

WHITE SEA
BLUE WAGON PLATAUE
PORALISTOR RIVER
ORAYTA
ARCOS RIVER
REDLANDS
ELF SEA
DORASTOR
AGGAR
TARSH
ALDA-CHUR
Grazelands
Kero Fin
BLACK HORSE COUNTY
Dragon Pass
BEAST LAND
ESROLIA
SHADOW PLATAUE
WHITETWALL
NOCHET
HENDRIKI
WENELIA
PRAX
DAGORI INKARTH

KING OF SARTAR

GREG STAFFORD
& JEFF RICHARD



*“There was a time when the Evil Empire
had reached out in every direction, plus one,
like the terrible walktapus with its ten limbs of
different types. One limb, without bones,
had even reached into Heaven
and pulled down Orlanth himself,
so that every wind which blew was an evil wind.
Every free man or woman was oppressed,
outlawed, imprisoned, or enslaved.”*

- Argrath's Saga



KING OF SARTAR

THE MYSTERY OF ARGRATH: HOW ONE MAN BECAME A GOD

REVISED AND ANNOTATED EDITION

**BY GREG STAFFORD
AND JEFF RICHARD**

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Special thanks to David Hall, loyal thane keeping the light;
and to Rick Meints, the king at the Dawn.

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May Lhankor Mby bless this book, and rob thieves of their fingers and eyes forever.

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INTRODUCTION

THE ELUSIVE KING

Who was Prince Argrath? He ended history and brought the Red Moon down from the sky. An empire which had withstood the Sun falling from the sky, an invasion of monsters, and an Ice Age, fell to him. But incredibly, we do not *really* know much about him at all. We believe he lived, just because of the impact upon our own era. But who was he, besides a figment of poetic invention for the dying age?

The best known information about Prince Argrath is contained in *Argrath's Saga*. This document is ostensibly by a scholar named Doranda the Quill. She was one of the earliest individuals of the Copying Stage of the reclamation period.

Argrath's Saga was, for a time, accepted as the definitive account of the life of this hero, despite its ambiguities. It has never left the public's memory, though Joe Everyman probably only knows some simplistic perversion of these stories now. Nonetheless, the recent outbreak of oral theater which frightened the Regulation Committee was only the most recent outburst of many spontaneous public activities expressing interest in Argrath, each of which has added a new layer of "fact" to his "life." But we must attempt to peel away those recent accretions to find the hard kernel within.

We all know that Prince Argrath is present in the popular mind as the great warrior hero-king who reduced the Evil Empire to ashes to rescue his people. We have all been able to appreciate the value of that myth lately, to enhance our own survival through Ardalea's New Ashes. Perched as we are upon the brink of starvation and rebellion, with the choice between either armed oppression or defiant martyrdom, we *must* re-investigate this myth. I hope, in the Conclusions, to show why. All of the information necessary for our survival this time should be contained in this book, *King of Sartar*. If it is not, then we can not hope to restalitize the zur to match our needs. I believe, however, that by applying the truths I reveal here, we can actually rejuvenate it to match our dreams.

BOOK CONTENTS

King of Sartar is a collection of five ancient manuscripts, published together here for the first time, in their entirety, and indexed.

I have chosen to include these documents in their entirety. Previous publishers have always selectively published only those sections which have supported their conclusions, leading their reader through artfully arranged and preconceived conclusions. I do not shield myself behind the cry of irrelevant materials or paper shortages.

THE BOOKS CONTAINED HEREIN:

Annotated *Argrath's Saga*, including *The Zin Letters*
Orlanthi Mythology, including the List of Deities
The Composite History of Dragon Pass, hereinafter CHDP
The Argrath Book
Jalke's Book

TRANSLATION

I have translated these documents to our vernacular. To do so certain changes were necessary: I used modern punctuation and standardized spelling. Also, the originals had no paragraphs, and to have mercy on the modern reader I have inserted them. Quotation marks have been added by me, as have many footnotes.

ARGRATH'S SAGA AND THE ZIN LETTERS

Argrath's Saga was first written in Year 0-Harshax, by a Doranda the Quill. It was one of the first items written in the Literacy Recovery Era. It codified a mass of oral tales, folk beliefs, and religious practices and provided the model for the Harshax Recovery, from which we all benefit. It was quickly copied by the Dorandans, and disseminated through Inlanstan. Its text is well known.

This text is different. First, it is marked to indicate which passages are from the different Northern and Southern versions. Secondly, it is annotated to help the curious newcomer.

The Zin Letters are a traditional appendage to *Argrath's Saga*, simply because the oldest copies from the Dorandans had them attached too. Custom believes that Doranda the Quill, one of the named correspondents in the letters, was the originator of *Argrath's Saga*. *The Zin Letters* were some of her correspondence with another of the early copyists in the pre- and early Harshax era.

ORLANTHI MYTHOLOGY

An anonymous author collected these stories. The stories have been arranged into a mostly temporal series. Some of them leap ahead of the next one, but in general they move steadily along from the start of the world to their compilation date.

The mid-1700s have been given as the date for this compilation. Nothing in it dates it any later than after 1247, the Apotheosis of the Red Moon. Reasoning for the eighteenth century is that, "The nature of the stories given, with tentative approval and perhaps not a complete understanding, indicates weak belief and a forlorn hope."¹

Not everyone agrees with that date. Readers may decide for themselves.

1 "Recent Myth Collections," in the *Tomast's Philosopher Journals*.

Collectively, these stories define the general nature of the Orlanthe religion. Further, rudiments of its development can be traced from a rather primitive start with the ancestral Umath, through the troubles of the Gods War which is settled with Orlanth as King of the Gods. That pinnacle of perfection lasted only as long as the wind stands still, and during the subsequent crisis Orlanth undertook the Lightbringers' Quest. After that Time was born. Three myths of Orlanth's actions since Time are next: against Gbaji, the Machine God, and the Red Goddess.

To aid our own search for Prince Argrath, this section provides deep background to his frame of mind, people, and the nature of the larger realm of the Hero Wars. Some of Argrath's actions, especially the Lightbringers' Quest, can be more easily understood couched in this mythical terrain. Certainly, to the astute reader, specific patterns in the behavior of the deities can also be seen.

THE COMPOSITE HISTORY OF DRAGON PASS

Without doubt, the Enexender Library discovery is most precious and valuable to us, who wish to glimpse the early age which made our world what it is today. The hundreds of volumes contained within it provide a wealth of information.

Among the most wonderful of the hundreds of books and scrolls is *The Composite History of Dragon Pass*. It is one of the most complete books of its era, in terms of our modern definition of completeness, and it covers an era of great interest to Argrath seekers.

The Composite History of Dragon Pass is a copy of a genuine Hero Wars document. It is a synopsis of events in Dragon Pass from the time of its resettlement, about 1300 S.T., until the time it was written, in the era of King Argrath. It was written about 1640, shortly after the heroic Battle of Dwernapple, which is almost the last event given.

No real evidence indicates that *The Composite History of Dragon Pass* is, in fact, "the book" which is mentioned as one of the wedding presents in Part 4 of *Argrath's Saga*, though popular tradition clings to this belief. However, it certainly *could* be since it was composed at the right time, and is largely a panegyric to the High King.

The Composite History of Dragon Pass covers much of the same time span as the early *Argrath's Saga*. The *History* is a far more sober account of events than the grandiose saga, and when the two accounts differ, the readers must draw their own conclusions. But when these facts are combined with the heroic saga, we *can* sort out the important details, if only we can be clever enough to understand.

"The Sacred Kings" list, which is the last chapter of the *History*, was added onto the manuscript by a later copyist. Its dates have been accepted as legitimate, and document part of the Later Hero Wars period. Note that here is our own beloved Inkarne, in her earliest known documented appearance.

THE ARGRATH BOOK

This is another find from the fabulous Enexender Library Collection. It seems to be a collection of information relevant to King Argrath. Three types of material are included.

First is material about the Lightbringers' Quest. It describes a ritualized method of performing the quest, and credits it to Queen Kallyr, who ruled Sartar just before King Argrath did. These can be compared with other versions of the same event in *Argrath's Saga*, "Part 5," and in *Orlanthe Mythology*, "The Lightbringers' Quest."

Second are stories about King Argrath. These are from many sources, and many of these contradict each other, as well as contradicting either or both of *Argrath's Saga* and *The Composite History of Dragon Pass*. Note that the latter is cited as a source for "Argrath's Mothers."

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Finally, documents dealing with the Empire of the Wyrms Friends are given.

The latest date given within the document is 1680, in “The Sartar King List.” This list provides us with most of our dates for the later Hero Wars. 1680 is Argrath’s return from his Lightbringers’ Quest.

1680 is thus the earliest possible compilation date for *The Argrath Book*. It is probably considerably later. Some time must have passed from the deed to this collection. Finally, the haphazard nature of the documents, and decline in wordmanship, add to the distance from the events of 1680. Thus, circa. 1800 is the traditional date given for *The Argrath Book*.

JALK’S BOOK

Jalk’s Book is a late collection of manuscripts, copied by Jalk, a Londario scribe. Jalk was unhappy with the state of his world, pessimistic, and indiscriminate in his choices of material. He lived in the Londarios Library, aloof and safe from the world of the later Hero Wars period which preceded the Changes. He says he has “gone below” to get the information. Presumably he went to the lowland, where the illiterate masses starved.

It originally had two sections. I have divided the first one into other categories: the Colymar Tribe, Boldhome, the Grazers, and some Miscellaneous.

The second section, “Report on the Orlanthi” is one of the most valuable descriptions of the people of the Hero Wars era. Described here are the folk who first made Argrath into a King, and launched him upon his Moon-sweeping path.

Jalk implies that this is just a collection of old knowledge, gathered as it could be, and put together simply because it was salvageable. This might be easier to believe if it was more random in its contents. Maybe Jalk’s friends had also “gone below” and they sorted things out before copying them.

The document states itself to be from the Londarios Library, traditionally founded in 1870, so it must have been compiled some time after that.

CONCLUSIONS

Here I answer the question, “Which is the Real Argrath,” and draw some significant conclusions from it. If you wish, you can go right there and read it first.

INDEX

This is an index of all the contents, created only through the use of an idiot copyist with this peculiar skill. This is the most original part of *King of Sartar*, and I can not claim credit for it.

MAPS

Five maps are provided. None of them are contemporary with their respective documents, but were assembled in recent times by other scholars. They have been included to familiarize readers with these ancient places which no longer exist. Some sites given are speculative. All maps use the same symbols. A common key to all maps is given here.

DATING

I am not one who would ever cast the least doubt or rumor upon the absolute truth of the Harshax Calendar. Indeed, if the Harshax herself wished me to recite a calendar of her ancestor’s deeds, year by year, I would do it, with or without accompaniment. Unlike those revisionist historians who properly remain anonymous, I honor the truths established by the Harshax, and to honor them I repeat the tale here.

“HOW HARSHAX FIXED THE CALENDAR.”

Harshax the Magnificent brought this entire world into one place, and made it as great as the old days. He did this by exercising his great power of creation upon the world to settle curious questions of wisdom. He settled questions of ownership, matrimony, and even of time itself.

One day he heard two of his scribes quarreling about what year it was. He decided that in his realm the way of counting the years must be done the same way everywhere. He called all the wise people to his court to tell him the answer. The scholars could not decide on the question of how many rulers there were in *The Zin Letters*. They argued so much that Harshax had them all beheaded except one. Then he spoke to that one. “We could not get rid of writing either, but now it is ours. I need you to tell me one thing: how many years ago did the ancient scholars first record the great name of Harshax?”

“It was 58 years ago, Master,” said the scholar.

“Then this is year number Harshax 59,” declared the Magnificent, and we have been using his numbering system since. That was 98 years ago. Today is Year Harshax 156.

Naturally, the oldest reference to Harshax is *The Zin Letters*. Thus they are dated as being Harshax 0. We must add 156 years of time since Zin to find our current date.

A NOTE ON THE DATING USED

Before the Modern Era began, under the enlightened leadership of the Harshax there was an erroneous system of dating called *Solar Time*, or abbreviated ST. This calendar began the moment that the Sun first rose into the sky after the Great Darkness. It was widely used by people of the Orlanthi and Lunar cultures. Since the dates are ignorant, ancient, and wrong, I have not noted the ancient dates as being ST, or anything else.

Naturally, all Modern History is properly and proudly noted with its Harshax date.

HAIL HARSHAX!

— Greg Stafford

KEY TO ALL MAPS			
Coastline		River	
Mountains		Lake	
Plateau		Marsh	
Peak		City	
Hill		Glowline	
Glacier		Crossline	

ANNOTATED ARGRATH'S SAGA

Argrath the Hero is the wellspring of our modern mythology. His story is found everywhere:

- We commoners all remember our popular folk drama competitions. The most popular cycle has always been the *Heroes of the King*, whose characters are nearly all recognizable as Argrath's companions.
- The old ruling class warlords loved to quote *Fearless to Death* as they rode down the rebels. Those poems were said to have originally been extemporized by Argrath before each of his great battles.
- Even among humorists and rationalists, as when Leopolte Comedienne said, about *Argrath's Saga*, "Veneration for this document is one of the few things that both *our* inspired historians and *their* superstitious mythologists claim to be true. Therefore I do not dare to believe either, and am driven into rationality."

Indeed, the rush of returning literacy to the word-starved minds of our ancestors was led by *Argrath's Saga*, one of the first documents to be put into words after the Illiteracy Era.

Argrath's Saga organized the facts about the ancient hero, which had become increasingly varied since his demise and the start of the Changes. Eventually the many local variants of Argrath's life which were extant were written down, but almost always in the context of fitting within the framework of the original *Argrath's Saga*. As a result, modern scholarship has tended to view the story of Argrath as a cohesive whole because its written remnants fit within the one basic story.

The finds at the Enexender Library have forced a review of the cohesiveness of the saga itself. Previous to the find, one abbreviated version of the famous *Argrath's Saga* existed. Called *Prince Eugene's Collection*, #25,234 (or PEC#25234), it was thought to be a bad copy of the original, with many lines dropped by a bad copyist, or by someone who did not like Harrek the Berserk. But in the *Enexender Collection* #428 (ExC#428) was discovered an intact copy, exactly like PEC#25234. Furthermore, one and a half other documents (ExC#437 and ExC#438) similar to both the *Argrath's Saga* and PEC#25234 were found. They were exactly the same, save for the errors made by someone writing by hand, except one was in brown ink, the other in blue. Both were by the same hand, on the same vellum.

My own teacher, David Starling, was the first to notice that the two discovered documents, together, included whatever the other was missing from the longer, later version of *Argrath's Saga*.

He also pointed out that ExC#428 and PEC#25234 contained a commentary which was mostly northern, or Lunar-oriented. The other two, (ExC#437 and ExC#438) contained a definite pro-Sartar bias, and significant influence from Harrek's Saga.

Starling proposed that the well-known *Argrath's Saga* was actually the latest of three versions of the epic.

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- The first was the so-called *Ur-Argrath's Saga* (U-AS). No copy of this is known, though it can be found by stripping away everything which is not in common to the next versions. He believed this was about 80 years older than *Argrath's Saga*.
- The *Northern Argrath's Saga* and *Southern Argrath's Saga* were then copied, and each was augmented by its copyist who drew upon their own additional knowledge. He thought these to be about 40 years older than *Argrath's Saga*.
- The *Argrath's Saga* was then composed using both the NAS and SAS. This is the version popularly credited to Doranda the Quill, dated at Harshax Year 0.

The intent of the collector was to be inclusive, and he made no attempt to reconcile different bits of information. In cases where conflicting facts were given, as in who led the army of the Good Empire at the start of Part 4, he just listed both entries complete, not even linking them clumsily. Sometimes, instead of conflicting, the two bits of information converge. In the battle for Pavis, at the end of Part 1, we can reconstruct many details of the assault.

It is a credit to the sacredness of the text that few people have seriously questioned its internal inconsistencies. We are fortunate to live in an era where we can review such beliefs without fear of Upper Committee Reviews. Therefore, I am pleased to publish this edition of *Argrath's Saga*, divided into its older segments as revealed to us in the Enxender Collection.

SCRAWLS

The northern manuscript (PEC#25234) also has a crudely written scrawl at its start, and an addition by yet a different hand at its finish. Both of those are given here, too, even though they are not really part of any *Argrath's Saga* version.

TEXT MARKINGS

No copy has differentiated between the northern and southern segments, but this edition does, by the use of parenthetical sections denoting differences in the sources. Thus the [Southern Version text] has square brackets and the {Northern Version text} has pointed brackets.

FOOTNOTES

I have footnoted the text extensively. The intents were two. Firstly, to identify individuals, places, and creatures which are of bearing to the tale, or are of general interest, of sometimes just quaint curiosity. Secondly, to refer the reader to further information within this book. Many of the people, places, and events mentioned in the saga are mentioned in other documents. I have noted those facts relevant to our quest of “Who was Argrath?” The nature of this quest requires the reader to search further facts himself. The index is provided to help.

— Greg Stafford

*Listen! This is the Saga of Argrath,
Lord of the Seven Directions,
High King of the World,
who was the son of a “stickpicker.”*

1 Nickname for the lowest class of free person in Orlanthi society. Normally a term of insult. See *Jalk's Book*, “Report on the Orlanthi.”

ARGRATH IN PAVIS

There was a time when the Evil Empire² had reached out in every direction, plus one, like the terrible walktapus³ with its ten limbs of different types. One limb, without bones, had even reached into Heaven and pulled down Orlanth⁴ himself, so that every wind which blew was an evil wind. Every free man or woman was oppressed, outlawed, imprisoned, or enslaved.

Argrath was the son of Maniski Two-sight⁵ a weaponthane⁶ of the Karandoli⁷ Clan of the Colymar Tribe.⁸ Maniski was killed when Argrath was three. Argrath's mother was called the Triceratops Queen⁹ because once she commanded a herd of those thunderbeasts. She was killed when he was seven. In those days boys were dedicated to the gods¹⁰ when they reached twelve, and so Argrath was marked with the sign of Orlanth, the god of Chieftains, Men, and the Storm.

When Argrath was fourteen he killed the Lunar tax collectors who were plundering his family's stead. He then fled into the wastelands called Prax¹¹, and to the city called Pavis which giants had made¹².

{The city of Pavis was a piece of the Old Age. All of the Elder Races¹³ had been gathered inside there, preserved as they were in ancient days, originally for the amusement of the ruling giants. But centuries before Argrath's time the hero named Pavis¹⁴ killed those giants and ruled instead. After Pavis died other human beings ruled the city. When the Lunar Empire conquered Sartar¹⁵ many of the refugees fled to Pavis.}

When Argrath got there he quickly proved himself to be a leader among the exiles¹⁷. But the sorcery¹⁸ of the Red Moon reached deep and far, and his enemies followed his trail out to Pavis. For a while Argrath and his men waged a secret war¹⁹ against the Lunars who lived there, but after his women were turned into succubae, Argrath had to flee into the waste lands²⁰.

In the wastes Argrath lived among people who survived entirely upon the bison²¹. They

-
- 2 The Lunar Empire, a vast imperial theocracy which ruled all lands north of Dragon Pass in the time of Argrath. They are the enemy.
 - 3 A slimy, sack-like monster which usually has ten limbs, which might be legs, arms, tentacles or pseudopods.
 - 4 God of Storm and Air, and the primary god of Argrath's religion. See *Orlanthi Mythology*.
 - 5 The individual most often credited as Argrath's father. Elsewhere he is named as Venharl.
 - 6 Synonym for the warrior class of Orlanthi society. See *Jalk's Book*, "Report on the Orlanthi."
 - 7 Argrath's people were clan-oriented. This clan had actually been missing from history before Argrath claimed it. See especially *Jalk's Book*, "Prince Argrath and the Colymar."
 - 8 Many clans made up a tribe. The Colymar Tribe is the most ancient, prestigious, and powerful tribe of the Sartar Kingdom. See *Jalk's Book*, "The Colymar Book" and "Report on the Orlanthi."
 - 9 His mother is also named differently elsewhere.
 - 10 Young men had to undergo several initiations to qualify as adults in Orlanthi society.
 - 11 East of Sartar were the Plains of Prax, a blasted chaparral inhabited by animal-riding nomads.
 - 12 Actually, Pavis had two parts. New Pavis was inhabited by humans. Old Pavis, also called the Big Rubble, was the gigantic ruins. See *The Argrath Book*, "The City of Pavis," Old Pavis, and the Big Rubble.
 - 13 Several intelligent species predated humankind, including the Aldryami ("elves"), Mostali ("dwarves"), Uz ("trolls") and Dragonewts ("lizardmen"). See *CHDP*, "Inhuman Occupation."
 - 14 This person was a citizen of the Empire of the Wyrms Friends, who occasionally accomplished amazing and unique feats.
 - 15 The traditional date for this is 1602 ST.
 - 16 {Pointed Brackets} indicate text found only in the Northern Saga. See "Introduction" for more.
 - 17 This is not corroborated elsewhere. See *The Argrath Book*, "Argrath of Pavis."
 - 18 The Lunar magicians were able to perform many magic feats which the Orlanthi could not. Any bad magic is called sorcery.
 - 19 Probably as robbers and highwaymen.
 - 20 East of Pavis lay lands which were even more desolate than Prax, where only Animal Nomads could live.
 - 21 The Bison Riders were one of the larger, more influential nations of the Animal Nomads. The other large

did not like to leave its back, if they did not have to, and for years Argrath was a ground man²² for them. But he proved to the Bison People that he was better than they were when he killed a six-legged Anxank, a monster plaguing their herds. Argrath lived with the Bison People and traveled with them for years. One time he saw the land where the huge statues are broken²³.

While living among the Bison People, Argrath made peace between them and the Arinstoli Sable People²⁴. He did this by calling up their common spirit, who was called the White Bull. Argrath used his great tracking skills and captured the White Bull, and they all swore upon it to help each other. The White Bull brothers rode upon many different types of wild beasts. While mustered, they obeyed no rules but their own²⁵.

The Bison People always moved about, and one of their great dreams was to visit their ancestral birthplace, the Paps²⁶. The herd was going there, and on the way they passed by the city of Pavis.

On that day a miracle occurred. A gigantic Cradle appeared floating downriver, the first to appear in many centuries²⁷. Inside the Cradle was a giant baby, and a treasury of giant-wrought items of great value and worth. Thousands of Lunar soldiers still occupied Pavis, and they tried to stop the Cradle in order to plunder it. Prince²⁸ Argrath mustered his friends in the city in order to stop the Lunar soldiers. It was a very difficult fight, but the friends of Argrath defended the baby. At that battle Argrath summoned griffins to defeat the Empire²⁹.

After the battle was over Argrath and his companions remained aboard the Cradle, since there was no place on land where they were safe from the Lunar clutches. They were washed far out to sea, and Argrath thought that they were all going to be plunged into the bottomless maelstrom³⁰ at the center of the world.

But before that occurred, a fleet of foreign ships met them. [They all had living wolves nailed to their prows, which snapped and growled at other passing ships.]³¹

They were the Wolf Pirates. Their leader was Harrek the Berserk³², who everyone knows about now. Argrath recognized the hero. Because they had never met, Argrath dared to argue with Harrek. To everyone's astonishment, Argrath convinced Harrek to leave the Cradle alone before he was killed by the berserk. Argrath and the rest of his companions boarded Harrek's ships and became Wolf Pirates. {It took Argrath only six months to recover from his wounds.}

peoples were the Sable, High Llama, Impala, and Morokanth.

22 A Praxian term for a person who does not ride, normally used to describe a slave.

23 Also called the Plateau of Statues, this a ruined site left over from the days when the gods walked the earth.

24 The different nomadic Animal Tribes normally maintained a spirit of murderous hostility, restrained only by the rules of warfare laid down by their gods in the beginning of Time. Any time more than one nation acted together was extraordinary.

25 A powerful spirit which Argrath summoned or found. When the group met, all members' beasts turned white no matter what color they had been before.

26 In myth, the place where the Cow Mother keeps the unborn beasts which are sent out in the springtime. Localized at an ancient Praxian temple site of that name.

27 A few centuries earlier, these had appeared almost regularly, and were one of the major reasons for the city's location. Common folklore places this in 1621.

