w, Masonry 16, Mythology of Pavis 2w, Orate 5w, Plant Lore 12, Ride Zebra 7w, Rubble Lore 5w, Speak New Pelorian 15, Speak Old Pavic 2w, Speak Trade 16.

Combat: Close Combat 18w (Bastard Sword⁵, Battle Axe⁴), Ranged Combat 14w² (Med. Crossbow)

Magic: **City Harmony** 9w.

Relationships: Initiate of Pavis 20.

Equipment: Chain armor with Shield ⁴; Crystal (gives 12 AP once per day to any magical contest), Matrix on armband has 'Speed Missile 6w' Feat; Truestone with matrices for the Lunar feats: *Blast Enemy's Mind 18* and *Divert Spell 11w*; Amulet bearing a matrix for the feat: *Flickering Blade 14w*.

Azera Shorthair

Azera is a woman who keeps her hair closely cropped to her skull in order to appear more formidable. She is a Humakt initiate, and would probably qualify as a Sword if she tried. She, however, keeps very little contact with the temple in Pavis; apart from occasional required duties. Azera has a great appetite for men, but has no urge to commit towards anyone. Handsome male visitors easily make contact with Azera, and with smooth talk she might reveal secrets about Zebra Fort. However, if she suspects that she has been taken advantage of, she becomes furious and proves to be a formidable foe. She often trains with the militia in Zebra Ruins, and also coaches the "Vixens", a local gang of teenage girls that she has sympathy for. Because of her great interest in men, and her involvement with the Vixens, she has a frosty relationship with the Yelornans. They see her as a bad example for the young women in Zebra Ruins. She rarely uses her shield in combat, preferring to rely on her blades and her dodge skill. She has a peculiar habit of singing in a low voice in combat, but she claims it helps her focusing. Humakt has forbidden her to drink alcohol.

Azera Shorthair

Virtues: Brave 6w, Insatiable 2w.

Abilities: Dodge 16w, First Aid 18w, Ride 2w², Ride 8w, Running 4w, Sing 5w, Speak Sartarite 19, Speak Trade 17, Train Warriors 8w, Treat Poison 20.

Combat: Close Combat 17w (Bastard Sword⁵, Dagger²), Ranged Combat 14w (Dagger).

Magic: Combat 15w, **Death** 6w, **Honor** 20.
Relationships: Initiate of Humakt (Kargan) 18.
Equipment: Chain and Leather armor with Shield ^3.
Gift/Geas: Sense Assassin 17/Drink No Alcohol.

Birtel the Ragged

Birtel is a man who appears to have come from Badside if judged by his clothing. Rumor holds it that he has never bought any clothes while living in the Pavis area and that he replaces his attire with garments from foes he kills on expeditions in the Rubble. He is a quiet man, possibly of Sartarite origin, who doesn't mix much with others apart from his friends in the "Old Gang". Because of his appearance, most inhabitants of the fort and its surroundings avoid him as well. He is an experienced combat veteran who often leads smaller scouting expeditions with soldiers from the PRG into the Rubble. He is infamous for his cruelty in combat, a trait that has put him in trouble concerning his cult membership in Humakt several times, though never quite enough to become excommunicated. Birtel's fighting technique is a two-sword combo.

Birtel the Ragged

Virtues: Cruel in Combat 17, Scruffy 16, Quiet 18.
Abilities: Hide 5w, Listen 12w, Ride 6w, Rubble Lore 2w, Scan for Danger 7w, Sneak 13w, Speak Sartarite 2w, Speak Trade 15, Swim 14, Track 15w.
Combat: Close Combat 19w (Broadsword with Shortsword^4), Ranged Combat 11w (Composite Bow, Dagger).
Magic: Combat 12w, **Death** 8w, **Honor** 3w.
Relationships: Initiate of Humakt (Kargan) 2w.
Equipment: Chain and Leather armor^2.
Gift/Geas: +5 to Combat/Use No Shield

Morkro Smellgood

Morkro is a humorous guy, quick with a joke or a funny comment. He is 'friends' with almost everyone he meets, but still keeps a distance from those outside the "Old Gang". He is the type of guy you could talk to for hours and still never learn anything about. His nickname comes from a true story he occasionally tells, which involves an incident at an Uleria temple in his youth. His thin appearance belies a surprising strength that often makes his foes misjudge him in a fight. Morkro acts publicly as a Pavis cultist, but his primary allegiance is really to Lanbril, something that is not even known by the others in the "Old Gang".

The information Morkro has access to in Pavis is very important to Hargran, and once even helped stop an assassination attempt.

Morkro Smellgood

Virtues: Jovial 19, Secretive 6w.
Abilities: Climb 16w, Dodge 14w, Evaluate Loot 17, Fast Talk 12w, Hide 5w, Nimblefingers 1w, Pavic Customs 19, Rubble Survival 5w, Running 8w, See Hidden 12w, Sneak 15w, Speak Esrolian 14, Speak Old Pavic 2w, Speak Thief Code 18, Speak Trade 17, Streetwise (New Pavis) 19.
Combat: Close Combat 13w (Broadsword, Dagger), Ranged Combat 16w (Dart)
Magic: City Harmony 17, **Concealment** 8w.
Relationships: Initiate of Pavis 15, Initiate of the Hidden One 3w.
Equipment: Leather Armor and Shield ^2; Plain silver ring with matrix for *Glamour* 3w; Linen gloves with inlaid silver threads that work as a potent matrix for a number of detection feats, all at 10w (Detect: Gems, Gold, Magic, Silver); three bottles of Blade Venom: POT 6w.

Nesca the Sleepy

Nesca has gained his name from the sleepy look given by an old scar that hinders him from fully opening his eyes. He is very large, and was once a bison-riding Storm Bull initiate, but he left both the cult and his tribe many years ago. When in a fight, he still goes into typical Storm Bull battle fury, making him a formidable adversary. Under normal conditions, he is the total opposite of his fighting self. He is extremely helpful and often assists in the daily lives of the inhabitants in Zebra Ruins. Because of this, he is the most well liked person of the "Old Gang", among the civilians.

Nesca the Sleepy

Virtues: Easy Going 18, Scarred 15.
Abilities: Animal Lore 17, Butchering 18, Peaceful Cut 3w, Ride 15w, Scan 10w, Speak Praxian 19, Speak Trade 13, Track 9w.
Combat: Close Combat 14w (Battle Axe, Bastard Sword).
Magic: City Harmony 16.
Relationships: Initiate of Pavis 15.
Equipment: Saddle with Haste Steed 15w feat; two 'Stones of Law' (specially enchanted Truestone which can each, once per season, harm any being tied to the Chaos Rune with 'Strike Chaos 10w2' on contact).

The Fort Guard

There are two groups within the Fort Guard: the original bandits, and the Silver Blades. The

“Blades” have not automatically accepted the former bandits of the Guard into their ranks, and both groups tend to act as separate units. The main duty of these groups is patrolling the Fort itself, and the immediate vicinity, and guarding expeditions across Manside. Occasionally, Hargran hires the Silver Blades to traders, and others, who can't find any other suitable protection service in the Pavis area. When travelling any distance from the Fort, the officers in both factions ride zebras.

The Silver Blades

A mercenary group of 35 experienced men and women of mixed origin and religious backgrounds. They stand under the leadership of Taborg who takes his orders directly from Hargran. Their name comes from the emblem all of them wear, a silver sword on a blue background. Originally consisting of less than twenty members, they arrived in Pavis in 1615. They were soon recruited by the Lunars to form the backbone of the Guard at Zebra Fort because of the perceived lack of discipline amongst Hargran's bandits. Since then, the original, and replacement, mercenaries all consider themselves “Silver Blades”, even though many of their number are now locals.

Typical Silverblade

Virtues: Dour 1w, Humorless 18.
Abilities: Dodge 8w, First Aid 6w, Ride 19, Run in Armor 18, Scan Terrain 3w, Speak Esrolian 1w, Speak New Pelorian 15, Speak Trade 18.
Combat: Close Combat 14w (Bastard Sword, Great Axe), Ranged Combat 7w (Composite Bow).
Magic: **Death** 2w, **Honor** 19, **Sword Combat** 6w.
Relationships: Initiate of Humakt (Hu) 2w.
Equipment: Chain and Leather with Shield ^3.

Taborg the Esrolian

Taborg has led the Silver Blades for more than ten years in several successful campaigns, and earned the respect of his “Blades” on the battlefield. In accordance with his name, he indeed comes from Esrolia, but neither shows any particular loyalty to his country, nor any open dislike towards the Lunars. This has led to speculations that he is actually an Esrolian outcast.

Taborg is a harsh looking, well-built middle-aged man. He favors physical expertise above mental and magical skills; something shared by his followers in various degrees. His attitude makes it easy for weapon masters to befriend him, while this is almost impossible for shamans, scholars and magicians. If the Rubble were not considered such a terrible posting, it is possible that the

Lunars would not let an Esrolian (even an outcast) hold authority.

Taborg the Esrolian

Virtues: Chiseled Features 3w, Grim 4w, Heavily Muscled 18.
Abilities: Dodge 16w, First Aid 16w, Listen 5w, Ride 2w, Rubble Survival 12, Run in Armor 2w, Treat Poison 6w, Scan for Danger 11w, Speak Esrolian 3w, Spk New Pelorian 17, Spk Trade 19.
Combat: Close Combat 2w2 (Bastard Sword, Great Axe), Ranged Combat 15w (Composite Bow).
Magic: **Death** 6w, **Honor** 3w, **Sword Combat** 15w.
Relationships: Initiate of Humakt (Hu) 6w.
Equipment: Chain and Plate ^5; Silver Sword Medallion with *Resist Magic* 5w feat.

Typical Soldiers

The following statistics should be seen as guidelines to the levels of characteristics, skills and spells possessed by a typical soldier, not as a mould for all soldiers. Individual variations exist, and most soldiers are somewhere between the levels of the typical newbie and the typical veteran. All soldiers are listed as belonging to the cults of Opili although other cults are represented in the Guard. However, since Hubert the Short took command of the Cavalry, Pavis/Opili worship has almost become obligatory there, especially for new recruits. These stats combine both the Pavic foot and the few Pavic Zebra Patrol members.

Sergeant

Virtues: Dedicated 3w, Practical 5w.
Abilities: Bark Orders 7w, First Aid 2w, Hide in Cover 8w, Listen 4w, Ride Zebra 3w, Rubble Survival 11w, Scan Terrain 9w, Sneak 8w.
Combat: Close Combat 12w^3 (Spear, Sword), Ranged Combat 8w (Crossbow).
Magic: **City Harmony** 4w, **Defend the People** 9w.
Relationships: Initiate of Pavis (Opili) 6w.
Equipment: Chain and Leather Armor ^3.

Veteran

Virtues: Determined 1w, Loyal 19.
Abilities: Hide in Cover 5w, Listen 2w, Ride Zebra 1w, Rubble Survival 9w, Scan Terrain 7w, Sneak 6w.
Combat: Close Combat 9w^3 (Spear, Sword).
Magic: **City Harmony** 2w, **Defend the People** 5w.
Relationships: Initiate of Pavis (Opili) 4w.
Equipment: Chain and Leather Armor ^3.

New Recruit

Virtues: Eager 17, Loyal 15.
Abilities: Hide in Cover 2w, Listen 18, Ride Zebra 16, Rubble Survival 3w, Scan Terrain 2w,

Sneak 20.

Combat: Close Combat 2w^3 (Spear).

Magic: **City Harmony** 17, **Defend the People** 18.

Relationships: Initiate of Pavis (Opili) 19.

Equipment: Leather Armor^1.

The Zebra Cavalry

The current commander of this force is Hubert the Short (a nickname he gained long before the arrival of Sor-Eel). Under him are four sub-commanders, leading squads of about fifteen warriors each. Unlike the Fort Guard, Hubert has forged both the new recruits and the former bandits under his charge into a single disciplined unit. Even so, the PRG cavalry still has a bad reputation, although this is slowly improving. They are still looked upon with hostile eyes by supporters of the former leading family of the Zebra folk. The recruitment of competent and civilized personnel, and the dismissal of the dregs goes on under the approving eyes of Hargran, and is part of his long-term plan to improve his reputation and increase his political power.

Hubert the Short

Hubert is one of many from among the Zebra folk who have rejoined the PRG in the years following Hargran's taking command of the fort. He has proved himself to be a competent leader, and quickly climbed in rank. Hubert didn't much care for Hargran when he joined the PRG, but has slowly come to respect him as a competent leader and good diplomat (although he still mistrusts him as a Lunar appeaser).

Hubert is tough but fair, a man in his late thirties who demands good performance from all under his command. A person not living up to his standards is kicked out of his force fast. Hubert is also of generous and perceptive nature and gives the warriors who serve under him both time and attention. His style of leadership has earned him the respect of his troops, who, if tested, would prove to be more loyal to him than to Hargran. Hargran is well aware of this, but doesn't worry much over, since he has judged Hubert to be an honest and loyal man who would never betray someone he has sworn allegiance to.

Hubert is a proud worshipper of Opili, and often promotes the idea that the Opili shrine beneath the tower should be reactivated. This has put him in conflict with Trusin dal-Martalton, who sees such a development as a threat to his own ambitions of proving to the Lunars that he has full control of the fort. (Sor-Eel has in any case left a

secret standing order that the shrine should be kept inactive.)

Hubert the Short

Virtues: Observant 8w, Practical 7w.

Abilities: Bark Orders 11w, First Aid 5w, Hide in Cover 12w, Listen 9w, Ride Zebra 5w, Rubble Survival 13w, Scan Terrain 12w, Sneak 9w, Speak Old Pavic 20, Speak Trade 16, Streetwise (New Pavis) 2w.

Combat: Close Combat 16w^3 (Lance, Spear, Sword), Ranged Combat 13w (Crossbow).

Magic: **City Harmony** 7w, **Defend the People** 12w.

Relationships: Initiate of Pavis (Opili) 10w.

Equipment: Chain and Plate Armor ^4.

The Lunars

The Lunars use Zebra Fort as a base-camp for their patrols inside the Rubble, which was one of the conditions in the agreement with Hargran when they first helped him to power. They still ride horses, which their patrols obvious to identify from a distance.

A complement of thirty or so Lunar soldiers, divided into three patrols, lives at the fort at any given time. They are part of the regular Lunar army stationed in Pavis. Each group of soldiers has a corporal who commands them, and they will transfer out together with their squad when these duties are over. The rotation of forces makes the soldiers and their junior officers disengaged from the every-day life of the fort and they mostly keep to themselves when off duty. Only the commander and the sub-commander are stationed at Zebra Fort for any longer periods of time. The current patrols at the fort are Silver Shield Peltasts under the command of Cartania del-Myskarfanx (F), Quatzina Robrebbon (F), & Fangul Eiskolli (M).

Zartax Goldenthread

Zartax is a junior Triarch, and the current commander of the Lunars stationed at Zebra Fort. He officially lives in one of the few decent apartments inside the fort, but is rarely seen there. He prefers to remain in the city of New Pavis and leaves most of his duties to his sub-commander Trusin. Zartax comes from a Kostaddi family, and regards his position in Prax as a cruel punishment for something his father was involved in. Basically, he wants to go home, and since that will not happen for several years yet, he tries to live the best life he can among the uncivilized barbarians of Prax, enjoying the relative comfort of New Pavis.

Trusin dal-Martalton

Trusin is a centurion, and the sub-commander of the Lunar force here. He comes from Doblian and is the commander-in-fact, except in some formal and ceremonial duties, which are still performed by Zartax. He is more ambitious than his commander and also reports in secret to Gim-Gim. Trusin does not think highly of his commander, due to Zartax's apparent lack of interest in his duties as senior officer. He also believes himself to be better suited for Zartax's position, and is secretly hoping for a promotion. He does not let this ambition show in his relations with Zartax. Meanwhile he is doing his best to show the Governor and other high-ranking officers that he commands an efficient force at the fort. A posting in the Rubble is usually not what the troops expect when they are transferred to Pavis, and Trusin is not well liked among the soldiers. Not realizing this situation, Trusin can't believe what kind of undisciplined and sloppy soldiers the army keeps sending him.

Trusin's relations with other notable characters in the fort are usually somewhat strained, especially so with Morkro, whom he cannot stand. Trusin also considers Hubert the Short a troublemaker because of his open propagation of a reactivation of the Opili shrine. Trusin's social isolation makes him very suspicious of everything out of the ordinary at the fort, and visitors who catch him on a bad day can expect long and boring questionings, and numerous forms to fill in.

Trusin dal-Martalton

Virtues: Ambitious 3w, Naïve 19.

Abilities: Command Unit 7w, Dodge 1w, Infantry Tactics 5w, Interrogate 18, Lunar Customs 10w, Orate 17, Rubble Survival 11, Speak New Pelorian 7w, Speak Pavic 15, Speak Trade 16.

Combat: Close Combat 9w³ (Spear, Scimitar), Ranged Combat 7w³ (Javelin)

Magic: **Silver Shield Hypaspist** 7w (Screaming Javelin, Dodge-the-Arrow, Gleaming Shield, Wait Unseen, Quick and Nimble)

Relationships: Devotee of Ipharia 6w.

Equipment: Well-Made Light Armor & Shield ⁴, heirloom silver scimitar.

Other People

The remaining population in Zebra Fort, and the surrounding ruins, are civilians. Those resident in the fort may hold recognized positions, like cooks, stable boys, metalworkers etc, although others are simple family members or farmers, who tend to

work in the surrounding fields during the day. In his attempts to improve his reputation, Hargran is actively promoting resettlement of the Zebra Ruins. In exchange for an endurable tax, new residents are given the protection the fort offers, and free passage across Zebra Bridge. New arrivals do occasional odd jobs at the fort, but spend most of their time hunting, fishing, and cultivating small crops in the vicinity of their homes. The fort normally buys all surplus food produced.

Vantaper the tender

Vantaper is the stable master in Zebra Fort. He is responsible for the daily care of the PRG's cavalry zebras, and he has the exclusive say when the fort buys new animals. Vantaper is an Issaries initiate but also carries the big secret of being Illuminated. He has one Illumination question that he often slips into private conversations (skill Camouflage or Scan):

Q: "Is a zebra white with black stripes or black with white stripes?"

A: "In the eye of light, all souls are golden".

The Local Militia

The residents in the Zebra Ruins can muster around fifty warriors. They are trained and commanded by three former soldiers of the PRG, who served under Hubert the Short when he was still a sergeant. Their names are Grazer, Brinky Neversick, and Lazlo the Slow, all of them initiates of Opili.

Azera Shorthair occasionally helps in training the militia, giving special attention to the small band of teenage girls (age 13-16) who call themselves "the Vixens". The Vixens look up to Azera as a free and independent woman, capable of handling both men and dangers.

Politics in Zebra Fort*The Yelornans*

These warrior women, whose Temple is close by, sometimes practice defensive sweeps with the Cavalry Patrols or the Silver Blades, and also sometimes with the Zebra Ruins militia. They are not too happy with the attention Azera gets from the "Vixens", however. They also do not like the Lunar domination of the fort, but feel responsibility towards the civil population in Zebra Ruins. Their contacts with officials at the fort are strained at best, although they traditionally attend celebrations there on Pavis Holy Days. Morganeth the Priestess, and many others of her followers,

are also Pavis Initiates. Cyrilius Harmonius nonetheless dislikes the Yelornans intensely, due to Morganeth's powerful personality often overriding his wishes, and he has claimed they are a disruptive influence in Zebraside. He makes it no secret that he wants their temple to be closed down, but is not supported by any other Pavis Priest.

Hargran's Ambitions

What Hargran wants with his position at Zebra Fort is not commonly known. It seems clear, however, that he is slowly building himself a power-base in the Rubble. Most people still see him as a common criminal who, with the help of the despicable Lunars, manages to hold on to a position of power he should not have. This is the attitude that Hargran has been trying to change in the last five years or so, and not totally without success (even the officials of the Real City at least acknowledge his envoys). Furthermore, for every year that passes, there are more and more people coming to live in the ruins surrounding the fort, who rely on Hargran to protect them from the raids of trolls, nomads, criminals and chaos.

The Pavis Royal Guard

Hargran is also slowly reshaping the PRG stationed at the fort, into a more civilized organization, kicking the scum out and letting honest men in. To assist him with this task he handpicked Hubert as the commander of the Zebra cavalry, although most of Hargran's dealings with him are through his friends in the "Old Gang".

The Lunars

The Lunar force at the fort is currently only a potential problem for Hargran. As long as they are here, for reasons of maintaining discipline (according to Lunar command), he rightfully believes that he will not appear threatening to the Lunar administration in New Pavis. Meanwhile, he can work on strengthening his position in the area without risking the involvement of the Lunars. The only cloud in his sky regarding the Lunar platoon is the ambitious and suspicious sub-commander Trusin dal-Martalton, who Hargran tries to keep in as good a mood as possible.

The Pavis Cult

Hargran's real problems lie outside the internal politics of the fort. He still has not gained any larger amount of trust among the local leaders of the Real City, Mani's Fort or New Pavis. To help things along in that direction, he is currently

thinking of reactivating the shrine of Opili at the fort. What makes such an action problematic is that this would not be appreciated by the Lunar administration, since they were the force behind closing the shrine in the first place. It would certainly attract unwanted attention from the Lunar leaders, and might even strengthen the position of Trusin among their ranks. But, Hargran is also aware of the Lunar plan to marry Pavis with the Red Goddess, which makes it hard for them to complain or act in this matter, since it would definitely anger the leaders of the Pavis cult. This is a typical example of the thin edge Hargran is balancing on whilst trying to please local leaders and not raise suspicion among the Lunars.

The Pavis Survivors

Another problem is with the Pavis Survivors outlaw gang, and the former ruling family of Zebra Fort. Although they hardly constitute a military threat to the fort, they still have a lot of influence in the Rubble, and are the main reason why the tainted reputation of "Hargran the Dirty" is so hard to wash away.

Sarken's Gang

Sarken, the current "owner" of the Old Mint, is more and more becoming a burden for Hargran's plans to gain sympathy among the population in Manside. Being associated with a relatively powerful criminal gang is not something that looks good in the eyes of honest people, i.e. the same people that Hargran eventually must win over to gain political legitimacy. Unfortunately, the Lunars still have their uses for Sarken, and insist that Hargran maintain relations. Lately, Sarken has become somewhat of an economic burden as well, after some very bad raids that cost him many zebras. Hargran has been forced to compensate for these, since they are an essential part of Sarken's operations.

Financial Concerns

Economy is maybe Hargran's most acute problem. Direct sources of income are from taxes in Zebra Ruins, the toll at Zebra Bridge, and the profit from the tavern. A larger income is the levy unwillingly paid to him by the breeders in Zebraside for every animal sold. The single largest source of income comes, however, from the Lunars. They pay Hargran money for the stationing of troops at the fort, and also for services performed by the Silver Blades (unofficially also by Sarken's gang). Sarken also pays Hargran a kind of interest on the money Hargran "invests" in his "organization". Altogether,

the economy of the fort is in balance, but there is not enough profit to leave any room for investments that would increase Hargran's popularity. Since criminal activity would counteract his intention to gain popularity, this is no longer an option. Hargran is therefore currently looking for new and alternative sources of income, including considering re-opening the blocked doors to the deeper chambers beneath the Fort.

Rumors about Zebra Fort

Badside: Hargran and Sarken are not cousins by blood. This is a misconception due to "cousins" being a slang expression in Badside meaning criminal associates.

General: Hargran digs for treasures in the ruins of Zebra Castle, under Zebra Fort.

General: Hargran wants the tavern in Zebra Fort to be called "the Zebra Inn", but everyone insists on calling it "the Tavern".

General: The economy of the fort is in such a sorry state that Hargran has run out of resources.

Humakt temple and weapon-masters: Some of the Humakti in Pavis are trying to get Birtel the Ragged excommunicated.

Humakt temple and weapon-masters: Birtel the Ragged uses Blade Venom.

New Pavis: Trusin dal-Martalton has problems with his drinking habits and can easily be bribed with a bottle of fine wine or liquor.

New Pavis: The toll at Zebra Bridge varies, and newcomers get over charged if they are not careful.

New Pavis: A small band of enterprising newtlings has opened a ferry service just north of the Puzzle Canal. Their fee is half that collected on Zebra Bridge, but they do not transport beasts. Hargran and his men raided them twice last season without success, and expeditions led by Hubert always fail even to find a trace of these wily criminals.

The Real City (Real Inn): The beer served at the tavern in Zebra Fort is thinned out with water, or (more abusively) llama urine.

Zebra Fort: Hargran aims to become the first Champion of Pavis since Balastor.

Zebra Fort: Birtel the Ragged and Azera Shorthair have been planning to raid a minor troll clan on the outskirts of Troll lands, but Hargran has forbidden them to go through with it.

Zebra Fort: The reason that Hargran does not agree to Birtel's and Azera's ideas for a troll raid is that he hopes to make the Fort a trading post for contact with a major troll clan.

Zebra Fort: Taborg the Esrolian is a social outcast from a minor noble family, and is regarded by other Esrolians as being of lower status than a beggar.

Zebra Stockade

Still commonly known as Zebraside, these zebra corrals were given the extra protection of a stockade fence several years ago. This, accompanied by its surrounding ditch, and earth bank, has allowed the families of the non-outlawed Zebra folk to congregate in safety at last.

Cyrilius Harmonius, the Pavis Priest responsible for supervising relations with the Zebra Tribe, has been gradually increasing the defences here since being appointed to this position. Whilst it seems likely that these efforts are inspired by the desire to increase his own prestige and influence, they are certainly also helping the fortunes of the Zebra people. These days, around a hundred humans reside in shacks or tents inside the Stockade, looking after the zebras and cultivating their fields of crops to the south. Newtling neighbors still live in the gullies and reed beds alongside the Zola Fel, and trade fish for other goods, however the baboons have long ago moved south.

The New Flintnail Temple

By R. Andrew Bean and Ian Thomson (March 2000)

Ginkizzie's HW details by Ian Thomson, June 2001.

Ginkizzie picture by Dario Corrallo

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Getting There

The easiest way to reach the Flintnail Temple is to leave New Pavis by the River Gate, cross over the Lunar Bridge, and pass through the Great Walls along the Zola Fel River (by foot at low-water, or by boat at high-water). This avoids the toll on Zebra Bridge, but not the inexhaustible Lunar paperwork required at the Lunar Bridge gatehouse. Then a traveler must ride east above the Zebra Ruins, until the filled canal is encountered, and follow it to the end of the Quarry Road that leads south. Once level with the southern edge of the North Quarry, painted signs appear, guiding one through the broken landscape of half-quarried stone, rubble and gullies towards the Temple.

Occasionally bandit groups, or even chaotics, paint bogus signs and obscure the real ones, so a guide, or current map, is recommended. This area is occupied only by a few goatherds, some escaped trollkin, and varying numbers of bandits. Large well-armed groups crossing the Rubble during the day are the safest way to travel, although some guides swear that smaller skilled groups moving carefully at night can more easily avoid attention.

Rumors persist of dwarf tunnels under the Rubble connecting the Temple to the Real City, Dwarfstown and possibly other parts of the Rubble, but these have never been proven. Adventurers have occasionally stumbled onto short sections of buried tunnels filled with trolls or chaos, but the dwarves say simply that these are forgotten relics of the old city. Dedicated watchers might note that Ginkizzie often manages to get between dwarf settlements without being seen on an overland route. When he suspects he is likely to be under observation, he will be obvious about leaving his current location, with an escort of Rubble Trackers, apparently to travel overland. If pressed for information later, he will simply decline to comment.

The North Quarry

This stepped, open-pit excavation has been flooded since ancient times, although the water level rarely rises high enough to completely cover the second ledge down, which is the one below the level of the Flintnail Temple. More than a decade ago, some junior Knowledge cultists, who were studying the area, claimed that the rock in this region is still growing, and the dwarves suggested that the energies of the Faceless Statue were still active here. The Dwarves were actually covering up their activities, due to the remarkably bad luck of humans noticing the results of one of their active 'Green Age projects'. No further action was needed to protect their work, as the Lunar invasion put an end to all such frivolous study activities by the Lhankor Mhy.

Many animals come to drink here, and the magnificent Flintnail Temple overlooks its tranquil waters, and there are many caves amongst the piles of boulders and rocky hillocks. Two large islands often provide temporary bases for gangs, as both have ruins in reasonable repair, but occasionally the dwarves will muster, build sturdy rafts, and drive away the brigands with force.

History

For centuries after the city of Pavis was established, this location consisted only of a surface exit that connected to a simple chimney shaft. This led to a small refinery and mining complex on the southern side of the North Quarry. Even throughout the various nomad attacks, nothing much changed here, and it was not until the troll invasion that use of the chimney was stopped and the hole covered up, as tunnel penetration by the trolls became a serious risk.

During the initial troll invasion, the old Flintnail Temple in the southern section of the Rubble, and its accompanying underground complex, was compromised. Fleeing the victorious trolls, the surviving dwarves collapsed the entire complex

behind them. This slew their attackers and sealed off the area, but also destroyed their former home, including the temple, and their records, supplies, main forges and laboratories. This blow to their research efforts marked the transition from confident, hidden survivors, to besieged partisans, eking out a living amongst their ruined former glory.

Several senior dwarves managed to escape, and they led the other survivors to the North Quarry's refinery. This facility had a store of many basic tools, and a good supply of water, and the next few years were spent concentrating on survival, and defending the underground access points. (The exterior accesses were simply sealed up and ignored, except for the chimney shaft, which was trapped and kept as an emergency exit, and later as a secret entrance for humans.) More than two seasons passed before the dwarves re-established contact with the Real City. This event was a great surprise and relief to the humans, who had feared that the dwarves had been wiped out.

As the trolls gradually became more divided, and the dwarves became stronger and more confident, this chimney access was fortified and the surface entry point upgraded to a human contact area. (The tunnels below Pavis were still dangerously troll-infested). A temple to Flintnail was established, both for its defensive possibilities and as a site accessible for human worship that would not compromise the forges and refinery below.

After the Dragonewts' Dream re-opened the Rubble, and Dorasar founded New Pavis, the dwarves chose to become more active in their dealings with surface dwellers. They were especially interested in trading for materials not available to them locally. They expanded the facilities in the 'Flintnail Temple', as it was now generally known, to include an inn and minor manufacturing facilities (more for assaying goods than the serious work, which is carried out below ground). This new section of their building was the public area that visitors still experience today.

At First Sight

"This beautiful and wondrous structure is the latest refuge of the resident dwarf mason cult. It is splendidly wrought and superbly defended. Even some concerted troll assaults failed to seriously threaten the residents who had, reportedly, deep hidden tunnels to other places in the ruins from whence they drew reinforcements and supplies." (Moon Design's 'Pavis and the Big Rubble' p182)

The Flintnail Temple is approached along the winding path traveling through bluffs, cuttings and leftover piles of quarried stone and rubble. It is located on the highest of the North Quarry's interior ledges, and thus is below the surrounding countryside. The path is well signposted, but the complex only becomes visible when visitors emerge from the last cutting and can look down at the building. At first view it looks like a squat bunker, set 50m from the sheer wall of the ledge (which is broken only by the entrance cutting). The central building is two stories high and made of smooth stone, with no openings other than the entrance set into the closest side. This building is enclosed within a courtyard, bounded by a 5m wall that has circular watchtowers at each corner, and on either side of the gatehouse. The surrounding ledge is almost completely barren, with low piles of rubble and the occasional broken statue littering the landscape.

From above, four statues of dwarves in full, enclosed, plate can be seen. Two are standing on each side of the door to the main building. During the day, the compound contains human and dwarf followers of Flintnail practicing their skills. Their three main activities are masonry training (using stones collected and shaped from the rubble around the ledge), combat practice with hammers and axes, and field repair of armor and weapons. Some days the activity here is minimal, and at other times dozens of human initiates, or paid-up trainees, are under instruction.

Close study of the main building will show something glinting on the roof of the right-hand section. Use of magically enhanced vision, or observation by flight, would reveal that this area is covered with 15cm spikes. These are set so closely together that anyone trying to land on the roof would be lucky only to maim their legs, and more likely to impale themselves to death. The left-hand side of the roof is smooth stone, with no obvious defences. It is theoretically possible to scramble along the precipitous ledge behind the rear compound wall, but no-one is known to have tried this, as a 10m drop to the half-flooded ledge below greets those who fail. Such activities would also be likely to upset the dwarves.

As the building is neared, visitors will notice that its walls are smoothly worked and elegantly carved, showing the full range of dwarf masonry skills. This work is, however, so shallowly cut that it would take a master climber to scale it. The outer compound wall is featureless, and no

dwarves can be seen until one reaches the iron portcullis, which blocks the entrance. If a circuit of the landward three sides of the building is made, along with a Masonry roll, the observer will see that the stonework of the left side of the building is newer than that of the other half. The newer building is comparatively recent, and was built flush against its predecessor. This is reflected by a subtle difference in styles, with the older half being close to Old High Pavis, and the new half showing younger Rubble-influenced styling.

Temple Defences

The walled compound appears only lightly defended, with a small squad of dwarves stationed in the gatehouse and occasionally patrolling the walls. This seeming lack of concern is actually the result of reliance on numerous observation posts scattered along all possible routes to this area. A magical Warding 6w (Crush Body, Strident Howl), along the outer walls, also provides a last-chance warning of surprise attack. (Defence against the Crushing effect may only be with Strong, Tough or similar abilities, or similar magic.)

Damage from Dwarf Defences

Marginal Defeat: Take 3 Hurts

Minor Defeat: Take 6 Hurts

Major Defeat: Injured

Complete Defeat: Dying

The right hand section of the building is the original structure, erected once the dwarves re-established themselves here. It is where the temple is located, and has only one entrance, at ground level, which is now inside the newer section. The roof defences were erected at this early stage, when the dwarves planned to resist Gerak Kag's jumping attacks. If anyone tries to clamber here, they must use an agility skill against the 'Fearsome Spikes 18w'. Armor Rank is applied as a direct augment, provided it comes from worn armor not including a shield. Other kinds of abilities, such as Running, attract high penalties.

Every season, some luckless apprentice gets the job of climbing a ladder to the roof and replacing any broken or damaged spikes. These are individually secured to the rock with magic, which takes a long time, and is done very carefully in full plate armor. The roof is also within its own Warding (Smash Foe 16w), and any intruders will be detected by the priests, as well as having to fight through the effects of the magic to reach the roof.

The more recent part of the structure contains the

Flintnail Inn, stables, the forges and 'labs' used for checking trade goods, as well as the Rubble Trackers' headquarters. It was built more than 200 years later than the original temple, when security was less of a critical issue. Two iron-armored dwarves guard the main entrance at all times, standing alongside two statues ready to be animated as "Warriors of Stone". Ever alert inside, a back up squad of armored 'Rubble Tracker' dwarves waits in an anteroom. Also, observer dwarves keep watch on the surrounding area both on and above the ledge, using periscopes and other magical techniques.

Warriors of Stone

Abilities of Note: Strong 10w, Tall 10w, Heavy 10w, Combat 13w2 (Hammer, Fist), Immune to Fire 17w2, 'Repair Self' Magic 15w.

Weapons: Hammer or Hand ^7

Armor: Stone Skin ^6

Notes: The Warriors of Stone augment their combat with their unyielding strength. They attempt to use their repair magic if they have time. They are fearless and fight until utterly destroyed (-40 AP).

The entire left half of the building has been rigged to collapse onto an attacking enemy, in two stages, and thus would block the entrance to the main section with impenetrable layers of debris. Hence there are no roof defences on the left side, and control over this feature is from within the Flintnail Temple proper. No serious security threats have occurred for several decades, and the new section now has a very lived-in look to it. This means that the younger 'modern' dwarves, with no first-hand experience of the troll occupation, would now be very loath to collapse any part of the building, unless the threat had already penetrated to the Temple itself. (This is a potential security flaw). If attackers did enter the new section, however, they would still have the Rubble Trackers to deal with, plus several more Warriors of Stone.

A complicated route of dwarf sized tunnels also lead out of the Temple. They end at concealed 'Flintnail Doors' in some of the piles of rubble around the entrance cutting, and along other approaches to the area. These provide numerous opportunities for dwarves to either get behind attackers, fire missile weapons, or toss out explosives and otherwise cause havoc without being observed until too late. These exits are only used when absolutely needed. Frequent visitors often joke that the path to the Temple seems to change each time they visit. This is in fact true, as

the dwarves regularly use ancient magic to shift the rocks in this region, so that their secret doors can never be located, even if someone clearly saw one open on a previous occasion.

The broken parts of statues littering the ledge near the Temple represent the remains of "Warriors of Stone" that were damaged beyond repair in previous attacks. These can still be animated by a magical signal from the Temple, and whilst some half statues can still mete out reduced damage, mostly they slow and confuse attackers and their animals. Arms reach out and grab limbs, legs hop upright and try and kick opponents, heads roll over the ground and try and trip up enemies, etc.

Admission to the Temple

The half-dozen gatehouse dwarves are all silent warriors, except for their 'spokesman' who dresses only in light armor, and speaks in a clipped and efficient manner. He will request identities, the reasons for visiting, and sometimes references if the visitors are suspect. Once this security check is satisfied, the newcomers will be required to dismount and lead their animals through the low tunnel into the compound. Also, pole-arms and missile weapons must be temporarily surrendered before entering. One interesting rumor about this guard-post is that a few years ago a Lanbril cultist with the advantage of obscurity magic crept ahead of his fellows, and reported that the guards were laughing and joking amongst themselves, and playing a strange game with glass beads. As the main group approached, the beads were quickly hidden and formal postures adopted, and so the story has no corroboration.

The entrance to the building itself can be sealed by two massive, counterweighted, stone doors, which normally stand open. Approaching the door, one would have to be quite unobservant to not realize that two of the 'statues' beside it are actually living dwarf guards, who move slightly every few minutes, even though most of the time they are completely still.

To be let in to the building, one must hand over all weapons larger than an eating knife and pass under the gaze of these two ironclad guards. Nobody is ever actually searched, which suggests that magical detections are used as part of the entrance process. All weapons taken are secured in the Guard Room, and can be collected on departure. No nomads, trolls or Lunars are allowed to enter unless vouched for by a dwarf or dwarf-friend or extreme circumstances are involved.

Such visitors will be immediately allocated an honor guard of fully-equipped dwarf warriors, to ensure that their visit is uneventful.

Normally, entrants must have a good reason for visiting: negotiating a contract, hiring Rubble Trackers, Flintnail Cult business, trading with the dwarves, etc. Once such business has been concluded, visitors will be expected to leave, unless it is too late for them to safely exit the Rubble, in which case they can stay at the Flintnail Inn. Human Flintnail initiates who are not doing cult service or training, may stay here for up to a week, but even they are discouraged from casual visits. Adventurers, merchants, and indeed any groups on good terms with the dwarves, may book accommodation here in advance.

Adventurers in genuine emergencies will be allowed into the compound, where they will be held until the trouble outside is cleared up, probably permanently, by a group of Rubble Trackers. Once the adventurers are safe inside the complex, a reasonable fee will be negotiated (normally a fifth of carried treasure value - a minimum of 1 Wealth). Truly insolvent individuals may find themselves doing menial labor, e.g. pumping forge fires, laboring in the Dwarfside workshops, or quarrying rock for a week, if they have no money or specialist services to offer. A contract to this effect must be signed as soon as possible after entry under such circumstances.

Admission to the older part of the building, which includes the Temple itself, requires you to be an active worshipper of Flintnail, except by rare invitation. Even high-ranking members of the Pavis Cult require permission to enter, although they rarely come here in any case.

Residents of the Flintnail Temple

About one hundred dwarves are estimated to live here, and ten human staff also live and work at the Flintnail Inn. Additionally, twenty or more human trainees are usually working here, and there can be up to thirty further human visitors especially if more than one trading caravan, adventurer group, or trading party is present. If a large number of human visitors are here, there will always also be a squad of Rubble Trackers mingling with the crowds. They will appear to be casually looking at wares, but will always be alert for trouble.

Priests and other worshippers of Pavis will occasionally visit, either for Holy Days or for discussions that occur inside the Temple itself.

Non-dwarf Flintnail initiates come to do Rubble Tracker service, or to worship at the Temple proper, but even they are encouraged to do most of their religious duty at Dwarfside in New Pavis or in the Real City.

The atmosphere here is one of a bustling commercial enterprise, with everyone committed to getting the job done. Few arguments are heard, and laughter and even music can often be carried along the corridors from inside the Flintnail Inn. Lunars, trolls and nomads will be looked at askance on the rare occasions they are here, and sometimes will be subject to hostile glances from someone who has lost a friend or relative due to their actions. Human Flintnail cultists, and even most dwarves, usually have the time and inclination to stop and answer questions, but will never disclose dwarf secrets, or even discuss anything along these lines.

Although the food at the Flintnail Inn is nutritious, filling, and often tasty, it is difficult to identify what exactly it is made from and a visitor will soon notice that there are no obvious sources of food grown here, or brought in. Merchants occasionally trade spices or herbs to Barad the Innkeeper, but never any large quantities of foodstuffs. The Inn is always full of dwarves at mealtimes, usually forty or more of them. (The rest go below, to eat and rest with their families and friends, when their shift above ground is finished.)

Dwarf Females and Young

Modern Flintnail dwarves reproduce in the normal mammalian way, however no children or obviously female dwarves will be seen in the public half of this building. Only mature dwarves (over 40 years old) are allowed out on the surface in public. It is possible to distinguish between older dwarves and younger dwarves by their levels of skill, silver in their hair or beard, and the degrees of respectfulness shown by other dwarves. Rarely, an older dwarf will refer to a younger dwarf as offspring and show a particular interest in a youngster's activities, but only Gaph Barak is obvious about this. His children have also inherited his odd interests, and tend to wander the Rubble more than most. No dwarf will explain anything about dwarf reproduction to anyone (no matter how curious or rich the enquirer). Contradictory rumors abound that the dwarves mature their young in vats, are hermaphroditic, have more than two sexes, and that female dwarves also have beards (meaning that they all look the same).

Inhabitants of Note

Ginkizzie - High Priest of Flintnail & Daughter of Pavis

One of the original hybrids, he is often away at the Temples of Pavis in the Real City or in New Pavis, but can occasionally be spotted in the Flintnail Inn. If a visitor can find their way through the circle of admiring dwarves hanging off his every word, he is happy to talk about current or historical Pavis if approached politely. It is only after he leaves that the visitor will realize that nothing of any substance was revealed. Ginkizzie's appearance is that of a newly grown dwarf, apart from the occasional scar. He has hundreds of years of experience in dealing with outsiders, but will always talk about his historical activities as if revealing information pertaining to previous individuals carrying the title 'Ginkizzie'. He took a few knocks to the head during the troll invasion, so his recall of this era and earlier is imperfect, and he may wince if reminded of the destruction of the Old Flintnail Fort, as the old trauma flashbacks strike.

Ginkizzie is the King of the Pavic Dwarves. However, he uses this title so seldom that it is generally forgotten. To the Old City humans he is better known as a Daughter of Pavis and the High Priest of Flintnail. Ginkizzie is such a part of Old Pavis society, and so rarely contests the decisions of the human Priests, that most people underestimate his abilities and thus believe he holds a mainly honorific status in Flintnail's cult. Ginkizzie supports this attitude with distant and terse behaviour. Behind this façade of dwarvish indifference, Ginkizzie has almost godly patience. He receives daily reports from both human and dwarf Flintnail worshippers throughout both Old and New Pavis.

Virtues: Strong 2w, Taciturn 17w, Tough 19, Wise 16w2.

Mental Abilities: Bargain 12w2, Command Dwarves 17w, Dwarf Alchemy 11w2, Dwarf Masonry 16w2, Earthsense 15w, History of Old Pavis 7w2, Human Masonry 13w2, Knowledge of Troll Tactics 19w, Lead worship of Pavis & Flintnail 18w2, Mineral Lore 19w, Mythology of Flintnail 3w3, Mythology of Pavis 16w2, Obfuscate 14w, Pavic Customs 6w2, Pavic Politics 10w2, Plant Lore 8w, Read/Write Mostali 9w, Read/Write Old Pavic 7w, Rubble Lore 5w2, Speak Mostali 14w, Speak Old Pavic 8w, Speak New Pelorian 18, Speak Trade 2w.

Combat: Close Combat 12w2 (Hammer⁵, Great Axe⁶), Ranged Combat 4w2³ (Heavy Crossbow)
Magic: **City Harmony** 12w2, **Civic Authority** 16w2, **City Builder** 8w3.
Relationships: Flintnail Devotee 4W3, Pavis Initiate 18W2.
Equipment: Flintnail's Axe (⁷, ⁹ against Trolls and Elves), Iron chainmail (⁶).



Prokinizzie - First Site Foreman

Another of the surviving original hybrids, Prokinizzie is in charge of various special projects that the Flintnailers do not discuss with outsiders.

Her appearance is similar to Ginkizzie and is that of a young dwarf with beard and hair barely touched by gray at all. Most of her work requires that she stay below in the vast underground complex below the temple. However, she is the one called in for consultation on any big or politically important projects the cult may be considering.

Prokinizzie is responsible for approving every activity the cult becomes involved in. This seems a staggering workload to outsiders, who are unaware of the large workforce she has available for delegation of the mundane duties. Whenever she is consulted, her primary concern is how it may or may not impinge on the dwarves other activities. Most of New Pavis has little effect on this, so delays are not a problem. However, for activity inside the Rubble, days or weeks may go by before permission can be given, as the side-effects of changing the old city's magical and physical configuration must be investigated fully. It is unlikely that outsiders will talk to Prokinizzie, except in her official capacity. Her personality is

that of a hard-bitten, non-compromising old dwarf (strangely at odds with her appearance). She has been known to disappear from public view for seasons every decade or so for unexplained reasons (whenever her on again/off again relationship with Ginkizzie bears fruit).

Galanizzie

An absent-minded dwarf with white hair askew, and raggedy beard, wearing a well-patched coat covered with a wide variety of colorful stains and burnt patches. He can occasionally be found wandering vaguely around the public Temple areas, whilst pondering theories he seems unable or unwilling to discuss. He is often mistaken for a mad old duffer, except when it comes to alchemy, where his lifelong passion and genius shine through.

Galanizzie is very hard of hearing due to the many explosions he has been through, and has lost any sense of his place in time many centuries ago. He too is one of the few survivors of the original hybrids, but his chosen career has damaged many of his brain cells, not to mention caused some odd burn scars on his face and his body. Any attempt to engage him in conversation will be difficult, and he may well ask the visitor to take a message to a historical figure e.g. Balastor or Estangtang, etc. on their way across the city. If questioners persist, Galanizzie may offer them a drink from his hipflask, which could produce anything from dwarf spirits, a healing potion, acid, or poison (depending on the pocket), then insist on only talking about his latest experiments. If he starts to give too much away, nearby dwarves will rush up and usher him off, whilst assuring the visitor not to believe too much of what they just heard from the poor old bugger.

Tormalizzie

The highest ranking Rune Lord of Flintnail, and the only original hybrid dwarf who is not in the Priesthood. His role is the Commander in Chief of the Rubble Trackers, and also the expert on aspects of defence and assault. Whilst friendly, if somewhat formal, with other dwarves, he rarely speaks to humans, even those in his own cult. This is not because he doesn't like them; he just doesn't have the time. He is constantly assessing and re-assessing the dwarf defences, both above and below ground, overseeing drilling and training techniques, and occasionally leading stealth operations into the Rubble.

Encountered here, Tormalizzie looks like any other guard dwarf to the untrained eye, although his scars and decorations actually show centuries of heroic service to the dwarf colony. Back when they were desperately short of funds at the time of the Dragonkill War, he adopted an assumed name and went all the way to Sun County with exaggerated tales of draconic persecution. Armed only with dwarf survey schematics of the Pavis aerial defence towers, he convinced the Sun Domers to build their own defensive network, and accumulated a large fortune before returning to Pavis. The Sun Domers have once or twice made discreet inquiries about this 'Tinlizzie', but the Flintnail Cult say that if a dwarf of that name did exist around that time he has vanished from their records, and certainly never returned to the city with cartloads of wealth.

Encountered in the Rubble, Tormalizzie looks like a fearsome dwarf warrior, all the more so because of his disregard for standard mostali uniform or weaponry. As well as more recognizable armaments, he always sports two sawn-off blunderbusses, and swears by them as a final defence. Somehow they have been engineered or enchanted to fire several shots before needing reloading.

Karzad - Chief Mason

At 160, his silver hair and beard show he is reaching the end of his lifespan, but he is still strong and competent. He is a perfectionist who has mastered his crafts and associated magics to expert levels. He is brought in once a big job has been confirmed by Prokinizzie, and is responsible for organizing work crews, plus as much of the hands-on work as he can manage. He enjoys a drink at the Real Inn or the Flintnail Inn as much as Ginkizzie, but once you get him onto his favorite topic of masonry he is very hard to dislodge. He cares little for current politics or rumors, and is keen to pass on his knowledge to anyone who may benefit from it once he is gone.

Aladikis - Second Site Foreman

This middle-aged dwarf is Prokinizzie's chief assistant. He accompanies her everywhere, and deputizes for her whenever she cannot attend a location herself. A bustling, busy dwarf he feels his job is extremely important in the dwarf hierarchy, and is prone to lord it over other dwarves or outsiders. He handles advice and consultation for the Flintnail Cult for any small or day-to-day business issues, and is not above taking bribes to push someone's request to the front of the queue.

Of course he hands the bribe over to the cult, since as an organization they rarely care what order outside jobs get done in, and view bribes merely as extra payments. It also means that occasional foolish criminals have tried to involve Aladikis in their schemes to defraud the Flintnail cult, only to find a group of Rubble Trackers paying them a terminal midnight visit.

Barad - Innkeeper of Flintnail Inn

The proprietor of the Inn is a cheerful dwarf who is very keen to make sure that visitors are having their needs attended to. He is particularly keen to encourage them to buy the daily special on the menu board. This is because he sees it as his life's work to improve the quality of dwarf food tins, so that only one variety will ever need to be produced. One of the benefits for dwarves working above ground is that they get to have their main meal at the Inn in the middle of their shifts. (This may look like either a crowded breakfast, lunch, dinner, or even a midnight feast, to visitors, as surface hours bear little resemblance to the dwarf schedules).

For several hours each day (when business is slowest) he will be down 'below' working on his cooking and brewing experiments. However, Barad still can't quite get food right, as far as humans are concerned. The beer is fine, although it takes some getting used to its unusual style. However, for all his meals, no matter what he calls them, roll a d10:

1-2 edible but tastes horrible,

3-5 edible but bland,

6-9 nice but missing something,

10 delicious (but at some point diners will find a claw, beak, mandible, or some unidentifiable object, in their meal that will lead them to wonder just what it really was made out of).