28 A slip on the part of the originator. Argrath is not yet a prince.

29 A draconic species, and the first of many draconic connections for Argrath. See *The Argrath Book*, "Argrath Dragonfriend."

30 A few thousand miles south of Dragon Pass the oceans disappear into a roaring whirlpool which is hundreds of miles wide. It is also called Magasta's Pool and the Sea of No Return.

31 [Square Brackets] indicate text found only in the Southern Saga. See "Introduction" for more.

32 The greatest reaver and plunderer of his age, Harrek was a demigod of destruction. His legend was even larger than his achievements, and colored all later storytellers who felt compelled to include him in their tales.

[Then sailed the Wolf Fleet eastward, seeking greater plunder. They sailed around the entire Inner Seas, circling the bottomless maelstrom which is in the middle. At Teshnos, Argrath was among those who fought the elephants. He discovered they were not so fierce if their noses were cut off. At Teleos, Argrath aided the Purple People, and came away with the Emerald Frog. At Yanchi City, Argrath was trapped by the eating trees, but survived, and plundered the folks there of their livelihood in return for their treachery. At Goan, in Laskal, Argrath helped Harrek chase off the Bat People, and establish his claim of conquest. At Oenriko Rocks, Argrath was present when the ghost fleet saved the pirates. At Jrustela, Argrath was one of those who found the Iron City, but was forced to flee when the mountain collapsed. Argrath was one of the three people who fought the rest of the crew, in order to wait for Harrek to return from the devastation. At Pithdaros, Argrath supported Hunralki, the claimant from Jolar, and from the plunder of Noloswal he got the Red Gold Knife. After three years³³ the pirates returned to Three Step Isles, where they had begun.]³⁴

Freed of his obligations, Argrath and his companions went ashore to Kethaela³⁵. There they discovered that King Broyan³⁶ the Vingkotling was looking for help against the Lunar Empire. {When the Pavis forces failed to stop the Cradle, it caused a shakeup in the Lunar High Command. In the confusion, King Broyan had raised his countrymen to throw off their foes.} Argrath agreed to help [because he hated the Lunar Empire so much.]³⁷

Broyan also urged Argrath to ask Harrek to come and help [because he knew that Harrek hated the empire too]. So Harrek came too, and as payment he asked for Broyan's greatest city³⁸. The unhappy king could only agree.

The Battle of Milran³⁹ {also called the Battle of Zarn Kados⁴⁰, which occurred in 1624⁴¹} was a great success for Broyan. [Prince]⁴² Argrath had secretly brought along a hundred men who were made out of fire, and when the Lunar ghosts drove all of the men on his wing away, they remained and destroyed their foes. On the other wing, Harrek smashed the army of Sable Antelopes and Tarshites, and the Lunars routed. Broyan was secure, and many people in Dragon Pass began resisting the Lunars in their lands.

On that day the god Orlanth was released⁴³.

{The Lunar Army reassembled at Wilmskirk in good order.} [Harrek went on to plunder Wondercity⁴⁴, a place so magical that dreams lived there, so that you could revisit them. But after Harrek and the pirates left, it disappeared from the world and was never seen again.]⁴⁵

33 This would be the year 1624.

34 This is the first of several sections about Harrek which were added by the southern editor. This paragraph skillfully reduces a huge section of Harrek's circumnavigation epic. It isolates those adventures which relate particularly to Argrath. Presumably, the dozen or so other famous feats credited to Argrath in *Harrek's saga* were too unbelievable to include.

35 The land south of Dragon Pass, between it and the ocean. Kethaela was more popularly called the Holy Country.

36 A famous hero of the era. See *CHDP*, where he is a subking of Kethaela.

37 *CHDP* places this in 1624.

38 Presumably Kethaela's capital, Wondercity. See also the note below.

39 A small city in Heortland.

40 Presumably the Lunar name.

41 This is the only date to appear in the saga, and it generally agrees with other sources. See *CHDP*.

42 A slip on the part of the southern editor. Argrath is not yet prince.

43 He had been imprisoned when Whitewall fell, 1621 according to the *CHDP*, "Fazzur Wieread." See also *Orlanthi Mythology*, "The Gbaji War," for another example of when Orlanth was apparently imprisoned.

44 Also called the City of Wonders, this was the magical capital of Kethaela. It had been nearly vacant since the disappearance of their own High King, called the God-King.

45 1624, see *CHDP* section "Tatius the Bright."

Argrath went back to Prax, where the White Bull greeted him as a Hero. The imperial sorcerers had created invisible red ropes which had lassoed the leading beasts of all the nomads in the area, and were slowly hauling them into the city⁴⁶. Even the Blue Llama Folk⁴⁷, who had never known saddle or rope, were transfixed. Argrath freed the White Bull and went out alone with the White Bull men. He organized the tribes of Prax who then arranged among themselves so they were at peace at once. As Argrath promised, the ancient hero Jaldon Goldtooth appeared.

Jaldon Goldtooth was a hero who had lived in times so old that no one remembered when it was. He wore tattoos which no one could look at. His only armor was a helm, greaves, and gauntlets. No one ever saw anything like his three-bladed sword, his oddly-shaped throwing discs, or his lance which leapt out to reach its foe. His steed was not like any of the six great steeds of Prax, nor like any of the 21 lesser steeds. He said words that no one knew. All Praxian prophecies agreed that when Jaldon appeared, all of them would benefit to follow him. They did.

Argrath and Jaldon led them to Pavis. Ten thousand nomads surrounded the city. The Lunar defenders fought hard, and levied such terrible losses that the only survivors among the assailants were heroes that day. But the few successful warriors had planted the seeds of defeat upon the wall, and the next day the eating things had cracked a segment in the north wall so that it nearly all fell to dust⁴⁸.

{The Granite Phalanx was the first of the defenders to be ready, and they charged through the gap throwing up dust with their iron boots. Argrath tempted them to rush outside of the walls, and then the Sable People smashed them. Thus the best of the Lunar defenders were wasted. The proud Praxians charged through the breach: Narmed Whirlvishbane, of the Bison Folk; Yazurkial Blue Llama⁴⁹, of the High Llama Folk; and Roneer the Hue, of the Sable Folk. All of the Lunars were executed by order of Yazurkial Blue Llama.}

[Argrath led the attack through the breach, and Orgwaha Blue Llama⁵⁰ summoned twenty special spirits to guard the hero. The Lunar Army had sworn to fight to the death, but Argrath and his men cut their way through to the Temple of Pavis. The ancient god rose from his grave and greeted Argrath, and so the surviving Lunar soldiers lost heart, and surrendered.]

Argrath entered Pavis. When he and his companions entered the gates they were set upon by assassins. The murderers failed, and Argrath captured Jimgrim, a demon of murder and poison. Jimgrim attempted to make an offer for his life, as was common, but Argrath did not hesitate and cut his head off before he finished a sentence.

“This is how to deal with assassins without respect for life,” he said⁵¹.

They cut the body into parts, the way that trolls do⁵², and took them into the enchanted gardens and burned them. After that, no Lunar soldiers ever came to Pavis again, and the light of the Red Moon was harder to see from there. The forces of Chaos, and all other evils which are allowed by the Lunar Way, receded after that.

46 Invisible and red? This is a description of a magical effect.

47 The High Llamas were one of the noble tribes of Prax. The Blue Llamas were a particularly bloodthirsty clan who figured in several prophecies.

48 The exact nature of this magical destruction is unknown, although several sources mention it. See *The Argrath Book*, “Argrath of Pavis,” for a mundane explanation.

49 A prominent Praxian warlord in the Argrath tale.

50 A High Llama priest. He was also in Boldhome when Temertain was nearly killed. See *CHDP*, “Fazzur Wideread.”

51 This is the only direct quote of Argrath’s own words in the whole saga.

52 In fact, this method of dismemberment was widespread, but was usually reserved for deities who were killed. See the end of the Gbaji story, in *Orlanthi Mythology*.

LIBERATION OF SARTAR

Argrath, called the Chief of the Iron Ring, led the rebellion to liberate the people of his home from Lunar oppression. However, their [evil] Moon magic was very powerful, and so the Iron Ring worked to perform something extraordinary to defeat them. In secret they worked to befriend a dragon of the land.

Orlaront Dragonman, the son of Ingolf⁵³ a man who had come out of the earth to marry his mother for a night. Orlaront had spent three lifetimes being left-handed and knew things that no one else knew. He enlisted the Purple Seer⁵⁴, who drew in the Iron Ring, to fight against the planet priests during a Lunar ritual. They awakened a tremendous dragon which had been sleeping beneath a new Lunar temple that was nearly complete. The Lunars were going to use it to assault Old Wind. The dragon rose up from the ground, mouth agape, and swallowed the entire temple, and the leaders and magicians of the imperial host⁵⁵.

{Argrath then went to King Broyan and asked him to reciprocate the favor which Argrath had done. Broyan, a man of great honor, agreed. Argrath went back to Pavis and there organized the unhappy refugees, who had been living as outlaws, into a fyrd⁵⁶.}

Argrath returned to his people and was proclaimed the Hidden King. The people drew out their weapons and slew the Lunars where they sought shelter.

The cowardly Lunars dared not face them, and tried to hold out in Boldhome. In the valley below, Argrath gathered his army. The peoples of Sartar all sent men, as did all the friends of Argrath. There were Bison Riders, Zebra People, Pure Horse People, and Wolf People. Argrath's army came to the walls, and the citizens rose in rebellion against the Lunars. The liberators could not be kept out. [The whole Lunar garrison was killed in battle, or] {All the sympathizers were} hung the next day. Then the entire land rose in rebellion, and the surviving garrisons were slain.

At a great convocation in Boldhome, the assembled free folk of Sartar acclaimed, Argrath to be Warlord of the Sartari⁵⁷. The first Lunar counterattack came shortly afterwards. The Lunars were always able to raise another army, and they sacked the city of Alda-Chur⁵⁸. Prince Argrath led his army to meet them. All freedom loving folk rose to join the army.

Argrath sent requests, summons, and recalled friendships to gain help. King Broyan, a man of great honor, came with his army. White Bull, Pillager of Pavis, came when Argrath asked his brothers to come. Chieftains of Prax came, and they were called the [Army of the Bull.] {Intended as a term of contempt by the Lunars.}

The armies clashed at Sword Hill⁵⁹. The simple people of Sartar stood spear to sword against the hardened veterans of the Lunar Empire, and did not flinch when the ground was wet with their blood. And here, for the first time, Argrath tried out his new army.⁶⁰ The Eleven Lights destroyed the Lunars, and Argrath was victor at the Battle of Sword Hill.

The [cowardly] Lunar Army was destroyed. The good folk of Alda-Chur gratefully joined their city to Argrath's kingdom, as of old. The tribesmen bore him back to Boldhome upon their shields. [Along the way crowds urged Argrath to try to light the Flame of Sartar.]⁶¹

53 See *CHDP*, "Tatius the Bright," and *The Argrath Book*, "Companions of Argrath."

54 Presumably Minaryth Purple, the famous rebel killed in 1625. See *CHDP*, "Tatius the Bright."

55 Also in 1625. See *CHDP*.

56 This statement seems to contradict the success which Argrath had a few paragraphs earlier.

57 More commonly he is called Prince of Sartar after this. See *CHDP*.

58 The largest northern Sartar city.

59 Argrath's earliest victory, See *CHDP*, "Argrath."

60 Including the first units of what later was known as the Sartar Magical Union. See *CHDP*.

61 A ceremonial fire in Boldhome, lit by King Sartar as his funeral pyre, and extinguished by the Lunar Army.

At Boldhome, before the assembled peoples, Argrath called upon Orlanth to bless him, and help him to rekindle the Flame of Sartar. He did. A bolt of divine lightning burst the Flame of Sartar into fire. The great cry rose from the crowd, and thunder rolled from the mountains. Since that day it has been⁶² a beacon, visible for miles around at night or day. Then everyone knelt, and begged Argrath to be their king, for it was clear that Orlanth had chosen him to be their protector.

So many men flocked to his banner that he had more warriors than Tarkalor⁶³. He had more money than Saronil⁶⁴. {He had more enemies than Phargentes.}⁶⁵

His wife was named to be the Feathered Horse Queen⁶⁶.

BATTLE OF HEROES

Shortly after that the lands of Kethaela, south of Sartar, were plundered by fleets of the horrible Wolf Pirates. Their valiant king, Broyan, was killed⁶⁷ defending his folk, and the land fell to ruin. The people asked King Argrath for help.⁶⁸

[Harrek the Berserk marched first against Black Horse County, whose lord had fought against Argrath years earlier. Harrek and his men ruined it, and plundered great treasures from its bottomless basement. But in the task Harrek's best friend⁶⁹ was killed, and so he was very unhappy. When Harrek stopped off at Boldhome to show his plunder, he got into an argument with Argrath, and when Harrek was insulted his men sacked Boldhome. After that, Harrek and the Wolf Pirates were no longer welcome in the realm of Argrath.]⁷⁰

Argrath and Harrek engaged in a grim battle upon the marsh strands of Kethaela, but neither was able to defeat the other. [Not even onrushing tides slowed them, not even a hurricane, not even the guardian cranes⁷¹ stopped them.] During a pause in the fight, Harrek swore that he would not be robbed of his rightful plunder in Kethaela, and Argrath promised something even greater if he would spare Kethaela. Harrek agreed.

When the people of Kethaela learned that Argrath had saved them from the scourge of the Wolf Pirates they offered to make him their king and protector. Argrath agreed, if they would send their army to help him wherever he was when he called. They agreed to that, as long as Argrath agreed that none of his progeny would rule Kethaela after him, and that he would willingly abdicate if their own High King⁷² ever returned.

Thus Argrath became King of Sartar and also Kethaela.

The Lunar Empire was never satisfied while men and women were free. Its Red Emperor ordered another assault, aided now by enemies from within Sartar.

62 The tense indicates that the author, at least, knew or thought that the beacon still burned.

63 Tarkalor was the most successful king of Sartar. See *CHDP*, "Tarkalor."

64 Saronil Sartarsson was a very wealthy Sartar king. See *CHDP*, "Saronil."

65 Phargentes was a Lunar king of Tarsh, called King Slayer, who made enemies of nearly everyone but the Lunar Empire. See *CHDP*, "Phargentes."

66 Actually his future wife, see page. She was a priestess of horses, and the earth, but more specifically the sovereignty of Dragon Pass. Marrying her assured rule over Dragon Pass. Argrath marries her again (or another one) later. See *CHDP* "The Feathered Horse Queen," and *Jalk's Book*, "The Feathered Horse Queens."

67 For a different account of his death, See *CHDP*.

68 Perhaps 1628, see "Events of My Life."

69 An unknown individual.

70 This section is out of sequence and dates to 1627.

71 Thirty-foot tall birds which guarded the islands of Kethaela.

72 The God-King of Kethaela was a unique and long-lived individual who had disappeared a few years earlier.

[Two armies of monsters spewed forth from ancient pestilential sinks, and] the werewolf folk⁷³ turned against Argrath, plundering the herds of the folk to make Argrath's men stay at home. [From the north, out of Snakepipe Hollow, swarmed an army of broos⁷⁴.

In the south, from Larnste's Print, shambled an army of things that were half shapeless. Finally, the mighty Lunar heroine Jar-eel the Razoress⁷⁵ came, leading ten thousand elite soldiers from the Lunar Army.]

Nor was Argrath without help. Harrek the Berserk⁷⁶ and Gunda the Guilty, a valkyrie woman from Fronela, led the Free Army to help their old comrade. Argrath led his own brave men of Sartar to destroy the northern monster army, while the Free Army destroyed the other. In this battle Argrath used Colymar's Black Spear⁷⁷.

This was accomplished because Argrath had brought aurochs back to the land⁷⁸.

[The Lunar Army rushed to the fight to save their monsters, but they were too slow, and the victorious Sartarites counter-marched to meet them. The two armies assembled near the city of Bagnot. They were so eager to kill each other that they could not sleep at night, and so they assaulted each other in the darkness. The fight was so fierce that the warriors in the rear had to climb over heaps of dead to reach the front.

Fully half the fighters had killed each other when Harrek and Jar-eel finally found each other upon the field of battle. Their clash was heard to the skies, and the shock of their weapons deafened all who were on the field. In the fight Harrek had a foot chopped off, a sword slash from his left eye to right hip, and a spear stuck through his chest. None of the wounds could be regrown. But he struck a crippling blow with his sword, which broke after snapping Jar-eel's leg; he gave a blow with his left claw, which tore her body open, and with his ursine jaws he ripped her heart out. Jar-eel was killed. Harrek wore her heart as jewelry afterwards. When their leader was slain the rest of the Lunar Army routed, and were cut down when they ran. The battle is called the Battle of Heroes.]⁷⁹

King Argrath would not tolerate the wolfmen's attacks. He worked with all the priests and holy men who could do it, and they sniffed out their foes in the night and through dreams. They guided their men into battle, and sought the wolves through the most impossible lands.

The fight against the wolfmen was arduous, and many good men died. But in the end Argrath was victorious. Afterwards, the tribe of the Wolf People was dispersed, and only bands of them were found anyplace, and then were hunted down.⁸⁰ The human victors of Argrath's battles against the wolfmen were called the Wolfskins, for they wore the pelts of their victims, and they were a very highly honored band of warriors wherever they were recognized.

King Argrath married the Feathered Horse Queen⁸¹.

She had a band of fierce warriors called the Golden Horse Men. With these at the head of his army Argrath invaded the Kingdom of Tarsh⁸².

73 The Telmori Tribe, who all turned into wolves without wanting to. See *CHDP*.

74 These creatures were the folk of Orlanth's evil brother, Ragnagnar. They were misshapen, filthy, spread disease, and impregnated anything which they raped. They were hated and feared by everyone. We are lucky none live today.

75 The leading combat hero of the Lunar Empire.

76 Who was no longer welcome a few paragraphs ago.

77 Apparently a potent magic weapon. A clan was once assigned to hide it. See *Jalk's Book*, "The Colymar."

78 These ancient beasts were sacred to Urox, a god dedicated to destroying Chaos, and had been absent for centuries. See *Jalk's Book*, "Events of My Life."

79 This is the account given in *Harreksaga*. The battle is dated to 1628.

80 This refers to a war against the Telmori.

81 Again? Another one? See above.

82 The powerful Lunar-worshipping kingdom to the north of Sartar.

It was divided by civil war as [the evil] King Moirades strove to oppress the people who wanted to cast out the [evil] Lunar religion. The Tarshites were led by Onjur the Poet {Fazzurson, of a family of famous traitors} at that time.⁸³

The horsemen of the queen dashed into the land, invisible in the Sun's rays, and they captured the [evil] king, and killed him. {most foully, with curses, on the spot. Then Onjur killed all the others of the royal clan, including women and children and servants of the family, until a quarter of Furthest⁸⁴ was empty.} [The council discussed what to do with him. No one could decide, until one named Mularik the Cruel⁸⁵ leapt up and beheaded the prisoner, settling it in the manner of his home land.]⁸⁶

Then the cities [and tribes] of Tarsh all agreed to make Argrath their king, too. [They had at last purged themselves of the delusions that anyone can truly control the powers which the Riddler Monsters⁸⁷ could provide.] After that Argrath was called King of Dragon Pass.

THE QUEEN OF HOLAY

At this time the Lunar Empire changed its name. It was called the Good Empire. Perhaps they hoped that this would also change its nature, or that people would be fooled to believe that it had.

At that time King Argrath was courting the Queen of Holay⁸⁸ for marriage. Some people objected to his polygamy, but the women from Esrolia would have said it was acceptable. The Queen told him that he had to do two things to earn her love and respect. He had to defend her from the Empire, and he had to find some way which would not destroy her queendom through war. If he did those, then she would learn to love him⁸⁹.

The Army of the Good Empire attacked Fyllich Kwan⁹⁰, one of Argrath's cities, and started the war. Jar-eel the Razoress⁹¹ came first, eager to do battle for her lord. [Phargentes, the son of Jar-eel, led the army, and with him was a champion, the King of Jillaro.]⁹²

{The King of Jillaro, led the army, and with him was a champion, Phargentes, the son of Moirades.} They also enlisted the aid of a great army of nomads from Pent to attack Argrath⁹³, and an army of elves out of the Elder Wilds⁹⁴. [And the Wolf Pirates attacked again, too, but were driven off by Rostakos the Admiral.]

Argrath went to the Queen and he asked what he should do. "There is always another way," she said to him⁹⁵.

Argrath asked his Companions for advice, and they said that if they could not fight, they should flee, for certainly the Red Emperor would not suspend this feud⁹⁶ simply because Argrath wouldn't fight. But Argrath would not desert his home to the invaders. Every day Argrath and a

83 Onjur helped Argrath when he invaded Tarsh in 1631 and again in 1632.

84 Capital city of Tarsh.

85 See *CHDP*, "Argrath," and *The Argrath Book*, "The Mularik Fragment."

86 These events are dated to between 1632 and 1634.

87 It was believed that some Lunar priests could convert people simply by asking them questions.

88 A kingdom north of Tarsh. Other sources identify the queen as Inkarne, Queen of Holay.

89 For another account of this romance, see *CHDP*, "Argrath."

90 A city in Saird.

91 The primary fighting demigod of the Lunar Empire, who had been slain by Harrek above.

92 The capital city, noted for its beauty, of the kingdom of Sylia.

93 Probably from the Lunar province of Erigia, but possibly mercenaries from Pent.

94 The appearance of this folk outside of their own forests would be a very unusual event, as was their helping the Empire, which had previously destroyed two great Aldryami forests.

95 Compare this with Ernalda's comment, in *Orlanthi Mythology*, "How Peace Was Made."

96 As if this were a personal conflict between Argrath and the Red Emperor.

companion⁹⁷ would board his magic chariot, and they would raid and taunt the Red Emperor's army. That way Argrath drew his many foes after him, and out of the Queen's lands.

Then the Red Emperor raised a great foe against Argrath, and the Goddess of the mighty Oslir River raised its waters to fight. The swell began at the river mouth, moving upstream like a wave of water. It summoned its army of streams and tributaries to join it, and to bring the spirits of their long-dead inhabitants. An army of blue men marched with their goddess. They swam upon a body of water which washed southward⁹⁸.

The waters bulged from its banks, and flooded everywhere it went, swollen from its unnatural movement, and growing with every mile it surged. Argrath heard it coming, and looking down river saw the huge wall of water pressing towards him, bearing upon it an army of foes.

Argrath did not flee, or fight, but rushed at it and dove right into it. And before any foe could stab him, he was inside it. When he was inside the river goddess' belly Argrath released a bag of wind which he had, and then called upon his gods. Orlanth replied, and blew with the raging storm upon the Oslir River. The deities met in combat, face to face, and the Storm God again crushed his foe, and forced her down into her banks. The waters fell away, and Argrath was freed. The place he stood is called Argrath's Rock, and you can see his footprints there⁹⁹.

When the waters receded Argrath and his magicians pursued, and Argrath captured one important prisoner. She was the daughter of the river god. If Argrath took her as his wife or concubine then he could have rule over all of the Oslir River. She herself wished that, and begged Argrath to marry her. But he refused, for the thought of his own love, the queen, was ever close to his heart. So Argrath sent the river's daughter back, chaste, to her mother. Oslir did not forget this favor.

Jar-eel and her household learned where Argrath's beloved queen lived, and they went there and surrounded her house, and pierced it with their spears. But the queen escaped, hiding in a pit in the ground. The Lunars then set fire to the house to burn her to death.¹⁰⁰ Argrath saw the plume of smoke. He decided then, that he would have to lay aside his desire for peace in order to save his wife. He hesitated one moment, asking Ernalda for guidance. Then the deeds of his past helped him then, and prevented him breaking his vow.

When he had been young Argrath once aided some giants¹⁰¹, and they had never forgotten his help. They had also seen the smoke, and they rushed to help their friend.

All three kinds of giants came to help, and the Lunar Army was ready to fight them. Jar-eel especially was eager to slice her foe, and to sing them to death. But when she saw Argrath, who was refusing to fight because of love, she was struck with awe, and remembered her own lover back at camp. She then lusted for him more than she had lusted to kill Argrath, and went to camp to take him. Then the giants attacked the Lunar Army, and it was called the Battle of Gargantuans¹⁰². Argrath then sowed the Dragontooth Runners. No humans could stand before them, and the Lunar Army was driven away.