Human Flintnail worshippers may find themselves carrying out their cult duties by helping run the Inn for a week or two. Barad will experiment on them, in the nicest possible way, so it should be an interesting dietary experience. Any human who pushes their meal away and gags, or complains, will invariably have a nearby dwarf ask them if they can have it. This dwarf will then wolf it down with much gusto and appreciation.

Saral One-Hand - human servant at Flintnail Inn

Saral claims to be an ex-adventurer who got a lucky break here at the Inn. He is in his mid-40's, and his amputated right hand does not stop him

from pushing a broom around or wiping the occasional glass at the bar. He is not expected to do much real work, but rather spends his time listening in to visitor's conversation. He is an initiate of Flintnail and Pavis, and is the 'Pavis Survivors' contact here at the Inn. He is also a member of the recently-established rebel organization: 'The New Teeth'. Saral can receive or deliver messages on behalf of both groups. He also uses visitors to the Inn as an opportunity to catch up on recent gossip and news.

Saral has been at the Inn long enough that Barad trusts his opinions, and he now gets to taste Barad's more exotic concoctions before they go out for public consumption. This has improved the success rate somewhat, but Barad occasionally insists on second opinions when he thinks he has produced a success. Saral can be quite cunning, and is especially happy to endorse any meals he finds revolting, if there are any visiting Lunars.

Gaph Barak

Gaph is an older dwarf who runs the small general store. He is the only source at the Inn for non-weapon or armor goods and will trade them happily at the usual inflated prices. However, if someone offers him such obscure nic-nacs as Old Pavic eating utensils or soapdishes, his eyes will light up, and he may be prepared to reduce his prices considerably for anything he considers genuine. Once such an item is purchased, he will catalog it and take it to his upstairs collection.

This behavior makes Gaph an authority on some aspects of life in Old Pavis, and he can provide invaluable advice to anyone trying to temporarily locate a vision or picture in a particular era. Occasionally, Pavis or Lhankor Mhy priests will even visit him to gain his help in understanding a difficult divination, or a set of images reconstructed from the city's past. He will perform these services for free if there is an interesting enough story, but he charges a steep fee if he considers it a waste of his time.

Gaph is probably the most gregarious dwarf that can be encountered amongst the Flintnailers. The other dwarves think that perhaps his tongue wags a little too much, but they give him some leeway,

as he is such a likeable fellow. His queries amongst visitors, after the health of Kag Barak and Daph Barak (two dwarves who live largely surface lives), seem almost paternal, which in fact they are. If this family connection is alluded to, Gaph will realize he may have said too much, and change the subject, or obfuscate that the subjects of his questions are from the same work-order as himself.

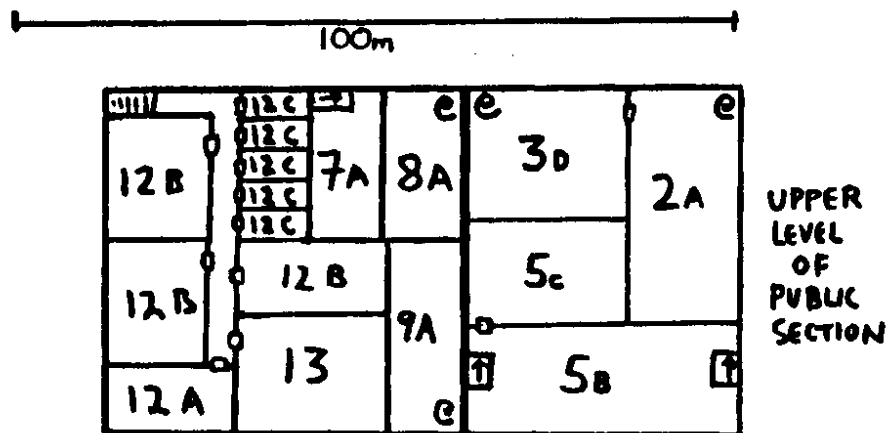
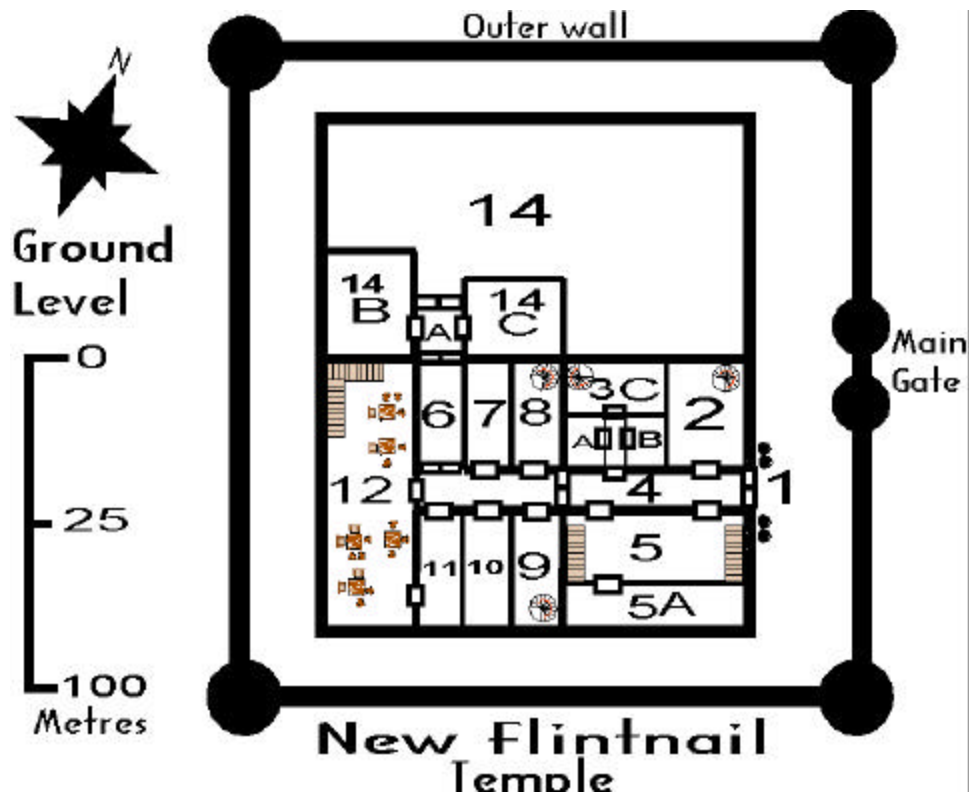
In reality, the various assistants at his store are all relatives, and mostly his offspring. The entire Barak bloodline seems to lean more towards the human side of its nature, although physically they appear no different from the other dwarves.

Temple Interior

The entry into the building from outside is just high enough to allow a tall human to walk upright without needing to take special care. The ceilings of all documented rooms and passages within the public section of the Temple are also this height. (The dwarves have managed to build an above ground complex that looks and feels like it might be deep underground, and the absence of windows can prove oppressive for most sentients, let alone anyone used to the vast open plains of Prax.)

The interior stonework represents intensive dwarf labor, and is a wonder to behold. Not only do the major blocks used in construction fit almost seamlessly together, but also each doorframe, corner post, torch sconce, and item of furniture is finished with the most wondrous decorative flourishes. Leering faces compete with spiraling vines and unknown runes, and animals of all varieties (although the burrowing ones are favored) are so skillfully carved as to be almost life-like even at such a small scale. It is hard not to stop and wonder at each of these marvels, especially if this is your first visit.

The whole establishment is kept scrupulously clean, and dwarves rush about on errands, or deal with any visitors that have just arrived. The varied clothing styles of these dwarves evidence their unusual individualistic tendencies. Some few humans also wander about, talking with the dwarves or else on their own errands.



1) Entrance Gates

These are made of solid stone, a full meter thick, and are counter-weighted to open and close easily. If required, these counterweights can be quickly disengaged, turning the doors into an immovable barrier.

2) The Duty Guard Room

The door to this large room is closed except when a threat is suspected, when dwarves actually pass in

and out, or when dubious characters are in the building. A squad of ten or so fully-armed dwarves are on duty roster here, and occasionally patrol the building, or the compound walls. Combat practice areas are also situated against the side of the room, and it can get quite noisy. A wide stone spiral staircase leads from the far corner to a slightly larger room above. This Guard Room is out of bounds to visitors, however the dwarves are not particularly bothered by people peering inside if

they get the chance. Perhaps the dwarves believe that the sight of their fearsome warriors can only discourage those with criminal intent.

2a) Upper Guard Room: The spiral staircase comes up into this room, which is split into three. Part of the room holds twenty triple-bunks suitable for dwarves or humans, and another part is the armory, although no secret dwarf items are stored here. The third section is the off-duty area for those dwarves who cannot be bothered returning to the underground lair, and for the humans who are not allowed to. At any time there will be a dozen or more dwarves off-duty here, and maybe slightly less humans. Human and dwarf Rubble Trackers also use this room for relaxing with their colleagues. A door here leads to the common room provided for human Flintnail Cultists. (3d)

3) The Rubble Trackers' HQ

3a) Office: Tormalizzie's current chief assistant, Dramagad, is based here, and is usually in the company of two or three patrol leaders, who act as his advisers. Those who wish to employ the services of the Trackers are invited inside and subjected to polite, but detailed, questioning.

3b) Waiting Room: When other interviews or business arrangements are being conducted in the office, applicants for the services of the Trackers can sit here and regard the large map of the Rubble on the wall. No new information is indicated upon it, but over the years, certain of the locations have had their paint rubbed thin by prodding fingers.

3c) Ready Room: This is where the Rubble Tracker squaddies gather for briefing and equipment checking, prior to their missions. At other times, members of the Trackers congregate in the Upper Guard Room instead. The walls in here are covered with moderately detailed maps of the Rubble; each studded with color-coded pins showing the results of the latest dwarven intelligence. A spiral staircase in here leads up to common room that the dwarves have provided for the human Flintnailers.

3d) Humans' Common Room: Accessible via the spiral stairs from the Rubble Tracker briefing room, or the door into the upper guard room, this area contains tables, chairs, games and fitness equipment for the human Flintnail Cultists staying at the Temple.

4) Main Hall

This hall is four meters across, leaving plenty of room for residents and visitors to mill about on business or pleasure. Lining the first half of this corridor there are eight statues corresponding to

the ancestral Mostali occupations. Like the statues outside, these can be animated to defend the complex, but have not been required in this capacity yet. They are actually modeled on eight of the original hybrid dwarves, and so an exceedingly observant visitor might recognize Ginkizzie or Galinizzie, although this could be easily passed off as merely a racial resemblance. This corridor is split by a second set of hefty counter-weighted stone doors that can be quickly dropped in an emergency.

5) Stables

This large stable area can easily hold many animals, but never seems to be used to its fullest capacity. Oddly enough, however, it is always well-stocked with fodder for zebras. Two ramps lead up to an overflow section and store above.

5a) The Smithy: This large workshop always has four or so dwarves busily training their juniors, and also human apprentices studying weaponry and armor crafting. The workers here also take care of any horse-shoeing, and the various other metal repair jobs required. Despite the fact that a forge is continually going here, it is never excessively warm, suggesting that a venting system of some kind is in operation. The smith also spends his spare time here, as he likes to create metal sculptures of creatures of all kinds, and usually manages to sell them. The apprentices have no time for such luxuries, and will be kept busy pumping bellows or fetching water, etc. The smithy is where dwarf craftsmen check the quality of any ore or raw metal that is being purchased from visiting merchants.

5b) Upper Stables: Up here are further stalls and the fodder storage area. Any exotic beasts that need housing are also normally kept in this section, where they cannot frighten the zebras.

5c) Storage: This multi-purpose storage area holds fodder for animals, and also temporarily stores any bulk orders yet to be taken 'below'. The smithy also puts here anything they cannot fit into their spacious workshop below.

(N.B. sections 2,3,4 and 5 represent the first collapse zone.)

6) The Inner Hall

The doors to this section of the corridor are molded bronze. The one on the left depicts a robed dwarf of powerful bearing, representing Flintnail. The one on the right depicts an earnest-looking young man who represents Pavis. Beyond the doors, this corridor is even wider than the first, and its walls are decorated with odd runes and symbols. Those few permitted here are special visitors who are

headed for the meeting room, or worshippers on their way to the shrine of Flintnail and Pavis. Whilst in this hall, all non-dwarves are routinely subjected to detections and other magic, to assure that they are not traitors, or otherwise posing any threat. Six superior dwarf guards are also posted in here at all times, and they even insist on passwords from any dwarves they are not immediately familiar with. Most visitors to this complex will only see this hall when dwarves open the doors to pass in and out on their daily business.

7) Alchemical Laboratory

This room has very solid stone benches lining the walls. Supported on them are various strange beakers of colored liquids, bowls and jars of powders, and other odd things. The benchtops and walls are also decorated with scattered patches of colored soot. All the items and experiments down here are bogus, and two young assistant dwarves, wearing heavy white coats and strange goggles, pretend to prepare fascinating concoctions. A steep ramp leads to the upstairs room.

7a) Upper Laboratory: Up here is a small lecture hall, and a genuine, if basic, lab. This hall is reserved for the instruction of visiting alchemists, who pay an exorbitant fee, and for serious purchasers of specially made substances. Galanizzie is only here on very rare occasions, when teaching or discussing important business. (Or more rarely to run tests on samples of substances that the dwarves are considering buying.) Otherwise he spends his time working in his real laboratory, far below ground. The bona fide equipment and substances demonstrated here are brought in only as needed from the dwarf complex below. Guards stand at the bottom and top of the ramp whilst these items are in use, and remove them as soon as classes are over.

8) "Barak's Smallgoods Store"

This place is full of tall, narrow shelves, which are closely packed together, and loaded with smallgoods of all descriptions. Some of the items have been here for decades without being sold, but Gaph knows the location of them all. This is also the outlet for tins of dwarf food, as Gaph has the remit to sell all the surplus stock. At his counter at the rear of the store he will usually be found engaged in some strange dwarfish activity, such as reverently polishing his latest 'find', or cataloging his collection of Old Pavic pipe fittings. All the Baraks can climb like monkeys in order to reach

items stored on the highest shelves.

8a) Gaph's Room: Gaph stores his collections in the room at the top of the spiral staircase. He has partitioned an area at one end, where he keeps his bed, as he often spends days up here, rather than returning to the complex below. Here are also several padded chairs and a table, and he is probably the most sociable dwarf on the premises. A most interesting object up here is a brass kettle that he uses for heating herbal infusions for his guests. The odd device he uses to heat the kettle is kept under his bed, because it is actually a restricted dwarf "Bunson's burner" (one of the old Type 2's), and he is not authorized to possess it. (So far his superiors have chosen to turn a blind eye.) Gaph's weapons and armor are also stored under the bed.

Prices

All Flintnail worshippers have their needs provided for by the Temple, so only outsiders need to buy things here. Since the dwarves are not overly keen on casual visitors, they multiply New Pavis costs by five. The dwarves are not responsive to complaints in this area, but will tend to do a better deal for trade rather than purchase. Special dwarf goods and services are sold here at the same rate as they are available in New Pavis. It is likely that friendly Pavis cultists benefit from cheaper deals, however such people remain politely close-mouthed.

9) The 'Defense' Shop

Weapons and armor are displayed on the walls, and Jobajak and his two assistants (including Pottra the human) will happily demonstrate, and show-off, their products to potential purchasers. They also take orders and speculate production schedules. The available equipment is unfortunately almost all dwarf sized, although they are ready for instant use. Two guard dwarves of formidable appearance are always on duty just inside the door.

9a) The Firing Range: Purchasers of dwarf-crafted missile weapons may try before they buy, at only a nominal cost for hire of example equipment. The room is sparsely furnished, with only firing positions near the door, and several life-size clay and wicker models of trolls against the back wall. More of the troll models are stored in a large cupboard near the front of the room. From time to time, unruly guests are taken in here and given a friendly demonstration of dwarf firepower, often accompanied by an oratory on the value of retaining dwarfish goodwill.

10) The Infirmary

Just as often as one might imagine, travelers from the Rubble arrive with minor or major injuries that require immediate attention. All Rubble Trackers, both dwarf and human, are required to study First Aid and Field Surgery as part of their basic training, and the infirmary at the New Flintnail Temple is where these rookies are given their first taste of action. This is not some kind of butchers shop, however, as competent medics oversee all procedures. Even accounting for storage space, this room is larger than one would think necessary, unless the dwarves are used to dealing with (or expecting) large numbers of casualties.

11) The Water Block

This large room contains the public amenities where guests wash and relieve themselves. Dwarves presumably have facilities elsewhere, as none save the occasional eccentric adventurer dwarf ever use these, and even such a dwarf as this always uses a private cubicle. This room is one of the minor wonders of the Rubble. It contains not only remarkable water closets where personal waste is washed away simply by pulling a lever, but also other cubicles where multiple thin jets of water can be directed across one's body to wash away the dust and grime of a trip. Simple troughs are also available for the superstitious to clean themselves in, and a human attendant is always on hand to explain the purpose of each facility.

12) The Flintnail Inn

The Flintnail Inn is a large common room with a bar across one side, and several semi-private booths. It is typically well-populated with dwarves, especially around meal times and in the evenings. As well as food and drink, it also offers accommodation in the bunkrooms or smaller chambers upstairs. (A standard staircase begins beside the bar.) No dwarves use these sleeping facilities, although Barad's human staff live here. Barad keeps a blunderbuss under the bar for those rare occasions when things get too rowdy. He only uses this to threaten people, as it is never loaded; however it is an effective crowd-calmer. Cost for accommodation is 5L per night for a bunk, and 10L for a bed in one of the self-contained rooms. Meals cost 1L each and there is no choice of food available, as enough for each person who has paid is brought from within the private dwarf section of the Temple just before each mealtime. The stone bar of the Flintnail Inn is made from a

single block of granite carved with various scenes from the heyday of Pavis. Most of the other furniture is also made from stone, making it virtually unbreakable, but also meaning that it can be a heck of a job to pull over an extra chair.

12a) The Meeting Room: For those transactions and explanations not suitable for general listening. This room has a conference table, and sturdy wooden chairs.

12b) The Bunk Rooms: Up to twenty guests can be accommodated in each room, and an equal number more could be squeezed in without it becoming dangerously crowded. Each bunk has its own locker, but guests are advised never to leave valuables unattended.

12c) The Private Rooms: Singles, couples, or small groups may hire these rooms as opportunity presents.

13) Human Quarters

All non-dwarf followers of Flintnail who are staying on the premises are quartered in here. Their living conditions are even more roomy and comfortable than at the Inn, but even so, terms of duty tend to be short, as life within the windowless complex is undesirable to most humans. These residents use the Inn as part of their accommodation.

14) The Inner Temple

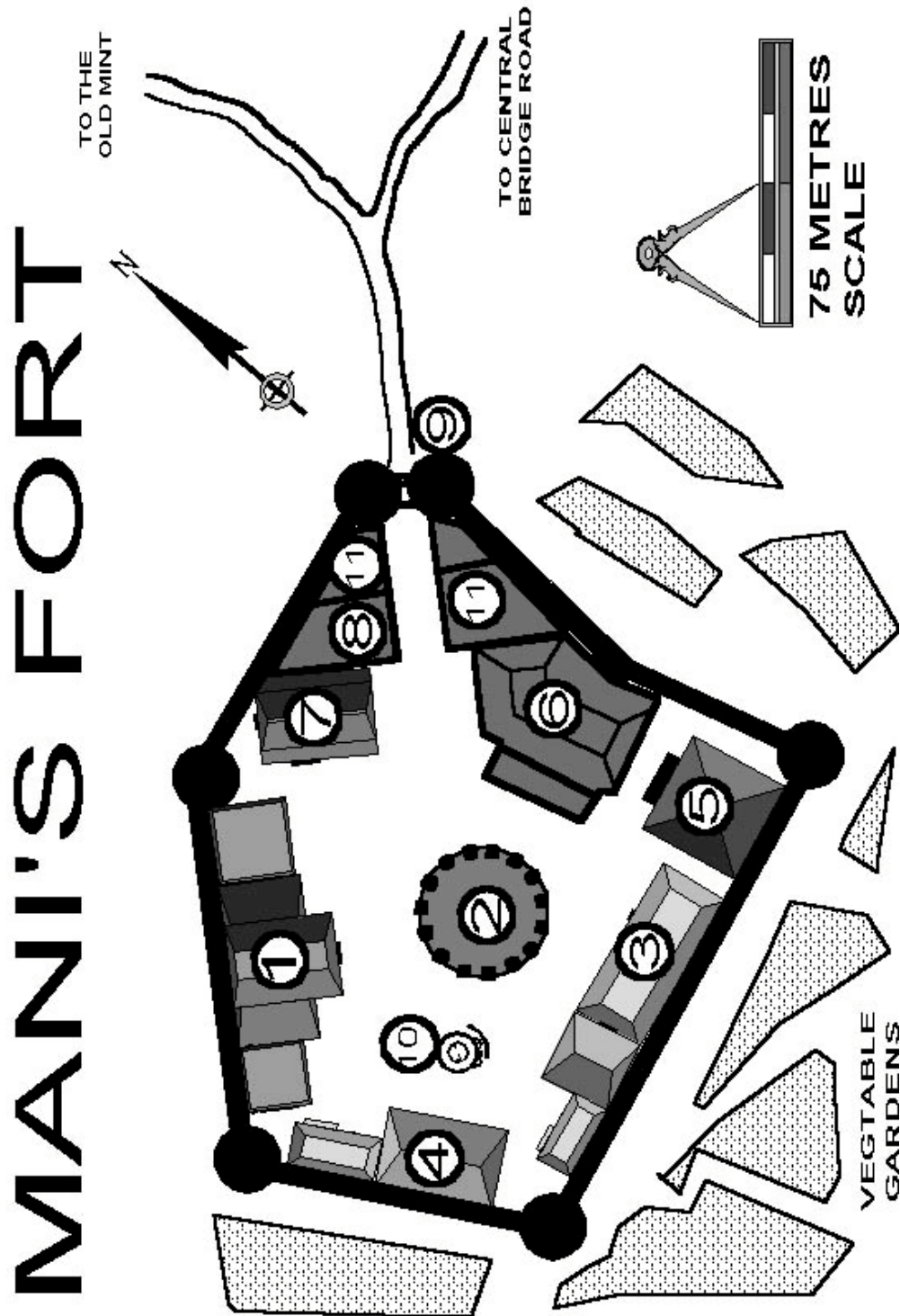
Only members of the Flintnail Cult, or the Pavis Cult priesthood, proceed into this section with any regularity. Even the Pavis Cultists on the whole are only allowed to access the first two rooms if they are not dwarves. Exceptions are made only for meetings that must be held in the utmost secrecy.

14a) The Small Hall: Merely an access-point to the Shrine, the meeting room, and all points beyond. The only interesting object here is the huge bronze door to the shrine, which is decorated with embossed runes. Once again the doors into the deeper dwarf areas are guarded at all times by two dwarves in plate armor. Each wields a dwarf-sized bastard sword.

14b) The Flintnail and Pavis Shrine: Dwarves have alluded that this is the only room beyond the public area that is tall enough for most humans to walk upright in comfort. Dwarf acolytes guide human members of the Flintnail Cult in worship here on special Holy Days, but even these humans are not normally allowed further access into the dwarves' chambers. Ornamentation here is minimal, although the room certainly has a suitably reverent air. Apart from the incense burners, the twin bronze statues of Flintnail and Pavis (one either side of the beautifully cast bronze altar) are the only particularly impressive features.

A surprising number of people still think that this room is the central point of the entire dwarf colony, failing utterly to imagine the chambers and activities that the dwarves maintain below ground.
14c) The Meeting Room: This room is dwarf-sized in terms of its ceiling height, and although the furniture is very comfortable, anyone approaching 2m tall must sit on the cushions provided. This

puts the dwarf negotiators, in their chairs, at a height advantage, and some uncharitable folk have suggested that this is deliberate. Only meetings of an especially important nature are conducted here, as the meeting room above the Flintnail Inn is normally adequate.



Mani's Fort in the Big Rubble

By Ian Thomson

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Issaries Inc have the right to use any and all of this material as they see fit.

Locations

1) The Chief's House - This building has a columned portico out in front and is a large house in the traditional Pavic style. It is in a magnificent state of preservation, and even the simple furnishings and ornaments it contains would be worth a fortune for their historical value. In front of this building, one on each side of the steps, are two 1m tall statuettes of animals no longer known in Prax.

2) The Tower - This building clears the walls by more than 6m and is the main lookout position for the Fort. Also, on the roof is Mani's bier, a holy object upon which his body is burned after each time he dies. Only Mani and the Priesthood now enter the upper levels.

3) The Work Barn - Although guarded whenever visitors are present, no attempt is made to hide the view of its contents. In here are stored wood, reeds, pots, and tools. During good weather the Clan work outdoors, but during rainy and hot seasons they may be found in here, making pots, weaving mats, and repairing and maintaining the necessities of their existence.

4) Residence Block - The largest of the purely residential buildings, and the only one built almost entirely of stone. It has been repaired and rebuilt many times, and has stood on this spot since before time began. (Only an expert mason or historian might notice the subtle hints indicating its extreme age.)