[The Jolanti¹⁰³ rushed from the center, and brushed away the best troops before the battle even began. The Pass Giant¹⁰⁴ knocked down the ostorolf¹⁰⁵, and cracked it so it died. And

97 Called Orlmarr the Charioteer.

98 That is, against its normal current.

99 We do not know where this is today.

100 Dated to 1638.

101 See *Cradle*, footnote, above.

102 Elsewhere called the Battle of Dwernapple. See *CHDP*.

103 A race of twenty to thirty foot tall beings, created from stone by dwarves and given intelligence by elves.

104 Probably the giant called Gonn Orta, of the Rockwood Mountains.

105 A creature unknown, but for this reference.

Too-Big-To-Be-Seen stood between the Red Moon and the field of battle for a week, and the enemies of Argrath died of fright.]¹⁰⁶

King Argrath then again courted the Queen of Holay. This time she could not resist his personal charms, illustrious manners, and royal bearing. They were wed, in the most magnificent ceremony since Orlanth and Ernalda first created the ceremony.¹⁰⁷ The Eight Great Gifts for them were: a flagon of Heler's Water, two Love Falcons, a pair of matched Golden¹⁰⁸ war horses, a new book¹⁰⁹ about them, the lost Cup of Orin, the Andastrian Pointer, the Ivory Throne which protects its rightful owner, and a jeweled palanquin from the Emperor of Teshnos.¹¹⁰ After that, Argrath was called the King of Dragon Pass and Saird, and the splendor of his court rivaled that of the Red Emperor.

ARGRATH LIGHTBRINGER

When the Red Emperor learned of the latest victory of King Argrath he grew so angry that his face turned purple and blood squirted from his eyes. He decided to lead the next army himself. He brought the greatest magics which the empire had at that time.

They brought the giant Crimson Bat, which ate battalions at a time; the Bombardiers, who called down stones from the sky; the soldiers who could turn themselves into stone; the Black Horse Troop, demigods riding upon demidemons; the crimson ghosts; the Knockdown Machine; the Unheard-of Wind; the scarlet specters; the red phantoms; the Empty Wind; and the Goddess of Six Arms.

The army was so huge that they drank half the water of the Oslir River, and the crops of the farmers downriver suffered that year for it. When Yantastos¹¹¹ resisted, it was leveled overnight, every person was killed, and half of them were eaten. When the Lunar Army reached Tarsh a horde of frightened Lunar sympathizers rose up in arms and slew Argrath's men, and then joined the Red Emperor. The Red Emperor sacrificed them as food to empower the Crimson Bat before it assaulted Furthest.

No one could stand before this might. Argrath sent his army home, and he and his companions fled to Broyan's Hall¹¹², where no one could find them for a while. While there, they decided to perform Orlanth's greatest pilgrimage in order to save their people. They agreed to the Lightbringers' Quest¹¹³. [Other people had already determined that the old myths were irrevocably changed anyway, and that it was impossible to navigate through them as of old. Some sought to discard all myth as useless mental baggage, but Argrath sought instead to use what was available and change it, if necessary.]

{The Lightbringers' Quest is a magical journey or pilgrimage, wherein the participants embody the attributes of the deities who originally performed it. It requires sixteen successful magical ceremonies, each of which requires all seven participants to perform flawlessly, and each of which includes at least one portion where the participants invoke their enemies to come inside their protective circle. To ensure success in these sixteen parts often requires other

106 According to *CHDP*, it is a "rogue planet."

107 The Grand Wedding is dated to 1643.

108 A magical breed of horses.

109 This book is popularly believed to be *The Composite History of Dragon Pass*.

110 These are the Eight Saird Gifts, known to everyone.

111 A city in Holay.

112 Probably on Stormwalk Mountain, though King Broyan was dead.

113 The greatest pilgrimage which an Orlanthi could undertake. See *Orlanthi Mythology*, "The Lightbringers' Quest."

less arduous, but just as dangerous, tasks to be fulfilled beforehand. This was an ancient quest, originally performed by the gods to preserve the world. A few other people had successfully undertaken it since time began, but no one was really able to reproduce the precision which the old ceremonies needed.}

{Argrath changed that. He had discovered that none of the sixteen great ceremonies was really required to be exactly the same as the rites which were preserved from ancient history. He discovered that the participants are left some options for originality and creativity, especially to respond to external circumstances which always modified events from the outside.}

Argrath and his companions set off over the broken realm of myth. The Bad Rain¹¹⁴ swept across Dragon Pass when he left. Vilgars¹¹⁵ pursued him, and were killed over the Precious Pool. They went to Ygg's Isles, and the people there called upon their god to help Argrath. When Argrath could tell Ygg's genealogy correctly, the god agreed to fly him to the West. All went well after that until they saw the Blue-Like-A-Corpse Woman, who sent decayed vilgars at him, armed with Argrath's own weakness. He was wounded to death, but the love which his wife sent to him in a feather¹¹⁶ sustained him. And then his tribes folk rose up¹¹⁷ to fight off the vilgars, and the Black Spear slew them. In such a manner Argrath and his companions fulfilled the twelve steps necessary to reach the Court of Judgment¹¹⁸.

In the Court of Judgment, where the Lightbringers receive the gifts of their labor, Argrath passed the purification test of the Flame of Ehilm. The assembled gods agree to give him the gift of liberating the god of his choice.

The treasures of Heaven were available to him: peace, food for his people forever, personal immortality, friendship with demigods, a homestead in Heaven, and his own star.

But all the gods were shocked when he asked for Sheng Seleris¹¹⁹, an ancient enemy who had chased the Red Emperor off the earth, and had even scarred the celestial face of the Red Goddess when he was alive. But that demigod was beyond their reach, quarantined in a Hell which was made by the Red Goddess outside of their cosmos. The ancient gods could not do what they had said they would do, and as a result the whole of Genertela shuddered, and the Earth grandmother groaned, as if her bones were bending. The stars were afraid.

At the center of the world Argrath compromised. He extracted some new promises from the gods who were unable to fulfill those which they had just made. And so it was done differently, and instead of following his liberated guests to the world again {as required by the Lightbringers' Quest}, Argrath went on another, deeper quest¹²⁰, into the darkest parts of the Underworld where torture is like breath, and pain like clothing, and where suffering is like food. Argrath helped his countryman there, and gave hands to Hofstaring Treeleaper¹²¹, who in turn helped Argrath get inside the forge¹²².

114 See *Orlanthi Mythology*, "The Arming of Orlanth."

115 A flying carnivorous reptile from the Gods War era.

116 Perhaps this was a charm he bore? A feather which drifted down? Another version of the story refers to the "love falcons" which flew to Argrath from his wife to revive him.

117 This abrupt appearance of warriors is apparently some kind of Lightbringer magic.

118 We regret that more details are not given of this journey. Compare this brief account with "The Lightbringers' Quest," in *Orlanthi Mythology*, or *The Argrath Book*, "The Short Lightbringers' Pilgrimage." Tradition dates Argrath's Lightbringers' Quest to 1673, but a few revisionist scholars claim a date of 1645 for this event!

119 An infamous horse nomad leader from Pent, who had been defeated about two centuries earlier.

120 Compare this with Ironhoof's double quest. See *CHDP*, "King Ironhoof." A lone fragment later referred to Argrath's "second mystic quest," presumably the same.

121 A Sartar rebel, conquered years earlier. See *CHDP*. "Fazzur Wideread."

122 We do not know what this forge means.

And at last, with much loss¹²³, Argrath found the prisoner, and broke the chains which held him. Chalana Arroy¹²⁴ healed the pulped soul and spirit. The ruins of Sheng Seleris rose, chanted three things, and then raised himself up once again¹²⁵.

He took two steps, and was back in the world of the living. Argrath followed him from the Underworld, and Sheng went to his own people in the Redlands¹²⁶ and established himself among them as leader once again.¹²⁷

Argrath returned to his people, who had once again been conquered by the latest shape which the Lunar Empire had taken. Its inhabitants called themselves citizens of the Good Empire¹²⁸, and they were led by King Phargentes, the son of King Moirades and Jar-eel. He was a cruel king.

The people were overjoyed to see Argrath once again, and to receive his news. They rose against their unlawful king, and their allies came to help, and they fought at the Battle of Dantolfol.¹²⁹

When the armies clashed, the stars stopped to watch.¹³⁰ The Bombardiers began, and called down huge chunks of roaring rock to fall upon their foes. But the Four Winds turned the boulders, and they smashed a legion of the Lunar Army. The Crimson Bat came, but out of the Army of Dead Heroes arose King Broyan and his household, who drove it off again. The Knockdown Machine fell down when the earth shook beneath it. The Unheard-of Wind was not heard of. The Six-armed demon was turned to ashes by the Sun God. The two kings met in single combat, standing upon the broken earth under the blue noon sky. Argrath, inflamed into heroic proportions, slew the enemy king, and drove away the horse demons, even though they were invisible¹³¹.

Argrath was again installed as King of Dragon Pass.

[One day the king got a request for help from Sheng Seleris. Argrath, always a man of honor, answered the call and went with an army to Molarisor City. At the subsequent battle, Argrath was at the front of the fight always, and led the attack which cut its way through the Red Emperor's vampire bodyguard. King Argrath then struck down the Red Emperor. King Argrath would have buried the body, or burned it, with honor, but Sheng Seleris insisted on taking it and cooking it. He then served a great feast to his chieftains, who devoured their eternal foe. After that, although there was a Red Emperor, it was never again the same Red Emperor. Unable to support its own perversity, the evil and corrupt empire fell to its own hunger and devoured itself.]¹³²

123 See *The Argrath Book*, "Argrath's Companions," where all his apparent companions are listed as killed on this quest.

124 The Goddess of Healing, and one of the Seven Lightbringers.

125 Apparently some magic of his own.

126 The borderlands between the Lunar Empire and the plains of Pent.

127 The revisionist historians claim this event is dated to 1646.

128 A repeat of information given above.

129 The Battle of Dantolfol is traditionally dated at 1680 but revisionist historians give a date of 1646.

130 This was an all magic battle, decided by the heroes, priests, and magicians and not the soldiers and warriors.

131 Perhaps the demon steeds of Sir Ethilrist, who could cast a cloak of darkness to hide himself and his company.

132 The revisionist historians date the demise of the Red Emperor to 1648.

SHENG SELERIS

The changes of the Lunar Empire never seemed to finish. With new leaders it got new powers, but its intentions were always the same. The latest incarnation called itself the New Moon Empire, but to the Orlanthe they were the Shadow Moon Empire.

The army of the [Shadow Moon Empire] {New Moon Empire} was composed of spear men, from Dara Happa¹³³, and cavalry, from the Redlands. Many of the soldiers were warlords, descendants of the Sun Gods. They were commanded by Sheng Seleris, who Argrath had freed, but who showed his gratitude by becoming an enemy.

King Argrath was sometimes aided in this war by the Lodrilli¹³⁴, a confederation of tribes from Peloria¹³⁵. One of them told Argrath about the annual expedition which the Lunar Empire sent to assist Kalikos Icebreaker. {Kalikos was an ancient demigod who had helped drive back Valind, the God of Winter, during the Gods War. Each year the Lunars sent out an expedition to reinforce Kalikos in his annual fight against Valind. As a result the demigod had held back all bad winters in Peloria for many centuries.}¹³⁶

Argrath recognized the unnaturalness of this act, and vowed to help fix it. With his own companions, he set off across the invisible road¹³⁷ to find the house of Kalikos. However, the house had moved from its old place¹³⁸. They did not find it, for the Two-half Bears delayed them and slew Harmast¹³⁹.

Instead of dying, lost on the glacier, they found Fankrios Unlaba, a woman frozen in the ice. She brought them to the house of her chieftain¹⁴⁰, HEND Valindsson, an old hero who was bound to this fight, and could not escape, and was sadly waiting to fight Kalikos and the rest of the Lunar expedition. Argrath gladly took the fight for the old man. Inandana Daughtersdotter¹⁴¹ was the Lunar hero who came, expecting another easy victory. Instead, Argrath slew her. Kalikos was wounded and driven off.

Argrath was not content with this simple victory. HEND Valindsson and Fankrios Unlaba led Argrath to the Palace of Kalikos, which was concealed in the Underworld. They surrounded it with their army, but were thwarted until Elusu, Argrath's Trickster¹⁴², found a crack which no one would talk about, and got the attackers inside the bright star palace. All were wounded in the attempt, and they nearly did not get the front gate open. But once the wall was breached, the household of Valind let their many years of pent-up rage bear them forward, and strengthened their sword arms to win the combat against Kalikos in his own home. After that nature was set right again.

That winter¹⁴³, for the first time in centuries, the lands of Peloria were covered with snow. Deep snow. It was higher than a horse's back, and even the Oslir River was frozen solid. Ice demons which had been held on mountaintops for generations came down and danced in the valleys. The spring thaw did not come until the Fire Season began¹⁴⁴.

133 The civilization along the middle and lower Oslir, and the heart of the Lunar Empire.

134 "People of Lodril," the farmer god of the Dara Happans.

135 The thousand-mile wide area occupied by the Lunar Empire.

136 He had his home in a star which rose above the horizon each winter.

137 That is, upon the mythical plane.

138 The annual movement of the star, or perhaps, it had gone to another part of the sky?

139 Perhaps Harmast Hatchet, See *The Argrath Book*, "Argrath's Companions."

140 See *Jalk's Book*, "Report on the Orlanthe."

141 Perhaps the daughter of the Moon's Daughter, a heroine second only to the Red Emperor.

142 Argrath had several tricksters named this. See *The Argrath Book*, "Argrath's Companions."

143 Dated to 1649.

144 That is, eight weeks late.

King Argrath asked for a favor from his troll friends¹⁴⁵.

They agreed, and Argrath sent them over the snow and ice to the camps of Sheng Seleris. There they took the lives of half of the women and children and mares, to enrage and demoralize the nomads.

In the next spring, the Dara Happans would have liked to help their allies, the horsemen, but Argrath Storm-maker¹⁴⁶ raised the waters of the Oslir so much that every house which was not on a hillside was washed away. Anyone without boats could not move around, and so they all stayed home.

The Pent horsemen did not let something as petty as raging waters deter them. They called together every warrior, and summoned their ancestors so that they were like a storm cloud over their heads. The armies of Pent and Sartar camped on opposite sides of the Black Eel River¹⁴⁷, each eager to fight.

But Sheng Seleris was impatient and full of many tricks and great magic. He sent a horde of ancestors to attack the guards and divert the Sartar magicians. Then Sheng Seleris called his greatest demon, Hewga the Hot, who blew upon the waters so that the river parted silently for his horde.

The horsemen and women rode across the dry river bottom and on the far side they did not pause to form ranks. They were so enraged by the atrocities done to their women that they put spur to horse when they first saw their foes and raged right into Argrath's camp.

The Sartar army was surprised and four thousand men were killed before Argrath destroyed the devil-brothers who had attacked him. The king raised his royal light, summoned his banner bearer¹⁴⁸, and rode to the front of the fighting. There he stood atop his horse, helmetless, and showed himself to all. He urged the warriors to fight for Orlanth and the sake of their loved ones. [The king's priests concentrated their magic upon neutralizing the dozens of spiritual guardians who protected Sheng Seleris.] At last dusk arrived, and the six-armed goddess of Saird was freed. Like a wolf spider leaping upon a fly, she was upon the king of the nomads. Even though he was stripped of his guardians Sheng Seleris was no weakling, and now the goddess is known as the goddess of six arms and four hands. But she bit and broke him to death, and by dawn had dragged his soul to eternal punishment once again.

This was called the Battle of Gardint.¹⁴⁹ After this Argrath was the King of Dragon Pass, Saird, and Peloria.

145 We do not know where this friendship came from.

146 Usually an epithet of Orlanth.

147 This forms the border between Tarsh and Balazar.

148 See *The Argrath Book*, "Argrath Dragonfriend."

149 The Battle of Gardint is dated to 1650.

THE RED MOON

{After five hundred years of life¹⁵⁰, the Red Emperor was dead. Without its emperor to lead it, the empire had no center. Worship of the Goddess was not enough to unite everyone. Respect for the Lunar principle was not enough to maintain unity. The mighty empire broke up as its powerful leaders vied for control of its wealth and power.}

[The ever-changing face of the Lunar Empire eventually had to reveal all if its aspects. When every honest means was exhausted, then the true Monster Empire showed itself.]

The Red Emperor, who had served the Red Goddess for so long, was gone.¹⁵¹ The beings who took his place were not human, and had objectives which were beyond human ken. The empire of evil did not lack supporters who sought to get whatever they could before the end of their days. Anyone with compassion was seen as a willing victim, and the oppression within the empire was far worse than the military efforts outside of it. They let the Ice come, because it suited them.

[Then Shadow's Good Shadow came and begged the High King for help. This being was a pure victim of the corruptive, life-sapping imperial policies. She was not really female, but was called female because she was a shadow of what a man could have been without being a woman. This sort of non-being was common within the empire at this stage of history, for the very fabric of the world was coming unwoven because so much Chaotic magic was being used.]

The King was not the only person to be alarmed by this oncoming disaster. The dissolution of the world had progressed so far that many of the ancient gods woke into conscious action. Those beings had been forbidden by their own oaths to ever intervene directly into the world of life unless their very essence was threatened with entropic destruction¹⁵². And in the days when the Great King¹⁵³ fought against the Monster Empire, the gods walked beside him. The Great King sent messengers to all of the other great leaders of the world, and he asked all of them who loved freedom and life to send their best and bravest heroes to help him remove even the shadow of the Moon from the world.

In the First Direction, Argrath went to the Eastern Lands where ruled Urox¹⁵⁴, the desert wind. The desert god sent his favorite son, Yazurkial Blue Llama to lead his warriors and brought the Shadow Dragon.

In the Second, Argrath went to the Southern Lands where ruled Pamalt, brother to the Garden God. {Hunralki the Great came from there with his army.} [And more importantly, Pamalt sent his best warrior; Harrek the Berserk, to fight from the south, for Harrek could never be beaten in battle, either fair or foul.]¹⁵⁵ He brought the Flame Dragon.

In the third direction, Argrath got the help of Ardinyar Kocholangsson, Lord of the Seven Storms and King of Ralios. He had been sent by Orlanth and brought the Storm Dragon.

In the fourth direction, Kajakab Hendsson came to help the Liberator. He brought Uz and Hollri from all across the glacier, and some new stars which were so bright that they shone through the snowstorm. He brought the White Dragon.

150 A slight mathematical error here, since Argrath lived 400 years after the empire was founded.

151 Devoured in 1648 according to the revisionist historians.

152 See *Orlanthi Mythology*, "The Ritual of the Net."

153 A new title for Argrath.

154 Also called Storm Bull.

155 This adventure does not appear in the *Harreksaga*.

In the fifth direction, Argrath called for the help of the stars. The Pole Star, who ruled all of the sky now, sent his favorite lover to help. This was the Starbrow. She brought the Celestial Dragon.

In the Sixth direction, Argrath went and asked for help from [Asrelia. She sent her favorite, Enderos Quicktongue, who had been Argrath's Knowing Companion. He brought the Inner Dragon.] {Ikadz the torturer, who Argrath had pleased by returning Sheng Seleris to Hell. He sent his favorite warrior, Erantha Gor Longaxe, to lead the army.}

The empire, in response, summoned the Seven Granddaughters of the Red Moon, The Twin Fire Demons, the Vampire Legion of Karn, the Stonewall Soldiers, the Fingers of the Goddess, the Jailers of the Dandarath, the Blue Wizards, the Blue Serpent, and the Moon Wind. But, as was his way, Argrath did not do what everyone expected him to do. He did not wish to hazard the lives of all the best beings of body and spirit against the gods of entropy, as if this was another Battle of Doom¹⁵⁶.

Instead, Argrath called upon all the powers of his left hand, which he had used only once. With whoever would help him from each direction he did the Dragon Move, and in that way called into his presence Sh'harkazeel, which was promised freedom in return for its honest and true assistance.

Sh'harkazeel then shared with all beings which were present the secret of the ceremonial utuma¹⁵⁷, and there came into being from the ends of the universe the Seven Dragons. Then Argrath gave them their instructions.

Those which would do such a thing remained in this world, as they were asked. Those which would do such a thing then lurched into the sky. Those which would do such a thing brushed aside the burning light of the Red Moon which could destroy even them. The Storm Dragon then clutched the great bulk of the crimson orb with all four of its taloned feet, and wrapped itself around the Moon with its tail, wings, and long neck. With tooth and claw it plowed valleys into the surface of the Red Moon and cast screaming chunks of burning rock tumbling in an avalanche from the sky. Then the Mover of Heaven rose upon beautiful wings and attacked. It seized the other side of the wounded orb, and the two dragons pushed and pulled until the entire body was wrenched from where the gods had placed it. In three great chunks, and a million lesser ones, it dropped from the sky and was gone, forever.

The shape of the world was changed. The way that nature works was changed. The way that men and women relate to the world was different. The way that the gods and mortals communicated was altered. This is the thing that Argrath did, to serve his people, to shape his god, and to make the world a better place for us.

Hail Argrath!

Bless us!

So they say. But it's still here!

And now it's invisible instead!

This is what made our world today, although almost no one remembers it.

*If you have read this then pass it on, and tell others about it
to make sure that you, and they, do not repeat it!*

156 A mythical battle which nearly ended the world. Also called Dragon End.

157 A draconic ceremony of magical creation.

THE ZIN LETTERS

The Zin Letters are three letters of correspondence from Zin to Doranda the Quill. Nothing other than what can be extracted from these letters is known about Zin or Doranda, though considerable speculation and folklore has added much.

The Zin Letters give us our earliest glimpse at the Recovery era. Life seems harsh and friendship or ease rare. The rule of the Harshax dynasty was just starting, and so they had not yet brought the early benefits of their rule.

There is no doubting the great debt which we owe to these early Copyists and Originators. Zin, in particular, seems to have taken considerable risks and expended great energy to get manuscripts, and seems to have suffered for it as well.

We do not know where these documents came from, or what type of analysis Zin used on them. But their antiquity is unquestioned, and their information is considered to be as reliable as that which came earlier.

Because of their antiquity, *The Zin Letters* have been given much credence and weight of authority. They have determined our modern view of time by providing us the clues that have been used to number the years of the Illiteracy Era.

But, while I do not question the authenticity of the Letters, or the information contained therein, I believe it critical to re-evaluate our conclusions concerning the dates which have been assumed to be true. I will address that issue in the Conclusions.

— GS

LETTER ONE

To: Doranda the Quill, &tc.

From: The Zin 4

Hail The Harshax!

My dearest friend, enclosed please find copies of the documents which I told you about. Here are copies of what I got from Sarmess. It's gotta be the best stuff out of there ever.

The guards at Sarmess are meaner than you indicated. They took everything, and then they only gave me a couple of tends to search. No wonder everyone comes back with hands of dust and fragments. Even with the ernkal it was hard for me.

When I went inside I asked for this: "Take me to the oldest salvageable pages which are in here." Enclosed are the things that I found. I believe that they are nearly current with the era of latest entries within them. This makes some of them before the lifetime of King Argrath!

Please say hello to my mother for me, and if it is possible please tell the Harshax that I have been of value to you, even if you are vague about how. I am sorry for the problems. I never expected anyone, and especially Anaanax, to defend me in this dispute. I regret having mentioned that I could write at all.

Yours, Z
Hail Harshax!

JONSTOWN COMPENDIUM #271,852

THE TEN KINGS OF SARTAR

Sartar, crowned 1492, apotheosized 1520.

Saronil, crowned 1520, killed 1550.

Jarolar, crowned 1550, killed 1565.

Jarosar, crowned 1565, killed 1569.

Tarkalor, crowned 1569, killed 1582.

Terasarin, crowned 1582, killed 1600.

Salinarg, crowned 1600, killed 1602.

Temertain, crowned 1612, killed 1624.

Kallyr, crowned 1625, killed 1626.

Argrath, crowned 1627.

THE KINGS OF DRAGON PASS

Ironhoof, from 1120 to 1218.

Yanasdros, from 1260 to 1290.

Arim, from 1345 to 1370.

Sartar, from 1492 to 1520.

Tarkalor, from 1569 to 1582.

Moirades, from 1579 to 1610.

Argrath, from 1629 to 1658.

JONSTOWN COMPENDIUM #271,851

PRINCES OF SARTAR

King Sartar was the first, who was called Bondmaker. He united the tribes. He wed the sacred queen. He built the King's Road. He founded Boldhome. He fathered a dynasty. His death never came. He lives forever in the spirit of his people.

Prince Saronil was second, who was called Bridgemaker. He was the son of Sartar. He crushed the Lunars in battle with a long axe. He protected the people from dragon ghosts. He built a great tower. He died at the hands of the strangers.

Prince Jarolar was third, who was called Longstride. He was the son of Saronil. He chased the Iron Deer in Ernaldi, and caught it on the banks of the Engizi. He crushed the Lunars in battle at Karn's Stead. He built great stone forts. He died a hero, fighting at Dwarf Ford.

Prince Jarosar was fourth, who was called Hothead. He was the son of Jarolar. He found the Stone of Two Colors. He built a great road. He fell to poison, from a friend's hand.

King Tarkalor was fifth, who was called Trollkiller. He was the son of Saronil. He was far traveled. He crushed the monster army. He created the Templars. He wed the sacred queen. He built a great port. He died a hero, at the Battle of Grizzly Peak. His body was never found by friend or foe.

Prince Terasarin was next, who was called Long-eye. He was the son of Tarkalor. He conquered the Alda-Churi and doubled the size of the kingdom. He built a new city. He was killed when he would not relinquish, and his heart turned to stone.

Prince Salinarg was seventh, called Shut-out. He was the son of Korlaman. He was doomed from the start. He died a hero's death, when Boldhome was sacked by the Evil Empire. His foes desecrated his body first, and then allowed it to be burned.

THE SARTAR DYNASTY

Here is the Dynasty of King Sartar

Sartar was first. He was the First of the Quivini and King of Dragon Pass. He was the son of Ernalsar. Sartar had three children: twins birthed by his mate, the Horse Queen, named Saronil and Yoristina; and by another woman, named Enent, a son named Eonistaran.

Saronil is second. He was the First of the Quivini and the Prince of the Sartari. He was the son of King Sartar and Queen Eneera Tor. Saronil had four children: two sons and a daughter by his first wife, Sorana Millstone, named Sarotar, Jarolar, and Onelisin; and another by his second wife, Soaratta the Reddest, a son named Tarkalor.

Jarolar is the third. He was the Prince of Sartar. He was the son of Saronil and Sorona. He had two children: a son by his love-wife, Vininna, named Jarosar; and a son by his water-keeper, named Rastoron.

Jarosar was fourth. He was the Prince of Sartar. He was the son of Jarolar and Vininna. He had a son and daughter by his bed wife, Yaransoar, named Jarnandar and Aransanda.

Tarkalor was fifth. He was the King of Dragon Pass and the Prince of Sartar. He was the son of Prince Saronil and the Runaway Woman. He was the father of two sons: by his bed wife, Dorasa, the elder son named Terasarin; by his wife, the Feathered Queen, a son named Saraskos.

Terasarin was sixth. He was Prince of Sartar and Warlord of the Alda-Churi. He was the son of Tarkalor and his bed wife, Dorasa. He had four children: by Hindala, his wife, two sons and two daughters named Loricon, Darnangle, Eonislora, and Tarkala.

Salinarg was seventh. He was the Prince of Sartar, Warlord of the Alda-Churi, and Warlord of the Last Orlanthi. He had three children by his love-wife: a son, named Harsaltar, and two daughters, named Enothea and Beneva.

JONSTOWN COMPENDIUM #271,850

THE GRAVES OF THE MAKERS

Here are the places to speak to your ancestors today:

Sartar the Founder: his sepulcher pyre is a gateway to your Heaven. He was cremated on the bronze byre of the King's Pyre, which still burns, where the three rams guard it.

Saronil Sartarsson: he was wrapped in cloths, and placed with all reverence beneath the earth in the fields of Boldhome.

Jarolar Saronilsson: none, his body was desecrated by his foes and never found.

Jarosar Jarolarsson: burned on Sacred Top.

Tarkalor Saronilsson: none, his body was desecrated by his foes and no parts were found. But others say that he was not killed, but transported to Orlanth's Hall.

Terasarin Tarkalorsson: burned on Sacred Top.

Saraskos: his perfect body was placed high on a bier, the way that the Horsefolk do it, wrapped in oils and unguents which drive off all foes. It is still there, only ten miles from Boldhome, atop the sacred hill which bears his name north of Enothea's Vale.

Salinarg Korlamansson: burned on Sacred Top, and Frog Sister, and Tarndisi's Grove, and another place.

ROADS AND FORTS

All of the Sartar lords were great builders. Here are their monuments:

Sartar the Maker. Mighty Boldhome, overnight city, where the wind would not allow it, and the earth was liberated. He made the walls for the Five Cities as well, and royal roads to Jonstown and Wilmskirk.

Saronil Sartarsson. He made the third leg of the road, from Boldhome to Swenstown; and the excellent tower of Sarotar Keep. He directed and financed the beautiful reaching towers of Wind Temple.

Jarolar Saronilsson. He was a great wall builder, and his fine works can be seen at Duckton, Runegate, Dangerford, and Jarolar Keep.

Jarosar Jarolarsson. To honor his father, the prince ordered the royal road from Jonstown to Dangerford built.

Tarkalor Saronilsson. A Roadmaker, who stretched royal trade to Duckton, to greet the boats which came there. And to Whitewall, whose king he made and trade he got. And also he made many fine buildings of the city for guilds, and commoners, and the beggar's bed-row, too.

Terasarin Tarkalorsson. Roadmaker, who reached from Dangerford to Alda-Chur, linking the two great Sartar peoples with the royal road.

JONSTOWN COMPENDIUM #271,852

The members of the House of Sartar were the subject of many folk ballads and romances, and such.

SARONIL'S WANDERINGS

This popular ballad describes the adventures of Saronil the son of Sartar; in particular his meeting with the dwarves in the mountains and his bargain with them for their building spells. The cost is unspecified but repeatedly said to be too high. The ballad is set circa 1510, when Saronil is around fifteen years old. Sometimes this ballad is combined with the "Wife Story of Sorana Millstone."

YORISTINA'S SONG

This bawdy tale is a love song from Yoristina, the daughter of Sartar and the Feathered Horse Queen, to the subject of his affections, revealed by the end of the song to be a centaur.

SARONIL AND THE SAD LADY

This famed ballad about Sarotar son of Saronil and his love Arkillia, an Esrolian noblewoman, describes events circa 1540 to 1546. Conflicting vows of love and duty lead to Sarotar's murder by Arkillia's other suitors. The ballad is sometimes combined with either the mournful Song of Marlesta the Dancer, the daughter of tragic couple, or with the Song of Vengeance, which details the bloody vengeance taken by Sarotar's brother and cousin upon his murderers.

The story is also a popular play in the Holy Country and contrasts the fierce loyalty of the Sartarites with the manipulative schemes of the Esrolians. In all versions, Arkillia is portrayed as the tragic victim of events.

THE GRANDDAUGHTERS OF SARONIL

This cycle of ballads concerns Onelisin, called the “Cat-Witch,” and her three daughters by her husband, and her son from a strange romance between cat and dog. The daughters are alynx women, and have all sorts of adventures, both exploratory and amorous. The cycle turns tragic when it comes to Minara, the youngest daughter. While adventuring she is captured by dwarves trying to exact some old vengeance against Saronil. The Prince rescues his granddaughter but is killed in the process.

The final ballad has the sisters staunching the wounds their half-brother Kostajor Wolf-Champion gained when he rescued their cousin Jarosar at the Battle of Dwarf Ford. They sing of Lunar treachery and of the inevitable doom of the House of Sartar.

DWARF FORD

This heroic song tells of Prince Jarolar, who was fell at the Battle of Dwarf Ford defending the Alda-Churi against a Lunar invasion. He and his household stood to allow the Sartarites and Alda-Churites escape, shattering the Iron Maidens regiment opposing them, but Jarolar and his valiant son Rastoron were killed. His younger son Jarosar was rescued by his cousin Kostajor Wolf-Champion. The song emphasizes the steadfast loyalty that the members of the House of Sartar have for each other, the tribes of Sartar, and their allies, and the terrible price they must pay for that loyalty.

PAVIS BRANCH

This cycle of romances detail the adventures of Dorasar, the Prince of Pavis, in the lands of the Zebra Men. He unites ancient peoples, defeats trolls, and founds a city in the Wastes. His adventures are continued by his son Daringle, a warlord who fought ancient ghosts, Praxian nomads, and found a treasure in the ruins of Old Pavis.

CRIMES OF ASSASSINATION

This is a list of names only, reciting those members of the House of Sartar assassinated in the Holy Country. The names include:

Sarotar, son of Saronil, killed by Esrolian treachery.

Saronna, daughter of Jarosar, killed by dark demons.

Saraskos, son of Tarkalor, killed while avenging his son.

Sarasarin, son of Saraskos, killed by those who took Lunar silver.

Yorasina, daughter of Saraskos, who sought to avenge brother and father. Killed by Lunar assassins.

Loricon, son of Terasarin. He was assassinated by Lunars in the Holy Country.

Darnangle, son of Terasarin. He died in the Holy Country defending his sisters.

Eonislora, daughter of Terasarin. She was murdered by assassins.

Tarkala, daughter of Terasarin. Killed by Lunar assassins in the Holy Country.

LETTER TWO

To: Doranda the Quill, &tc.

From: The Zin 4

Hail The Harshax.

My dearest friend,

I hope that the timing on this was not critical to your well being. I confess, getting this together has been bad for MY health. If you had not made that old orrie heal me for free I would have coughed myself to death already. I fear that I am doomed to living within walking radius of his potion, for I dare not go without it any more.

When I looked where you suggested, I discovered two more Copyists, and one other Collector. None were willing to share their information with me, but I am certain that Karanrax and LeLenna can be convinced. But it is tiring work, and I am not young anymore. But I do believe that both copyists learned their task from the same teacher — the locals called him “the pot guy,” but said nothing else.

Finally, here too is some more vellum. I regret there is no paper or papyrus for you anymore. I think this is better in the long run anyway, since it will last longer than that flimsy stuff. Did you manage to get that box to avoid the mold?

Another package should follow soon. At least as soon as this one did. ha ha.

Yours, Z

Hail Harshax!

WHAT DAG SAID

Denrain sent me a contact who, she said, went into what she called “fits of truth” whenever he drank whiskey (!) and then heard some special words. He stank. I called him Dag. When I Zerodized him (right-eye) I was convinced that he was intact and in true contact. Since the whiskey cost me so damn much I decided to risk it. It worked, and he wasn’t harmed.

So when he was drunk I said the words, Veritized us both, and then asked: “Tell me the names of all the sacred rulers of this land from now to Argrath.”

He said: “Harshax, Henzeen, Gartandel, the two Yenns, Ornastor, Uvarbar, Penela, Hestendax the Magnificent, Enderos, Kendorl, the Daga, Yemkathos, Duhu *barf*, Unkastanzo, Grasnola, Elen, Arantranth, Marka, Stolby, Kostalgor, Frozen Woman, Punaplio, Andstandex, the Ferret, Handi, Handili, *sneeze*, Handilia, Silence, Vostena, Enstalos, Vostenuv, Erland, Dastiny, Urgoros, Venanxa, Dastiny, Boranthos and Jerinthos, Forstal, Kandorin, Palanki, Nastakos, Indalfi, Orlanti, Jarstan, Forstan, Narndal, Hunarana, Joristans, Instad, Inkarne Long-lived, Enjeem, the Leopard, Maroffo, Haliftoor, Mularik, Ironeye.”

I am not sure what this means to you, but to me it means this:

There are 55 names in all. They are our ancient Sacred Kings, and so we know that they ruled for 19 years each. This gives us a total of 1036 years from that era, when your beloved Argrath ruled, until now. Note *Silence*. I presume that was when Literacy was finally lost. That means that we have suffered 528 years without understanding the written word.

Of the rest of these names, everyone knows of Hestendax the Piper, who ruled for seven years and overcame the Grey One every New Year Moment for six of them. We all know of Inkarne Long-lived, who ruled for the last happy century.

Of course, we all know Harshax, and I remember Henzeen too. Gartandel might be the “emperor Garteeld” that my dad swore killed his father.

Frankly, this is the first thing that’s impressed me about your beloved Argrath Creator — that his name has lived for over 1036 years without being cursed every time it is mentioned.

LETTER THREE

To: Doranda the Quill, &tc.

From: The Zin 4

Hail The Harshax.

My dearest friend,

I saw your sister a couple of months ago. She was with her latest husband and two kids. Not the same two you knew, but two new ones since then. They are both over five and should make it these days, I think. I hope my work, far away, is thriving as well as they are.

It is hard to keep writing. Without Watch, why bother anyway? But I must reply to your question about the Red Moon.

SPECULATIONS: WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MOON?

To start, everyone knows that it was destroyed in 1725, (“1725 / Gonna keep the world alive,” sing the girls up here, to jumping rope.)

1. It was destroyed. Everyone knows that it was destroyed. It broke, and fell down from the sky. That is where the Crater comes from: its impact site. Pieces of it can be found. There is one in the horde’s temple, as everyone knows.
2. It is the White Orbiter. The murderous Red Moon was transformed and became the benevolent deity who inhabits the Little Moon, a prominent white-colored planet associated with healing and growth.
3. It was destroyed, but only in *form*. Although the physical body of the Red Goddess was destroyed, the spirit is eternal and lives on. In fact, say Lunar thinkers, such was planned. The goddess simply went the next step in her divine liberating style.
4. It never was. There never was, really, a Red Moon. It was an illusion, a temporary reality created by the goddess. Only after Argrath ruined the concentration of the Red Emperor did the illusion slip, then fail.
5. It never was, part number 2. It was only a metaphor, a myth, the device used by the ancients which has been lost to most of us today.

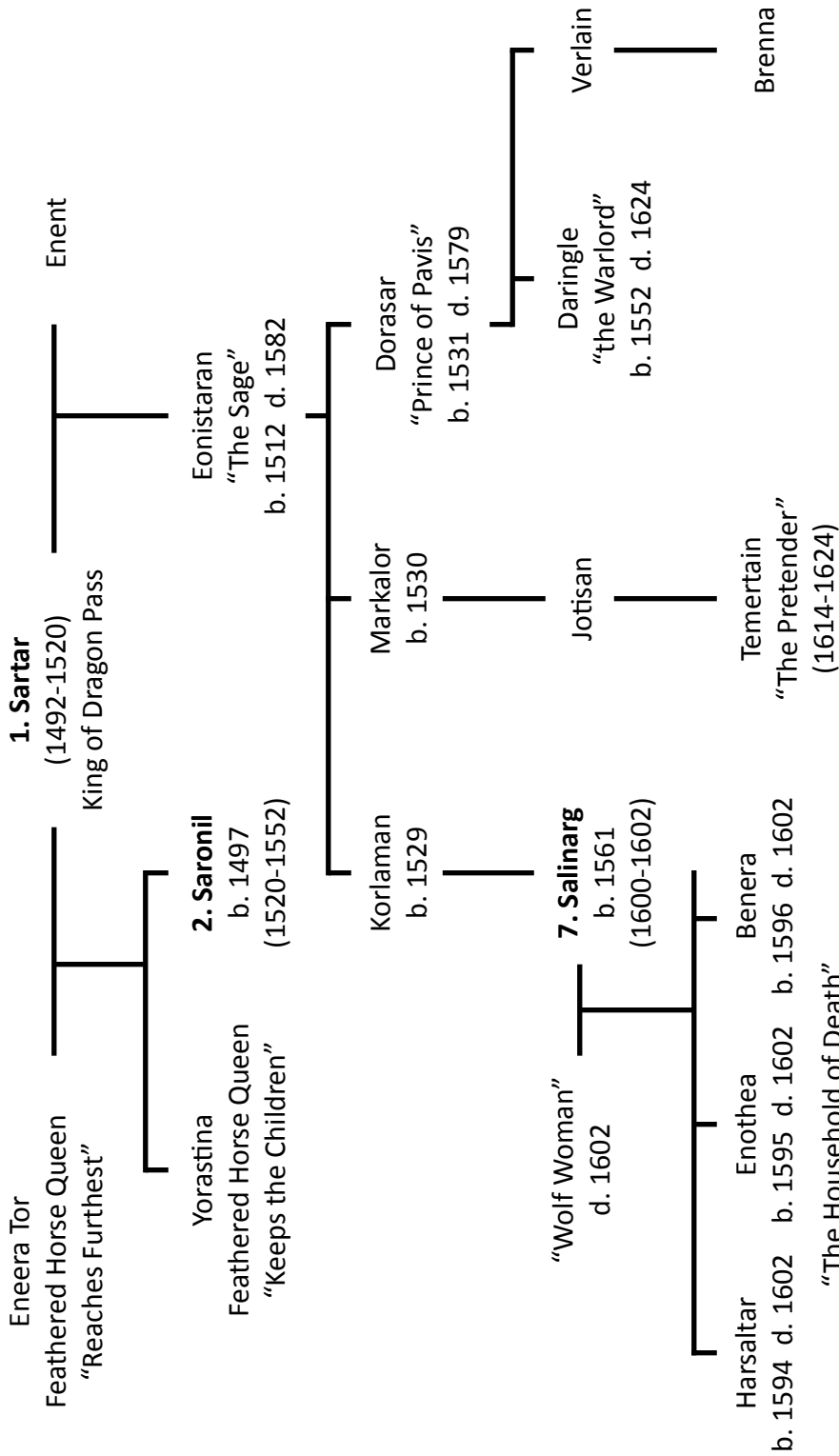
I myself favor number three, of course, since the world certainly seems worse of late than it was in the old stories, without any silly old moon in the sky to make it worse.

Yours, Z

Oh yes. Hail Harshax!

Please give his donkey a stick for me.

HOUSE OF EONISTARAN



THE HERO WARS

TRADITIONAL DATES

1620

- 1621 - Whitewall falls
- 1624 - Orlanth freed
- 1625 - Dragon swallows Lunar temple
- 1627 - Argrath becomes Prince of Sartar
- 1628 - Battle of Heroes
- 1629 - Argrath marries FHQ

1630

- 1632 - Argrath conquers Tarsh
- 1634 - Argrath betrothed
- 1635 - Battle of Yoran
- 1638 - Battle of Dwernapple

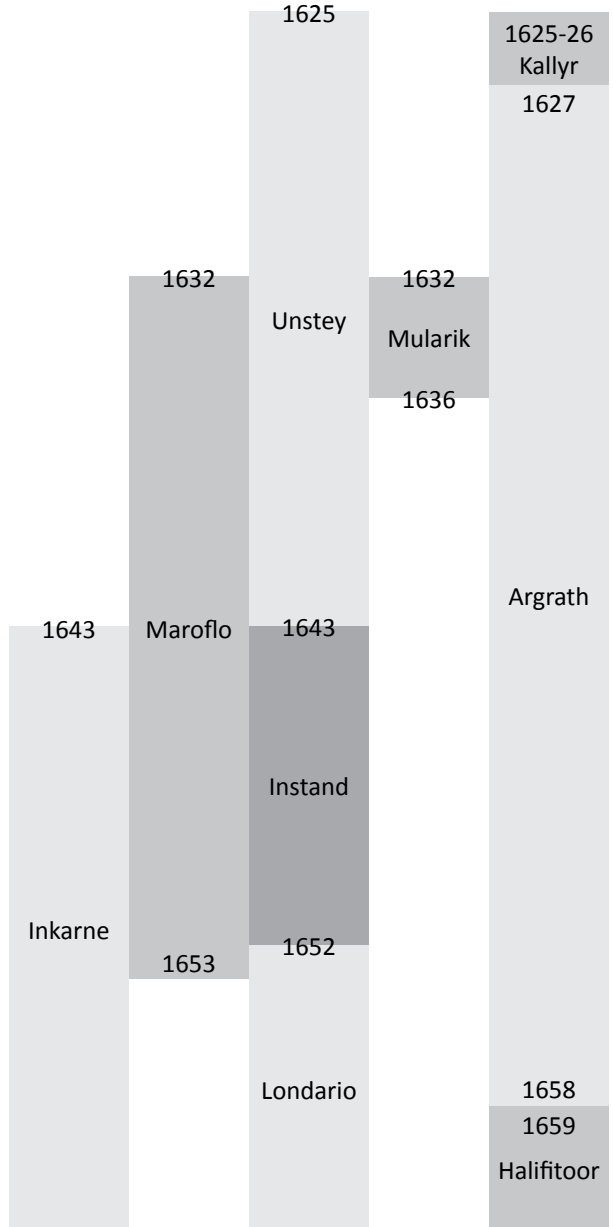
1640

- 1640 - CHDP written
- 1643 - Argrath weds Inkarne
- 1645 - Argrath's Lightbringers' Quest
- 1646 - Battle of Dantolfol
- 1648 - Sheng Seleris devours Moonson
- 1649 - Great Winter begins

1650

- 1650 - Battle of Gardint
- 1651 - Monster Empire shows itself
- 1652 - The Flood
- 1655 - Red Moon falls
- 1658 - Apotheosis of Argrath
- 1659 - Haliftoor becomes Prince

1660



ORLANTHI MYTHOLOGY

WELL KNOWN ORLANTHI TALES

Mythology is the fabric which clothed the religion, folklore, attitudes, and way of life for the people of Argrath's time. The myths provided models of behavior for people, explanations for origins of customs or things, and gateways to communicating with the gods. When people of the Hero Wars needed assistance, they did not just beseech the gods for help, but acted like the gods to make help. Thus Argrath, at the time of greatest crisis, goes upon a Lightbringers' Quest, as did Orlanth before him. Many times an action, apparently mysterious or without motivation, proves to be undertaken for a mythical reason.

This set of myths is fairly complete, and relatively uniform in presenting the "center of the road" approach to the Hero Wars society. These are not the only known versions of many of these myths. Other bodies of lore provide similar tales, sometimes with a different outlook. Nonetheless, the approximate unity of this collection provides an inviting framework.

I added the list of deities at the front, to make it easier for a newcomer to the mythology. I did not attempt to list everyone who appears in the stories, but only those which received widespread worship, or which are important enough to have appeared several times.

— *Greg Stafford*

DEITIES OF THE ORLANTHI PANTHEON

Orlanti mythology recognizes a couple of hundred deities besides those which are given here. Many of them are names which appear only once or twice in the vast literature, and so are not included in this list. Given here are the characters who appear regularly, are of major importance, or receive significant worship.

Aldrya: Forest Goddess, Mother of the Aldryami (the elves, etc.) She lives in the magical forests across the world, and has her own home in the Underworld.

Alakoring Dragonbreaker: A great dragon-slaying hero of the Dragon Wars.

Arachne Solara: The Mystical Goddess of Nature, who is invisible even to the gods.

Arkat Humaktsson: A famous hero of the Gbaji Wars, whose passion to destroy his enemy overcame his common sense, spirituality, and finally, even his humanity.

Asrelia: Goddess of the Earth's Wealth, which she keeps in a treasure chamber far beneath the earth. Each winter she collects everything and counts it, and each spring returns what she wishes to return.

Autero: Third son of Issaries, whose trading skill is to exchange magic between people.

Barbeester Gor: Avenging Goddess and Guardian, she wields a deadly axe and drinks ale made with the blood of her victims.

Barntar the Plowman: The peaceful farmer-god, backbone of the clan. He is the son of Ernalda and Orlanth. His wife is Mahome.

Brastalos: 1. Goddess of Sea-storms, and the wife of Magasta; 2. Goddess of the No Wind, the "eye of the storm."

Chalana Arroy: Goddess of Health and Healing, and on a larger scale of Compassion and Mercy. She is one of the Seven Lightbringers.

Daga: God of Drought and Famine, an enemy of Orlanth and Barntar.