5) The Shrine - This building is another impressive relic of bygone days. Its lower walls (forming the

square base) are vertical, but above this lower story the Shrine slopes backward into a flat-sided pyramid. The doorway is a most impressive feature, being formed from two roughly hewn standing stones and a similar lintel. Ancient and unfamiliar runes can still be made out engraved upon these, although the wind and rain of the centuries has worn them almost to nothing. Details of this shrine's inner sanctum are unknown, as nobody outside the Clan has ever entered, and the Clan will not talk of it.

6) The Community Hall - This building is the place for social gathering, drinking and talking. The Clan has decorated it themselves, and produce their own paintings and other art forms. It is unusual if at least one complex sand-mandala is not being worked on here. Here is where the Clan congregates for simple meetings and possibly for other, more unusual, purposes. A raised stone platform is at one end, behind which a large Earth Rune is inlaid into the wall. Barely visible now within the stone, many other small (and largely unknown) Runes were once painted or chiseled.

7) The Stables - The Fort owns more than 20 zebras. When replacements are needed they are bought from the Real City, but all the Fort zebras maintain excellent health and longevity, so such a purchase is rare.

8) Office of the Guard - From here stairs lead up onto the gate towers and the walls, and behind it is the fort's armory. Despite the Clan's relaxed demeanor, several guards will appear, as if from nowhere, if visitors try and sneak into this area (or indeed any other restricted part of the Fort).

9) Gatehouse – As in the Real City, a sturdy double wall, with a room above, connects the two strong towers. Facing the Rubble are large double-gates of huge bronze-bound wooden beams, including the smaller postern gate with a tiny grille. Behind these is an enormous portcullis, creating a small retaining area under the gate's huge arch. Also like the Real City, the Fort may admit unknown visitors into this space, if leaving them outside even for a few minutes is tantamount to a death sentence. In a small room off the Gatehouse is the Fort's shrine to Pavis and Opili.

10) City Well – The wellhead roof is carved into the likeness of two reclining water nymphs, and is actually a Shrine to Zola Fel. If anyone in the Clan donates a magic point to it, it will fill several buckets of water, operating the hoists under its own power. Visitors have occasionally seen and remarked on this, but do not understand it.

11) Guests' Residence – Close by the Main Gate, this building is reserved for visitors and contains only the barest furnishings. Compared, however, to a night in the Rubble, with the company of brood and trolls, it is sheer luxury.

Common Knowledge

"Mani of the Many Lives is an ancient hero of Mani's clan, which rules this fort; he is reborn among them every two or three generations. His reign is always heroic and much benefits his people. They revere him and his customs above all else, for Mani has preserved them through all times. He uses strange powers to protect the residents, who are very loyal to him and his cult."
(Summarized from P&BR p59 + p183)

"The Twin Hills rise about 100m each, and on the sides that face each other have steep cliffs. The bare rock of these cliffs is brick red. Mani's Fort is an occupied human settlement on the eastern hill."
(P&BR p186)

Most people know little about Mani's Fort: only that a small independent clan of Pavic traditionalists is protected here by their sometimes incarnate ancestor, and that it sits on one of the Twin Hills, south of the Wyvern Road. Some people may also have heard stories that, when incarnate, Mani uses unusual magics to decisively drive away attacking trolls and nomads alike, although he never otherwise shows his strength. The Clan apparently deals as little with outsiders as possible, presumably having become used to their insular lifestyle during the troll occupation.

Rubble experts, who are questioned about Mani and his Clan, can additionally explain that the entire Clan is of an odd racial stock. They share the olive-brown skin and predominantly fair hair common to the variant groups of Oasis Folk, rather than any evidence of nomad characteristics. Although they speak Old Pavic or Trade during relations with outsiders, they have often been heard to converse amongst themselves in some unknown tongue. Apparently members of the Clan rarely travel any distance from the Fort, other than on occasional trading trips to the Real City, where they sell their homemade crafts at the market. Apart from the atypical Indagos family, the Clan very much chooses to keep itself apart from their neighbors.

Rubble specialists might also mention that the Clan is not keen on casual visitors, highly valuing their isolation. Even so, the natives of the old city know them as 'good people', reliable neighbors, who have also on many occasions assisted and sheltered Rubble travelers who were in trouble. Unexpected visitors are customarily given refreshment, asked to make a donation to the Clan coffers in return, and then encouraged to leave as soon as it is safe to do so.

Such visitors may engage in courteous, but totally uninformative, conversations with the Clan members, and even Sages have given up on visiting the Fort. (One expressed the opinion that trying to get the Clan to reveal their traditional secrets was like "trying to collect ten measures of sand in a newtling's net".)

It is understood that the entire Clan are followers of Mani as their chief ancestor, but nothing specific is known about this 'Cult of Mani', as it is sometimes referred to. It is thought likely to be some form of straightforward ancestor worship, although it does not resemble any Praxian style of ancestor reverence. Since the Clan seem racially related to the oasis people, it is quite likely that their religious traditions are archaic remnants of a former age.

Directly approaching Clan members at the Real City market, as they sell their goods, will similarly produce little information of benefit. Aside from which, the Real City Watch very much frown upon harassment of traders. A typical trading group will consist of 3-5 adults, accompanied only by 1 or 2 warriors as bodyguards. Perhaps surprisingly, a posse of the Real City Watch collects each trading group, and later escorts them home.

The Indagos Family

Sir Indagos of New Pavis, and his family, are originally from Mani's Clan, and are exceptional in their decision to relocate to New Pavis. Indagos the Elder was amongst those who greeted Dorasar in 1550, and was able to produce centuries-old Pavic legal documents, proving his ownership of parts of Manside, the Rubble Salt Mines, and an unremarkable oasis half way up the Scritha River. His family lives very comfortably on the payments they receive from those who mine salt in the Rubble. It is obvious on first meeting the Indagos family, that they are of the same general stock as other Oasis People who may have been previously encountered.

Adventurers who approach the Indagos family respectfully, seeking information about Mani's Clan, will gain a few further impressions: information that would definitely not be forthcoming from the Clan. Perhaps they will even be introduced to old Sir Indagos himself, formerly Indagos the Younger who lived in Mani's Fort as a boy around seventy years ago. Whilst Sir Indagos fully respects the privacy that the Clan requires, he can confirm that they are amongst the last of the people of Genert. They were here first, and will still be here when everyone else has departed and even the Rubble crumbles into the sands. He may also admit, to a careful questioner, that the Clan worship an earth spirit surviving from the Green Age, and that Mani is a champion of this Spirit.

Clever and courteous visitors who ask Indagos about his own beliefs may discover that he too follows this deity, which he refers to only as one of Genert's people. Indagos has an unfailing belief in reincarnation, and is certain that his soul will return to the great cycle, leading to his rebirth amongst the Clan some time in the future. He may admit that Mani's reincarnation is different only from the rest of the Clan in that his memories of previous lives remain intact. Despite his relative willingness to converse, Indagos will not talk about Mani in any detail, other than confirming he is the hero of the Clan, and that without him they would have died out long ago. Sir Indagos and many of his household also worship Pavis, and are respected citizens of the new settlement.

If asked why his family left the Fort and moved to New Pavis, Indagos will say that his parents simply realized that New Pavis would become a great local power and that the old city's interests would be well-served by having a presence there. (Wily characters might correctly suspect that the Clan

made this decision, not purely the Indagos family, and that there is some greater reason behind the move. Sir Indagos will deny such allegations calmly and rationally, seemingly amused at such a 'conspiracy theory'.)

Uncommon Knowledge

The Clan claim to have been here since even before the founding of Robcradle, and make no denial of suspicions that they, like other tribes of Oasis Folk, are descendants of the Golden Age people of Genert's Garden. Rumors abound as to their allegiance to various deities, but the Clan only admits to one thing: they worship an Earth Spirit unique to this location.

Those people able in some way to access Lunar intelligence will be able to find out what they know. The 1613 'Report on the Pacification of Prax', for instance, is not available for public perusal; however, certain of its contents have recently been declassified. In it, the Lunar Survey Captain described Mani's Clan as:

"...in many ways similar to the varied tribes of oasis folk, but in several ways unique. Firstly they live with the same apparent ease and lack of focus as is typically found, but behind this is an air of purpose and strength of will that I have never before observed in their race. Perhaps what we are observing is the single example of Golden Age descendants who have survived the destruction of their gods without losing their vitality? This may, or may not, be connected to their legendary hero Mani. It will certainly be interesting to question him if he reincarnates once more. The Clan, despite its pride, does not appear to pose any significant threat to the Lunar occupation, however..." <following text has been deleted>

Admission to the Fort

Those approaching Mani's Fort will note that its outer walls are of similar dwarfish manufacture to other strongholds in the Rubble, such as the Real City and Zebra Fort. (The Clan accepted the assistance of Opili and the Dwarves during the great fortification period after Garngar's death.) Apart from the few guards customarily patrolling these walls, the only other obvious object of note is the crenellated roof of a small central tower. Depending on the weather, and current levels of activity of the various hostiles of the Rubble, members of the Clan can often be seen tending their small plots of vegetables, berry bushes, and wildflowers surrounding the Fort walls.

On seeing people approaching more closely, the guards will sound horns to alert the rest of the Clan that visitors draw near. Either a delegation will be sent to meet these visitors, should they appear to be friendly, or else warriors will muster on the walls, and inside the gates, to deal with a potential threat. It will then be up to the visitors to convince the Clan that they mean no harm, if they wish to avail themselves of the Fort's hospitality. On the rare occasions when outlaws, chaotics, or trolls are so foolish as to chase humans close to the walls of the fort, pits open beneath their feet, rocks hurl themselves at their heads, and vines and bushes twist and turn about their legs. The Clan will not talk about these effects, saying only that their spirit watches over them.

Tambrak of the Guard will lead a typical reception, accompanied by an appropriate number of warriors, armored in the Clan's unusual style. The guards are never threatening unless provoked, in which case they fight well and ferociously, their bodies protected by heavily stacked magics. Groups judged worthy to speak with a higher authority are escorted to an audience with Artamis, or perhaps even with Pallinu Vibi himself.

As previously mentioned, visiting the Fort is not encouraged, although actually gaining entry is not that hard for the determined. Posing as a reputable trader (perhaps one offering budget deals on useful commodities), will likely gain at least an interview, although the Clan require little from outsiders. Actually being adventurers in trouble (such as being visibly chased by Chaotics from the Devil's Playground) will almost certainly convince the Clan to open the gates with speed. Once unexpected visitors are inside, the questioning is friendly, but thorough, and the guards make sure nobody wanders the Fort unescorted.

The Clan provides basic accommodation just inside the gates if visitors need to stay for a while. They also explain politely that their Fort is not a hostel, and their way of life is fragile. Whilst they will not stand by and let people be slaughtered at their gates, all 'emergency visitors' are asked to make a substantial donation to the Clan from any wealth they are carrying, or else asked to agree to perform tasks on behalf of the Clan. Such tasks usually involve tending the Clan's gardens outside the Fort for several days, or more rarely helping them transport food or crafts to the market at the Real City. These entry requirements for casual visitors are a deliberate discouragement for

adventurers and outlaws who might otherwise try and use them as a regular stopping point. It is also useful for the Clan to have such go-betweens, which lessen their exposure to other outsiders.

Nobody has yet challenged these conditions, so the Clan's reaction to refusal is unknown. (Presumably none wish to risk the gates remaining closed, should they be again in urgent need of shelter in the future.) Once a person agrees, one of the Priests will bind them into a magical oath.

Visitors to the Fort include reasonably regular deliveries of supplies from the Real City, but only known warriors from that settlement form the escort. Personal visits to the Fort are very rare, as day-trips across the Rubble are still more likely to be motivated by necessity than by whim. It might be possible to find an individual outside of the Indagos family who has personal connections to the Clan, but probably as few as half a dozen people of this type exist.

Inside the Fort

Within this small settlement, upwards of 300 people dwell, but it somehow doesn't seem too crowded, and the residents seem very content. Several will come forward to greet any visitors, seemingly fascinated with them and any tales of life in other parts of the world. Interestingly enough, this curiosity is very playful, and soon it can be noted that the Clan regards such stories as mere entertainment. They evidence no desire to visit these places or interact with the outside world. Anyone who asks about their life here in the Fort will be told that the residents enjoy a richness of spirit that is worth any civilized comforts or goods that might be available elsewhere. The thrill of travelling is nothing compared to the peace of friendship and contemplation available within their home.

The Clan dress in tunics and leggings vaguely reminiscent of Old Pavic design, but modified with such things as unusual sashes and odd-seeming flourishes of fabric. Men and women alike let their hair grow long, but also tend to keep it well groomed. Only the Priesthood wears obvious religious markings, but apart from the Earth Rune these are all obscure and unrecognizable symbols from long ago. The Clan members are in no way arrogant, and express the calm acceptance common to other Oasis peoples, although without the common bland fatalism. It is not totally unheard of for casual friendships to form between individual Clan members and outsiders, although

deeper relationships are not encouraged, as those who wish to pursue such relationships must leave the Fort and choose another way of life.

Of the 300 or so Clan members, approximately two thirds are adults, and children and adolescents play and run amidst the buildings. The Fort could muster around 60 competent warriors and 80 more irregulars if required, although such an event has not occurred within recent history. Depending on the weather, many adult Clan members will be found in the open-air, engaged in simple chores, like weaving baskets, sharpening and manufacturing tools, or teaching simple lessons to the children. In the evenings they entertain each other with singing and dancing, accompanied by drums, bells and horns. On their holy days many decorate themselves with flowers and with colored paint and mud as they dance and play. (Few outside the clan have even been permitted to observe these ceremonies however.)

The buildings are sturdy and utilitarian, resembling the standard adobe buildings of Sun County more than Pavic mansions. The chief exceptions are the Chief's House, the Tower, and the Shrine, which are more remarkable stone constructions. A stock of zebras are also at the Fort, penned near the Main Gate, and every day it is safe enough they will be exercised near the Fort and watered at the river. They are either enchanted or extremely well trained, as they need only a few outriders to control them (leading to the old misconception that the Clan herded zebras in the manner of nomads).

On the rare instances that an outsider is invited into the family rooms of one of the residents, they will find a place of comfortable serenity. The Clan make the very most of their limited facilities, keeping their rooms spotlessly tidy and all goods shelved or otherwise stored to make maximum use of space. Decoration consists of hand-woven rugs and wall hangings, homemade sculptures, and other pottery ornaments. Amongst these sculptures a keen observer may spot some that appear to have religious significance; however, their owners will always explain them away as mere good-luck charms, or items of purely personal symbology. Beds and other furniture, where they exist, are of sturdy wicker design, however most families use simple cushions, sleeping mats, and bolsters only. Commonly a low table and a raised work surface are the only items of furniture.

The Clan

The organization of Mani's Clan is simple: running as a co-operative. Individuals have free time to pursue their own hobbies, and these are usually traditional arts and crafts, or maintaining the vegetable gardens around the fort. Some members of the Clan do have special positions, such as Master of Kitchens, Gardens, Zebras or Refuse, but these are mostly casual on a rotational basis. Exceptions include the Priesthood of Mani, and the officers of the Guard. Whilst Ernalda is worshipped here, and certain subcults are recognizable, the customs and rituals are unusual and archaic, and even the magic can be at variance with that accessible by local Heortlings.

Pallinu Vibi

High Priest of the Cult of Mani, Pallinu is also the Chief of the Fort. He is an accomplished diplomat and a powerful magic-user. Pallinu is approaching 60 years of age, and has a long grey beard. He is rarely seen without his tall ceremonial wooden staff, topped with a bronze fitting in the shape of an Earth Rune.

Virtues: Cautious 15, Devoted to Getenak 18w, Frail 13, Friendly with Flintnail Cult 18, Love Mani 18w, Loyal to Mani's Clan 19, Patient 19.

Abilities: Administer Fort 8w2, Lead Worship of Getenak 13w, Leadership 12w2, Speak Mostali 15, Speak Old Pavic 2w, Speak Trade 16.

Magic: Earth Magic 10w3, Green Age Ceremonies 2w2, Growing Magic 18w3.

Artamis

A junior priest of Mani, only recently in his 40s, he speaks little but watches keenly, and is an excellent judge of character. His beard is still mostly golden.

Virtues: Devoted to Getenak 2w, Alert 15, Quiet 15.

Abilities: Close Combat 13 (shortsword), Distrust Lunar 3w, Judge Person 12w, Lead Worship of Getenak 18, Oasis Lore 14w, Praxian Geography 18, Ride Zebra 16, Rubble Lore 17w, Speak Mostali 12, Speak Old Pavic 3w, Speak Trade 15.

Magic: Earth Magic 15w2, Green Age Ceremonies 12w, Growing Magic 12w2.

Shorna Tovik

Shorna is one of the youngest in the Priesthood, being only 36 years old. She is a strong woman with unusually dark hair, and is the Clan's Priestess of Ernalda (Roitina). Shorna replaced the old Priestess who died only a year ago, and is still somewhat nervous of her new responsibilities.

Virtues: Devoted to Ernalda 14w, Devoted to Getenak 4w, Exotic Looks 14, Find Another Way 19, Love Children 17, Strong-willed 14.

Abilities: Close Combat 16 (Spear and Shield), Distrust Stranger 14, Leadership 1w.

Magic: Earth Queen 5w2, Earth Rituals 7w, Find Another Way 16w.

Mirash

The Clan healer, who is an acolyte of Ernalda (Jera), Mirash likes to help and is very sociable. She is certainly the most talkative of those listed here, and often shows the beginnings of understanding in the ways of foreigners. She becomes very pleased when commended for correctly pronouncing a new word, or completing a social ritual unknown to the rest of the Clan. Mirash is 27 years old.

Virtues: Devoted to Ernalda 4w, Devoted to Getenak 17, Innovative 15, Talkative 5w.

Abilities: Calm Fear 9w, Eager to Learn 12, Ease Patient 17, Heortling Customs 13, Herb Lore 2w, Pavic Customs 18, Speak Old Pavic 15, Speak Trade 16, Treat Disease 4w, Treat Injury 18.

Magic: Heal People 7w, Heal Relationships 18, Make Medicine 14w.

Tambrak

Captain of the Guard, his life has been dedicated to protecting the Clan. He is their acknowledged master of traditional fighting forms, despite being only 35.

Virtues: Brawny 2w, Dedicated to Mani's Clan 4w, Devoted to Getenak 14, Devoted to Opili 18, Scarred 15, Abilities: Archery 14w2, Battle Tactics 14w (small unit), Close Combat 8w2 (Great Axe, Lance, Sword and Shield, Dagger, Brawling), Comprehend Outsider 17, Leadership 4w2, Ride Zebra 2w, Scan for Danger 16w, Speak Tersely 17, Speak Trade 19, Train Warrior 5w.

Magic: Defend the People 12w, Earth Magic 18.

Officers of the Guard – At present they are four men and two women. When interacting with outsiders they are typically polite and yet brief, saying only what needs to be said, and evidencing an air of seriousness and calmness about any task they set themselves to. One of these officers will normally be leading any group of Clan members encountered outside of the Fort, whether it be hunting, trading, or some other more mysterious mission. On the rare occasions when in-depth communication is required with outsiders (other than residents of the Old City), members of the Guard are clearly more understanding of the ways of foreigners.

The Fort Guard – The Guard alone of the Clan conform to easily recognizable Pavic tradition, sporting the ancient armor of the city. However, unlike at the Real City, these men and women seem almost to be playing at soldiers, evidencing an easy-going lack of discipline, and having no regular patterns of behavior. Also, their weapon of choice is the standard broadsword rather than the Pavic Great Axe. Only the officers of the Guard worship Opili and bear the Pavic Runes, the other warriors sport Earth Runes and more that are unknown. The Guard has less than 20 full-time members. One Sage has speculated that the Guards act as specialists in communicating with outsiders more than they are actual warriors, although they can certainly fight well when required.

Relations with Outsiders

The Lunars – The Clan are not known ever to visit New Pavis, and have expressed quiet displeasure that they should be required to fill in paperwork merely in order to travel around their traditional home. Whilst Sir Indagos clearly favors locals over Lunars when voting on the city council, he is never other than the most cordial in relations with people of any background. Lunars who visit the Fort are always greeted with similar courtesy, however no Clan member will ever address a Lunar without being first spoken to, and the Clan tend to retreat into their homes, emerging once again only when the Lunars have departed.

Sartarite-descended Pavisites – It is clear from the attitude of the Clan that Dorasar's people are foreigners; however, Mani's people do not evidence the same antipathy to them as they do towards Lunars. Occasionally clan members might even question an Orlanthi about their culture and beliefs, but always seem bemused at any responses.

Old City Pavisites – Outsiders tend to lump Mani's Clan and the Old City Pavisites in the same category, and certain points of similarity exist. Educated observers would note that their cultures are actually very different, although relations are definitely friendly, having been forged across centuries of mutual aid in survival.

Dwarves – The Clan give no clear indication of how they regard Dwarves, as the two groups are rarely seen interacting. However, on occasional instances when Clan members visit the Real City one has conversed with a dwarf, and unconfirmed reports are bandied about of dwarves having been seen within Mani's Fort.

Aldryami – Other unconfirmed reports say that members of Mani's Clan sometimes visit the Garden. In fact, the Clan members are welcomed on certain Aldryami Holy Days, and have a special relationship with the followers of Aldrya. No aldryami have been seen at the Fort itself, however.

Trolls – Trolls are not normally allowed access to Mani's Fort, although once an adventurer party containing one successfully argued that a gang of broo would slaughter him if he was left outside, and so he was permitted into the Gatehouse only. At the Real City market, the Clansfolk treat troll traders with cool restraint if forced to communicate, and no troll has ever succeeded in doing business with them.

Nomads – Nomad groups are not known to have ever visited Mani's Fort, although nomads within adventurer bands have certainly been admitted. One such visiting nomad apparently was used to pushing oasis folk around and tried to impose his wishes onto a Clan female. The Captain of the Guard challenged him, and slew him in a fair fight.

What Uncle Pallinu told me: A Private View of Life in Mani's Clan

Who are our people?

We are the children of Genert, and it is our duty to endure until Genert comes again. We hope that he comes soon, because now only our clan and some of the Priestesses at the Paps remember him truly.

Who is Mani?

Mani is a hero of the old days, who is so pious that he can remember all his lives. It was Mani who discovered that a piece of Genert's Garden was safely hidden near here, and led his people to its safety. We are all descended from him and his followers, so he is our most honored grandfather.

What is this city around us?

Long ago, but much more recently than when Genert was here, a man named Pavis came from the West, and built a great settlement. He had also learned of Genert and had become one of his children through visiting the past. For a short time many people were here, dedicated followers of Pavis, but enemies fell upon them and the city was reduced to ruin.

Why do we live here on this hill?

Our home is at the site where Getenak hid his garden when Chaos came. Mani found him here and became his friend. We stay here to remain close to Getenak, who is the last son of Genert and who must be preserved.

Who are our friends?

The people of the old city are our friends, although they no longer understand us, and you would be wise to treat them with caution. We helped them during the dark days, and without the Dwarves and ourselves they would have perished. The Dwarves and elves of the old city are also our friends, although our dealings with them now are few.

Who are our enemies?

Chaos is our enemy; it destroyed Genert and his Garden. We must resist it always. The people of the Red Moon are our enemies, because they embrace Chaos. We must tolerate them because they are strong, but soon the winds of the desert will blow them away. Trolls have made themselves our enemies by attacking our friends. Things are not as they once were, but trolls still cannot be trusted, although they are not Chaos. Nomads are our enemies because they attack our allies and us. They do not respect the old ways and want only to take from others.

Tell me more about our Gods!

Getenak, the son of the Earth, is our benefactor. Without him we could not dance our way to the Garden that gives us food. Ernalda is the goddess of the Earth who embraces us with her protection, healing and love. The Circus of Peace still offers the gift of harmony when enemies threaten our home. Some of the warriors here worship Opili, who is a young local spirit who helps defend the city. You will have no need of his services directly. Zola Fel, the river, is our neighbor whom we also respect.

What is my role?

You are to be trained as a Priest, and it is your duty to learn our ceremonies and the stories of Genert's Garden, so that they are never forgotten. You will learn to lead our rituals in time, and may even become the High Priest one day.

What are your duties, Uncle?

Being the High Priest, I watch over all the ceremonies of the Clan, and take care of your spiritual and physical well being. I act as the voice of Mani.

What happens after we die?

Our bodies are taken to the garden and buried, and our spirits reside there in peace until we are reborn here amongst the Clan. This is the way things will be until the Green Age comes again.

A Rough Visit to Glamour

A detailed Scenario outline based around Reaching Moon Megacorp's "Rough Guide to Glamour". It also uses location descriptions and the map of the Lunar Empire from Avalon Hill's "Glorantha: Crucible of the Hero Wars"

Author: Ian Thomson.

Essential Accompanying Material: 'Rough Guide to Glamour'

This piece is designed as a companion to that publication. Otherwise the Narrator would have to create a detailed map and spend some serious time and imagination to fill in the gaps. Hero Wars details are not included, only RQ3.

Also Recommended: Tales of the Reaching Moon: Iss. 15 (Prax 2) + 16 (Lunar Special); Gloranthan Bestiary; RQ 'Monsters' book; Genertela: Glorantha (Crucible of the Hero Wars); Rough Guide to Boldhome.

Without these the Narrator will need to: create an outline map of the trip across the Empire; exercise some imagination; create statistics; and skip the day in Boldhome. Also lost would be some useful visual aids.

Acknowledgements:

Principally: The 'Rough Guide to Glamour' by Nick Brooke, Chris Gidlow, Kevin Jacklin, Mike Hagen, David Hall, Michael O'Brien, Sandy Peterson, and Greg Stafford (Reaching Moon Megacorp, 1998)

Also: Rough Guide to Boldhome; Tales of the Reaching Moon: 15+16; Glorantha Con IV Compendium; Ye Booke of Tentacles 1; Michael O'Brien's 'Vivisculpture' ideas and Moonboat suggestions.

Editing assistance, encouragement and suggestions from Nick Brooke; Wesley Quadros for the 'Hero Wars' ideas on moonboats; Peter Metcalfe for the Moonboat Chronomancer; Michael O'Brien for discussing some of the ideas here; and general inspiration from the Glorantha Digest (including David Cake's comments on 'Chaos in Glamour').

Playtesters: James Squirrel, Peter Ujvari, and Andrew Shelton

Proofing: Rex MF Smith and Derek A Stoelting.

Gian Gero for the details on Agrestis.

Abbreviations:

G:G - Glorantha, Genertela: Crucible of the Hero Wars

RGB - Rough Guide to Boldhome

RGG - Rough Guide to Glamour

RM - RuneQuest 'Monsters' book

TRM - Tales of the Reaching Moon

1) Explanation

This scenario could commence from a variety of places across Glorantha. I set it to start in New Pavis, because that was where the campaign was happening, and the Players/PCs had been fascinated by the arrival of the Coders. I wrote this scenario outline due to my appreciation of the wonderful 'Rough Guide to Glamour'. It was an experiment, starting with the idea to take the PCs to Glamour and see what occurred. The experiment worked, the Players hugely enjoyed wandering around the decadent capital, talking with odd people, taking in the sights, and even enjoying simple things like eating at "Moonrock Cafe".

Notes: Currently, I am unclear as to the visibility of the Red Moon outside the Glowline. So you might wish to decide on this for your Glorantha and then reword a few parts of this piece. Running the Moonboat voyage served as a useful vehicle for reading out excerpts about the Lunar Empire from the Genertela book, and other sources, disguised as summaries of conversations with fellow passengers. Finally, please note that some favorite PCs might be unsuitable for some, or all, of this scenario. For instance, No Stormbulls!

2) House Campaign Introduction

Following on from an expanded version of *Borderlands*, I was enthused by an idea on the *Glorantha Digest* (Nick Brooke or MOB I think) that Raus made a reasonable choice for next Governor. With the Coders in town and the Cradle episode about to occur, I was lucky with the timing. Suddenly Sor-Eel was in disgrace, sacked on the recommendation of the Coders. Raus saw his chance and petitioned Count Julian. Julian responded favorably, but said that they must wait on the approval of the Emperor, and Raus felt his hopes dashed! After all, the time it took to process the paperwork merely for an application to be considered! During that time any number of people in Glamour would have twisted the Emperor's ear and been appointed to the Governorship. Then Raus overheard a discussion about a Moonboat being diverted urgently from Boldhome, called to take Sor-Eel and his family and retinue back directly to Glamour for debriefing.

Raus had a flash of inspiration, and, pulling in his every favor, managed to book passage for himself and a handful of retainers all the way to the Capital. (In my game Raus has an Irripi Ontor brother living in Pavis - 'Sardeus of Rone' - who helped significantly in calling in these favors, and in dealing with Glamour bureaucracy. If you want to use Raus, and yet such a brother cannot be added in Pavis, Sardeus might be either an old friend in Pavis or still Raus' brother but one who lives in Glamour. Whatever you decide, he is a useful plot device for explaining Raus' relatively quick success (or lack of, if that is what you decide). Various parts of the scenario refer to that rationale of this introduction, so be prepared to edit accordingly if required.

Incidentally, the game reason I gave for taking his local mercenaries along as retinue, rather than polished Lunar soldiers, was that Raus was hoping to impress the Emperor with his command of loyalty from Praxian residents. Certainly he would still make sure they were all immaculately groomed to fit the stereotypical image of the noble savage, exotic nomad, or esoteric specimen of an Elder Race (dependent on PC types).

2A) Alternate Introductions

From Pavis or from Boldhome, couriers travel throughout the Empire. Some of these couriers are shining examples of Pelorian youth - men and

women destined for Lunar greatness. Others are more secretive and dubious, recruited from local populations or suspicious foreigners. Perhaps someone you've known for a long time is a Spoken Word agent? He or she might be suddenly summoned to the Heartlands, given a cover as an official courier, merchant or ambassador, given cash to hire some bodyguards, and told to be ready to leave in two days. Or, they might instead be operating under their own brief, carrying a vital message for the Emperor that will somehow also motivate the PCs to join them (see below). With no time to find regular mercenaries that can be trusted, this person comes running to the PCs, desperate for their help as his bodyguards, and offering a suitable cash incentive, plus full bed and board for the trip.

Using an alternative introduction might also require adding a couple of extra encounters. After all, if the contact NPC is worried enough to hire them as bodyguards, then perhaps someone will try and kill him in Glamour, or even on the Moonboat, before he can deliver his important message to the Emperor. Perhaps the assassins will even succeed, leaving the PCs to deliver the message. (The assassins should not succeed before the PCs have been left for at least two days to wander Glamour alone, whilst the NPC spends his time struggling with the bureaucrats just to get an appointment with the Emperor - whom he insists he must see personally.)

The plot thickens if this message is something like the one destroyed in "An Interview with Roan-Ur" (Penny Love, *Tales of the Reaching Moon*: Iss. 16). In brief, that message recommended Roan-Ur's dismissal, due to chaotic activities likely to seriously undermine any chance the Empire has to convince any Orlanthi peoples of its benign overplan. (See also 'Kree Mountain' if you can find a copy.) The motivation for PCs to take over the messenger role could be Lunar: 'the courier must get through!'. Or even Orlanthi: 'Roan Ur must be stopped!'. Perhaps one of the PCs needs to assume the courier's identity, although such a thing might not stand up to zealous Lunar scrutiny once within the Empire.

3) Preparations for Departure

Raus knows that a Moonboat is arriving in Pavis any day now, to collect Sor-Eel and his family and then return them to the Lunar Heartlands. (The Lunars don't want to be seen to be losing face and so it has to look all nice and official.) Raus calls the chosen PCs together, probably only 3-5, and

tells them his plan. He has arranged permits through his brother to allow them to be in the Empire for up to one Season on special business.

“My mercenaries. As you well know, the Cradle fiasco caused Sor-Eel to overextend himself and he squandered his resources. The Coders had also cautioned him for mishandling the Air Temple incident. *(Delete this second reference if you have not run “One High Priest Too Many” from Strangers in Prax.)* In private I think he is prone to foolish actions. If the Empire is to continue here in Prax, we must cultivate a relationship of respect with the natives and the Sartarite colonists. We should have halted the Cradle at Pavis or Corflu only to study it temporarily, simply putting Knowledge cultists on board. We should not have attacked it like it was treasure in a locked chest protected by dogs.

I believe that rebellion is fermenting here as it has been in Sartar, and if we want to avoid massive bloodshed then changes must be made. I believe I am the man to make those changes. At the moment, Centurion Radak is acting Governor. However this cannot continue, as he is not fit for that position. I believe I am, but Radak is Sor-Eel’s man and will not support my proposal. The only way I can see to cut through all the red tape is for me to petition the Emperor himself. Therefore we will be accompanying Sor-Eel and his retinue aboard the Moonboat that will collect him, and flying to Glamour, the capital city of the Empire.

I wish you to accompany me as representatives of the various cultures that support me. I think that will help my case. My brother, Sardeus the Sage, will also be coming with us *(or “will be meeting us in Glamour”)*, and Daine will remain in charge of the Fort in my absence.” *(Note: Daine is still alive in my Campaign.)*

Duke Raus draws the Rone Sword from its scabbard and suddenly seems taller and more commanding.

(Any PC that fails a POW-2 roll bows automatically in deference.)

“With the power of my ancestors bound into the Rone Sword to support and advise me, I feel my case is strong. I am the right man for the job, and can turn Prax into a place that Lunars, Praxians, and Orlanthe will be proud to live in. I do not believe that brutal oppression wins anything except armed resistance in the long run, and forging a new Prax requires diplomacy and understanding. I am hoping you will support me in

this! *(Pause)* It is a great journey, but swift by Moonboat. If my petition is accepted we shall return swiftly the same way. If it is rejected we shall have to make our own way back along the Oslir River and then I would be greatly appreciative of your protection and loyalty, as I shall be if I become the new Governor.”

(Note: It is entirely possible that Raus is a dangerously deluded idealist, but for this scenario that does not matter.)

4) Sor-Eel’s Retirement Party

The Lunars organize a street Festival for Sor-Eel in New Pavis. The Moonboat will arrive in the early morning and depart in the evening. It moors again (use cover of “Strangers in Prax” as a visual aid if available) atop the Pavis Temple. This day is declared a public holiday, and the Lunars ‘encourage’ the whole populace and the different interest groups to come out and throw flowers, and send representatives to make speeches. Even Sor-Eel is forced to take part in this charade. The official word is that he is retiring for family reasons, but anyone with half a brain knows that it is because he made such a mess of the Orlanthe Temple Incident and the Cradle Fiasco. Krogar Wolfhelm is ill and unable to attend the festivities, however Faltikus the Good thanks Sor-Eel on behalf of the Orlanthe Citizens of Pavis. PCs in the streets may notice that much of the cheering for Sor-Eel actually consists of howls of the foulest abuse.

As the day draws on, and the festivities fade to a close, Sor-Eel, Bor-Eel, Agrestis (Sor-Eel’s jester in ‘Sun County’), and the rest of the ex-Governor’s retinue and family (about 18 souls in all) gather together outside the Lunar Barracks with their packed belongings. They are bodyguarded by the Lunar Coders, and Julian shakes Sor-Eel seriously by the hand, wishing him the fortune of the Goddess in his future endeavors.

Raus has been ready for a few days and has ascertained that there is space for him and his people aboard the Moonboat. He has obtained from the Irripi Ontor Temple (via Sardeus or some other friendly contact) a permit for himself and his bodyguard to be given passage. He has also made a generous ‘donation’ to the Temple of the Seven Mothers, and gained Visitors’ Visas for himself and his party for the City of Glamour, itself. Raus will wait until all other passengers and their luggage has gone aboard the Moonboat. Then he will have his party and their belongings rushed up the

boarding plank. This gives less chance for anyone to argue, especially as his paperwork is in order and the Moonboat has some space anyhow. He will browbeat the Moonboat Security Officer into allowing them on board, flourishing their passes, and using the full power of the Rone Sword.

5) The Moonboat “Darjini Enterprise” and her Crew

Notes:

i) It is likely that Moonboats, like Lunar Regiments, are quite varied in personnel structure, due to the requirements of individual missions. (The single common factor is that all essential flight crew are worshippers of Vargar the Sky-Mariner.) What follows is merely one (attempted MGF) example of a crew, albeit based strongly on current ‘Hero Wars’ thinking.

ii) For this part of the scenario you might like to devise a simple series of deck plans as further aids for players in visualizing their situation during the voyage. (See later for Moonboat details.)

iii) All worshippers of Vargar are Darjini, or descendants of Darjini, and their secrets are handed down only to blood relatives. They will not discuss any such secrets, but otherwise are boisterous and approachable in a rough moon-sailor kind of way. As senior crew, their coarse and unusual ways have been transmitted to varying degrees to the other non-Darjini personnel.

Vargar the Sky-Mariner

This is a Lunar hero-cult of Yestendos the Reed-Boatman, who is the Darjini god of boat builders and sailors. Vargar himself was an outspoken Lunar advocator and led pirate raids against the Alkothi during the Jannisor rebellion. He was later rewarded with a trip to the Red Moon, where he accidentally discovered that objects made of moonreeds would float in response to his magic. Much experimentation later, the first Moonboat was launched, and their construction and operation have remained secrets known only to the Vargari ever since.

Voyage Procedures

Behind the scenes, a Moonboat operates through a Vargari altar that focuses Lunar magic attuning the vessel to the Moonbeams. Moonbeams are available at any time, except during the dark phase of the moon whilst outside the Glowline. (The moon’s phases outside the Glowline of course regulate the ease and speed of travel.) A Moonboat

outside the Glowline can travel for only very limited (and POW expensive) periods if it is out of sight of the Red Moon. The onboard altar is a shrine to Vargar, and the Red Goddess, but such details are probably unimportant to ‘landlubber’ PCs in any case. I do share (unofficial) visions with Wesley, of such an altar requiring constant attention from Vargar Initiates overseen by the crusty First Motivator: “I’m tellin ya Capt’n, the moonreeds are almost gan, we’ve given it all we can. If ya push her any hardar, we’ll drap like a stoon!”

At the start of each section of the voyage, the main flight crew (all followers of Vargar Sky-Mariner) - Captain, First Officer, Pilot(s), and Ship’s Magicians - perform the embarkation ritual. This is a relatively brief ceremony performed on the foredeck, and the publicly comprehensible sections call for the blessings of Vargar and the Goddess on their voyage. The Captain activates the Rune Spell “Attune to Moonbeam”, and the boat begins to move. (This spell has no cost to the crew within the Glowline, but costs 1POW outside it. This POW may be donated by any willing participant in the ritual, and is sometimes stored in the boat’s Truestone.)

Whilst this occurs, the passengers are invited to a talk on procedures on the stern deck. In this voyage, the Medical Officer gives this talk. She informs them that naked flames are not permitted anywhere on board, gives an outline description of the crew and their duties, and describes the route they will take and any specific sites to watch out for. She also offers any Initiates of Lunar Cults the opportunity to sacrifice for the special Rune Spell: “Moonfall”.

At the end of each section of the voyage, the Moonboat must moor to some object, as it is continually buoyant during its active life. In the Heartlands these are pylons on special Moonports, but outside the Glowline they might be such places as the top of the Pavis Temple, or even a particularly sturdy palm tree. The mooring ceremony is less impressive than the launch ceremony, but just as essential, as it holds the vessel in place long enough for a secure mooring to take place. At each mooring, a specially trained ‘ground crew’ comes aboard the vessel, to politely and efficiently clean it and restock the supplies (food, linen, moist towelettes etc). Occasionally a stopover will also bring Lunar Priests or Priestesses on board, to ceremonially renew the formidable protective enchantments.

Moonfall: *1POW, automatic on leaving a Moonboat during flight.*

This single-use spell will, in the extremely unlikely event of Moonboat failure, cause the user to drift slowly and safely to the ground. Directly above the user, a dome of pink glowing Moon-energy hangs, acting as magical interference with the forces of the earth (gravity) and the air (wind). (In practice, strong air currents may still make a controlled descent difficult.)

Captain

Identity: Kulandro Ivedenus, Champion of Vargar the Sky-Mariner. Age 46

Specific Duties: To oversee the Ceremony required for each launch and each landing. The Captain acts as much like a Priest as he does a commanding officer, activating (with the assistance of the Ship's Magician) the ship's altar that generates the link to the moonbeams, and monitoring that magic throughout each voyage.

General Duties: Command of the crew, ultimate decision-maker in any non-routine situations

First Officer

Identity: Hodigus Jurrallar, Rune Lord of Vargar Sky-Mariner. Age 42

Specific Duties: Advise the Captain when requested.

General Duties: Act as the Captain's voice in commanding the crew, oversee general running of the ship and report to the Captain anything noteworthy

Ensign

Identity: Darnel Fromakk, Initiate of Vargar Sky-Mariner. Age 25

Specific Duties: To learn the ways of the Moonboat from his superiors

General Duties: To assist his superiors with unflinching alertness and dedication

Security Chief

Identity: Frek Tordannov, Senior Spoken Word Officer, Tarnils Scimitar. Age 39

Specific Duties: Organize watches, visa and security checks, clear goods and baggage before loading, oversee exchange of intelligence with Lunar operatives outside the Empire

General Duties: To oversee onboard, and external, security, and to ensure discipline of the crew

Security Officers

A dozen superior Yanafal Initiates in their mid-late 20s: chosen for strength, speed, clipped politeness, and unswerving loyalty to the Lunar way. Each is enhanced with Lunar Sorcery before each voyage, and equipped with a variety of matrices and POW storage devices.

Duties: Security in all its forms (including boarding-pass validation), first line of physical defence during the unlikely event of attack. Each one is also assigned to one or two officers as their personal assistants during the voyage, to fetch and carry as required.

NOTE: Each Moonboat is of course heavily protected by enchantments and so the chances of actual boarding are minimal, even outside the Glowline. This size of Moonboat is simply not capable of supporting a huge number of warriors, although it is well suited for speed and maneuverability.

Archers

Attached to Security are ten superior archer followers of Sagittus, whose duty is to pick-off flying assailants, in the improbable event of their existence, as well as dissuade aerial creatures from coming too close. Five archers will be on deck at any moment, day or night, including one each on the fore and aft observation platforms. These last two double as lookouts.

Pilot

Identity: Danton Solos (Arrolian), Initiate of Vargar Sky-Mariner. Age 26

The Pilot's Role on a Moonboat

Within the Glowline this is largely straightforward, to assist the Captain in the launch and mooring ceremonies. Outside of the Glowline, Moonboats are much more subject to the vagaries (and sometimes hostilities) of the air currents. Navigation requires that the Moonboat is kept steady, riding (or tacking between) moonbeams. Any significant mistake at best brings a crash-landing, and at worst causes the Moonboat to plummet from the sky. Many Moonboats that travel outside the Glowline employ pilots from borderland areas such as Arrolia, due to their greater skills, honed in areas where the Moon does not yet reign supreme.

Unlike common practice on water-going vessels, a Moonboat pilot on missions outside the Glowline does not usually stand vulnerably on deck, but rather has a seat in the cabin that holds the boat's altar. From here the pilot controls the vessel's speed and direction whilst in a semi-trance. It is also worth noting that pilots must attune to the spirit of the individual Moonboat before the commencement of a mission, and only they and the Captain share this magical empathic link with their vessel. The altar cabin is protected at all times by two guards, who have sworn to protect the secrets of the Moonboats with their souls if necessary. Casual observation is not possible from a distance when the door is opened, as there is a small antechamber directly inside. Vargari might be seen beginning a deep bow of reverence before the main door closes swiftly behind them.

Take-Off and Landing: Current Hero Wars thinking is that Moonboats cease to be buoyant when not actually flying, or in precisely controlled position for loading and unloading (needed at locations without proper Moonboat facilities). The Moonboat that delivered the Coders to Pavis is implied (and pictured) as floating above the great wall all day, but perhaps it stayed afloat for security concerns. After all, it may have been a special military courier ship. Keeping the buoyancy ritual going means being extra sure that nobody can get on without going through the guards. This would also seriously impress the natives. If you want to change this in your game, and revert to the splendid idea of mooring-pylons, that's fine by me. In this piece I have indicated that the vessel rests on the ground between flights.

Junior Pilots

Identities: Lopis Milekos (28) and Stravan Roonvig (31), both Vargar Initiates

Duties: to act as relief for the Pilot during routine sections of the voyage, and to learn excellent piloting skills from the Pilot

Ship's Magician/Navigator

Whilst the title of "Ship's Magician" is somewhat out of place, it is still customarily used as a reflection of the traditional nautical position. This position commonly includes the duties of Navigation Officer on smaller craft.

Identity: Quilibbi Hastromangus, Chronomancer (Lunar Magician with specialism in understanding the phases of the Red Moon), Buserian Star Priest.

Age 47

Specific Duties: to advise the Pilot and Captain of the 'tides' of the Moon, plot course and position

General Duties: magical and spiritual security of the vessel

Ship's Acolyte

Identity: Davanna Lopez, Chronomancer in training. Age 36

Medical Officer

Identity: Solandra Jannis, Initiate of Deezola, Age 27

Duties: to oversee the mental and physical well-being of passengers and crew. (This position is the only one where no extra duties are routinely assigned to fill idle moments – after all, nobody wants to get on the bad side of their surgeon! Nonetheless Solandra assists the other officers as best she can. For instance, she gives the safety demonstration shortly before each launch.)

Chief Petty Officer

Identity: Rodal Byerblad, Initiate of Lokarnos. Age 28

Duties: to ensure adequate provisioning of passengers and crew, to check goods and luggage on and off the vessel, to supervise the general staff, and manage the bar and kitchen

General Staff

Identities: Fourteen Pelorian teenagers or twenty-somethings, often students taking a leave of absence. (See Rough Guide's description of the decadent Lunar economy for ideas.)

Duties: waiting on passengers and crew, cleaning the vessel in-flight, other tasks as ordered.

Entertainers

Optional (see below)

The Other Passengers

Probably there is not room for many more, depending on your perceptions of the volume of a Moonboat. So far in this scenario there are 47 crew, 6 or so in the Raus party, and 18 or more in the Sor-Eel party, making already 70+ aboard. I leave you to devise more passengers, as whim and necessity drive you to populate your version of this. Moonboats (except for the military transports) routinely outnumber passengers with crew.

6) Atmosphere Aboard

Raus and his brother are allocated one tiny shared cabin, and the mercenaries must all share another, unless any are female in which case they get their own (although it will be a cramped former storeroom).

Remember that this is the mode of transport reserved usually for the elite of the Lunar Empire's personnel. A Moonboat is quite lavishly decorated, although there are no bulky ornaments aboard. The public areas are few: the Promenade (upper deck), the Saloon (large central cabin with a bar and dining tables), and the narrow corridors and intersections belowdecks. Crew will be polite but aloof, except for the service staff, who might be more affable. The hold and crew cabins are included in a security warding.

As well as Sor-Eel, Bor-Eel, their wives and children (if applicable), the ex-governor's retinue consists solely of Agrestis and a handful of bureaucratic and military personnel. None of these are willing to engage in conversation of any depth, except perhaps for Agrestis, who will delight in tall tales and pranks. (Note: Agrestis was already an enemy of my PCs, and so pops up in Glamour to torment them. You might wish to devise a different way to gain his enmity during the voyage instead. Perhaps the PCs get fed up with his tricks and outrank him royally?) Rodal will man the bar during meals and at popular times (such as after dinner), but other than that the general staff take turns. The only other crew that are approachable are also hired entertainers, three Donandar cultists: Ricky; a drummer and flute player; Tasha, a singer and percussionist; and Sammy, a mean lute player. They are professional musicians from Tarsh, and are careful not to upset their employers. They are also good people, and amongst the minority that will talk with the PCs. Raus and Sardeus don't have that problem, and are able to socialize with Sor-Eel and the other Lunars, although such conversations are unsurprisingly a little strained.

Other Rooms aboard are:

The cargo hold - split into three sections. On the first leg of the trip it contains only personal belongings.

The galley and food storage area (kept magically chilled)

The water tank (a source for drinking water, and embodying the boat's sylph)

Equipment lockers for the boat crew

Small bunk rooms for the crew

Slightly larger (but still tiny) cabins for the officers (but at least they get their privacy)

The Captain's cabin and his audience room

The passenger cabins - still smallish but very comfortable

The altar room, deep under the decks

The Moonboat ascends like a slow balloon (not that PCs would know what a balloon is). It is propelled only by the magic of the Red Moon, orchestrated by the Officers. It climbs to around 300ft and sets off slowly west across the Praxian landscape under the stars. The faint red line of a moonbeam seems to pull it gently, stretching before them as straight as a military road, but their course heads somewhat south of a heading directly into the Moon, and the moonbeam swings to stay with them. The Moonboat's route eventually takes it north of the Dead Place, and despite the stark beauty of the desert landscape, there is little to see. On deck it is very cold, and travellers are better off in their cabins or the saloon. The Moonboat travels across the plains all night and arrives in Moonbroth in the morning.

Meals are served aboard communally, although those with rank may demand to be served in their cabins if they wish. Nondescript PCs will draw attention from the more privileged passengers, however due to the presence of Sor-Eel's retinue, this is already an unusually 'low class' voyage. The only public entertainment apart from the minstrels might include impromptu sermons from an extremely dull and self-important Seven Mothers acolyte within Sor-Eel's party. There are also many pamphlets in Pelorian, Trade and Sartarite on the bookshelves at the side of the saloon. Whilst the varied titles suggest a diverse selection, the content of each is designed for a single common purpose: to extol the virtues of the Lunar way.

(If the PCs ask for details about Glamour at any point during the trip, refer to Raus' speech later in this piece.)

6A) Additional Ideas for the Voyage

i) On the approach to Boldhome, some irate Wind Children, heroic Orlanthei, and massive sylphs attack the Moonboat. The craft is yet too distant for the Boldhome Lunars to know there is a

problem. The Moonboat's magical defences are phenomenal, as are the magic powers of the archers, and yet some heroic assailants are able to cast spells, and hurl missiles on board. Perhaps a few even gain the deck and begin hand to hand combat! This attack could just as easily happen as they pass Kero Fin.

ii) At Moonbroth markets, or in Boldhome, or at the Furthest Moonport: Assassins strike! Whilst muggers distract the PCs, the chief assailant(s) go for Raus, or whomever the PCs are travelling with. What are their reasons? Revenge against Raus for perceived sleights against Sor-Eel? Or, trying to prevent the dangerous message reaching the Emperor? (Depends on your chosen storyline.)

iii) Seemingly friendly fellow passengers (perhaps a couple of Sor-Eel's retainers who are frankly glad to be recalled the Empire) offer a game of cards to pass the time. Before long some of the PCs owe them small fortunes, but are offered the chance instead to do a little delivery job once they reach Glamour.

iv) A polished Lunar ponce (who happens to be a Yanafali Officer) takes a dislike to one or more of the PCs and makes challenge to a duel. Whilst combat to the death is not permitted in such a fashion aboard the Empire's Moonboats, martial entertainment is entirely valid, and something can easily be organized.

v) Although Alkoth was discussed as an interesting possible site for a mini-scenario, this idea was abandoned due to the complexity of the city. If you have access to the Alkoth details from Enclosure 1, and want to pursue this, go for it. On the river trip back might be more reasonable than the trip in.