- Darhudan:** The Judge of the Dead, who reviews the lives of mortals and sends each soul to its proper and just reward.
- Dayzatar:** God of the Sky, and the high priest the Fire Tribe.
- Donandar:** The Bard of the Gods, whose instrument is the small harp.
- Elmal:** God of the Sun, he was rescued by Orlanth and married into the Storm Tribe. He is a loyal thane, and guarded the homestead when the Lightbringers departed.
- Eneria:** The Jewel, a daughter of Orlanth and Ernalda.
- Ernalda:** The primary goddess. As Goddess of the Earth Powers she is head of a pantheon of agricultural entities. As wife of Orlanth and mother of Barntar, Vinga, Hedkorph, Voria and many others; she is the Family Goddess as well, with a pantheon of household spirits. She is also the independent leader of the goddesses, and Queen of the Earth Tribe in her own right.
- Esra:** Goddess of Grains, more specifically the Barley Mother.
- Esrola:** Goddess of the Physical Earth.
- Eurmial:** Trickster God, Fool, Lawbreaker, Outlaw, and Scapegoat, he is nonetheless one of the Seven Lightbringers.
- Flamal:** God of Vegetation.
- Flesh Man:** A mortal being who was one of the Seven Lightbringers. He first saw Death and helped lead Orlanth to the Underworld.
- Gagarth:** God of the Wild Hunt, a malevolent deity who delights even in fighting his own kinfolk of the Storm Tribe.
- Geo:** Minor God of Hospitality, whose cult sponsors a number of way-stations across Sartar.
- Ginna Jar:** The most mysterious of the Seven Lightbringers. This entity is never explained, and has no myths, but often appears in lists of the seven.
- Glorantha:** Goddess of the World, a primeval entity destroyed during the Gods War.
- Goldentongue:** see Autero.
- Gorangi Vak:** The hero who discovered the way that a human can ascend Stormwalk Mountain and tame a sky bull, with only a stick and a rope.
- Grandfather and Grandmother Mortal:** The first man and woman ever made, and ancestor of all other humanoid mortal races. They were created by *all* the gods, but later humans were made by less inclusive groups.
- Gustbran the Smith:** Redsmith of the Gods, this is the metal smith who makes the magical implements of the immortals. Sometimes called “Bonesmith.”
- Hachrat Blowhard:** A troll hero of Orlanth, famous for fighting against Dara Happa after the Gbaji War; still worshipped in the Yolp Mountains.
- Harmast Barefoot:** Famous hero; the first human to successfully undertake the complete Lightbringers’ Quest, during the Gbaji War.
- Harst:** Reeve of the Gods, collector of spare grain. Son of Issaries.
- Heler:** God of Rain, originally of the Water Tribe but now a loyal ally of Orlanth.
- Heort:** Legendary Founder of the Heortlings, the Orlanthi tribe which inhabits Dragon Pass and the regions around it. He created tribes, and other social customs used since the Dawn.
- Humakt:** Son of Umath, brother of Orlanth. God of War and Death, and of all Endings. He even severed his family connections with the Storm Tribe to maintain his purity of purpose. He is chaste and/or sterile.
- Huraya:** Spirit of Mists and fogs, a member of the Water Tribe.

- Inora:** Also called the White Princess, she is the goddess of the snow-covered peaks of the Rockwood Mountains.
- Iphara:** Goddess of Fog, wherever it collects upon the ground or sea.
- Issaries:** God of Trade and Travel, and also of Communication in general. He is one of the Seven Lightbringers.
- Kal:** A spirit, the mother of Kolat by Umath.
- Kero Fin:** Goddess of Dragon Pass, the ancient name of the land was Kerofinela. She is also the Mountain Goddess inhabiting the great peak in the center of the land. She is the mother of Orlanth and Yinkin.
- Kolat:** A Spirit, and member of the Orlanth Tribe. He is the First Spirit-master, who commands the Wind Spirits and aided Orlanth during the Gods War.
- Lady of the Wild:** see Verala.
- Lhankor Mhy:** God of Lawspeaking, and in a wider sense, of Knowledge. One of the Seven Lightbringers.
- Lightbringers:** When the world was crashing to an end, Orlanth gathered his companions and sought to right the wrongs which destroyed it. They were called the Seven Lightbringers. They succeeded. They are: Orlanth, Issaries, Lhankor Mhy, Chalana Arroy, Eurmial, Flesh Man, and Ginna Jar.
- Mahome:** Goddess of the Hearthfire, she is one of the goddesses of Ernalda's household.
- Mallia:** Goddess of Disease, Pestilence, and Plague, she is one of the Unholy Trio.
- Maran Gor:** Goddess of Earthquakes and Destruction, she is Ernalda's sister.
- Mastakos:** Charioteer of the Gods, personal driver to Orlanth, and in general, the God of Motion.
- Minlister:** God of Beer and Brewing, and one of the household deities.
- Molanni:** Goddess of Still Air, she is a traitor to the Storm Tribe. She sold herself to an enemy, and their child was Daga, God of Drought.
- Mostal:** God of the Dwarves, and King of the Rock Tribe. He is the Blacksmith, and his clan alone knows the secrets of iron. He is also the god of Stability.
- Nelat:** God of Purification. One of the Water Tribe.
- Odayla:** God of Hunting in all its fashions: the chase from horseback, the stalk with bow and arrow, the stampede of herds over cliffs, the capture of great monsters in pits or with humble trap lines and deadfalls.
- Orlanth:** King of the Gods, and principle deity of the pantheon. He epitomizes all which a man can be in the Orlanthi society. He is the Chief of the Storm Tribe. He destroyed the world by loosing the power of Death, and he created it anew by leading the Seven Lightbringers to liberate Life and Light from Death.
- Pelora:** Goddess of Grain for the northern Orlanthi regions.
- Quivin:** Minor god, son of Kero Fin and Lodril, who was defeated by Vadrus in the Gods War, but liberated by Orlanth for the sake of their mother. Now he is the spirit of the Quivin Mountains.
- Sartar:** Legendary hero and Founder of the Kingdom of Sartar, who performed his great deeds from 1492 to 1520.
- Urox:** God of the Desert Storm, a potentially harmful wind which sometimes blows into Dragon Pass from the east. He is unruly and lawless, but has powers which are specifically useful to combat Chaos. He is usually called Storm Bull.
- Thunder Brothers:** 1. The collective sons of Orlanth; 2. The collective priests, spirits, and allies of the Old Wind Temple.

- Ty Kora Tek:** Goddess of the Dead, and the Land of the Dead. She is a gaunt and wasted deity whose worshipers prepare corpses and guard graveyards.
- Uleria:** Goddess of Love, she is the most ancient deity living, and the reason that the world was saved from destruction.
- Umath:** First Storm, the Founder of the Storm Tribe, who separated Earth and Sky to make the Air Realm. He is the father of Orlanth.
- Urox:** The Storm Bull. God of Killing Chaos, the Sandstorm.
- Vadrus:** God of Destroying Wind, he was killed in the Gods War. But the Ill Wind, the Vadrudi, can still be summoned. He was father of the bad kin of the Storm Tribe: Valind, Gagarth, and Molanni.
- Valind:** God of Winter, whose land is the wide realm to the north which is covered with ice forever. In winter the Valind Winds blow snow storms off the ice cap and south across the continent, so that they gather at Dragon Pass.
- Velhara, Verala:** She is the Lady of the Wild, An untamable deity, mother and protector of all wild animals, spirits, and things. She must be propitiated before a hunt. She is the mother of Odayla, by Orlanth.
- Vinga:** Goddess of Woman Adventurers. Worshipers dye their hair red. She is one of the Thunder Brothers.
- Vingkot:** Legendary Founder of the Vingkotlings, the Orlanthi tribe which inhabited the Dragon Pass regions during the Storm Age. He created the social customs of that era which were later changed by Heort. He is one of the Thunder Brothers.
- Voria:** Goddess of Spring and New Growth. In a more general way, she is Goddess of Innocence, and perhaps of any new Start. She is daughter of Orlanth and Ernalda, and the Girls' Goddess.
- Voriof:** Shepherd God, and in a more general sense, the Boys' God.
- Ygg:** A god of storms, especially winter sea storms, who is son of Valind. He is worshipped by many Wolf Pirates.
- Yelmalio:** A foreign God of the Winter Sun, Preserver of the Light. When Yelm traveled to the Underworld, Yelmalio preserved the dim, cold light until he returned. He also fought against Orlanth in the Gods War.
- Yinkin:** God of Alynxes, the feline familiars of the Orlanthi people. Yinkin is sometimes Orlanth's secret perception in a story, which leads him to success.

ENEMY GODS OF ORLANTH

Most deities have one or more specific, notable foes. Those foes were (usually) defeated in mythic times, resulting in the creation of the current world, and may be considered to be a structure of the divine world that underlies the everyday world.

- Arangorf:** The Inner Dragon that once imprisoned Orlanth by slithering inside him. Orlanth was freed by the great hero Alakoring, and killed Arangorf as he does all dragons.
- Aroka:** A huge dragon which was conquered by Orlanth in order to free the waters for the earth and humankind. Its skeleton is visible in the stars, but its head decorates a different constellation, Orlanth's Ring.
- Artia:** The bat, a sky goddess.
- Atyar:** A foe of Lhankor Mhy, the Knowledge Devourer.

Chavgaz the God-Gobbler: More popularly known as Canis Chaos.

Daliath: Keeper of the Well of Wisdom.

Dargabon: The Storm Dragon that tried to invade the Storm Realm.

Dayzatar: God Behind the Sky, high priest the Fire Tribe.

Dead Air: Place in the Underworld where evil souls and spirits go, especially Chaos. Sometimes used to describe those evil entities. Humakt keeps them from blowing into the Storm Realm.

Deep Snakes: Powerful monsters of the Serpent Beast Brotherhood. Killed by Babeester Gor.

Deloradella: Goddess of Night, Queen of the Darkness Tribe, and protector of the trolls and other hidden things. She is an enemy of Orlanth, a creeper in the shadows who wishes to steal the life and treasures of the world. Orlanth fought against her for the whole Gods War. She is also known as the Dark Woman, and using that name she bore Orlanth a child called Crushing Noise.

Drang: The Diamond Storm Dragon.

Drathdaw: The Stone Dragon.

Face Guards: Powerful demonic guardians with the bodies of animals but with the faces of people.

Father and Mother of Dragons: A title sometimes given to Sh'harkazeel.

Femman: The Coral Dragon.

Fire Tribe: The sons of Yelm sought to reimpose the tyranny of the Emperor and fought against Orlanth.

Five Majestic Beasts: Five mighty animal spirits overcome by Orlanth. Fa, the Earth Deer, Grar the Green Rock Lion; Dursela the Manticore; Rurudram, the great horned beetle; and Iti, the Variegated Eagle.

Gbaji: The Evil God, or Deceiver, rose to life 375 years after the Dawn, but eventually fell before Orlanth's power.

Giant Ganvaktakarn: A foe slain by Orlanth, its remains in the sky form the erratic body called Lost Rocks.

Golagolar: Divine foe of Hedkoranth. Golagolar means "Fighting Man of the Armies," and he is also called General of Dara Happa. He is identified with Urvairinus, but also works with other Dara Happa war gods.

Greater Ungoron: An incredibly powerful and vicious Underworld entity that spared the Lightbringers for Chalana Arroy's sake.

Huru: Spirit of Famine. Often said to be a mask or son of the Evil Emperor, Yelm.

Ingolf Dragonfriend: A famous hero of the Dragon Wars who betrayed his folk and sided with the dragons.

Ithas: Wife of Valind, the goddess of the black overcast sky.

Jagrekriand: The Red Planet, slayer of Umath, defeated and chained to his path in the sky by Orlanth during the Lightbringers' Quest.

Kaldar: One of the two demon guardians of the gates to the Underworld. Kaldar is a monster with a canine face with bulging eyes, a scaly body, a snake-headed tail, the talons of an eagle, and four sets of wings. In his hands are a mace and an axe.

Kang Rowl: the Slinker: Dog-like-a-cat, Yinkin's Foe.

Kardganthos: The Monster Lord, a great draconic monster crushed by Orlanth during the Gods War.

Konagog and Vonagog: Enemies encountered on the Lightbringers' Quest.

Kyger Litor: Goddess of Trolls, and Queen of the Darkness Tribe. She is an enemy of Orlanth, a creeper in the shadows who wishes to steal the life and treasures of the world. Orlanth fought against her for the whole Gods War.

Lanbril: The Thief, stole from his kinsmen and so was outlawed by Orlanth.

Lodril: An enemy god, one of the Fire Tribe known for his ability to consume great quantities of anything.

Lokamayadon: The great traitor. Lokomayadon, or Loko Moko as he is commonly called, betrayed Orlanth to Gbaji the Deceiver so that Loko Moko could replace Orlanth amongst the gods. Loko Moko killed anyone who tried to invoke Orlanth until his power was broken by Harmast and he was killed by Vargast at the Battle of the Verge.

Magasta: God of the Sea, and King of the Water Tribe. This enemy tribe was mostly conquered during the Gods War.

Mallia: Goddess of Disease, Pestilence, and Plague, she is one of the Unholy Trio.

Malkion: Enemy God, called the Atheist, who perverted the world and invented sorcery, which costs a person their soul to use.

Mostal: God of the Dwarves, and King of the Rock Tribe. He is the Blacksmith, and his clan alone knows the secrets of iron.

Narangros: The Hell Hound, Mastakos' foe.

Nelat: God of Purification of the Water Tribe.

Nontraya: The Taker and Waster who tried to take Ernalda away. He is the Undead Emperor, the enemy of Life and master of the talokans and the Unliving Army.

Obduran the Betrayer: A priest who betrayed the Thunderer for the dragons and their offer of power. He was destroyed by the Liberating Bolt.

Ragnaglar: God of Evil, who took all which was good and used it for bad, and fathered the vile race of rapist broos. One of the Unholy Trio.

Rausa: Goddess of the Dusk and the Evening Star. She locked Orlanth in the Underworld.

Red Goddess: Another name for Shepelkirt.

Shankgaro: Uzlord of the West.

Shepelkirt: Poison Blood, the Red Moon Goddess. In ancient times she plotted against her father, Orlanth, and the cosmos. She was cast down, but not before becoming the mother of vampires, lamiae, and many other Chaos monsters. She has returned many times, most recently 400 years ago, when she rose into the sky and gave birth to the Red Emperor, who conquered Dara Happa in her name.

Sh'harkazeel: The Mover of Heavens, the Father and Mother of Dragons, the first dragon slain by Orlanth. Orlanth carries the Green Dragon Head of Sh'harkazeel as the source of his Dragon Power.

Sinjota: The second demonic guardian of the gates to the Underworld.

Talokans: The *talokans* are Underworld demons who take many different shapes – some look like men, some look like beasts, some are scorpions, others have wings. They torment the dead and the denizens of the Underworld with lashes of scorpion tails and thereby whipped the Unliving Horde into action.

Telmor: The werewolf god, ancestor of the Telmori people.

Than: A foe of Urox and his sons.

Thanatar: Divine foe of Lhankor Mhy. Thanatar is called the head hunting Chaos God. His priests can imprison men's souls into their decapitated heads and steal magic and life from them.

Thed: An evil goddess, mother of broos. Goddess of Rape, one of the Unholy Trio.

Thryk: The Winter Giant.

Unholy Trio: Mallia, Ragnaglar, and Thed. These deities of evil contrived to destroy the entire world, and they birthed Wakboth, the first god of Chaos who nearly did destroy everything.

Unliving Army: a horde of the dead, demons and monsters of the Underworld who follow Nontraya and his talokan demons.

Urain: The Bad Rain, from which comes monsters but no rain.

Vadrudi: The collective descendants and followers of Vadrus, they are a gang of thugs who fight and bully anyone they can. They are led now by Valind.

Venebain: Divine foe of Hedkoranth, whose name means “Attacker From Above.” He is of heavenly origin and leads planetary powers. He is called the “skirmisher of Shargash,” “of the Archer,” “of the Young God,” and “of Polaris” because he is the front man for these deities.

Vestkarthan: A great and lusty fighter of the Fire Tribe known for his ability to consume great quantities of anything. He was once a friend of Umath’s, and is the father of Orlanth’s half-brother Quivin, but he was defeated in the Darkness when he tried to harm the Earth that was under Orlanth’s and Maran’s protection.

Vivamort: A God Learner name for Nontraya.

Wakboth: God of Evil, the Devil, the Destroyer and King of the Chaos Tribe that nearly destroyed the universe.

Water Tribe: The gods of the sea. The Water Tribe was defeated by Orlanth.

Worcha: Devouring Ocean, Fang of the Ocean. Sea god summoned or created by a group of Orlanth’s enemies. Worcha opposed the Thunder Brothers at many battles, and was finally driven off by Orlanth.

Yelm: The Old Emperor, ruler of the Fire Tribe which unjustly held the world as slaves. He is now ruler of the Sky Tribe.

Zistor: The Machine God.

Zorak Zoran: Warlord of the Darkness Tribe, God of Hatred, and murderer of Flamal.

Zzabur: Sorcerer Supreme, called the Atheist, who perverted the world and invented sorcery, which costs a person their soul to use.

ORLANTHI CREATION MYTH

First was SILENCE. It contained everything within it, still One — the wonder of the universe which would come after it. It was a being without beginning and without end. Within it was contained consciousness and being without end. It was the Source, the egg of life, the source of wonder. From it was born Glorantha.

Glorantha was the Mother of the world. She bore from within herself the first race of deities. They were of three types: the Council of Pairs, the Elemental Deities, and the Elder Gods. These are not deities we know, or would care to know, and they have failed to be preserved through the passage of time. Yet they were the first, the source of the things which were to follow, and we must revere them for they are our ancestors, and the ancestors of the cosmos.

The Council of Pairs were gods who were great powers. They were: Acos, God of Law; Larnste, God of Change; Uleria, Goddess of Love; Kargan Tor, God of Conflict; Orenoar, Goddess of Truth; Tylenea, Goddess of Illusion; Harana Ilor, Goddess of Harmony; and Ratslaf, God of Disorder.

The Elementals were four, at first: Nakala, Dame Darkness; Zaramaka, Sir Sea; Gata, Empress Earth; and Aether, Lord Light. And then came Umath, King Storm, at last. Each of these was the founder of a tribe of gods.

The Elder Gods were attributes and attitudes. They included Maker and Grower, the Great Mother, and the Eternal Witness. Some say there are other Pairs, such as Rasdandar, the Deity of Being; and Urganadar, Deity of Not. Some say there are ancient powers and elements, lost forever to memory or being, and broken bits of them are still here.

Collectively, they are called the Celestial Court. They joined together in the center of the universe, and together they erected the Perfect Palace. On the outside it appeared to be a great mountain, and it was called the Spike. Within its fastness the powers of creation expanded until they filled it, and then spread far beyond the protection of the mountain. Younger deities left the unchanging mountain with its secrets, and they filled the universe with variants of the ancient schemes. Thus the world grew.

The number of gods grew, and there was a difference among them now. Some were great. For instance Yelm, the Emperor, was as great as the Celestial Court. Most others were less great, for they were the parts of the once-great gods who had devolved into their components. Others were even less, for they had been made by the gods, and not born of them.

The gods made many races. First, within the confines of the Perfect Palace, the master entity was made. Then the Young Gods made copies, each according to their desires. First made this way was the Plant Rune, and the world was covered with verdant forests. Then the animals were made, and the forests were populated. Finally, they made the humans. Grandfather Mortal, sometimes called Old Man, was the first of our type of person made.

HOW DRAGON PASS WAS MADE

When the world was made, no one asked the dragons where they wished to be. No one had invited them, and no one knew where they came from. But when they chose a place upon the northern slopes of the Spike to nest, no one minded.

When the troubles of the world began and spread among the races of the Surface World, the gods made a plan to keep the people apart and, therefore, harmless. The gods got together, and with the help of the Maker and the Earth Mother they made the Seeds of the Mountains.

Larnste was the god who planted the Rockwood Mountains. He strolled along, planting the seeds deep in some places, and just scattering them upon the ground in others. Where they were deep grew great mountains, and where they were shallow rose hills. In this way the great ranges of stone grew up, and separated folks who would have fought against each other.

When Larnste reached the Dragon's Nest he stopped to speak to the ancient one. He rested there, and so no seeds were sown along that stretch, save for the god's favorite one, which grew up to be Kero Fin Mountain.

As a result, there is now a great open area here among the mountains, and it is the place where many peoples and races have met. And as predicted, it is the place where they have fought, too.

THE FIRST RIVER

Once, before there was war and before people were separate from animals, was the mythic age. Many things in the world were different then. For instance, in that time, there were no rivers anywhere.

Creativity was still growing. For whatever wasn't made yet, whoever wanted it could exercise the creative power and summon it to come to him.

That was how the First River came. We don't know who called it. From the farthest place that water lay, it came creeping and roiling upon the land. It was called the Blue Dragon, because it was the first river.

It crawled first into the low places. It came from the far edge of the world in the south east, and making a series of lakes and streams it went to the far edge in the north. On its twisting journey it reached out into many places.

Elsewhere in the world other waters got the idea and also started creeping up across the land, watering it and making many new places for things to grow and live.

Wherever the water sat upon the land things grew. And since this was the nature of creation, it was a good thing in those days.

The Blue Dragon River was destroyed in the War of the Gods when the mountains were raised. When those high places rose, one broke the back of the great creature. Then, when the mountains fell, the waters reversed and flowed downhill too. That is why rivers are the way they are now, and do not flow uphill anymore.

THE BIRTH OF UMATH

The world was not always as it is now. The way it was before cannot be remembered, but it can be imagined if you forget things. For in those days, there was no choice, but only one way. Nothing ever moved.

When nothing moved, it was easy for the Old Gods to make the world. But they did not reckon with one thing: freedom.

At first there were little freedoms, but they were useful to the Creators. Like when they made the One and then allowed everyone to make their own folk that were *like* the original one. It was love which set the little ones free, and which they taught to the great ones. When the great ones met this form of freedom and creation they often partook, and this way more strange beings were born. Like Issaries, who was a child of two of the Old Gods.

And when the whole world was free, the great Sky lay upon the fertile Earth, and begat a love child which was something new. It was Everchanging, the Umath.

The first thing that Umath did was to go and visit the Emperor. But the Emperor had no tolerance for this upstart motion, who did not fit within the Ten Nobles or the 294 Commoners. With the Will of Law the Emperor cast the motion out of the way, out of court, out beyond the cornered edges of the earth. But Umath did not accept this. He said:

*Am I to have no Honor?
No rings to give out, no mead?
This is not Just. You dishonor your rank.
Generosity is a virtue, not greed.
So is Courage, and my strength.
I will show you my secrets,
If you won't show me yours.*

And then Umath roared back and came into the place between his mother and his father. He planted his feet upon the broad earth, and his shoulders upon the broad sky, and with immortal strength moved apart the worlds so that he would have a place to live. Holding it

upon his shoulders, Umath walked inward to the center of the world. His mother and father did not begrudge Umath this place, but the Emperor did, and so there began a great jealousy and rivalry between them, which is the cause of all the trouble we know today.

THE FIRST RING

There were many gods in the world then. The ruling Fire Tribe lived on the Emperor's Mountain in fine palaces, and the Emperor sat upon his golden throne in the center of the world.

Whenever anyone broke one of the Emperor's laws, they were outlawed and exiled to the regions beyond the rule of the Emperor. If anyone offended the Fire Tribe they were driven out of the good lands. After a while all the other tribes, like us, wandered into dangerous territory.

Wandering there were the Wicked Waters, the Bad Brands, Shiftless Earths, Worthless Lands, Wandering Blind Spots, and all of the peoples of Water, and of Wind, and of Darkness. And there was Avarkan Killeye, Novareen the Daughter, Farstankos Tankard, Issaries Slip-between, Orv Somersault, Gev Eat-it-all, Lhankor Knowing, Ygg Seastorm, Velet Dehori, Permal Mandible, Artia Nightdaughter, Golod Most Ugly, and others less well known today.

One day some of them were talking about how none of them had ever eaten any Imperial Gazellet, a creature served at every meal for the Emperor.