7) Moonbroth

This oasis town is detailed in TRM: Issue 15, and the craft will spend the day there. It will land on the shore of the oasis itself.

Read the first two paragraphs on page 30 (up to 'Inhabitants') to describe the place.

In Moonbroth the characters might like to visit the geyser, Beatpot's, the Spa, or the famous Moonbroth Market. There is nothing unusual designed to happen here, and the only unexpected people encountered are a group of seven White Moon pilgrims (Moonies) who wander round town trying to find people to talk quietly to as they prophecy that the violence of the Lunar Empire will be its downfall.

(If Raus is asked his opinion, he thinks they are extremists, and will not admit in a casual conversation that he agrees with some of their principles.)

As with all the stops outside of the Heartlands, various individuals will approach the Moonboat during its stopover. These may be seen conversing with members of the security crew, and can be presumed to be agents exchanging intelligence for orders. Other Moonboat crew might engage in a little trade, as a half-hearted attempt to cover the fact they are a very visible example of the Lunar Intelligence operations.

The Moonboat departs as soon as the moon rises, and they spend another night travelling west, eventually arriving at the Quivin Mountains and mooring in Boldhome, above the building site which is destined to become the new Temple of the Reaching Moon.

8) Boldhome (Sartar)

(Read out the overview on pp xviii/xix of RGB)

Customs officers meet the boat, however as it is such a prestigious mode of transport Lunars need only complete one form. Non-Lunars, or people with irregular status, will have to go to the Admin building in the Lunar Pocket (29), and register in triplicate, as well as answering probing questions about their journey and about Raus.

The PCs have all day to investigate Boldhome and this can be a freeform business, using the 'Rough Guide to Boldhome' as source material. One way to introduce the place would be for any Orlanthei in the party (or a handy local guide) to explain its history (RGB pxviii) and then what there is to be seen. (*Use a copy of the map and read the descriptions on pp xix-xxii.*)

One encounter of note could be with some Orlanthei locals who question the PCs in a surly manner about where they are from and what they are doing in Boldhome. In the playtest, the Picture Door generated great player interest, but the PCs had no authority to approach it. The Issaries PC (who was in fact the only Orlanthei pantheon character) was also greatly intrigued by the bowl that used to contain the Flame of Sartar, but Lunar guards would not let them approach it too closely.

After Boldhome, the Moonboat again leaves in the evening, but this time it departs late, and travels for a night and a day until it reaches Furthest in Tarsh. There are only a couple of new passengers on this leg of the trip, both Lunar officials

returning to the Heartlands. If available, use the map on p59 of G:G (Genertela book) to show the route. In the very early morning they will pass Wintertop 20km to port. It is described in that book as an "incredible peak towering 12km into the air". I have also seen a picture on the net with a corkscrewing pathway winding up to the top. Legend says this is the place where Orlanth was born. It is dangerous to approach too closely because of Tarsh rebel activity.

It will still be dawn half-light as any PCs on deck watch the huge mountain passing to the west. Suddenly, one will notice that the Red Moon seems bigger and slightly higher in the sky (ask for Scan rolls to see who notices first). Over the next few minutes the Red Moon changes from being one of the small low celestial bodies to a much more discernible Red Moon now several degrees higher in the sky. The effect is most unusual, and its red light is a little stronger too. Obviously as dawn is breaking, subtle effects will not persist, but from now on (day and night) the Red Moon is present, getting higher and higher and larger and larger, and I'll put a few notes in the text to remind this to be mentioned to players/PCs.

NOTE: Your Glorantha, or indeed official Glorantha, might have a different set of visual rules for crossing the Glowline, although Wesley has given this the tentative nod.

8) Furthest (Tarsh)

This large city is heavily Lunarised, and is their first landfall within the Empire. It is the highest point up the Oslir River that large boats can reach. They arrive in the late afternoon, and are advised that the Moonboat only stops overnight. The vessel lands in the small Moonport on the banks of the Oslir, close to the river docks. This area includes several taverns, warehouses, and a small but active marketplace, where street entertainers amuse in the late afternoon and evening.

If you have no scenario ideas developed for Furthest, Raus advises them not to leave it, due to customs checks and other problems due to travelling at night. If a PC wishes to leave for personal reasons (in my campaign one PC was actually from Furthest) then you might describe a prosperous Roman City and make up some details. The culture is 40% Lunars, 50% Lunarised Tarshites, and 10% traditional Orlanthe. It is a very civilized place, a real urban center, with baths, a coliseum, parks, a university, a large library, an army training college etc etc.

The Moonboat leaves very early in the morning and travels a very long day arriving late in the evening at Mirin's Cross. (Use map on p36 of the G:G Genertela book) During the day it passes over the Oslir River basin, and watchers can see the many trading boats and small towns along its banks. This part of the world has obviously been settled for many years. Before noon they can see a few key-miles to starboard the large walled city of Filichet (p42 Genertela book). It is probably worth emphasizing this amazing opportunity they have to observe the Lunar countryside from hundreds of feet in the air.

The most friendly fellow-passenger so far (or a Lunar PC if there is one, or even Sardeus) can chat with them about the Lunar Empire today. In which case use the description in G:G pp 28+30 of the Genertela Book, finishing before 'History of the Lunar Empire'. If they want to know the history, you can read that too.

9) Mirin's Cross (Lunar Empire)

This is another large city, and the headquarters of the Lunar Provincial Government. Once again, the boat only halts overnight (I have only one paragraph of description to go on). The Moonport here is larger than the one at Furthest and more obviously a symbol of Lunar prestige. Statues of the Red Goddess and Vargar the Sky-Mariner almost reach as high as the windows of the control tower itself. Three other Moonboats are docked here, one of which is more than twice the size of their own, and another is leaving as they arrive. On the edge of the Moonport are several large hangars that could hold two or three Moonboats even larger than the one they have noted.

From the Moonport they may see the many towers of the city in the early dawn as they set off, as well as the impressive crystal bridge crossing the Black Eel River, a tributary of the Oslir. This is the beginning of the main Lunar highway, known as the Daughter's Road. It is so named because Hwarin Dalthippa, a consort of the Red Emperor, built it. Using great magics, the route she travelled on her HeroQuest grew up into a wondrous elevated roadway behind her. (Use illustration on p47 of TRM: Issue 16 as a visual aid) At the center of the crystal bridge stands a 15ft tall obsidian warrior that moves only to defend the city from attack. It is apparently able to detect assassins and rebels passing by and knocks them off the bridge. (Perhaps it will turn to watch the Moonboat going by?)

At Mirin's Cross, the two officials from Boldhome get off and a party of Red Tribunes (Officers in the Cult of the Emperor) gets on. One of these will take a dislike to the PCs the next day and question them thoroughly as to what they are up to, ridiculing the Duke's wishes to become acting Governor if told about them.

Another very long day, this time travelling above the Daughter's Road the whole way. When night descends, it become obvious that the Red Moon is slowly rising towards the center of the sky dome, the closer they get to their destination, and getting progressively larger as it does so.

10) Jillaro and Alkoth

Late at night they moor at the expansive Moonport outside Jillaro. Yes they are so deep in the Lunar Heartlands now that Moonboats are a normal experience (at least to observe). There are four other Moonboats here, one of which is obviously a military transport and soldiers patrol around it continually to prevent anyone approaching. Jillaro itself is a 'marvel of beautiful architecture'.

Another Daughter's Road heads east from here, and the one they were following ends. This is another huge city, the capital of the ancient Sylila Sultanate.

Once again the boat departs early, although today's journey will be slightly shorter. As well as the usual fertile river valley features, around the middle of the afternoon they can see on the east bank the dark walled city of Alkoth. Alkoth was once a major capital that withstood the Lunars but has since been humbled. There is now a famous military college there, where the local Shargashi and the Yanafali feud almost constantly. Duels to the death are commonplace. The enormous featureless wall, a great, unbroken ring, under which the gates actually tunnel, surrounds it. Inside this city, correct codes of conduct are strict, and rigorously enforced.

Fortunately the Moonboat is not stopping here and continues almost 20km further to the city of Darleep, where it moors in the early evening. As the Red Moon rises, they can tell unmistakably that it is much larger and higher in the sky. Raus reminds them that they should be passing into the Silver Shadow region tomorrow and mooring at Glamour by nightfall.

11) Darleep

This may be the capital of the Kostaddi Sultanate, as the phrase 'Kostaddi Sultanate' is its only entry

in the Genertela book. It is another Turkish-type city with minarets and churches, and once again Raus warns them not to leave the boat in case they fall foul of local customs. The Red Moon is fully two thirds of the way up the sky dome, and with careful squinting, the face of Rufelza (TRM: Iss. 16, p63) can be made out. The Moonport is very similar to those at Jillaro and Mirin's Cross, although there is only one other Moonboat here at the moment, which is of similar size to their own.

Their Moonboat stops overnight and is due to set off early in the morning, but a problem arises: a large party of senior Lunar Officers needs passage urgently, and all papers are examined. Raus' permission is seen to be discretionary, and he and his party are politely but firmly asked to leave just before departure. Rather than cause a scene, Raus agrees. Sor-Eel is smugly sympathetic, and Raus and company collect their baggage and descend the gangplank.

Raus is obviously stressed about the prospect of seeing the Red Emperor, and once on the landing ground just sits on their luggage with his head in his hands and sighs: "Please arrange us passage to Glamour as quickly as possible."

If questioned further he is in a bad mood and may say "Any way you like, I don't mind."

They are after all his paid employees and should just get on with it. Meanwhile, Sardeus is tired and sets up some luggage as a bed under a Moonport lean-to, and goes to sleep.

Raus lived in Darleep for several years (in my game) and was here when the Dart Wars that led to the destruction and disenfranchisement of his family took place in 1615. He may have friendly contacts here, but has consciously turned his back on his old life and will not mention the connection unless asked. This does not come into play, unless something unusual happens like one of the PCs gets into trouble and Raus needs to contact an old friend in the judiciary or constabulary to get them released with a caution. Depending on who gives them a lift, Raus may be recognized, perhaps by someone who once lived in, or visited regularly, the lands of Rone, and some of the Rone history may be revealed.

This is a section for Player decisions, and here are some possibilities:

Check the other Moonboat - It is going to Yuthuppa, and whilst this is roughly the right direction it will not be setting down. Dropping the

PC party along the way is a worse option than going by river or road (as the new Moonboat Captain will tell them if they press). It is departing in a few hours.

Check the Riverboats – It is only a key-mile or so to the river docks. There are several boats moored there for the night. Arriving there sees activity already beginning. There are two large barges, two fishing boats and a private yacht, all big enough to take the passengers.

Barge 1 – Pelorian skipper, Rattan Belegos. Cargo: Silks and Spices. Heading north not south. Willing to turn for a heavy bribe

Barge 2 – Pelorian Skipper Turrish Holover. Ugly and unpleasant man will want to know every detail of their visit and who is in their party. Hates Carmanians. He is going to Glamour but won't let them come unless there is a huge payment such as magical items

Fishing Boat 1 – Local Carmanian Skipper – Pieter Wisbish. Happy and friendly man, heading north to trawl for salmon in an hour or so. His wife would be very upset if he was away for more than the day and won't go, but wishes them luck

Fishing Boat 2 – Carmanian settler, a dirty and uncultured individual, he will agree to take them for a large fee, however when Raus arrives, the boatman absolutely refuses to travel with the Duke. He claims that to arrive at Glamour in such a manner would be a bad omen for his business. (He recognizes Raus as a landowner, and has working-class reactionary tendencies.)

Private Yacht – Pelorian noble James Bollinger, and his crew of privately wealthy young noblemen of independent means. One of them is a Carmanian noble, and whilst they are very condescending they would agree to take only the Duke and his brother if convinced it was important. This means the PCs would have to make their own way, probably by hay cart or some such.

The Road Route – Hitchhiking is illegal, however courteous questioning of travellers at the Inn just outside town might get them a lift. If they do ask, the travellers are mostly independent groups of riders and wagon trains of goods, although most goods traffic goes by river.

The Inn is called 'Moonview' and if the PCs act like bums, the owner will send for the local constabulary, who will question them extensively. If they are not courteous, they will be hauled into

town for interrogation on suspicion of vagrancy.

Standing by the roadside all morning, they will see various lone wagons and groups of riders pass, which are no use. The few useful things are:

- After one hour – a three wagon convoy under Carmanian Maglak Dale. He is a rough and impatient man, but will take them for a substantial fee (more when he realizes they have to go and get the Duke)
- After another hour and a bit – a five wagon convoy under Pelorian Bernar Wills, a friendlier man who requires a substantial fee but is reasonably pleasant about it. (Both wagon trips involve being squashed beside goods such as bales of cloth and dried herbs and spices.)

By River – A long day's sail to Glamour, late afternoon passing Raibanth city, and mid evening through Good Shore, arriving at Glamour late evening

By Road – A long day's haul to Raibanth, where there is a bridge over the river, and where they stay in a roadside inn overnight. From Raibanth it takes only a bit more than 3 hours to reach Glamour.

12) Approaching Glamour

They leave the Oslir proper at Good Shore, and turn up either the road alongside the Oslir Canal, or the Canal itself. One of the first things they notice, night or day is that the Red Moon is now almost at the center of the sky dome, and is so large that one can make out the grosser physical features. (You may give a comparative assessment that it is as large as the terrestrial moon can appear in such environs as movies about the African Plains – that is VERY large.) Also, a subtle network of canals/lines can be made out by the sharp-eyed. (See 'The Energy Net', TRM: Iss. 16, p63)

The canal is wide and carries many impressive merchant barges and richly decorated pleasure craft. The road is known as the Emperor's Highway, a "broad, triumphal avenue" lined with huge oak trees, and regularly placed statues to the Lunar Gods and major spirits.

Nearing the City itself, one can't help but be impressed by the size of the crater-lip behind it (up which the City of Dreams sprawls, obscured by a rosy haze). One is also able to see the majestic towers and imposing facades of the taller buildings over the enormous city walls. These walls are not

only extremely high, but also regularly topped with impressive ballistae and other large weaponry.

NB – If you haven’t already, simply read out the first 2 paras on p3 of RGG to create an atmosphere of suitable reverence.

Less than a key-mile from the city, they pass to their right the Moonport, an aerodrome with seven of the magnificent craft parked on the stone causeways. There is also an impressive temple building here. (Molanni – see 39 on p10 RGG)

The Central (main) Gate (to which they are heading) is known as the Gate of the Four Beasts, and is a massive intertwined carving of a Lion, Bat, Bull and Eagle. (Show illustration on p2 of RGG, and then read out the left-hand column from p4.)

Behind the public city of Glamour (show map on back cover of RGG) it is possible to make out the City of Dreams. (This is not visible on map, but its location can be pointed out. Also, as a description you can read out the second and the final paragraphs of the City of Dreams section on p5 of RGG.)

Glamour FAQ

The Red Moon – Little is certain, information is likely to be waffle, such as that on TRM: Iss. 16, p63

(However if they specifically ask about how people get to the RM, use 3 paras starting “Behind the City of Glamour...” begins at the bottom of p 4 RGG.)

The Red Emperor – p33 RGG

The Crimson Bat – p33 RGG

The White Moonies – p29 and p35 RGG

The Red Goddess – The whole of “The rise of the R Goddess” on p28 of RGG, then “Rufelza” p30)

Glamour described by a Carmanian

If the Duke (or someone else) has not already told them his opinions about the city, he will do so now. Most suitably, Raus might casually recite these words shortly before their mode of transport halts.

“Glamour is like many Heartland Cities, a mixture of contradictions. It is at one and the same time the glorious capital of the Empire, and a place rife with petty-crime, indolence and pointless bureaucracy. Large numbers of Lunar Citizens have no regular employment and are supported by the corn dole. Whilst this allows some the luxury

of an education, few use it to its best advantage, and many deem themselves philosophers, writers, or adventurers, whilst in actual fact accomplishing nothing of any worth.

Glamour is divided into large city blocks called Insulae, each of which is a unit on its own, bounded by roads on all sides. The city residents are loyal to the Insula much as country folk are loyal to their own village. At ground level are the shops, and the owners usually live above them. Further above, and sometimes in the basements, live families, unemployed, and the low waged. Usually in the basement are the latrines, although some of the poorer Insulae must make do with nearby public facilities, and others are rich enough to have their own bathhouse. Each Insula, except the poorest, has a communal pump for water.

Staff at the Insulae are usually the same: a doorkeeper, a janitor, and possibly security and cleaners in the richer blocks. Only the richer blocks have cooking facilities worth mentioning. It is normal for all citizens to eat at the multitude of cheap bars and ethnic eating establishments, usually in their own block. Due to the large amount of leisure time, entertainment is commonplace and also inexpensive, however it suffers proportionally in quality. The brief time I spent in Glamour made me long for the harsher society of Carmania, where life seems to have significance.

I will warn you of two everyday hazards. Thievery is rife, and investigation of minor thefts is non-existent. It is far less trouble to accept the loss of your goods than to willingly associate yourselves with the Glamour Police. Their criminal investigation divisions are all Initiates of Danfive Xaron, and are known collectively as the Black Army. Whilst individually many members can be surprisingly human, their strange cult procedures and group mentality makes them exceedingly dangerous to become involved with. They seek sedition with an unnecessary vigorousness, and have informers everywhere. Whether the thieves or the Police are more unpalatable, I’d be hard-pressed to say. The thieves are more annoying; the Police can be more sinister. Still, most people like to impress visitors with their own city, so as long as you stay away from side-streets, obey the laws, and watch your pockets, your visit to Glamour should be most entertaining.”

(This speech is much paraphrased from the Glorantha Con IV Compendium)

12A) Entering the City

Inside the enormous gatehouse beneath the beasts is a paved courtyard illuminated by huge torches on top of ornately spiraling columns. It is cool and peaceful. Above your heads the largest bladed portcullis you have ever seen hangs menacingly. As the group passes through the gatehouse, Lunar soldiers step forward from the other end. There must be an entire century of them, but then you realize they are just presenting arms. Two scribes hurry up to you, as other travellers are also being met, and one politely asks to see your papers. Raus has them inside his jerkin and hands them all over, and the scribes scrutinize them carefully. "Welcome to Glamour and the warm embrace of the Red Goddess," one smiles, "you have journeyed far. As new visitors to the city you will have to register in full at the Temple of Intriplicatos." (Whilst he is speaking a dozen Lunar warriors have emerged from the shadows and surround you closely, but without menace.) "For your own safety we have provided an armed escort. This is a courtesy service for which there is no charge. Have a wonderful visit." After returning the paperwork to Raus, the scribes then go back into their office, and the Captain of the guard says politely "Follow me please," and marches off.

(After they have entered read out the first two paragraphs of the right hand column of p4 RGG.)

13) Glamour

Use map in RGG, and show route for each visit.

Advise Players that the map is a gross simplification and that the city is actually a maze of lanes and sidestreets, as well as the main thoroughfares and larger buildings marked!

General – the city might be compared most easily in Real World terms to Greco-Romano architecture with an extra dose of Byzantine minarets and domed buildings. Various areas away from the main streets resemble the packed and seething backstreets of North African cities in the 19th century. (Apologies for my rudimentary grasp of architecture and history.) One of the most noticeable features of the main ways, especially the central Avenue of Heroes that they walk along to the Temple of Intriplicatos, are the statues. Alone, or in impressive tableaux, these life-size creations illustrate various events and personages from Lunar History, ancient and recent. Glamour certainly wishes to glorify the triumphs of the Lunar Way, and is not shy of showing this. Inscriptions beneath more impressive monuments

are in both Pelorian script and the basic Trade pictograms.

Temple of Intriplicatos (64)

The party must wait seated inside a large corridor of this building for a little while, until a scribe comes and asks their business. Raus and Sardeus are escorted away with the paperwork, and return after two and a half hours looking a little tired. Not for the last time, Raus says to Sardeus (referring to his expertise in paperwork) "Thanks be to the Ancestors that you accompanied us on this trip!" Raus now carries a leather folder full of this paperwork, and distributes visitor permits to each group member. "Don't ever lose this!" he says seriously. Each permit has the name and homeland of the person, plus their main cult of allegiance and status in that cult, and their job title: ("Retainer and bodyguard to the most noble Raus of Rone, landholder in the Lunar Province of Prax")

Read these out for each character for atmosphere, perhaps even write on a scrap of paper, and hand them to the Players.

Prax House (45)

Raus then says "*The one thing I wasn't able to do was to arrange accommodation, so let's see what ambassadorial influence I have.*" He marches off.

If asked, he has no problem in telling them they are going to Prax House.

(Use Illustration on p11 RGG.)

There is a much shorter wait once he has announced who he is to the gate clerks. After only 20 minutes a scribe comes up and announces himself to be Tyrol's Lancer of the Blue Sable Clan, and also the Praxian Ambassador. Whilst he greets them with openness and smiles, he is a sycophant, and any nomads amongst the PCs will clearly see the hypocrisy of having a Sable clan member as representative of the diverse Praxian peoples. Nevertheless, he takes them to the ledgers and gives them several likely addresses for accommodation, plus a letter of recommendation. Raus is at all times courteous, and thanks Lancer warmly, but as they leave anyone who makes a Listen roll can hear Raus mutter a suitable blasphemy.

Attitudes of the Citizens to the PCs

If the PCs decide to seek specific individuals to talk to, then the attitudes that the citizens have towards the PCs might be obvious. However the

PCs might ask random citizens questions on occasion, so simply use the D10 rule:

1 = extremely friendly, and eager to impress on foreigners the wonders of Lunar achievement
2-3 = friendly and helpful
4-5 = helpful but disinterested
6-7 = barely helpful and distinctly cold and aloof
8-9 = unhelpful and rude
0 = surly, unhelpful and obviously having personal dislike for the PCs

Attitudes may be softened if the Duke and/or Sardeus accompany them.

Finding Accommodation

They proceed to Monument Plaza (I have situated this near B Gate – the circular road junction)

In the center of the Plaza is a massive statue of the Red Emperor holding the severed head of a barbarian foe. Across a large lawn can be seen the Palace of Art. Raus then leads them down various lanes and streets stopping at various well-situated boarding houses. Depending on time of day this will run differently. Eventually they will find a house that has a small suite of rooms on the upper floor available.

Raus and Sardeus have a room each, the PCs share either one or two small bunkrooms, depending on how many of them that there are.

Depending on the time of day, Raus and Sardeus will either go to bed, or freshen up, eat (by nipping out to a local shop and buying kebabs or similar) and head off for the Citadel of Halfway (1). There they will begin the process of obtaining an audience with the Red Emperor. If Raus sleeps now, then this latter is what he will do as soon as he wakes and breakfasts.

Whenever it is day, Raus tells the PCs that they are free to go sightseeing. (Raus has no hope that an important audience will be offered immediately.) He suggests that they find a city guide, or else buy a map from the Irripi Ontor Temple. He also requests in no uncertain terms that they keep their noses clean. If they get into trouble he will have to bail them out, and this might threaten his application. If asked for local laws to obey, he will tell them that the Empire recognizes that foreigners don't know all the rules, so simple etiquette and sobriety is the way to go. The places he personally recommends that they visit are:

Red Square (2) and the Ringing Bridge (32)

The Great Library at the Temple of Irripi Ontor (7)

Imperial Market next to the Etyries Temple (11)

Magnificus Baths (19)

The Sevenfold Gardens of Enlightenment (24)

The Artifex Theatre (26)

The Glass Menagerie (37)

The Palace of Art (which is closeby – 71)

and

The Garden of Flowers (80)

(If they ask for further information on these, refer to RGG)

Telling the Time in Glamour

In Glamour it seems likely that chronomancers call the hour from the top of minarets in uncanny precision. This is useful to know if the PCs are ever required to be somewhere at a specific time. There may well be some kind of simple call on the half-hour as well.

Out and About in the City

Hiring a Guide – Mostly available at the Imperial Market. Usually young people who want to get into Etyries or Irripi Ontor and are eager to increase their knowledge and communication skills, but also many down and outs pretending to be on their way up, and actually just looking to make money.

Public Conveniences – This should come as a nice surprise. After they have been out for just a little while the PC who makes the highest roll on a D20 urgently needs to take a dump. Refer to p19 of RGG. (Should anyone refuse to use these conveniences on account of the brood, impromptu alternate arrangements might lead to arrest and a heavy fine on grounds of an affront to public decency.)

Eating – Many establishments are extremely pricey, however there are small shops and street vendors scattered liberally in most areas who will haggle for fairer costs.

If they hire a guide, or ask someone knowledgeable and friendly, use p17-18 RGG.

Getting Around – Dinosaur carts (bus service!) down main thoroughfares, and Lokarnos Rickshaws, notable through being a distinctive yellow (see also p15/16 RGG). Everywhere they go, they will find awestruck Lunar pilgrims and street traders, selling all manner of wretched memorabilia (from Moonrock Candy to cheap copies of religious artifacts, to scale models of the

more famous monuments). Such folk might cast aspersions on folk who do not buy, proclaiming them heretics and enemies of the Empire!

(The playtest PCs had a great time watching the city go past from the top of a brontosaurus, but after the novelty of this first trip they reverted to walking.)

The Guide, or other citizens asked, will also recommend places that Raus did not:

Monument to Time (an architectural wonder – 6)

Temple of Peace (8)

The Necropolis (15)

Monster Coliseum (16)

The Hideous Zoo (17)

Arch of Robustus (another architectural wonder – 20)

University of Glamour (23)

Celestine Circus (25)

Red Light District (27)

Temple of New Consciousness (28)

Winter Gardens (29)

Memorial (38)

Aqueduct (architecture again - 50)

Imperial Mint (53)

Central Post Office (55 – also illustration p11)

Temple of the Seven Mothers (68)

Moon Rock Café (75) and the Stairs of Pleasure (Gate O situated next to 75)

Most of these places must be ad-libbed. Intersperse with details on the bustling, sparkling visible city, and (if they go off the main streets) the relative poverty and squalor of the underprivileged (which have reasonable living conditions if compared to somewhere like Pavis, although living costs here will be much more expensive.) However always check below when they visit somewhere, because some places have additional expansion material. Also remember to refer to the later section detailing special encounters, because these need to be fitted in whilst the PCs wander about. If there are no extra details, don't be tempted just to brush it off: describe possible tours, the pride of the workers/inhabitants/admiring locals, the services and facilities available...

Red Square (2) and the Ringing Bridge (32)

Borrowing heavily from Chris Gidlow's article in TRM: Iss12

See Illustration p12 RGG.

There are various ways to enter the Square, not just the Ringing Bridge, but if they cross that, make sure to stress its magnificence.

The massive wall of the Citadel of Halfway forms one wall of the Square. The Mausoleum of Yanafal Tarnils has a queue of soldiers waiting to be allowed in. It is a squat red building without noteworthy architectural features. (Humakti might begrudgingly find this admirable in the face of other Lunar pomp and circumstance.) On the opposite side of the Square is the Etyries Temple and market hall. Also on the Square is the Temple of Truth containing the Shrine to Glamour herself (9) (with its eye-catching shining triple domed roof.) Further along is the Irripi Ontor Temple (see 7 and immediately below) with illuminating slogans written on its walls (including "War is Peace, Light is Darkness, Chaos is Fertility").

Near the great doors to the Citadel is a small building known as the Ministry of Information Kiosk. Here may be purchased town plans, guide books, souvenir statues and etchings of the most famous city landmarks (including a blank black slate panel titled only "Glamour at Night").

At some point whilst they are on the Square, a troop of about a hundred shouting people dressed in white robes will enter from one of the stairs. They are holding placards with white circles on, and shouting slogans such as "Peace not War", "the only good moon is a white moon", and "Lunars out of Sartar". This is apparently unusual, and locals and tourists alike stop and stare. These white moonies form a circle, and scream and shout. After a few minutes, the great doors (next to the public doors) in the Citadel open, and Char-Un nomad cavalry ride out at full speed. (Char-Un are distinctive due to their barbarian gear and fierce warhorses.) The Moonies hold fast and shout defiantly, however the Char-Un head for the most outspoken woman (who was leading chants) hacking aside any that get in their way. The Moonies break and flee, with some making it out of the Square, but many lying injured or dead, and some captured. The woman is hauled onto the back of a horse and dragged back into the gates. From these gates regular Lunar soldiers have now run, and push everyone back from the scene, claiming that the Moonies provoked the attack by

throwing missiles and placards and endangering the populace.

The Great Library at the Temple of Irripi Ontor (7)

Just a note to say that peace and quiet are requirements for being in the building, a fee of 5L per person is required to consult the material, and some areas are out of bounds. For a further 5L a trained Librarian will make themselves available for half an hour or so, to aid in finding the material of your choice. One part of the building is the large temple area, with colonnaded walkways, large pools of colored fish, and a great worship hall with a huge statue of Irripi Ontor.

The Sevenfold Gardens of Enlightenment (24)

Do not include mentions of the Arkat Asylum when reading out the description. If the PCs choose to spend any time here they will discover that the Gardens are far bigger on the inside than could be possible, given their external walls. There is no cost to enter. These gardens are exceedingly beautiful, and players should be encouraged to recall the most wonderful parks and gardens they have ever experienced, and then multiply their sense of peace and enjoyment many times. There are woods, and lakes, and rainforest walks, swamps, and grass lawns. The place is also most obviously magical, with huge chessboards on which the human-sized chess pieces move under their own power, and even wander freely along the pathways. One can entertain oneself for hours merely trying to negotiate through one of the living hedge-mazes that rearranges itself continually.

In my campaign there was a Trickster PC, who I gave a small chance of noticing a pathway into the deeper gardens. (This chance could also be available to an Illuminated, or partly-illuminated PC, but there should be some reason that this hidden path is noticed, as most people cannot see it.) The chance was successful, and the PCs found a secluded trackway that led to the shores of a lake. On the opposite side they could see a huge old mansion house, but before they got there, they were stopped by an old woman (a priestess of Jakaleel, although they didn't know it.) She was polite but curious, asking what they were doing in this area, as they were obviously neither patients nor healers. She explained that the mansion they could see was a place of solace for those who found the riddles of the world too much to bear, and began questioning the PCs as to their own understandings of reality. I don't know how to play Nysalor riddles, so I fudged it a bit, but even so the

atmosphere was pretty eerie. Most of the PCs answered at least one philosophical question and came away with a taste of Illumination. Where that goes from here is anyone's guess.

The Artifex Theatre (26)

This week's performance is an acrobatic extravaganza by a group of Donandar cultists, with jokes and comedy routines. It is very good.

The Glass Menagerie (37)

This place is more like a regular Zoo, except there are no extensive areas of greenery within its confines. Remember however that the PCs have never seen anything like this before, so describe the mundane interior in awed tones. After this you can get a bit nasty and have them overhear a small child, who is pointing at them say: "Mummy, are those people barbarians?" "Hush dear, yes they are, now don't stare at them, you don't know where they've been!" Entry cost is 5L per person, and access is through a turnstile. The enclosures are mostly of reasonable size, and contain some foliage and items of diversion for the inhabitants, such as logs, trees, streams, pools and the like. Large panes of enchanted glass that the animals cannot see through also protect them. It is a pleasant place to spend an afternoon or even morning, but closes at dusk. There are many regular animals such as foxes, varieties of wild dog and cat, monkeys, exotic birds of all shapes and sizes, and the like. Inside, one is able to avail oneself of decadent refreshments such as ice-delights, or take a ride on a donkey, or even on a camel, llama or elephant. The complex is open and spacious, and the attendants polite and helpful. The animals seem happy enough, although some few seem listless in their small cages. If you need more details, creatures of note include:

Antelopes, Baboons, Bats, Bison, Gorillas, Hippopotami, Kanguruh (from the Wastes), Parrots, Rhinos, Sabretooth cats, Tuskers, Zebras

The Necropolis (15)

Not much more to say - guided tours take visitors through the towering somber buildings, perhaps a Humakti might find this impressive, but not overly so. Cost is 3L per person.

Monster Coliseum (16)

This place is an awesome monument, a huge building the like of which they have never seen before. In it are held only serious events, such as the weekend gladiatorial contests. If the PCs go in

to watch a show, it will be as described in RGG. The only other alternative is outlined in the poster displayed at various locations outside (written in Pelorian and Trade). "Fancy yourself as a Gladiator. Huge cash prizes to be won pitting yourself against unintelligent beasts. Apply within." By the generosity of the Coliseum staff, there is no cost to enroll as an amateur Gladiator. (Cynical, or intelligent, individuals might think this is just a way to keep the beasts fed and in shape, at the cost of ignorant visitors, and desperate or deluded citizens.) The beasts available, and cash prize, are as follows:

(Bear in mind that the event is rarely won by a warrior, so they don't expect to lose beasts beyond the reach of magical healing very often. The Coliseum staff are just trying to fill quiet evenings with amateur events. Unusual creatures are from the Glorantha Bestiary.)

Rubble Runner (actually 3 at once) - 30L

Nightstalker - 250L

Baboon (giant) - 60L

Bear (Polar) - 200L

The Hideous Zoo (17)

This place is walled. Outside the only gate is a sign in several languages:

"The Hideous Zoo of Emperor Venerabilis - the creatures inside may disturb those of a sensitive nature."

Entry cost is 10L per person, 20% discounts for groups of 5 or more. The cages and enclosures are made of iron bars with only tiny gaps between, and there are stone pits with some of the creatures at the bottom unable to get out. The descriptions in the Bestiary should be read as the inscriptions on plaques outside the monsters' enclosures. Pictures are also carved on these plaques. When reading descriptions out you might want to underplay how many of them are only found in Pamaltela, and substitute 'rare Gloranthan creature' or something like that. (RM = RQ Monsters book) The creatures found in here are not happy, and wail and scream. If relevant, perhaps one or more will break out whilst the PCs are here, but such an event would be extremely unusual of course. (Unless the PCs had fallen foul of the Spoken Word, or perhaps other enemies of Raus had released them? In the playtest, Agrestis used Rune Magic to break open a cage. If it is Agrestis, he will be seen a little later, running away just as he is spotted.) A large hydra

might be fun, as its cage bars warp open, just enough for it to get out, just before the PCs eyes. You might need to remind them about innocent bystanders, and that defeating the beast could be seen as a public service, however they are of course free to run away if they wish and let the authorities deal with it eventually.

Dragonsnail (RM), Fachan (RM), Gargoyle, Gorgor, Gorp (RM), Grampus (RM), Griffin (unintelligent as most are), (RM), Gray Giant, Gulper, Harpy (RM), Hydra, Lizard (Rock) (RM), Lucan, Manticore (RM), Nightstalker, Orveltor, Ouori (in a tank), Rascullu, Rubble Runners, Scorpion Folk (RM), Scythanni colony, Toad (cliff) (RM), Walktapus, (RM), Watchwere

Celestine Circus (25)

Entry fee is 2L for casual days and 5-10L for special performances. When the Red Emperor speaks, entry is for free.

Here there are opportunities for visitors and local talent to compete against each other for rewards. (Like a game show, this is always popular and occurs throughout the afternoons and evenings when there are no regular performances.) Chariot Races, running races, archery competitions, combat to the first fall or first blood (healers on standby, deaths a rare bonus) etc. Also the "face the unknown creature" combat for huge money. This can be anything from a rabbit to a jabberwock, although truly fierce and rare creatures are unusual. The prize is very tempting though, and contestants must sign a disclaimer form in case of death.

Archery - use 3 locals with 60+D20 skill, and a gladiator plant with 90%+ skill. Entry is 15L, prize 100L

To the First - Combat is with gladiator. Use Lunar stats. for a good officer. Entry 10L, prize 150L

Facing the Creature (D6) - Entry 10L, prize 150L

1 - a Tusker, 2 - a Rubble Runner, 3 - Gladiator, 4 - trollkin gladiator, 5 - giant spider, 6 - Grampus

Invent other contests as required.

Temple of New Consciousness (28)

Atmosphere similar to a Zen monastery, except tuition is by philosophical discourse as much as by riddles and koans. Anyone already with Illumination skill who spends a morning or afternoon here and succeeds with an INT roll gains 1% more Illumination. (Each further attempt

cumulatively subtracts 2 from the effective INT for the roll to succeed). Anyone without Illumination, who spends a morning or afternoon here, and makes an INT-5 roll, gains 1% Illumination. (Each further attempt cumulatively adds 2 to the effective roll but a maximum of 3% may be gained). Anyone who gains % in Illumination here has that % as a chance to become tainted by Chaos. This is only rolled for the once (as they leave Glamour on the return trip) and of course is kept secret until revealed by detections.

Moon Rock Café (75) and the Stairs of Pleasure (Gate O situated next to 75)

This is a groovy eating establishment with good food, and a selection of travellers will always be found here. These are mostly Lunars of one kind or another, but can include an Issaries trade delegation from Vanch if you like. This delegation is here petitioning for better trade rights, but have little hope of success, and are otherwise enjoying the holiday. This place is also expensive. Despite its lack of detail, when the PCs in my campaign expressed an interest in dining at the best place in town they arrived here. I ad-libbed some students serving as waiters, and some friendly dialogue, and the Players loved it. The PCs came and ate again here the next night, which goes to show that sometimes role-playing can surprise even the Narrator. The PCs also had an encounter with Agrestis, the Lunar jester whom they had uncovered at the Garhound Contests, and he tried to exact revenge by tipping hot soup on them (via a spell to push the waiter's elbow). The PCs saved the waiter's job, and caught Agrestis and beat him up - damn pesky Tricksters!

Special Encounters

Some credit to Monty Python's "The Life of Brian"

(Insert these as appropriate throughout the travels in the city)

Vivisculpture

(Designed for humor. Separate the Vivisculpture encounters across the beginning of their stay, although #3 could keep on turning up as long as it stays funny and/or interesting. Vivisculpture is the (relatively) recently popular art of sculpting gargoyles expertly into the likenesses of famous figures such as Fazzur or the Red Emperor. For static statues the gargoyles are posed and then killed, resulting in a long-lasting monument with life-like poise. However in the last few years it has become trendy to train gargoyles into a number of

poses and actually employ them to maintain varying displays throughout the day.)

#1 - As they stop to admire, or simply pass, a scene depicting Fazzur Wideread leading a band of warriors during the conquest of Dragon Pass, Fazzur suddenly begins to move. Stepping carefully over the sculpted dead and dying Orlanthi, he stretches and steps off the platform. It is his lunch break (dinner break? tea break?), and he wanders across the street to a snack bar, where he joins the queue for a bison burger. This was a total surprise to my Players/PCs, and gave them a real feeling of the bizarre decadence of Glamour. (Sometimes it's such fun to run games for people who know very little about Glorantha!)

Vivisculpture #2

Several statues are positioned as unofficial extras in a tableau showing a famous Lunar Council. (A special Scan may notice they seem out of place - monsters and soldiers at a bureaucratic meeting.) They try and mug the PCs, but end up begging for aid, as they were vivisculptures on pieces that were dismantled, and are now unemployed and destitute. (Make this as violent or as amusing as you like. A nice ending might be to flee the arrival of a patrol of the City Watch.)

Vivisculpture #3

A wandering bunch of statues, which are sculpted as the Red Emperor and his bodyguard, roam the city, posing in various tableaux from time to time (and spying on the populace). They may follow the PCs for a while, oddly reappearing nearby each site the PCs decide to visit, and remaining motionless in an artistic piece if questioned or examined. Perhaps just the Red Emperor himself follows the PCs?

Yanafali Bravoos

Just back from the front in Heortland, these nine soldiers are all Lay Members, and are drunk. They are not the epitome of an honorable Yanafali. Seeing foreigners, they decide to have some fun, and ask them what they are doing in town, and why they don't worship Lunar deities. No answer will be enough for them, and if there are Humakti in the group, one will challenge him to a combat to the first blood. (NB: It is not polite or honorable to challenge a rival cultist this way in your own city, and this will not normally happen.) Pick the most suitable level of Lunar soldier from the any suitable official publication. His friends will all stand round and support the battle. If the PC kills

the Lunar, there will be a hearing, and the PC will be expelled from the city if they can prove they were provoked (not a problem as there are witnesses, but possibly a harrowing time getting someone to step forward). If there is no death, then real Yanafali officers will arrive after a suitable period, and reprimand their men, putting them all on charges, and apologizing to the PCs (especially if there are any Humakti). If the PCs are in a small group and make any threatening moves, the Yanafali will all attack them, and give them a beating before running away and laying low. If the PCs press charges, play it by ear.

More White Moon Subversives

A group of apparently ordinary citizens will approach the PCs offering leaflets. These basically outline the White Moon doctrine that Lunar civilization is all well and good, but that violent imperialism can only lead to violent resistance and the Lunar way of might by arms is wrong. The White Moon is coming, and those that embrace violence as standard practice will suffer in response to their own actions. There is a meeting being held this evening. Do the PCs want to go? If they do, it will be just more of the same. In a large back room at a shady tavern, about 20 in the audience (plus PCs), and a male speaker. In a fit of originality, thugs will not break up the meeting, although anyone who attends it will be tailed home. Later that night, a party of Spoken Word agents will visit the PCs and make enquiries as to their business in the City. Presuming the PCs can convince the agents of their ignorance, they will merely be warned in no uncertain terms not to attend such a meeting ever again.

Graffiti Artist

A night-time encounter. A young man with a bucket of whitewash will be in a sidestreet, halfway through writing "Lunars out of Sartar". It is in Pelorian, however he is Carmanian, and the grammar is bad. He is just a spoilt nobleman's son, and if he were caught would be let off with a caution and a very heavy fine. However, as the PCs approach, he will sprint off, dropping the paint pot, as from round another corner come the Watch. They haven't seen the boy and will accuse the PCs who appear to have been caught red (white?) handed. This may lead to a chase (in which the PCs will get away), or else a trip to the local City Police Station where they will have to undergo truth tests. (In the Playtest the Trickster character posed as a Lunar Agent and made the young man write the phrase out correctly 100 times before

morning.)

Soothsayers

A daytime encounter. In a suitable area of the city, they will come across a small bazaar, with many stalls packed together selling gourds, clothing, candles, wooden tools, baskets, bread, wine, parrots, snakes, monkeys etc. At one end of the bazaar are five men and a woman, each standing on a podium and talking to a small crowd.

#1 - Talks about why Lunar military conquest is the only sensible way for a new Glorantha. That all the gods save one have accepted the Red Goddess as their mistress and an era of peace and prosperity is certainly beginning. *****Use the whole box at the bottom of p33 in RGG.

#2 - Why Yanafal is better than Humakt (civilized, intelligent, not obsessed by death, able to be resurrected)

#3 - Utter gibberish about his father being unable to find tools mislaid in his workshop

#4 - A non-Illuminant (pretending to be an Illuminant) talking about the balance between Chaos and Law, how one cannot exist without the other, and that Chaos is necessary to balance out existence.

#5 - Trying to convince the crowd to live simple peaceful lives like the birds and plants and animals that live without stress and without needlessly harming each other. He will exhort a PC: "You, sir, consider the Lily. The Lily lives at much more peace than you do, I'm sure. How much peace do you have in your life, sir?"

#6 - The female speaker is espousing the 'Equal Rites for Women in Carmania' movement.

Procession

Crossing a main road, the PCs are confronted by Lunar soldiers kicking low-lives and throwing them off the street, taking their paltry belongings, and shouting "Procession coming through!" How do the PCs look, like beggars or citizens? They may be asked to stand at the side of the road and get ready to cheer (Lunar flags thrust into their hands), or they may be asked to move on. (Although they are 'asked' this will, of course, be enforced.) The procession is for a visiting Satrap (from Doblin) who is a Yelmic noble. He is in a gilded carriage pulled by two unicorns, and is supported by 40 Yelmatio warriors all wearing

shining gold armor. They are off to an audience with the Red Emperor.

Glamour Police

Checking the papers and identities of foreigners and suspect looking citizens. They check cafes, theatres, zoos, everywhere, and may be encountered twice or even three times. An extension of this could be to have all foreigners on the streets rounded up and brought in for questioning: the authorities are looking for someone whose identity they will not reveal to simple foreign mercenaries. The Special Police of Glamour are Danfive Xaron Cultists. These are part of the 'Black Army', the internal security force for the Lunar Empire, and DX Initiates are all reformed criminals. This makes this arm of the Police Force perhaps akin to a military Police Force in a 'real world' repressive regime, very scary! They are not people you ask the time of day, although Lunar citizens in genuine need would probably be bold enough to approach them. The personalities of each Initiate vary, as do those of all DX cult members. Some have been made wise and serene by their ordeals, others are surly and unhinged, and some are schizophrenic and prone to fits of berserk rage (although these are much more likely still to be in the penitentiary). The average bunch should be presented as sinister, with barely concealed violence and horror hidden beneath the surface. Some will have horrible scars, and some will be unnaturally and chillingly polite.

Procession of conquered rebels

The Aggar campaign is going well, and 30 warriors with a high chief are brought into the city in chains and paraded through. At their head, an Irippi Ontor scribe shouts out that the Lunar missionary movement in Aggar has succeeded in capturing some dangerous bandits who are being brought to face the Emperor's justice. If the PCs follow the procession it ends up at the Coliseum, and the Emperor does actually arrive and sits in his box, along with several nobles (not Raus). Getting into the Coliseum will be a scrum affair amongst the eager scrambling masses. The rebels are all assembled in the ring surrounded by armed Yanafali.

The Red Emperor's Voice is magically amplified as it rings out in Pelorian:

"My people, I am proud to tell you that another of our client states is becoming a safer place to live for honorable law-abiding citizens of the Empire!

Before the bandits here are judged, do they have anything to say?"

Their leader is brought up to the box and his voice is not magically amplified (Listen roll to make out each phrase.) He speaks in Trade:

"Citizens of the Empire, we are not bandits, Aggar is our home. Since the arrival of the Lunar Empire our traditions and are people are being destroyed. We want only the freedom to continue out traditional ways, freedom from violent oppression and the imposition of foreign gods. If your homelands were invaded, would you not rise up to protect your ways, or would you lie still for the slaughter, like sheep.

Long Live Aggar, down with the Lunar Empire!"

He leaps at the Red Emperor and is incinerated in a great burst of magical flame.

The Yanafali in the arena retreat through the doors, and lions are released on the other prisoners, for the greater amusement of the populace assembled, but perhaps not the PCs. If any PCs are obviously Orlanthei they will be jostled and taunted on the way out, but may be able to retaliate in the crowded stairwells. Although this might lead to them being pursued through the streets by an angry mob.

Ralian Ambassadorial Party Site-seeing

A Malkioni Sorcerer accompanied by warrior worshippers of Saint Humakt. (An ambassador and his bodyguard.) They are from a province in Ralios, and may have some things in common with the PCs; perhaps they will be friends?

Chaos in Glamour *(This is an Aug 99 Digest Posting by David Cake, stolen pretty much in its entirety)*

I think there is a large 'underclass' of chaotics living in (and in the sewers beneath) the streets of Glamour. Chaotics throughout the Empire gravitate there, because Glamour is probably the only place in the Empire where chaotics are not persecuted. Nevertheless, most chaotics can only survive in Glamour by begging, thieving and other criminal activities, because few people are willing to employ them.

All over the Empire, the philosophies of the Lunar Empire tempt the unwary into experimentation with chaos, or otherwise encourage interaction with chaotic forces. But obvious chaotic features, or other evidence of chaotic taint, are still not

socially acceptable to the majority of the Empire. A seven fingered hand or third eye might be something a high Lunar official can get away with, but for most it leads to ostracism and lynch mobs. Those afflicted gravitate to Glamour - it is noted in the Empire that chaotics can live unmolested in Glamour, as there are a few high profile chaotics who live there and are well known (at least one broo poet, for example).

The Teelo Norri cult and other such do-gooders will assist chaotics in making their way to Glamour - the minor level of official assistance they can provide is often the only reason many chaotics survive the journey. At least they can sleep in Teelo Norri poorhouses along the way, rather than in ditches - chaotics are welcome in few inns. Once in Glamour, they discover the ugly truth - while the few successful chaotics are fêted for propagandist purposes, those who have played with chaos and lost are still losers in Glamour. While the citizens of Glamour may accept the Emperor's edicts about the official acceptability of chaos, such are still regarded as unwelcome by most.

The only place where they are truly welcome is among their own kind. Glamour has a literal underworld of sewers and strange excavations (even, it is rumored, Krarshtkid tunnels). There live the rejected experiments of the Empire's grand chaotic project. Many were not born chaotic, but became chaotic through Chaos Gift and similar magics. Many turn to crime, including trading in exotic drugs and pleasures not socially acceptable even in the decadent heart of the Empire. The secret masters of the Krarsht cult grow fat.

The crime, of course, as well as the use of broos as sewerage workers, means that the good Lunar citizens of Glamour can justify their discrimination, while at the same time mouthing the platitudes of Lunar acceptance of chaos. 'Of course I do not discriminate against those who accept the gifts of chaos, but that does not mean I need to welcome criminals or dung-carriers into my neighborhood or employment'.

I imagine the Underside of Glamour to be the Gloranthan equivalent of William Burroughs' Interzone - deranged half-humans turning to exotic vices to cope with their shattered lives. A little of Al Amarja, too. The scorpion man that continually threatens to commit suicide with his own sting, strange prostitutes that defy classification into the normal sexes, half-man/half-insect beings that sell their own body parts as exotic drugs, and so on.

And 'Spare Ass Annie', of course, straight from the title track of the William Burroughs/ Disposable Heroes CD.

If you want to make the whole area even more remarkable, there are many rumors about the Glamour underworld. Some say that something else existed on the site of Glamour, long ago, and the tunnels under Glamour have dug into strange ruins. Other rumors say that the tunnels actually reach the inside of the Crater in places, there to contact secret dark Lunar mysteries.

Chaos 1

The PCs see a crowd ahead, some kind of street entertainment. These people are gathered about a poet, the famous Broo poet Orgrarak Shattral, who has been praised by the Emperor himself. The poetry is all about the hardship of life as an outcast, and the wonders of Lunar Civilization. Orgrarak is of course a Dorastan spy, and may try and befriend the PCs when he notices they are strangers to Glamour (in order to see why they are here).

Chaos 2

Sewerage working party. Along the side of a street is a great trench. Beside the trench stand two men, apparently overseers of some kind. As the PCs pass they may notice that one man has an eye in his forehead, whilst the other man has a third arm growing below his left armpit. In the trench are two dozen humans (with varying degrees of obvious chaotic taint) and three broo. This group is replacing a collapsed sewer tunnel, and is an official work party. This is one of the few jobs chaotics can get in Glamour.