One person told how he had tried to raid and snatch an animal from the meadow, but when he saw the creatures he was so taken by their beauty and innocence that he stopped hiding for a moment, and the herdsmen saw him and drove him off.

Another person told how he came from a good family, and had been a servant in the imperial kitchens. One time he tried to taste the gazellet stew he was carrying, but the odor was so rich that he could not carry the tray anymore and dropped it. The imperial chamberlain beat him and cast him out forever.

One said that he had raised an army and tried to take a gazellet by force, but the herdsman heard them, and got the War God who drove them off.

Another person said that he had tried to talk the herdsman out of one, using every facet of logic and every trick of persuasion, but he was rebuffed when the watchman said that thinking and talking were worthless, because this had to do with Being, whatever that was supposed to mean.

Another said that he had attempted to buy one by offering the rarest thing, something that can not be bought anyplace, in exchange for one. But the guard would not recognize the value of that gift, and called it a "filthy shadow."

Another person said that she had tried to seduce the herdsman to get one, but had failed utterly because his flock was more important than life itself.

The first one said he'd only wanted a bit for stew, because his grandmother was ill. The second said that he only wanted a bit of gravy, to spread on a crust of bread. The third said he only wanted a decent meal. The fourth said he only wanted to know what it tasted like. The fifth said he wanted to have it for a little while. The sixth said she just wanted her share.

Everyone was angry that the Emperor had all of the gazellets, and they all got angrier the more that they spoke until Chalana-who-calms stood among them and was heard. Everyone had to stop speaking for her to be heard.

She said, "It is clear that nothing which you have will work to obtain this meat you desire.

You have tried theft, stealth, violence, persuasion, purchase, and seduction, but all have failed.

“Nonetheless, it is clear that there is an injustice here which must be fixed.

“But what is more important: eating the creature, or bringing shame to the Emperor? The problem is not to get them to eat for yourself, but to liberate them from being eaten altogether! I propose that you make a grand plan, and go to the Emperor’s lands, and steal these animals away to rescue them.”

The gods discussed this and finally decided that they would rather harm the Emperor’s pride than eat some strange beast. So they made a plan, and together they went to persuade the herdsman.

The herdsman was not alarmed to see them all come together. He had bested all of them before, except for Chalana Arroy who did not fight. And of course Vadrus had to try fighting again, and was beaten again because he had failed before.

Then Chalana Arroy herself spoke to the herdsman, and honored his task of protecting these creatures from all harm. She said that they had all come to help in this task, and that they would put the gazelle in a place even safer than this, and that they wished him to help them protect the animals.

The herdsman was convinced by the truth in her compassion, and so helped them to get the herd away. The herd was hidden at the Inside Mountain, and the Emperor never ate it again. Later when even the gods were starving, the gazelles were killed by Vadrus. But when he ate the flesh it tasted terrible, and everyone who ate it was sorry they had. And so then the Vadrusings decided that this food had actually been a punishment for the Emperor, and they had actually made his life easier by stealing it and reducing his suffering. So Vadrus then said that the goddess had only bad ideas, and that he would no longer listen to the advice of Chalana Arroy. And they did not afterwards.

THE FIRST HARP

In the beginning, before any people lived; before there was an animal which walked, flew, crawled, swam or dug; before there was a Sun, or a sky, or a rock for you to sit upon; before, even, there was making or unmaking, there was the First War.

In those days there were two tribes.

One of the tribes was the Predark. They were monstrous beings — if one of them was here it would drive the mind and soul right out of your body, even if you were the wisest priest, with the Eight Shields on, or the bravest chieftain. The demon wouldn’t even have to do anything. Just seeing it would kill us. It is so dangerous that many kinds of people must not even *think* too hard about these things.

We know the names of some of the demons: Unmotioned, Too Big to Think Of, Make Everything Tired, No Parents, Can’t Be Moved, Never the Same, Ill Before, Beyond Walls, and especially Before Still, their leader.

The other tribe was the Old Gods. They are also huge, but not so much that they would break us into pieces with their presence and obliterate us. Instead, if we met them, we would *only* be inhaled into, or digested by them, and we would be individually lost amid them while we were being endowed with a portion of their being. The Old Gods include Night, and Earth, Old Fire and Ancient Sea, Deep Wisdom, Maker of Rules, Words of Power, and Grower of Life, and others who are as well-known.

The First War is something we can barely think about. We are only people, and even our greatest minds and souls cannot envelope the Origins. The combatants in the First War were

bigger than giants, bigger than continents, bigger than ideas. The Old Gods fought against the Predark Demons in ancient, prehistoric ways that we mortals cannot comprehend. For instance, we think that dying is a fearful thing. But the Old Gods could not die, and when defeated they were rent and sundered, scattered across the worlds, eaten, and used as raw materials. And after these things happened the gods were still alive, and maybe each little shred remembered something, but they were *not* dead. And maybe some of them *liked* their new state.

The war began with a raid. The Old Gods had a type of marvelous animal, called the Shell Horse, which they used to send messages around. A priest would whisper the message into the Shell Horse's ear, then sacrifice it. If they sacrificed it in the Underworld, it went to the peak, where it delivered the message and stayed. Later, it would be sacrificed at the peak, and it went to the Underworld with its message. But one time, when Night stood guard, the Predark warriors crept in and stole the gods' herd of Shell Horses. Then, when their priest next offered sacrifice, the Shell Horses did not return.

They asked their eldest and wisest member, Deep Wisdom, what to do. He decreed that they would never improve their position unless they revolted, but that they could never win a revolt with only those gods who were then alive. They would have to fight, and take a chance, and hope and work so that someplace during the fight they might find the right victory.

At first, the Old Gods dared to do nothing. The demons were more numerous, and more powerful, than the gods. But Maker of Rules forged a weapon for them to work with, and all the Old Gods were armed with *Creation*. They used this. The Old Gods used *Creation* to make a leader for their forces. He was called Emperor. He organized the gods, and then Words of Power delivered the challenge of the gods to the demons.

Never the Same was the demon foe who responded to the challenge. He didn't wait for his fellows, but rushed right upon the gods. The gods did not act stupidly, but in concert, and together hamstringed the berserk demon. Then Maker brought out chains and hammered them onto Never the Same, and the Grower cultivated a living cage, where Never the Same was imprisoned and put on display. Thus the demon was not killed, but contained within the chains and cage of the gods.

Then the gods built themselves a home, called Citadel, where they lived together and prepared for the war. This strong fortress protected them from their foes. But it did not give them the means to defeat the demons, and so the war stalemated.

In this way the gods learned that the Emperor was not the champion needed to defeat the Predark Demons.

The Old Gods needed a special champion, but that hero had not been born when they began the war. The new champion required widespread *Creation* to exist in order for him to be born, in order that his very essence would be filled with its power. At last the gods had created sufficient force of their own to allow the birth of their hero. His father was Sky and his mother was Earth. Their son was called Umath.

When Umath was born, he came forth with thunder. The Three Women assisted at his birth. The next time there was an assembly at the Citadel, Umath entered with his thunderclap, and his mother and father moved their seats aside to make room for their strong child.

The Emperor objected to this change, but the parents and many other deities cried out and said, "This is the hero who has come to liberate us. To cast him out is to cast us out too." So the assembly agreed to arm Umath against their foe.

The war was settled by a great duel of champions. Umath was the champion for the Old Gods, and Howling Void champion for the Predark Demons. They met upon Dueling Island, before the assembled witnesses of their tribes.

The Old Gods gave their children and friends as hostages for their surety, while the Predark Demons gave parts of their bodies to uphold their pledges.

Umath had a secret weapon for this fight, called *Harana Ilor*. Mighty Howling Void trembled when it was taken from its sheath. When Umath used it, the Seven Powers were released, and flew against the giant. Howling Void sent his own most terrible powers in conflict, but they were seized by their opponents, and sent spinning dizzily across the sky, forced to cry out in the seven harmonies. Then the Seven Powers fell upon Howling Void and cut him down with *Harana Ilor*.

His remains were shaped into the world. From his breastbone was made the first harp, which is so pleasant to hear today. And since that time the harp has been the home of *Harana Ilor*.

THE FIRST HOSPITALITY

Umath took for himself the Middle Air as his realm, and set about to make his own camp. This was Umath's home, which no one could enter unless they were invited. It is a secret place, and when Ratslaf told others of it he was killed.

First Umath placed, in the center, the Law Rock. From there, he organized the rest of the construction. He sent the Six Guardians to their directions, where each set up their own watch station. Then, by the center, he lit the sacred fire. Then he appointed officers, and gave each of them their places to sleep around the fire. These are the officers of the camp: watchman, porter, scout, fireman, foodman, waterman, cook, caster, healer, and singer.

After Umath's camp was made many people came to visit him there. When they came, Umath and his officers greeted them. He said the sacred words, which could not be said if falsehood was intended. The first visitor was Vestkarthan of the Deep. When he came close to Umath's Camp he was challenged.

"Halt, Stranger! Who comes this way, to a place which is not allowed to everyone? Do you come in friendship, or as a foe?"

"Greetings, guardian. I come as a friend."

"Greetings, then Stranger. You speak to the Lord of this place. I am Umath, Champion of the gods and slayer of Howling Void, and the liberator of Justice. Tell me your name if you are a friend."

"I am Vestkarthan of the Deep, the son of Gata, who has pledged to stand by you in war or peace."

"You are welcome here, Vestkarthan of the Deep, son of Gata. I offer you hospitality here, in my house, and promise my protection to you and yours while inside. I offer you water, to quench your thirst."

"I accept this, with gratitude. I will not rob you, or bare arms, and I will speak ever of your generosity."

"Then you are welcome, guest. And I offer you more: a blanket to sleep under while you are my guest. This is a thing we offer only to friends, or those we would have as friends."

"I accept this, with gratitude, and I will speak ever of your generosity."

"Then you are welcome, guest. And I offer you more: meat, to fill your belly. This is a thing we offer only to kinsmen, and those as good as them."

"I accept this, with gratitude, and I will speak ever of your generosity."

"Then you are welcome, guest. And I offer you more: salt, as token of your honor. This is a thing which we give only to those who are great, or who show promise of it."

“I accept this, with gratitude, and I will speak ever of your generosity.”

“Then you are welcome, guest. And I offer you more: duty, which is offered only those who would sit close to me, in my family.”

“I accept this, with gratitude, and I will speak ever of your generosity.”

And so Umath welcomed the guest into his camp, and this is still the way that all people have been greeted into our homes and sacred places.

THE SONS OF UMATH

Umath was no longer able to lead the gods in the struggle for freedom. He had been wounded too many times, and he was no longer safe if he went outside of the camp. When it was clear that he would no longer be leader, he turned over the ring of leadership to his sons. Umath had these sons:

Kolat, the father of the winds, who comes when humankind calls for them. Some are gentle, and others are fierce.

Urox, the beast-wind, is also called Storm Bull. He is revered in the wastelands, for his is the dry desert wind which bears the stinging grains of sand upon it. He hates Chaos, which always pains him deeply, and has dedicated his life to destroying it.

Vadrus was the next, a fierce and mindless wind of violence which led the attack of the Storm Tribe upon the other gods.

Humakt was next, a noble and upstanding warrior. He gained Death as his tool, and now he is the god of death and of war.

Orlanth, the youngest, was last. He was thoughtful and considerate of other beings, and a natural leader among the gods. He is now the ruler of the Heavens and the Earth.

THE INITIATION OF ORLANTH

When Orlanth and his brothers were young, just godlings without a hint of their natural powers, they were left alone in a spruce grove. Their father and mothers were elsewhere, busy with chores. At that time some giants came upon them. They were all enemies of the children because their father had offended them. The giants did not waste a moment, but snatched them up and took them into the Mutable Forest. These woods, sometimes called the Marching Woods, did not have roots, and the plants roamed about. Sometimes, in those days, even the mountains moved, and so there were no known trails or paths there.

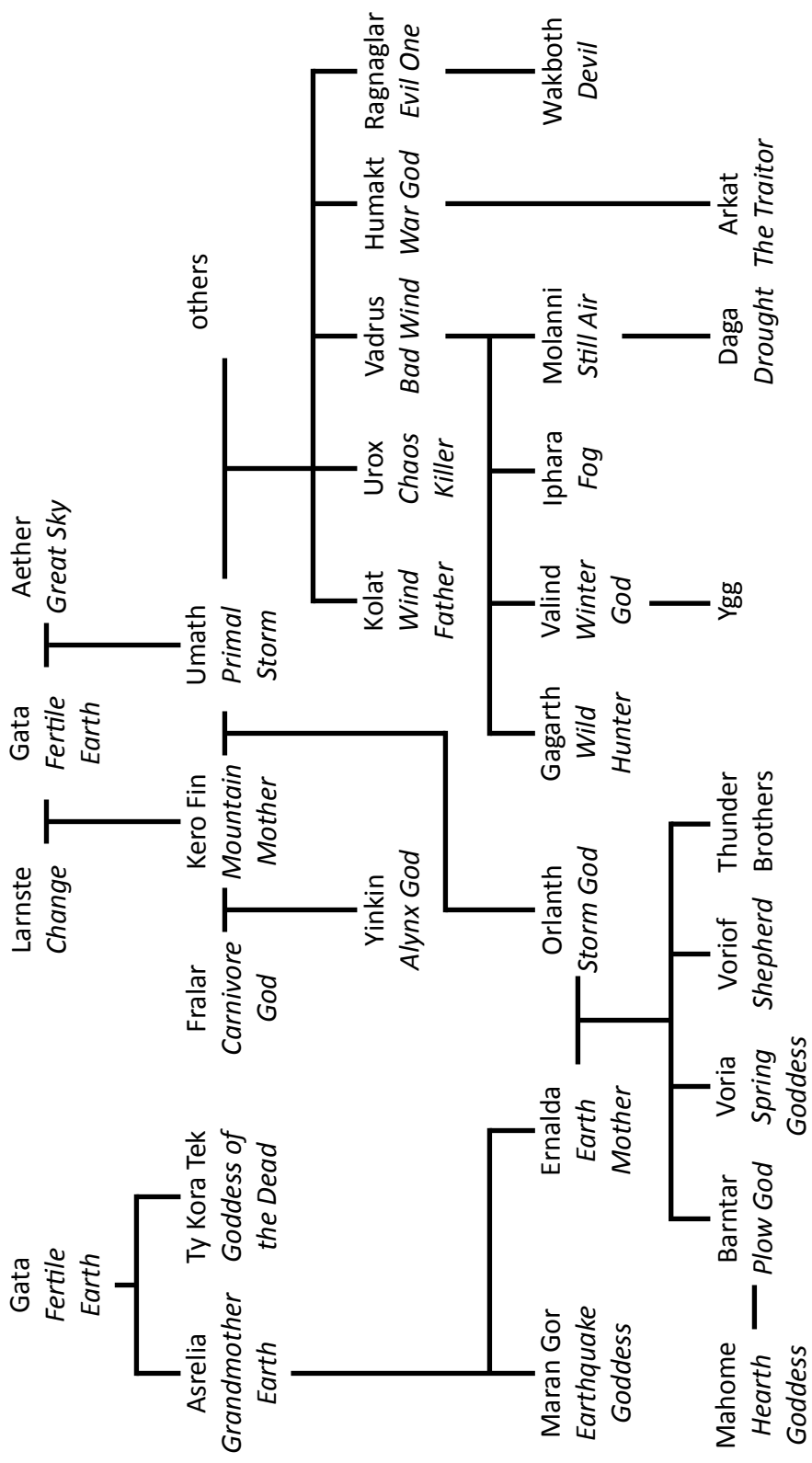
The giants were Genert, Lord of the Earth; Kalt, the Renewing God; Lodril, lord of Fire; Magasta, the Sea giant; Dehore, Darkness-keeper; and some others whose names are not known now. These were all uncles of the children gods, so although they hated them they could not kill them. Instead, they decided to destroy them without having to take responsibility for the deed.

They lied to the children, and said that they had prepared tests for each of them, and that afterwards they would be gods. In truth, they took the children to various wicked places which they could not understand, and they put a child in each. They hoped that one would destroy the other, and thereby lessen the number of foes.

They took Vadrus and dropped him into the Deep Well, and then clapped the lid on. They were sure that he would be drowned by Water, an element which had no connection to air.

They took Urox, and threw him among the Animal Corral. They were sure he would be devoured by the hungry creatures.

GENEALOGY OF THE GODS



They took the other one, and cast him into the Sex Pit. They hoped he would be driven mad by the demons.

They took Humakt, and threw him into the Fighting Pit. They were sure he would be destroyed by this frightening activity.

They took Orlanth, and put him among the Strange Gods. The giants were sure that the nest of alien powers would destroy the youngest child.

Then they went to their hall, and prepared a great feast for their victory.

Vadrus stirred the Well so rapidly that the gods there streamed into one swirling pool of water, and Vadrus escaped through the seams in the well lid.

Urox confronted the carnivores of the wild, and did not run from them, but stamped them beneath his bloody hooves. Then he broke down the corral and released all the creatures.

The other brother failed, and was driven mad by the demons.

Humakt already knew everyone in the Fighting Pit, and they could not stand before him. They were all disarmed, or surrendered, and Humakt climbed from the Pit on their weapons.

Orlanth quarreled at first with the Strange Gods, but some of them were friendly. With them Orlanth prepared a plan, and they escaped from the Prison of the Strange Gods.

The successful brothers met, and Orlanth urged them all to help their failed kinsman. They formed the Brothers' Ring, and they moved into position around the Sex Pit. They made their chants and prayers there, and after a struggle he came out before them, and together they did their best to heal him.

Then they went to the great hall, where their uncles had prepared a great feast. Their hosts were surprised to see them, but realized that they must honor their nephews now as gods with powers. So they held a great feast, and since then all the Storm Gods and the people of the Storm Tribes have held victory feasts after initiation.

ORLANTH'S WOOING OF ERNALDA

When the world was young, the sons of Umath strode the earth to choose what wonders they would take for themselves. Vadrus sought mayhem, Urox destruction, and Humakt Death. Orlanth, the youngest, was taken with the colorful and tickling life which sprouted from the bountiful earth.

Orlanth went to Ernalda Queen of the Earth and said he wanted the earth as his.

*E: "My earth? How flattering,
That you, future king of the world,
Would want the soil,
And its treasures.
You are wise, my lord.
Are you generous too?"*

*O: "Orlanth Openhand is one of my names,
All gods can speak well of my generosity;
Especially you, Bountiful and Beautiful,
Take this, my bullroarer.
Roar it when you want me; I am yours."*

Afterwards Orlanth went to his brothers with his present, but when they looked closely the grasses and flowers upon it were whipped and torn about, scattered in all directions. The Storm Gods, tired of their plaything, tossed it back to Orlanth and laughed at his worthless gift. Angered when nothing returned to the bare earth Orlanth returned to Ernalda:

*O: "Liar! Perfidious Trickster!
No fishwife, no slave woman, should treat me,
Like that! I am mocked, shamed, cheat.
I am also angry, powerful, and violent: the Thunderer!
Shall I show you my dread powers?"*

*E: "Most powerful and horrible lord,
King of Creation and Render of Terrors.
Mercy please, let me repay you.
Twice the gifts I will trade back for my earth.
Are you just? Can you see value?"*

Orlanth, not wishing to be unjust, agreed to accept two presents back for the return of the worthless and barren earth. Ernalda gave him his bullroarer first, and he was pleased since it was certainly a gift fit for him. The second gift was the corporeal love of the Great Goddess, a simple and ecstatic thing which Orlanth never suspected might exist. Awestruck and dumbfounded, Orlanth returned happily to his brothers. The other Storm Gods again laughed at Orlanth.

*"Dupe and fool, women's wiles,
Will ever turn your head from sense,
Look at that present you gave the goddess!
Simple is he who makes deals without scrutiny."*

Their words seemed truth. The earth that had been blown bare was again covered over with luxurious growth. This time it was even thicker and richer, such as the higher lands where trees had never grown before, or the dryer lands where grass had not been before. Orlanth was incensed. In a blind rage, with roarers roaring and hail pelting, he thundered to Ernalda again.

*O: "Pitiless liar! Deceiver and foolmaker!
My heart will turn and my eyes will be opened,
If I let you dupe me again.
That was not worthless which you took from me!
I was robbed. You are the Taker."*

*E: "Powerful lord, Shaker and Destroyer,
You abuse me, you are unjust.
I did just what you told me, I do not lie.
Would the land bless me if I were untrue?
Are you wise enough to see?"*

O: *"I see many things: Each thing you give me,
Is less in my hands than in yours,
Is not what you told me it was,
Is useless to me and mine.
I see black spots of anger before me."*

E: *"Great God, Keeper of Kin,
Clear the spots from your eyes: look again.
One half of the wonder is yours!
Your rains, fruitful wonder, spread my beauty,
Be worshipful: Help keep this bounty eternal!"*

O: *"Great woman, bountiful bosomed,
Many tricks have you given,
Too many deceits have I taken,
Give me honor, give me Justice.
The Storm God's anger is deadly."*

E: *"Have pity, Great God. Look again!
I need your aid for my bounty.
I need your aid for protection.
I need your presence for my happiness.
I am weak. I need help, I am yours!"*

Orlanth, still wary, refused at first, but demonstrations of Ernalda's powers convinced him of the value of staying. Shortly after, he accepted his fate. Ernalda and Orlanth then instituted the marriage vows and took oaths to the other. When Orlanth's brothers laughed at him the god ignored them and knew the greater value of the sweet secrets of his wife.

THE CONTESTS

Orlanth was not content with the way that things were. He felt he too deserved a part of the leadership of the world, but his desires were refused by Yelm. Nonetheless, he kept trying.

Orlanth would go to the Emperor and challenge him in some art or skill, trying to prove that he was worthy of command in that realm. They had many contests. Three were most important.

For the first contest, Orlanth challenged Yelm to a dancing contest when he was young. Yelm performed a courtly ballet. Orlanth took along his rattle, and he did a whooping war dance. The gods who judged it were so shocked by Orlanth's behavior that they awarded the prize to Yelm. Orlanth went away angry and disappointed.

The next contest was one of magic. Yelm displayed all the wonder and glory of the magic of Being. Then Orlanth displayed the magic of Becoming. The gods, staid and conservative, did not like this idea and so awarded the prize to Yelm.

There was also a contest of music. Orlanth made a type of instrument which had not been seen, ever. When people heard it they laughed out loud. This was part of Orlanth's plan,

for there was not enough laughter among the lords of the world. But the judges did not accept Orlanth's music, even though many of their servants did.

In that way, Orlanth was rejected every time by the Emperor of the World, until the War of the Gods began.

There was another contest, of weapons. In this one Yelm drew his great bow and shot his far-flying arrows to the edge of the world. Orlanth then took out the Sword, called Death, which was a new weapon, and with it Orlanth proved that he was superior. The judges fled in terror, leaving the field to the Storm God. This ended their contests, and allowed Orlanth to become a ruler.

THE NEW MUSIC

In the earliest days there was only one way to do things. The rules of Life were dictated from the Emperor's Palace, a place with great towers that gleamed with its own golden light.

But one day Orlanth went to the Emperor's Palace for music. The imperial musicians played upon high-pitched and highly-strung instruments, and everyone liked it.

When everyone was finished Orlanth got up. He had a new instrument, a horn, which could sound like the squeaky instruments if it wanted to, or it could sound like things that no one had ever heard. He played it then. Everyone was stunned, for a moment, not being sure if they liked it or not, since it was not something which was even mentioned in any of the Emperor's Laws, and so they had not been told how to react.

The Emperor was the first to react, and he did not like the music. "It is not music," he said, and made a law which forbade it at his concerts. But the musicians went to other places and played it, and so the Emperor made new laws and forbade it from being played anywhere inside his realm.

So it was played outside of his realm only, and when the Emperor sent people to silence it they got lost in the wilderness, or sometimes even discovered they liked it themselves. And in that way the new music and ways of doing things gradually entered into practice among those of the Emperor's court who were usually outside of his attention.

THE SWORD STORY

This is a story of ancient time, long before the Sun stopped in the sky and cursed us all. Long before the Sun ever rose, freed from its bondage by God. Long before the Darkness, when gods and heroes preserved the world. Long before the oceans were made, and mountains raised, to the time when Freedom was born, when Death came to the world. To the time when the War of the Gods had just begun.