Chaos 3

Mugging! - Yup, chance for real melee on the streets of Glamour! The low-life chaos scum that live in the sewers occasionally get desperate enough to attempt robbery. They only ever attack foreigners, as fear of reprisals is much lower. Out of a narrow alley romp: a great twisted mass, a stunted goat broo and a man with no head but a face in his chest. The mass attacks with whipping tentacles instead of arms, otherwise use regular broo stats. An official complaint gets an apology stating that they must have swum in from the river, but the fact is that at some point they needed to pass through the gates.

14) Possible Timetable for the PCs' stay (Playtest Version)

Day 1 – This will be the rest of the day they arrive, or the first day if they arrive at night. Raus and Sardeus go off to try and make an appointment for an audience with the Red Emperor. Before they set off, Raus buckles on the Rone Sword and the characters have a chance to see his transformation again, as he gains an even greater air of authority. Raus forgets to assign a return time for the PCs to be back, so the Players have their own whims. Raus and Sardeus will return exhausted after sunset, and Raus will buy Sardeus dinner nearby for his help. Then they will retire early. If asked, they will say that it is a tough and exhausting business, and they merely queued and got nowhere today, and without the influence of the Rone Sword, and the knowledge that Sardeus has, they would not have even made it into the queue. They will ask how the PCs are enjoying themselves, if an opportunity presents.

Day 2 – Raus and Sardeus breakfast early, and leave early. In the afternoon the PCs will pass a small group of nobles leaving the city. On second glance they will see that it is Sor-Eel and his party. Agrestis is capering behind and every now and then, one of the group turns and tries to kick or punch him to drive him away. Sor-Eel will recognize them and call for his group to halt. He will tell them that he has been removed from office and that he has actually recommended Raus for the next Governor. He says that he believes he was a good Governor and perhaps trying to stop the Cradle was a mistake, but “what’s done is done.” “You don’t need a spare jester do you?” he asks wryly. He and his party then continue and leave the city. (If asked, he is returning to his family lands and retiring.) Agrestis does not attempt to follow them this time, but will tag on with the PC party, being a pest and trying to pull feeble practical jokes – hopefully they will get very angry and tell him to clear off. (If he is already an enemy, then of course he will not try and join with them.)

Agrestis might try and get them all with a cruel joke, by casting ‘Lie’:

“Well, I’ll go then, but I know something that you don’t know. The Crimson Bat is coming to town this afternoon in preparation for the Great Hunt, and they are looking for foreigners to feed it. Nowhere in the city is safe. If you run now you might just get out of the city before they lock the gates! Imagine that, fed to the Bat and suffering total annihilation!!!!” (ends in a shriek)

Cue for PCs that don’t resist to flee, screaming, for the gates, and get stopped and cautioned for disorderly behavior.

Raus and Sardeus queue again all day with no luck, but hear an exasperating rumor that the Emperor is soon to leave for a Hunt on the Red Moon. They return at 8pm.

Day 3 – Raus and Sardeus leave early. This time they do not return, having decided to queue all night so as not to lose their place. This is entirely allowed, as there are public conveniences next to the hall of supplicants, and experienced petitioners bring their own food and bedding (neatly packaged of course). The PCs might nonetheless become concerned.

Day 4 – Raus and Sardeus have not returned during the night. If the PCs go to the Citadel of Halfway and inquire, a clerk will go through the records and inform them that Duke Raus and his brother Sardeus the Sage are still registered as applying for an audience with the Red Emperor. Though the clerk looks down on them, he at least is able to inform them what they want to know, which is that it is not unusual for applicants to stay two or three days in order to reach the head of the queue. They may even meet Sardeus here, nipping out to get another couple of kebabs for him and Raus. Raus and Sardeus do not return until late in the afternoon. Raus has been granted a five-minute audience the day after tomorrow. He has been told he can talk to the Emperor, whilst he prepares to leave for the Imperial Hunt on the Red Moon. He reports proudly to the characters that the Rone Sword not only cuts through foes of the House of Rone, but also cuts through the small minds of petty bureaucrats!

Day 5 – Raus and Sardeus do some sightseeing. Sardeus finds out through his temple that he can get a place on a Moonboat to Furthest leaving this evening, and so he takes it and goes back to Prax. From Furthest he will join one of the frequent Lunar military columns heading down the Lunar Road to Pavis.

(This is a game mechanic to remove a now pointless NPC from the returning group of PCs.)

Day 6 – Raus’ appointment is in the afternoon. This time he will require some of his mercenaries to accompany him as retainers. Once again, he buckles on the Rone Sword and gains a new boost to his charisma and authority. He takes the PCs to some expensive shops and has them kitted out in specially made matching tunics with emblems he

invents, which combine the House of Rone arms with the runic symbol for Prax. He treats them to a lunch, before they go and report to the Citadel at 3.00 Calls (see 'Telling the Time in Glamour' earlier). The following is a description of what the PCs observe.

15) The Citadel of Halfway

First of all they report to the main administration. Before they get there, Raus advises them that they must behave exemplarily whilst inside the City of Dreams, and if this means that all they do is walk, hold themselves proudly and answer simply and honestly when spoken to, then that is fine. The whole building is, in atmosphere and appearance, a blend between Roman and Greek pillared corridors and high-ceilinged rooms, and stuffy government offices of the early twentieth century. Raus presents the official scroll that confirms his audience, and this is passed from the desk clerk to the chief scribe of the day. This man comes out of the office and looks Raus over, firing off a few small spells with ease, and scarcely flickering his fingers. (These are detections.) "These *outlanders* are with you?" "You guarantee their behavior within the Citadel of Halfway?" Raus looks at the PCs and pauses, then grips the Rone Sword and says 'Yes'. The man pales visibly and then stutters "Good. Follow me."

He takes them down a corridor guarded by two huge Yanafali soldiers, and into a large waiting room. Another clerk sits at a desk, and the chief clerk walks over and speaks to him. The desk clerk looks at the Raus group (Scan or Listen rolls). He sniggers. If they succeed he is making some snide joke. The word Carmanian might be heard. (If the Players don't know by now, explain that many Pelorians see Carmanians as second class citizens.)

The Chief clerk comes back. As he passes them he pauses and says "An escort will arrive shortly."

There are leather-covered benches that they may sit upon. Raus prefers to stand. After about ten minutes, an immaculately dressed imperial lackey arrives. "Duke Raus and party?" "Please follow me."

16) The City of Dreams

(Some ideas taken from RGG)

The party is taken away "through a bewildering series of marbled corridors, gilded halls, and splendid staircases". On the trip they sometimes pass by huge windows and can see out across the

City of Dreams itself. The fluted towers, colored domes and majestic minarets are all sparkling under the ruby glow of the Red Moon above. More than once when the view is in the right direction towards the center of the city, they can see the Silver Bridge rearing into the air, and disappearing in a thin strip as it plunges upwards to the Red Moon. There the heroes of the Empire such as Hon-Eel and the Seven Mothers dwell in eternal paradise, and also where the Empire's Horrors such as Yara Aranis and the Crimson Bat are restrained until they are needed. (Remind the players, through your tones, how in awe the PCs must be!)

The journey continues, with the group crossing "marble courtyards fragrant with fountains of rosewater", traversing enormous colonnaded walks, and even crossing a small park of unusual vegetation and unidentifiable ornamental birds. One of the more memorable features is when they cross a large hall with a beautiful mosaic floor. (It takes only a few moments to work out that the scene depicted in the tiles is "the Crimson Bat devouring wailing prisoners at Castle Blue.") Throughout the walk they occasionally notice other people, but none of them approach the Raus party. These people are all richly dressed and seem to be living a life of untroubled leisure. The walk takes at least an hour and a half, although time is hard to measure here in this mid-way place between the mundane plane and the myth plane.

At last they cross another small ornamental park, via a walkway whose roof is held aloft by particularly beautiful columns carved in the shapes of naked bodies. As the visitors stare in awe, they see that the columns are actually moving sinuously, they are, after all, the famous living Caryatids of the City of Dreams. The visitors enter a large mansion, and after only a few more minutes of walking are ushered into an awesomely beautiful waiting room. This chamber is decorated with silks and tapestries from the most exotic of locations. Sumptuous cushions and divans are scattered around. At the center, a small fountain sprays fine jets of water, and as it does so, it somehow also plays a continuous soft melody. The room has several doors, some closed and some half open. Their guide indicates that they should wait. After a little while, a chamberlain with an oiled beard and dressed more finely than anyone they have ever seen glides into the room. Their original guide introduces "Duke Raus" in a whisper, then simply turns and leaves.

The chamberlain beckons at them with barely concealed disdain, and leads them through a large door and under an arch decorated with silver symbols of planets and stars set on a black background. Anyone who fails a CON-5 roll at this point feels nauseous.

17) Raus Meets the Emperor

Beyond the arch is a smaller room, the architecture is just as rich, but the furnishings simpler. There are plain wooden benches, and thick red drapes cover three sections of one wall. On the wall opposite the drapes is a simple mosaic, depicting several men in glinting gold and red armor. These men are carrying bows and riding on hippogriffs, as they fly above a beautiful forest.

The chamberlain says quietly: "Your people will have to wait here, the Emperor will see you now. You are fortunate that he is in very good spirits today." Raus, who has been rigid with tension the whole trip, relaxes slightly. He nods to the mercenaries. (Ask do they wish to say or do anything?) Then he follows the Chamberlain through a small door.

Does anyone wish to try a Scan roll to see what is through the door?

Anyone who does so sees Raus begin to bow deeply as he enters the room.

Success – the glimpse of several people half-naked, attending to a central larger person with dark red hair, and a goatee, who is wearing white sequined clothes.

Special – Attendants that are mostly scantily clad females are helping a man with long dark hair and sequined white clothes to dress in red and gold armor.

Critical – At the center of a marbled room, an imposing dark-haired man in sequined white clothes, which have flared arms and legs, is being dressed in red and gold armor. Against one wall rests a gold shield and a large golden bow. Some kind of large lute decorated with gold inlay sits on a velvet cushion. Out of the window they see the top of a domed building bathed in red light.

Once the Duke is inside, tell the players that the PCs have very few options open to them:

- i) Listening (either at the door, or simply standing near the door)
- ii) Searching the room, either diligently or simply

in passing whilst examining its beautiful architectural lines

(They may also, of course, look behind the drapes of their own free will, but don't suggest this.)

Listening at the door:

If the character is not *obviously* eavesdropping, reduce their Listen success by one level (e.g. Critical becomes Special, Success becomes Failure).

Failure – Raus is putting his case forward to be Governor of Prax as a tributary state rather than a full province.

Success – Raus and a man with a soft and resonant voice are talking politely to each other. Raus outlines his plan to forge a Prax that is a safe and valuable tributary state of the Lunar Empire. His main point is that he believes the fiercely independent peoples will cope with being a tributary state and having a limited military presence, but will inevitably rebel if they feel themselves to be subjugated and enslaved.

Special – As above, and the other man sounds agreeable. He says however, that this is only because Prax is such a dire and arid country. Sartar is a rich client kingdom and must be made a full province of the Empire, despite its rebellious nature. This includes the Heartland Orlanthe. Whitewall must fall, and fall soon. The term 'Crimson Bat' is also heard.

Critical – As above, and "I am really not that happy with my generals. I'm gonna send the Crimson Bat against Whitewall soon. When this hunt is over I'll start things moving. Just you watch me, uh huh!"

(The references to the Bat are a hastily manufactured reference to the second part of this adventure in my campaign, which was a trip to Whitewall to meet Fazzur, outlined at the end of this piece. You may wish to replace this with words more useful in your campaign, leave in if historically topical, or simply ignore.)

Searching the room:

Actually moving things and having a sticky beak, even if using the pretence of examining the drapes and architecture – No roll required. The only thing in the room that was not already obvious to them is the shadow of a stain upon the floor. Of the obvious features, when the mosaic is examined there can be seen in the forest a fleeing creature that seems to be made up of the parts of several human bodies fused together. And when the

drapes are examined it is noticed that they hang close to large windows, and through the windows a deep red light shines. (This light is far stronger red than the rose tint that they have been used to whilst crossing the City of Dreams.)

You may have to ask them if they want to look out of the windows.

Through the windows:

First of all, ascertain if anyone doesn't want to look, and actively closes their eyes or turns away, but be casual about it.

Then, anyone who looks must make a POW roll. If they fail, their mind cannot comprehend what they have seen and they are rendered speechless until they have left the City of Dreams. This is not a total incapacitation, they will make simple befuddled phrases like "It was beautiful, so red, ..."

Anyone who makes their POW roll sees:

Outside the window your mind makes a complicated flip-flop trying to make sense of the images. Suddenly it becomes clear. You are looking from the upper window of a building in a small city of red buildings. It is a very beautiful city, however this is not what draws your attention, and your gaze travels over its walls onto a plain of red grass dotted with stands of red trees. Over to the left is a range of unusual mountains (red of course) standing almost like a parade of leaping dancers bounding from beneath the ground. Over to the right is a beautiful forest, the leaves of the trees sparkle like rubies, and the tree trunks are a deep reddish-brown. As you look at it, you notice that the trees seem to be shifting subtly, swaying in an unpredictable breeze. Despite all this, it is what hangs above the city that takes most of your attention. At first you think it is an enormous patchwork quilt with a great circular mandala as its centerpiece, but then your mind makes another alteration. You are looking down on the crater and the city of Glamour from above. Out to each side stretches the Lunar Empire. As your eye travels you notice that your vision somehow telescopes, and even though you must be looking across hundreds and hundreds of miles, larger details such as rivers, mountains and even cities are visible.

Viewers must make another POW roll at -4, and if they fail, notice that they are developing a slight nosebleed and headache.

Anyone who fails, and continues to look, will find his or her vision begins to blur and will develop a

terrific migraine and lose 1 INT, perhaps being automatically Befuddled.

Those who roll successfully and continue to look can see all the way to the edge of Tarsh. However after that the vision abruptly dims and no further detail can be made out.

Even these people are now subject to the POW-4 roll, and discourage further viewing attempts by Befuddling anyone who looks for more than a few moments.

Raus returns

After slightly less than ten minutes, the door opens (anyone listening who rolls successfully will hear someone approaching), and both Raus and the Chamberlain exit backwards, bowing deeply.

The Chamberlain leads them all back through the arch (CON-5 roll again or nausea) and back into the waiting room. Then he guides them down some stairs and along a different hall that they didn't arrive by. At the end of the corridor is a small vestibule on the other side of which narrow stone stairs descend. The Chamberlain says "At the bottom of the stairs turn left and go through the first door on the right. May the Red Goddess shine upon you all your days." He turns and goes.

Passing through the vestibule, anyone who fails a simple CON roll feels nauseous. Raus leads on at a swift pace, down the stairs, turns left in a small corridor, and unhesitatingly opens a wooden door on the right and ushers them through. On the other side they are at the end of a small corridor which leads back into the innermost waiting chamber of the Citadel of Halfway. A junior scribe waits for them at the end and escorts them to the main exit and out into Red Square.

What Raus tells them after they leave the City of Dreams:

"The Emperor gave me a good hearing. He is interested in my proposal to make Prax a tributary state rather than a province, and thus divert the impending rebellion. However, he says that I must also gain the approval of General Fazzur Wideread, who is currently the military commander of the whole Dragon Pass region and co-ordinating the invasion of Heortland. That campaign is very much on the Emperor's mind." Raus gets a dark look and frowns. "He plans to take stern measures against Whitewall, possibly as soon as within the next few weeks. I pity the rebels there, as they will be totally unprepared and shall be utterly consumed." He will say no more on these subjects. But he will outline

their plans: “We leave immediately for Whitewall to seek an audience with General Fazzur, I can only hope he will be as appreciative of my ideas as was the Emperor.”

18) Heading for Home

Note: If you lack “RQAdventures: The Fall of Whitewall” or possibly some new official piece from the Hero Wars game, you might like to ignore such references and have Raus (or whoever took the PCs to Glamour in your campaign) simply succeed in his mission and initiate their departure.

Raus hurries them back to their rooms and packs preparing to leave immediately. They may of course spend a final night in their rooms, and leave after a hearty breakfast, over which Raus will ask them what they thought of the city!

As they leave the city, be mindful to mention again its impressiveness and the thronging masses of Lunar citizens again. The gateguards will recheck their papers on the way out.

The group go first to the Moonport (39), where Raus is confidently expecting to be able to book passage. This is a huge and bustling place, with many guards checking people’s business, a large hall for checking flight times and booking-in luggage, and several expensive snack bars, and last-minute souvenir stalls. Unfortunately, the group is told in no uncertain terms that there are no free berths available for at least three weeks, possibly two if there are cancellations. If they loiter, Lunar guards will firmly escort them off the port premises.

Raus is angry that his progress is being impeded:

“Damn it! We must get to see Fazzur at Whitewall before the Emperor sends...” his words tail off.

“There’s no choice we’ll have to get a boat down the Oslir. The best merchant barges are powered by large elementals and make very good time. Follow me!”

He leads them to the Oslir Canal Basin (59), a walk of over half an hour, and goes into the shipping office, asking them to wait.

From Glamour to Furthest

Raus books passage for himself and his mercenaries on a riverboat returning up river to Furthest. He doesn’t have a lot of money left, and so has bargained for them to be relief oarsmen and general helpers on the trip.

Raus takes them down to the dockside. Describe

the place as bustling and filled with ships of all kinds. The great warehouses stand back from the ornate wooden wharves, and statues to the river deities stand at every corner. Even the wharfies are comparatively civilized, as befits one of the most prestigious trading hubs of the whole of Glorantha.

NOTE: If your PCs are suitable, you might be inventive enough at this point to drop the PCs into a variation of the scenario “Akritas’s Heir” (by Michael O’Brien and Nick Brooke, TRM: Iss. 16 p22). This doesn’t fit with my original storyline, but might with your variation. (Perhaps trading boats operated by foreigners are relatively common on the Oslir, and someone offers the stranded PCs a way to make some easy money?)

After a few minutes searching, Raus spies the river boat “Yatha’s Bride” (Make Yatha a river spirit if the PCs ask.) This large boat looks to be in the middle range, well-made and indicating reasonable success, but certainly not belonging to one of the more prosperous trading barons.

Raus says “We are fortunate again. I asked in the shipping office if there were any Carmanian vessels soon to go to Furthest that needed some crew, and here is one.”

Captain Pandras is a businessman first and foremost, however when Raus takes him aside and talks to him, they strike a deal. Pandras explains that he is short handed, as three of his crew recently transferred to another company: Pelorians that are trying to cut him out of the business. Pandras is keen to get some hard workers to help him load up this afternoon, maintain the vessel, and unload at the end of the trip. Most likely, there will be no rowing required, unless some of the rowers get sick. They should be in Furthest in nine days or so. Raus will bunk in the first mate’s cabin (the mate was one who left), and the mercenaries get to share the small passengers’ common bunkroom. This is not so bad, as it could sleep six at a push and there are less of them than that.

The goods aboard the Yatha’s Bride are primarily army surplus gear which arrives in depots at the Campus Militaris (18 RGG) from around the Heartlands and is then sent to equip the Borderlands Seven Mothers regiments. Pandras counts himself lucky to have this regular upriver trip. Returning downriver he carries differing luxury goods and foodstuffs to the Heartland Cities, and sometimes slaves.

So, for 4 hours in the afternoon, the PCs join the sweating wharfies loading crates aboard. This is all

completed by early evening, and the Captain invites them all to share a meal. There are a dozen oarsmen, and 4 other crew. The meal is fish and bread, with a good local wine.

In the early evening they cast off and sail for over three hours down to the docks at Goodshore. Even though the boat is indeed powered by a large water elemental, especially on this upriver trip, the rowers must put in a good effort.

The River Trip:

This will pass swiftly in real time. The Oslir River is enormous, like the Danube or the Nile, and the banks pass slowly because of their distance from the boat. Along the way there is much river traffic of all types, from local fisherfolk, to Imperial transports. The scenery also varies, although wide, undulating, fertile plain is far the most common foreground feature. They also pass many small and medium settlements, and also expanses of farmland punctuated by woodlands. The most common animals grazing are cattle and sheep, but river birds, such as waders and divers are also frequently seen. (Use the map on p36 of G:G, Genertela book)

Day 1 - setting off early, after a few hours they pass Raibanth, that magnificent city, and moor at the river's edge in the evening, near a small village.

Day 2 - All the way to Darleep. There are a surprising number of jobs to do aboard a riverboat, from rope coiling to swabbing the decks, and the mercenaries build up quite a healthy appetite. They moor in the river docks at Darleep and leave early again.

Day 3 - Passing Alkoth about noon, all towering walls and dark atmosphere, once again they moor along the river's edge at night.

Day 4 - All the way to Jillaro, once again mooring in the river dock.

Day 5 - Alongside the impressive Daughter's Road for most of the morning and able to watch the carts, wagons and most splendid chariots that traverse that edifice. (Picture on p47 TRM: Iss. 16)

Moor on riverside at night, next to a small town.

Day 6 and Day 7 - two dull days to Mirin's Cross.

Days 8,9 and 10 - two uneventful days and a morning to Furthest.

19) Beyond the Empire

Furthest, as they saw before, is a heavily Lunarised settlement that still has a notable Orlanathi element, although most of the Orlanathi have accepted the Lunar way and become 'civilized'. Raus treats his mercenaries to a dinner at a good tavern in the dock area on the outskirts of town, but does not want to waste time by going into the city.

Exactly how you close this scenario depends entirely on any restructuring you have done. Possibly Raus and the PCs will travel across Snakepipe Hollow with an armed caravan, hoping to join up with a Lunar Convoy at Alda Chur. (And possibly Raus will be kidnapped by Chaos during the night - a 'Snakepipe Hollow' scenario opportunity: every campaign should have one!) Possibly your PCs will simply head south into Sartar, or east into Prax, and home?

When originally run as part of the campaign, the PCs had some fun riding across Sartar, eventually reaching Whitewall. Raus left them in the Lunar Camp, and flew to Boldhome by Wyvern because Fazzur was at that city in lengthy meetings (and not directing the siege as they had been told). The PCs (with unexpected time to kill) then decided it was their honorable duty to warn the rebels that the Bat was coming. With much fun and games they got into Whitewall with a troll supply train, and out again with the help of a Lanbril guide. (The Crimson Bat arrived shortly after and added even more fun, but this is all a different story!)

Endnote: If you are using this as a lead-in between Borderlands and the Pavis Companion scenarios, then Raus honorably dismisses the PCs once the whole party is back in New Pavis. Now that he is Governor (presuming he is), he has decided it might be bad for his image to have types like the PCs openly representing him. Also, in my campaign, members of his family came out of the Heartlands to join him, and so he suddenly had a surplus of staff, and the PCs were the least valuable. Depending on your characterization of Raus, he might gift them well, and even apologize for this political move, promising to point any suitable jobs that cross his desk towards them. (A likely way that they could get the job to look after Arlaten and Mikos, replacing the random introduction and replacing Bor-Eel with Raus, or Sardeus, at the tricky Main Gate section.)

Agrestis the Jester

Agrestis, Pelorian Trickster (liar Aspect) if well-played, the spells of this guy make him very powerful.

STR	12		
CON	15		
SIZ	15		
INT	13		
POW	17		
DEX	16		
APP	15		
Move	3	<u>Locations</u>	<u>(AP/HP)</u>
FP	27 - (ENC=4)=23	Rleg	0/5
HP	15	Lleg	0/5
MP	17	Abdomen	0/5
Dex SR	2	Chest	0/6
Siz SR	2	Rarm	0/4
<u>Arms and armor</u> (total ENC)= 4		Larm	0/4
	Head		0/5

Armor: none, only jester-like, funny and colorful robe.

Weapons: only 1 dagger (for personal extreme defense) enchanted for extra AP defense.

Dagger SR 7 Att%35Par%50 damage 1D4+2+1D4 AP 12

Magic

Spirit Magic (94%) Glamour 3, Silvertongue, Voice Mimicry, Fumble, Protection 4

Divine Magic (109%) Charisma II; Conceal I; Dismiss Magic III; Reflection III; Lie IV; Extension III

Bonuses and skills

Note that any bonus/modifier is already applied

(even if evidenced apart)

Communication (+10%) Speak Sartarite 20%; Speak New Pelorian 60%; Speak Pavic 40%; Speak Trade 40%; Fast Talk 60%; Tell Jokes 90%; Sing 15%

Agility (+2%) Dodge 55%; Dodge in a Funny Way 80%; Dance 25%; Jump 50%, Caper Annoyingly 110%

Manipulation (+10%) Sleight 75%; Conceal 75%; Devise 45%

Knowledge (+3%) R/W New Pelorian 30%; R/W Sartarite 10%; Human Lore 45%; Compose Funny Ballads 65%

Perception (+10%) Search 30%, Listen 60%, Scan 50%

Stealth (-6%) Hide 75%; Sneak 80%

Distinctive Traits:

Joyfully offensive (on one's weak spots)

Provoker (with light, ironic and spectacular ways)

More attentive than he appears to be (he loves to hide his insatiable curiosity behind funny, even if annoying, behavior)

Personal Connections:

Agrestis is a Trickster of the Liar Aspect; this makes of him a totally unreliable Lunar Agent; but he is still one and had the attention (if not the trust) of several Lunar personalities in New Pavis.

NB: Since writing this scenario in 2000, Issaries have released their "Imperial Lunar Handbook". Using that new publication will greatly enhance this scenario.