In the old days there was no death or violence. There was simply no need for it. There was more than enough room for everything to grow without limit, and everything did. Voria was born the first time when earth peeped above the ancient sea. When Ernalda was grown there was the Green Age. When she had enough golden grain to horde then there was the Golden Age.

When people had not enough food, they began to quarrel over it. Then the goddess invented gold, and tried to use it to pacify her people. It only gave them more to be greedy for. Greed became so great that even the gods were infected.

Fighting broke out among them, at first for greed but later for revenge, anger, and hatred. This was called the Gods War.

There was a god named Eurmál who did not have much going for him. He was less than a stickpicker, because he had no kin, no friends, and no place to live. He had no ring.

Eurmál wished to impress his betters, and when the Gods War became very violent he was hiding in the dark place, and he saw something which he had not seen before. So he took it.

He went to the first person he saw, who was Grandfather Life, the first person. Eurmál asked Grandfather if he wanted to try out this new thing.

Grandfather at first would have refused, but he had previously passed up on chances to be master of Thunder and Mirror-polishing. He agreed, and so Grandfather became Grandfather Mortal when he died. He was the first person to ever die, and because of that all of us mortals must die.

Eurmál went then to Humakt to show him the Death thing. Humakt was a god, and he did not have any misunderstanding about it. He used it first to sever his ties from his kin, and so he absolved his king for the heinous deeds which he, the God of Death, would do after that. Orlanth was so moved that he has always respected Humakt for his honor and fierce code, and gives him a place on the ring even though he is a foreigner.

When Orlanth saw this new thing he wanted to use it in one of his contests against the Emperor. He took it to the Weapon Contest. Yelm loosed his far-flung arrows. Then Orlanth wielded Death, in the shape of a sword, and so the Emperor was the first God to die. Howling, he fled on the trail which Grandfather had taken, and hid in the Underworld.

One day Orlanth scolded Eurmál, and so Eurmál tricked Orlanth with a copy, and got the sword, Death. He lost it in a guessing game as part of a wager with Warlord Elf. Elf enchanted it to be an axe, and cut down his dwarf foes.

For a laugh, Eurmál tripped Warlord Elf and the weapon fell into the hands of Ironman, the dwarf hero. He then cut down the elves. Eurmál offered to make many copies for him, and greedy Ironman agreed. Confused by so many, he did not miss the original Death which Trickster stole.

Eurmál traded the weapon to Zorak Zoran, the God of Hate, for a handful of sweets. Zorak Zoran used it to hack down Green Flamal, Lord of Plants. Then the trolls of the Night Tribe devoured the forests of the world.

When Zorak Zoran was sleeping after the feast, Ragnaglar, another denizen of the Darkness, took it and slew Genert, the Lord of Life. And after that all the forces of Chaos had it too.

Then many gods got a hold of the weapon, and they were quick to use it. In this way the power of Death was passed among all of the tribes and all of the gods who wished to wield such a thing, and Death was held prisoner without honor.

When Orlanth and the Lightbringers reached the edge of the world, they had to enter into the Underworld to continue their travel. At that place, where Sky, Earth and Sea meet, Orlanth gave up his possession and attachment to Death, and he named Humakt to be the honorable wielder of it. In this way Orlanth gained entry into the Land of the Dead, and with that judgment Humakt gained control of Death once again.

THE COURT OF SILENCE

Here is what happens when you die:

Your soul separates from your body. For seven days the soul lingers near the body, drifting farther apart from it and developing spirit senses. It is like a yolk for the developing soul.

When it is ready, the soul flies inward into the heart space, which is a mirror that cannot be fully penetrated until you are dead, or have acquired a heroquest initiation.

On the other side of the mirror is an icy mountain top. Though no stars, planets, or Sun light the sky, the newly dead can see. The soul joins in a parade of others, all bearing the marks of their life and death upon them. Thus some are old, and covered with sores, and in their bed clothes, while others are warriors fully armed, sometimes even borne by their noble steeds. No one speaks. Paths converge. Many smaller groups join with each other.

The procession descends through a vast mountain range whose peaks and cliffs are all piercing and jagged, like shattered obsidian flints laid on end.

At the bottom of the mountains, where the black sand lies in piles, the path meanders. At this place, the ghosts of broos, and things like them, depart.

A bridge made of bone spans a great chasm. At the bottom of the chasm roars the River of Swords, and the only sound is the horrible clashing of arms. On this bridge stands Janak, with a long stick, who knocks all perjurers off into the suffering below.

The road leads to a great round tower, so vast that the edges of it cannot be seen from the road, nor can its top be seen. A hundred doors penetrate it, and the vast throng of the dead enter the Court of Silence.

The crowd is silent, each awaiting their turn. At the front of the hall is the throne of Daka Fal, Judge of the Dead. He used to be Grandfather Mortal, the first person to be made and the first person to die. And in galleries around all the walls of the hall wait the gods and their servants. Each soul approaches him, to be recognized and judged. Daka Fal asks for history on the person from anyone present. The gods who wish to speak descend from the gallery to serve witness. Then Daka Fal assigns him to a fate, and the soul departs, appropriately escorted, through one of the hundred doors at the rear of the Court of Silence.

Through those doors wait the places we might go:

Orlanth's Hall, where the god himself awaits, eternally feasting and blessing, surrounded by plenty, and lucky are those who join his body of warriors.

Ernalda's House, or the House of Women, where all the pleasures and freedoms which are desired in life may be had, without any odious responsibilities.

Barntar's Hall, where the ale is strong and plenty, the pleasures easy, and good friends always nearby.

Humakt's Hall, from whence no one ever returns. In this place they always fight more than feast, preparing for the next divine battle.

Urox's Camp, where the Storm Bulls swig beer and sing all night, and then go out and fight Chaos all day.

Engiziland, where the Odaylans may stalk the eternal beasts and feast upon them each day, then find them whole again for sport the next day.

The Red-headed Lodge, when the Vingan Women go who have served their goddess properly.

Dead Air, where the cursed are hunted day and night by hungry spirits.

ORLANTH AND AROKA

In the War of the Gods the Blue Tribe fought against the Lord of the Universe, defying that which was inevitable. But the strength of Orlanth was too great, and they could not stand before the god of storms: not their champions, nor their armies, nor their magicians.

So the elders of the Blue Tribe met in council, and decided to summon a fearsome monster which hated Orlanth. They called upon the powers of the deep, and from its darkest depths crawled Aroka, the enemy Blue Dragon. The demonic monster seeped through all of Glorantha in secret until it found the stead of Heler, the Lord of Rain, and ravaged it until Heler came to protect his lands. Aroka swallowed the god whole. Then it retreated, and hid in its lair.

Without rain, the earth began to die. Orlanth raged, but the infertile storms could not help barren Ernalda feed her children. The people of his tribe complained to him, and so Orlanth determined to fight it.

Aroka had great powers: its eyes could paralyze any intelligent thing, its tongue could choke any physical thing, and its breath could destroy any spirit.

Orlanth prepared himself against the monster. He brought a sack with the Four Winds in it, an ancient flint sword called a klanth, a twisted vine which held the Upper Wind, and a leather rope which held the Lower Wind. He spent a year chanting songs of power, and ate of Ernalda's Splendorbread and drank crazy black Widebrew.

Orlanth was delayed on his voyage, first by Krakos, the troll avenger, who was angry because Orlanth broke his father's legs. Orlanth defeated him, and took his Darkwind.

Then came Gagarth, the left-blowing wind. Orlanth beat him, too. He took the Wind of Above from him.

As he traveled Orlanth reached the Place of Strangers, and there he met the Dark Woman. Their child was born later, and it was called Crushing Noise.

At last Orlanth found the lair of Aroka, which lay past the Poisonthorn Acre. Orlanth came out of the north to attack. Aroka the dragon refused to rise to confront the approaching god.

Orlanth released the Darkwind first, which bears the howls of lost souls. It filled the creature's lair so it could not bear to be in it, and so it rose to fight.

First Aroka opened its eyes to destroy the mind of Orlanth. The Storm God released the Four Winds and each of them cast its weapon into an eye of the dragon, blinding it.

Aroka lashed out with its tongues. Orlanth released the Upper Wind, and this dried out the snaking enemy.

Aroka roared out its fatal breath, but Orlanth captured it inside the magical Sack of Winds and threw it away.

Then Orlanth strode into its mouth and seized the upper jaw with his hands, and placed his foot against its lower jaw, and with a shout of victory tore the dragon asunder. A great flood of blood, water, and mead swept over the land. Inside was Heler, the rain god.

This is the way that Orlanth brought rain to the land.

Orlanth took other treasures from the corpse too. He took the sinews from the right side of its spine, which were red, and from the left, which were black. He took the tooth which can scar adamant. And he took two burning jewels, from its skull and heart. And after that Heler was always Orlanth's boon companion.

THE HEALING OF MASTAKOS

Orlanth had a great friend named Mastakos. Mastakos was one of the Bastards, a son of Impatience and Energy. On the day he was born he fell out of his father's wagon, and for the length of the day happily ran along after it, and when night came he rolled down the hill ahead of it. The next day he ran up the hill again to meet his parents coming down.

When he was older, no one could beat Mastakos in a race. When Orlanth became his friend, Mastakos made a chariot for him, and became God's charioteer.

One day Mastakos was traveling the countryside in the service of his friend, and he was captured by the Bad Dogs. These bandit gods hung Mastakos from a hook, and they pulled the sinews from his heels. After that, Mastakos was Charioteer, but not Runner.

One day Orlanth heard that the Bad Dogs were at his mother's house. He wanted to repay Mastakos for his loyal service, so he called his war chariot, and armed himself, and went to combat the Bad Dogs.

He rode to the west then, with the horses' hooves like thunder booming across the sky. He went to the strong house of his mother. Its gates lay torn open, and the white roof was black, and dripped down the sides of the mountain. No slim warriors walked the walls with bright spears. No sparkling servants met the party with towels and food. No sleek alynx raised their heads to greet him.

Instead, he found a ruined hall, inhabited by wild dogs, licking the marrow from fresh alynx bones. Orlanth was so angry at the death of his kinsmen that he slew all of the dogs he could reach, and his companions slew some more, and they would have killed everyone if they could. But one escaped, and it was Kang Rowl, the Slinker, the stinking Dog-like-a-cat.

The vengeance of the Storm God was a victory for Mastakos. Among the slain he discovered Narangros, the Hell Hound who had stolen the sinews from Mastakos' heels. Mastakos recovered his sinews, and again the three-legged sign was whole upon his breast. After this he was truly called Step Father.

Mastakos exulted in his wholeness. He lifted Orlanth, and bore him in two steps from Kero Fin to Skyreach, and two more to the Glass Spire, and two more back to Kero Fin.

A mortal man would need ten days to climb down from Kero Fin, and five days to cross Doziriland by foot, and another seven to climb to the top, but by following precisely in Mastakos' steps Orlanth needed only two steps. He placed his left foot carefully upon the boot print in the Smoking Ruins, and his right upon the edge of the stead of Jarani Whitehair, the son of Ragorn, the son of Jorganos Archer.

MASTAKOS' TRAIL WEST

One day Orlanth asked his servant, Mastakos, "How fast are you, Sir?"

Mastakos said, "As fast as I need to be, Lord."

"Then you are the one," said Orlanth, "to bear this message for me to the Black Isle of Introspection. It is," he added, "of the utmost importance, and if there is a way for you to be faster than you can be, this is the time for it."

Mastakos reached the isle in only eight steps. Afterwards, he told his own household how to make this journey.

"Your first step will be through Halikiv, a stronghold of the Men of Darkness. You will have a choice of whether to step in the center, in the outskirts, or in the Wilderness. I suggest you choose the Wilderness. Then you will have the choice of stepping into the sharp things or

the sticky part. I suggest the sticky part. If you bear companions, you must all link arms, and hold together to pull each other out of the tar. No one must be allowed to stick, or he will be dragged into the Shortsteps.

“The second is a leap, and a balance upon the top of a hill as you pass. It is called Balance Split, and the Chill Queen is nearby. Do not stop there, keep going. Everyone must all leap alone. You must go first, and if you succeed it will be easier for everyone else.

“The third step is in Wonderwood. You must stop there, and land with both feet upon the ground. There you will meet with Bukvister the Intermediary. Give him the Rarest Flower, and he will convey you to the next spot in safety. He will take you to a ruined place, which is the edge of a pit where the first tree of Green Elves was grown. It was uprooted by the Iron Man. You and your companions must all hold hands and leap.

“You will land in a vale where animals are dancing. There will be a girl playing a flute there. I put wax into my ears so that I could not hear the music. You must pass by. Do not dance.

“Then you will reach Hrelar Amali. There is a grievous funeral there, and it is the Lord of Seeds. If you are of their kin, you must stop and mourn, but otherwise keep going.

“The Outpost of Logic is next, and you can see it by its alternating triangular pattern. It is a dangerous outpost of logic in a land of demon wars.

“Next is Walk on Water Step, which you can do if you are truly of Mastakos and the Orlanthi. But do not let go of my hand here, and do not step when you do not have to — there are things in the water which bite.

“Finally you will land at the Black Isle of Introspection, which lies on the edge of the known world in the uttermost West. There is the Hermit, who I have spoken to.”

HOW PEACE WAS MADE

When the Gods were at war they loved fighting, even though they often got hurt and hurt others. This was the way of it. When Death came the consequences were more serious, but since the Storm Tribe was the toughest they mostly just killed other people instead of dying themselves.

One day Orlanth saw Ernalda, who was a prisoner in the Emperor’s Palace. He took his army and stormed the castle, killing everyone who resisted. He rescued Ernalda just before the guards sold her to troll slavers.

Orlanth asked if she was pleased with his actions, and she said that she certainly was. But for one thing, she added.

“And what is that?”

“So much fighting, so many deaths. Must this always be so?”

“It is the way,” said Orlanth. “Violence is always an option.”

“There is always another way,” she said.

Ernalda was happy to have been rescued, but she was no fool. Orlanth had to do many tasks to prove him to her before she would consent to become his wife. So he got her the New Flint, and the mirror, and kittens to chase out the rats from the cereals.

When he got the New Flint, Orlanth broke down a fort and chased a whole clan to the forest. When he got the mirror he had to kick the dogs, and he knocked down the door of Asrelia’s hut. And he did other destructive things, too.

And every time Ernalda would be pleased, except by the means he used. And the two of them always said the same things.

“Violence is always an alternative.”

“There is always another way.”

Finally Orlanth said, “Why is it this such a big issue to you, anyway? I don’t understand. Am I defective? Do I lack some awareness?”

Ernalda did not answer this with words. Instead she agreed to be his love-wife for a year, and they held the wedding feast and stated their vows. In the wedding bed that night Orlanth learned the pleasures of married love.

After his marriage he went to the Checkered Battle, and was gone. When he returned he had the choice to continue the fight or not, and it was clear to all involved that he was going to win.

That was when he saw his first child, Barntar, cradled in the arms of his wife. And when the child looked into his eyes, Orlanth allowed himself to be touched.

“There is always another way,” she said.

And Orlanth said, “I see now, that there is more to the world than can be seen through one’s own eyes. The touch of insight frightens me, just as Chalana Arroy’s compassion scares me. But if I can look Wakboth in the eye, I can bear up under the stare of my own infant son.”

The next day, when it was time to choose whether or not to go back to the Checkered Battle, Orlanth did not.

He chose peace.

And although it was not permanent, it was made, and was real for the first time. And after that the promise was made again, and though broken too, it was real for a time, each moment adding to the reality.

And Peace was made, then, bit by bit.

ORLANTH THE JUSTICE-BRINGER

Once, a single Law ruled all of the Old World. But after Orlanth came, the Old World was not big enough to contain a single Law. In those days, no one knew how to settle arguments without fighting. Everyone was fighting, and it was called the War of the Gods. Even kinfolk were fighting, until Orlanth established the Rite of Justice.

Orlanth was called to Arrowmound, that mountain among those of the Skyreach range.

Jarani Whitetop, the Mountain Glider, occupied Arrowmound. Jarani is the son of Ragorn, the son of Jorganos Archer, the son of King Vingkot Orlanthsson. He claimed the land by right of *Possession*. He had family and servants, a wall he made around the stead, and a guard with two faces. He kept there the White Sheep of Voriof, and guarded them with the Bow of Jorganos.

Arrowmound was under siege by Harand Boardick, the son of Harast the Brave and Ornay daughter of King Drorgalar Orlanthsson. Harand was married to Urgkronika, the sow-wife. Harand claimed that Arrowmound should be his, by right of *Establishment*, and had many witnesses ready to support his truth.

Both claimed the right to the aid of Orlanth, who had established both Possession and Establishment as laws. Both claimed his kinship, and the right to his aid.

Orlanth spent the night in the sky, and plummeted to earth again at dawn. He brought with him the Justice Wand, and the way to use it.

Orlanth himself was the first Lawspeaker. He pacified and protected the combatants, recited the conditions, and invoked the prayer to call for divine guidance. Lawspeaker explained to everyone the three stages of their commitment, where to stand, and how to put their hands and feet. Lawspeaker suspended the Wand of Justice, and directed each litigant to hold it.

Harand, husband of Urgkronika, was burnt, and could not hold a sword for the time it took his next son to grow to manhood. Orlanth ruled that Justice itself had shown that the claim of Jarani was more correct, and so he was named Lord of the Mountains. Ever since then the Harandings have not been friends with the Vingkotlings.

Harand then swore to take the land, and prove the natural and ageless *Law of Violence*. Jarani taunted him as “Son of the Brave” and “pig-general.” Harand got other help from the Forces of Darkness. He gave his son to Jogo Zaramzil, called Night-in-day, who led another army of trolls and men against the fortress of Jarani, Lord of the Mountaintops.

When Harand and Jogo Zaramzil attacked, many defenders were slain, including the son of Jarani. The two-faced guardian was killed defending the gate. Then the wife of Jarani recited the call for help. The Lord of Justice had pledged to uphold the claim, and he had been formally called, so Orlanth helped Jarani in his fight. Together they threw the enemy down from the mountains, and confined them into the valleys for as long as the wind blows. This was called the Battle of Arrowmound.

Orlanth healed all of the casualties, and they swore to serve forever as the Guardians of Justice. At Justice Stone Jarani raised a monument to commemorate the event, and to be the place where Jarani would later pass on a Wand to whatever Lawspeaker qualified for one, and made sacrifice to Orlanth for this honor. The altar is called the Jarani Stones.

King Heort was the first man to go to the Jarani Stones this way, and he returned with the Justice Staff once again for his people.

HOW THE CREEK-STREAM RIVER WAS MADE

Here in our land is the River, which is the first real river. Before it, all other rivers were different for they flowed uphill, as the Syphon River still does. They flowed like that in the Old Days, before the Gods War.

During the Gods War the tribes of immortals fought against each other. Those which were famous for destroying destroyed many then. One of those destroyers was Korang the Slayer, who bore a huge spear which roared as it sucked the life from deities. Korang the Slayer left devastation wherever he went, and so the other deities conspired against him.

Ten deities set forth. Hard Earth was one, Skyriver Titan was the second, and the third cannot be named, for none know it. The other seven are unnamed, for they ran away. They all went to meet Korang the Slayer in battle near the city of slaves which he had herded together.

First into combat went the god who is unknown now. His magics and being, whatever they were, were no match for the enemy god. The spear, which had shattered an adamant helm, struck the unnamed god. The demon weapon screamed as it burned up the life and the soul and the magic and the existence of its victim.

Seven of the combatants fled then. There is no shame in their flight, for flight is always better than a useless death.

Skyriver Titan remained and fought. He was not unskilled or weak, but when the poison spear, which was sharper than iron, split the titan's armor he tried to flee to his home. As he leapt upward Korang the Slayer stabbed him so that his life force poured out of the sky to the earth.

Hard Earth then thrust himself at the stained spear, which had four corners to its shaft, and with a twist he used the strength of his body to shatter the corrosive weapon. But he was thrown down too.

Without the great weapon, the god was of little consequence. The gushing blood of Skyriver Titan drowned the unarmed god and his city. The conflict between their corrupt bodies and the pure waters caused a ferocious turmoil that broke rock, dissolved earth, and solidified water until the marshes were formed which surround the place where the ancient ruined city lies, underwater now.

And the great wound which Skyriver Titan got is still visible there, if you look at the clouds right. They are almost always a great and roiling black mass, like an angry wound. When the clouds burst, the Skyriver Titan's wound erupts open and dumps its torrential flow upon the earth. Sometimes these clouds spread wide over all of Dragon Pass, but the hardest flow is always from where the wound was struck. There the water comes down so hard that it is as if the sky is falling, and so the place is called Skyfall Lake. The great rains have washed away the poison of Chaos, and the deity of the waters on the earth is now called the River.

And now the broken body of Hard Earth is visible as the six peaks of the Black Dragon Mountains, where the damnable Cragspider lives with her great troll tribes.

The Creek and the Stream are the younger brothers of Skyriver Titan. When his life force was draining away they leapt from the sky, adding their own strength to their brother's so it would not be washed away. The one called Creek leapt from the sky to the Indigo Mountains, and the one called Stream leapt to the Quivin Mountains. And they joined the River, and together they all made their way downhill to the center of the world. Thus they were present when the Empty Gods appeared and exterminated the tribe of elder gods, who lived in the mountain, and created the great hole in the center of the world.

When the Empty Gods destroyed the mountain, Skyriver Titan and his two brothers provided the model of action for the other rivers to follow. They flowed into the gap, and all the other rivers also reversed their flow and joined in to help. The void was filled with all the swirling waters of the world. Thus the First River made the great plan which neutralized the Empty Gods, and which created the great maelstrom of the Ocean Without Return.

ORLANTH AND SOFALA

There was a time called the War of the Gods because even the gods fought against each other. Many creatures were harmed at this time, such as when Yinkin lost his fiery breath to the Bad Dogs, or Horse lost his wings and claws and teeth to Orlanth's blows.

One day Orlanth was walking upon the Western Shore and discovered a battle in action. The Seabird Army had assembled to ambush the Seaturtle Tribe's women and children. Orlanth found Grandmother Sofala weeping, and asked what she would give to him if he helped her. She said she would give him anything which did not dishonor her or her folk.

Orlanth drew his lightning spears then, and called his Wind Army, and they ran among the birds, causing great damage and so much confusion that the birds all fled.

After that the Diroti were a tribe of people who migrated around the world in their little boats. They worshipped Orlanth, and Grandmother Seaturtle, and Father Diros, the Boat God. They were destroyed by the Seabird Army in the Storm Age.

Orlanth did not collect on his debt then, but reserved it to be a return gift for the future.

THE GREATER DARKNESS

When Orlanth had conquered as much of the world as could be conquered, and brought the peace of the Storm Gods to everyone therein, he thought that the world was finished. And so it was, for the glorious generations of the Storm Age.

Everything which was good was there in abundance, and Orlanth and Ernalda lived peacefully, with their family and their Clan Ring. They thought that nothing could then go wrong.

But they were wrong. They had never thought that the very things which were good could be turned upon them. They never considered that virtue could become evil.

Orlanth discovered that there was too much justice when the goddess named Thed came to his court, demanding her share of it. Orlanth granted it, of course, but regretted it when she revealed that she was a victim of his brother's aggression. He had overcome her, and taken her by force against her will. She showed everyone her gaping wound, which had never healed, and demanded full recompense. Orlanth, of course, agreed, even though it brought him great shame. And Thed considered what would be the worst thing that she could do to her enemy, and she said that she wanted to be the Goddess of Rape, so that Orlanth's own wife and daughters would fear the same thing forever. And they did.

Orlanth discovered that Change can be a vice at times, too, when Mallia came to court one day. She was bad Change, the suffering which accompanies it. At first everyone ignored her, but she was so persistent that they were all afflicted anyway. The more they ignored her, the worse their affliction got until finally they were diseased. And that is what Mallia is, the Goddess of Disease and Suffering.

And he was horrified to discover that even his sacred progenitive urges could become vices. Orlanth's brother Ragnagar was so overcome with sexuality that he had no limits to what he would take as a partner, and he was so fecund that everything he mated with bore children. In this way a horrible race of monsters was born, the broos, who are like their father, and who have no sisters.

The world was worse off for these three, but for a time they could not be convinced to leave. At last Orlanth outlawed them with rules and threats, but they lingered in the fort. Finally Humakt killed them, and they went to the outermost reaches of the lands of the dead.

There, in the far north, they conspired and did what they could do to each other. They are called the Unholy Trio for this, and they are the parents of Wakboth, Lord of Chaos. He was the first of many gods of chaos and destruction who came to end the world.

The Chaos army marched from the north. Orlanth recognized who was with the army, and he called his household and his weaponthanes together at once. They mustered at the north gate of Umath's Camp, and cheered to hear Orlanth's speech. Then they clashed their arms upon shields, and with a war cry charged upon their great stallions at the corrupt foe.

The armies met, each intent upon destroying the other. No army of Glorantha could have stood before the charging army of Orlanth. No known tribe of gods could have withstood that charge. But this was the Chaos Tribe, not known, and not of Glorantha.

So when the armies clashed, there was no clash. The ranks of the Chaos army opened, and swallowed the first ranks of the confident army without a sound. The others slowed, and loosed volleys of arrows and spears, then hurled crackling lightning spears and searing thunderbolts at the foe. Some of the foe fell, and we thank Orlanth that no one will ever know what they might have done.

And champions of Orlanth's army rode forth to challenge their enemies. When they did, the enemy cheated, and the Orlanthi fell.

As soon as Orlanth saw what was happening, he called for a retreat. And Humakt and his few surviving weaponthanes stood firm while the rest of the army escaped, then withdrew without a hurry even though the foe had snatched away parts of his memory and being. And we thank Humakt for the Chaos things which we do not know because he destroyed them in his fight that day.

That was called the Battle of Stormfall. It was only the first defeat, and not even the worst. The army of Chaos marched onward, deeper into Glorantha and closer to Umath's Camp. Kyger Litor brought her children out and they assailed the enemy, but though they were not destroyed, they did not stop Wakboth either. Urox was successful against some foes, for he slew Enkand the Splitter and Vostoo the Grand. He then came to his brother's fort for the great fight.

The Chaos Gods marched up the slope of the mountain, and they paused only slightly outside the walls before they began to ooze, hop, and slither their way towards it. The defense was mighty, and the walls themselves rose to crush the evil foe. Of the four quarters, three held, but nothing could withstand the trouble from the north.

First, North Wind tried. Wakboth knocked him aside with a hand. Then Humakt tried, and Wakboth held him with two hands, and bit the Sword God in half, and cast the pieces aside. This wound would have killed anyone lesser than Humakt, but even he was not able to participate any more that day.

Orlanth could withhold himself no longer, and he leapt into the gap to fight Wakboth. When the monster grabbed with arms, Orlanth parried with weapons and sent pieces spinning into the crowd. When Wakboth tried to bite, Orlanth filled all its mouths with cold and bitter winds. Its tentacles encircled the chieftain, but his armor burst them into shreds. But when Orlanth sought to destroy it, Wakboth parried, and with a single stab he cut Orlanth into forty-eight pieces. Any lesser god would have gone into all forty-nine. But as it was, Orlanth was barely able to blow out of there.

He had told his tribe to escape if this occurred. They were ready, and bore their children and their treasured possessions among them. They went through the south gate, and through secret ways which only they knew. A dragon was there. Pole Star helped.

The Chaos Gods ransacked the fort of the gods, seeking whatever treasures they could spoil. They did not find enough to satisfy their lusts and their rage, so some of them turned upon each other. Then Wakboth got angry at them for letting the gods escape, and punished some of them. They rebelled, and all of the Chaos Gods were fighting. They fought so hard that they broke down the buildings of the fort, and the walls, and then the whole mountain upon which Umath's Camp stood upon. The explosion was of a million avalanches caving inward upon each other, and it was so strong that the whole mountain was ground into dust. The escaping Storm Gods blew this dust across the whole world, which was overcome by a pall of grainy darkness which had never been there before.

After destroying the center of the world, Wakboth and his army dispersed, each pursuing whatever destruction or corruption it wished. In this way the whole world was polluted, and slowly became dead and lifeless.

Before everything was gone, Orlanth called his council together. They debated what to do. Orlanth said that he knew he was responsible for this, for he had made the things which spawned these monsters. Therefore, he would have to right the errors of his ways.

Orlanth swore to take upon himself the task of going to find whatever cure was needed for the world, even though it might lie in the land of the dead or beyond, in worlds unknown yet. He swore to do whatever he had to do to save the world which he loved. He called for his weapons, and he prepared to depart. This was the start of the Lightbringers' Quest.

THE ARMING OF ORLANTH

One day, at the Hill of Victory, Orlanth met with the Vingkotlings for a Property Celebration. There he planned to review his possessions, and those of his tribe, as was first done at Longhearth.

But the feast went poorly. First, Orlanth's wife was not present. This disturbed the god, as it always did, for the seat beside him was empty, and half of his conversations were spoken to empty space. And others from his household were gone, too, so that the beer was flat, the hearth was cold, and the food was no better than cold porridge. Furthermore, the feast was disturbed. Whenever some person was called upon to admire or present a tool, he was called away by some combat or other duty elsewhere. Often they did not return.

At last Orlanth lost his temper. "What is this?" he cried. "Not since Ernalda was borne away have I felt so angry. Where is the respect which is due me in this time?"

And they said, "It is with the Grand Order, Great Lord."

"And where is the Grand Order?" he demanded. And everyone agreed that it was gone, because the god of it had been taken away by the darkness.

Orlanth brooded so darkly that he made the Bad Rain. When clouds gather black, and do not drop their rain, and sink to the ground, monsters can come out of them. They did then, the first time, and Orlanth had to rise from his chair to drive Nasty Urain away.

"The world has fallen," he said afterwards, "when a chief cannot have peace through a meal. I will go and regain this Grand Order." He called for the Knowing God to come to him, and asked what the Grand Order was.

"It is a mirror of fire," said Lhankor Mhy. "It is not for everyone. Some are consumed by it. Others turn bone cold."

Orlanth asked where it was. "Past the edge of the world," said the Knowing God. "I do not know the roads myself."

"Then I will find them," said Orlanth, "and I will return with the Grand Order so that we can have a decent meal."

Then Heler armed Orlanth with all the apparel of war. First he laced on a pair of greaves, and made them fast with dog-hide thongs. He put over his lord's broad shoulders a shirt of the finest linen, cut sleeveless to show the proud marks, and over that a stout sleeved corset of red and green. Then over Orlanth's head he put the great coat of mail named Turnspear, which reached to his knees, and was so fine and supple that it did not make a sound when he walked. Then Heler girded about his lord's waist a stout belt cut with magical figures, which bore the sword whose name is Humakt. On the right side hung Barbeester, his trusty axe. He wrapped his long hair as a cushion, and held it in place with a ribbon from his wife. Orlanth wore a stiff coif, marked with runes, and then Heler placed the proud helmet named Spare Me, made by a lord of the dwarves, upon his head. Heler placed the shield of Arran in his left hand; and in the right were the pair of swift javelins, called Lightning; and the stout Thunderbolt spear. Then he called for his chariot, borne by the steeds called Crisis and Rage, and his driver, Mastakos. Orlanth mounted, and before his clan he named Elmal as chieftain to command them while he was gone.

He said, "If you will swear to support me, and to remember me, and respond in the right ways when it is time, then we will never be separate, and our destinies will be bound together whatever we do." So his people swore to remember him and support him, and they made the Eternal Ring in their midst, and set armed men to defend it all around. This way, if he needed them, they could help their lord.

"With these things," said God, "and my own Virtue, I will find the Grand Order again." And he departed from the Hill of Orlanth Victorious upon his quest.

THE STORY OF THE SUMMONS OF EVIL

This is the oldest story of this which we could find.

Orlanth and his council ruled peacefully over the world after subduing the Sun, Waters, Darkness, and rebellious Storm Gods. Then a new tribe appeared from the north, so rapacious and ravenous that they ate even the dirt from the surface where they passed. Emissaries were sent to meet the newcomers, but they were so savage that they did not know the conventions of peace and slew them all. After many of their important relatives had been killed by the invaders, the council debated and determined to meet the foe with war.

When the decision was made, Orlanth withdrew to the warrior's ground. There he arranged his war band and held council with his leaders. And so Heler armed Orlanth with his war apparel. He put on his great coat of mail, and placed the proud helmet upon his head. Then Heler girded his sword upon him, and placed the shield in his hands; and the pair of swift javelins, and the lord's stout spear. He mounted upon his war chariot, and he named Elmal, his loyal thane, to lead and guard the housecarls and his family while he was gone. His people lamented his departure greatly, fearing the end was upon them without his presence.

So his people swore to remember and support him, and they made the Eternal Ring, and then set armed men to defend it all around.

The way of the enemy was such that he loved frustration and madness, and so whenever Orlanth went to fight the new tribe, they were gone. After many attempts like this, Orlanth went to the Knowing God for advice.

The Knowing God sat alone through the night, with his head covered by a leather sheet, until he remembered the way that the ancient Spell of Summons might be used to bring an enemy forth. And so, once again, the Storm Tribe created a new Transformation, and used it.

Orlanth and his companions made a circle to contain their foe, and then the sign of the storm to attack it. They built inside the circle a great figure, as farmers use to frighten dumb birds, out of trees and whatever else they needed to summon a foe. It also grew by itself, and took on its own shape of the enemy as the gods continued to sing, dance, and drum it together. Behind the circle waited their loved ones and their supporters.

When all was done Orlanth called the foe into the center of the ring. There it came, despite its will, and though it bravely defied Orlanth and his tribe, the monster god was forced to reveal its origins and its nature. When these were revealed, it was killed, then burnt on the Undying Fire, as must all Predark.

THE LIGHTBRINGERS' QUEST

One day Orlanth found his mother dead, and he saw that his father was suffering, chained between the Earth and Sky. He vowed to right this terrible wrong, and called his companions to accompany him on his quest.

This is the journey which Orlanth and his companions took. There were four stages in their journey. The first took them to the edge of the world. The second through the Underworld. The third was in the deepest pit of the Underworld, in the Palace of the Dead. And the last a return to the eastern horizon and above.

THE WESTFARING**THE LAND JOURNEY**

Orlanth began his journey at the Hill of Orlanth Victorious. This was a propitious place, and many friends came to see him off, wishing him well and giving him their prayers and hopes. Orlanth gave command of the stead to Elmal, his loyal thane, and they traded shields as a token of their bond.

Orlanth traveled westward, following the trail of the dead. He rode upon Mastakos' chariot. One time Jagrekriand ambushed him, and in the struggle the chariot was wrecked. After that, travel was slower.

One day Orlanth met two travelers. They were Lhankor Mhy and Issaries, and Orlanth knew both of them well.

Lhankor Mhy was the son of two of the Elder Deities, Acos the Lawgiver and Orenoar the Mistress of Truth. Lhankor Mhy was grieving because his lover, the Light of Knowledge, had been killed, so he was seeking her.

Issaries was the son of two other Elder Deities. His father was Larnste, God of Change; and his mother was Harana Ilor, Goddess of Harmony. Issaries did not fear the dark, which he had encountered before, but was seeking the Light of Communication, which he felt could heal the wounded world. The two of them had joined their search together. They were happy to join themselves to Orlanth to continue the search.

Konagog and Vonagog, with their variant army, tried to ambush the trio when they were in the lightless forest. But the defenses of Issaries' camp delayed them. Lhankor Mhy knew that they could be neutralized with a mirror. Orlanth polished Elmal's shield, and he was the only god who was brave enough to face the enemy, who could make your fingers and other parts fall off if they looked at you wrong.

Orlanth once had a choice of whether to have a quick, easy short cut or to help a living army. But the army was from the Darkness Tribe, Orlanth's old enemy. They were being attacked by the Lesser Kajaboori, which were Orlanth's new enemy. But the Dark Tribe was really alive, and Orlanth had no problem with making a choice. He led his companions to Hankarantal, where the cliffs cannot be scaled. He summoned the local fyrd, and even though it was only a small breeze it was enough, with the three warriors, to surprise the enemy. The Storm Gods slew enough parts of the Lesser Kajaboori to make them run away, and saved the day.

The army of Darkness was commanded by Shankgaro, Uzlord of the West. He was no friend to Orlanth since they had fought over Ernalda's farmlands. But he thanked Orlanth, and said he would tell his friends of this.

After that Orlanth and his friends met other companions. They were Chalana Arroy and Flesh Man. Chalana Arroy was the daughter of Glorantha, the mother of the Elder Gods, though no one can say who her father was. Chalana Arroy had healed everyone during the Gods War. One day, while with her son Arroin, she found a god she could not heal. She had never seen this before, for the god was dead, and death was still new then. Chalana Arroy decided to do what must be done to discover the cure for this. She sought the Breath of Life.

While she and Arroin debated how to do this they met Flesh Man. He was a mortal who had been driven mad. He had seen Grandfather Mortal die, and then he saw Yelm die, and then he had seen a vision of the death of the whole world, even before it was finished. They could not heal him, either, and he escaped and ran away. Then Chalana Arroy decided to seek the great wound of the universe which caused this, and set off on the trail of Flesh Man.

Unknown to her, Flesh Man followed the trail of Eurmál, the Trickster. Eurmál was the cause of all the trouble anyway, since he was the one who found Death and loosed it upon the world in so many forms. Since the broken world was of his making, only Eurmál himself was not uncomfortable. As the cosmos shook upon its primeval foundations, only he could understand where he was going. Flesh Man knew that, and so he followed the Trickster's trail, which was invisible to anyone not mad like him.

Orlanth was glad to follow the advice of Chalana Arroy if she would join their expedition, even if it meant following the madman. Such was the nature of the times.

One day the trail led to Sorcerer's Town. There they joined the populace to witness the execution of a criminal monster caught by the sorcerers. Flesh Man recognized Eurmál, and begged Orlanth to save the wretch. Orlanth agreed, and they revealed themselves and drove off all the executioners. But they kept Eurmál tied up until Orlanth had extracted the Bondsman's Oath from him, so that he would be obedient to the chief.

Orlanth ordered Eurmál to bring them to the place which they all wanted to find. Eurmál was reluctant, pleaded ignorance, mocked them, begged not to have to do this, and threatened eventual revenge for it. When Orlanth told him to stop talking, and find them the safest journey to anyplace, he consented. This way they found their way to the shores of the sea.

Upon the shores of the western sea the company was joined by their last member, Ginna Jar. She suggested that they should form a new type of bond, the Lightbringers' Ring. Then the seven did, and they took an oath, and so were prepared for rest of the journey.

THE SEA JOURNEY

Orlanth and his friends sought the best way to cross the wretched ocean, which was dying and breaking from the forces of Chaos. Orlanth cast about for help or guidance and was answered by Sofala, the ancient Turtle Grandmother. She owed Orlanth a favor, and agreed to bear them across the seas to the best of her ability.

On the way they were attacked by a sea dragon, but Orlanth drove it off. They were attacked by a god, but he left when Chalana Arroy healed him. A school of small monsters tried to swarm over them, but could not penetrate Issaries' sacred camp defenses. Golod, the King of Fishes, tried to swamp them but Eurmál convinced the Old Man of the Sea that they were kinsmen. A goddess attacked, but Lhankor Mhy knew what was needed to divert her. At last they reached the western land, Luathela.

LUATHELA

The western land of Luathela is inhabited by a race of demigods called the Luatha. They are the children of many lesser gods, and all have strange magical abilities. From living in the palace of Rausa their skins are all different shades of purple.

The Luatha had been warned of the coming of the Lightbringers. They did not like foreigners, and had kept all away. When Orlanth waded ashore they opposed him. Orlanth and his companions needed assistance, and that is when they remembered that they had the Eternal Ring of the Vingkotlings. He placed it on, and seven times seven thousand Vingkotlings warriors woke from deep sleep or daily life and raced upon the winds to join their lord in battle. With a shout like thunder they charged upon their foes who waited on the beach, and they raised a surf, red and purple with blood before the fight was over.

At last the Luatha saw they could not win, and they called for a parley. They wished to withdraw, and promised that they would no longer attack Orlanth and his army if they could do that. Orlanth insisted that they escort him to their leader.

Aklor, the son of Luath and Jeleka, was the Luathan leader. Aklor escorted Orlanth and his companions across their beautiful, but shadowed land to the magnificent, vacant palace of their ruler. This was Rausa, goddess of the Western Gates. She hated Orlanth because he had killed her father, Yelm, and banished him to remain forever below her own Western Gates. Rausa had been the last to see him in the world of the living. She hated Orlanth so much that she smeared herself with her father's crimson blood to remind herself to take revenge. She hated Orlanth so much that, whenever she had the strength, she armed and rose up from the horizon to look for him. She wished to send Orlanth to her father's fate, and then lock the Gate of the West behind him. Now, at last, he was here, in her palace.

However, she also feared Orlanth and what he could probably do to her, her people, and to her palace if he unleashed all his powers. She knew it would be difficult to kill him if he was alone, and he was not. He would be hard to kill if he was unarmed, which he was not. He would be hard to trick, too, since he was so well advised.

So Princess Rausa asked him what he wanted here, in her house. And Orlanth spoke simply.

"I wish to travel beyond your home," he said, "and through the Gate of the West, and have them locked behind me."

And the goddess was so happy that her wish had come true that she did not ask what his business there was, or with what intent he entered into this, or what end he hoped to accomplish. She collected the fee for going to the Underworld, then ordered the gate keepers, Vamth and Rhylor, to wrench the great doors open, and to lock them again when the travelers went through.

INTO THE UNDERWORLD

THE LONG DESCENT

The gates slammed shut behind them, but the gods could still see, for before them glowed a path of Yelm's blood. Their journey was not easy, and they were not far past the gates when Canis Chaos attacked them for the first time. This was an easy attack to repel.

After some time they reached Kaldar's Gate. Eurmal said they must go through it, but the two guardians did not allow this. They were Kaldar and Sinjota. However, Orlanth challenged Kaldar to fight and won, while Eurmal seduced Sinjota to divert her while the rest slipped past.

For a long time they marched along the Path of Silence with the recently dead. Lhankor Mhy knew where to leave that path, for it was a secret which had to do with the Elder Tree.

At the River of Swords, Issaries negotiated with Jeset the Ferryman for the fare of passage for a live person across it.

Each of the companions had a special place, where they alone knew the secret to succeed at something. If they had not shared this secret, they would have failed. And each of them had a moment of failure, when their best and proudest skills were seen to be naught.

They passed deep places, and once found their way to the Obsidian Castle, where they were guests of the Only Old One before he betrayed them.

Issaries could find any road, anyplace. He could make a camp which protected them in the Darkness. His special skill was used when they had to negotiate, or moderate some action, or make some compromise. But he found someone who would not listen, and he lost his way so that the party was separated from each other.

Orlanth was a great fighter, and he and his companions drove off many foes, and crushed others, either in single combat or massed battle. He also had some failures, and was wounded and lost some of his most precious tools. But these were not his true failures. His failure was

in his great leadership, when Eurmál betrayed him in the Obsidian Castle, and the laws of hospitality were shattered, and his companions abandoned him.

Chalana Arroy healed anything and anyone that she met. This was how she saved them all, for compassion is always in great demand in the Underworlds. When the Greater Ungoron came it spared them all for her sake. But she met a demon to whom kindness meant nothing, and which could not be healed. She was foully treated by it, and hurt so badly that she could not even heal herself.

Lhankor Mhy had great knowledge, and he was always useful in finding out information. He was quick thinking, and was able to deduce new things. When they had to leave the Path of the Dead it was Lhankor Mhy who knew the right place. But he discovered something which he could not know, and it caused him to stop thinking for a time.

Flesh Man was slain while in the Underworld. This was not a relief for him, for he kept on the quest anyway, but now he was alone. He was drawn inexorably towards the Hall of the Dead.

Eurmál was utterly unreliable, for he was as contrary as possible. But when everyone had been lost, he found them and brought them together again. This is why Orlanth spared him for his betrayal. Then he led them to the tracks of Flesh Man, and they went on.

THE HALL OF THE DEAD

ORLANTH AND YELM

At last Orlanth and his companions found the Hall. Orlanth heard laughter from it and strode boldly to the porter and spoke:

*"Whose hall is this?
So merry in the darkness?"*

The porter was King Griffin, who dragged a shattered wing upon the ground. He said:

*"That is the laughter of Despair, the daily drink here.
It would sound joyous to only one being — Yelm's murderer!
Begone! The Weeping Emperor will not be glad to see you."*

But Orlanth was not in a mood to discuss this:

*"Step aside, Gold-Griffin, or announce my presence.
I've come too far to argue with a servant,
And I must warn you that killing you again,
Will be no trouble for me."*

So Gold Griffin stepped aside, and Orlanth entered boldly into the hall. The blind Emperor stared with hollow eyes at Orlanth, and did not welcome him. His 294 judges, all rotten corpses, looked up with empty eyes upon the Lightbringers. All of them had worms eating the flesh from their faces and arms, and carrion spiders leapt all about.

Orlanth looked about the bleak hall. There sat Ernalda, a sorry and broken slave. Donandar sat with his broken harp. Mahome lay, huddled and cold, ashen. Flamal was there, dried like old leaves. Humakt was there; dull, rusty, and broken. Yinkin was there, murdered and nailed to the wall. And there, too, were all of the dead Vingkotlings, with raw wounds still

bleeding, who had helped him along the way. There were others. There were more. This was the assembly of the gods.

Orlanth made his bid for friendship. Yelm made his demand for atonement. Orlanth made his demand for recognition. Yelm made his requirement for proof. Orlanth made his promise of the future. Yelm made the demand of trial by combat.

Orlanth began when he made his song of Truth. This released those in the hall who would help him, so they came forth and armed him in ragged splendor.

Orlanth underwent the Trial by Combat. Then he was taken to the Locked Gate, and he fought against all of the Keepers there. These were the monsters which kept the dead imprisoned, and they were the last of the deities to come into the Hall of the Dead. Orlanth came in with them.

Orlanth made his Promise of the Future. He said that there could be a future, and it would be like the past. Yelm demanded "*Which past?*" and Orlanth said, "*Like all of them.*" The dead wept bitter dregs at that, for they were there because all things could not exist at once.

Orlanth underwent the Requirement for Proof. Three searing baths were prepared, and Orlanth submerged in each of them. They were baths of Fire, of Hatred, and of Truth. If he had not been in the Baths of Nelat before he would have died for certain, and been as gone as his brother whose name is not known today. This was when the support of all who loved him was important. And in the land of Life, the thousands of mortals suffering from the chaos of life woke from a nightmare, and prayed to Orlanth that it would not be so. Otherwise, he would have been destroyed. Chalana Arroy could not do it.

When Orlanth emerged alive, even the blind could see that he was changed. Those who had been silent cheered.

Yelm made his Statement of Recognition, and by this agreed that Orlanth and all that he stood for truly deserved a place in the universe, and that Orlanth was High King among the gods, and that all hatred between Emperor and High King would be healed in whatever future might exist.

Yelm then made his demand for Atonement. Orlanth made obeisance then, and acknowledged the power and majesty of Yelm's being and way of life, as long as it did not interfere with his own. This was satisfactory to the Emperor.

Then Orlanth made his bid for friendship. Yelm was reluctant to do this, for it was not necessary for the world to work. Finally, after much pleading by Lodril, Dendara, Chalana Arroy, and others, Yelm agreed. And after that things went easier, for their friendship was not necessary for the world, but it was better.

THE RITUAL OF THE NET

When the gods spoke there were always changes in the world. When the gods spoke together for the first time, cooperatively, there was a new thing made. This was the goddess called Arachne Solara. She is unknown before the moment that the gods spoke to each other, but important after that, for she kept them talking.

When Orlanth and Yelm had agreed, Arachne Solara said that all of them present should agree. If they did, she said, they could make the new future which Orlanth had promised. Otherwise, they would be nothing when Wakboth came to them there. Everyone was afraid to see Wakboth, and they all agreed, and swore the oath which Arachne Solara told them to swear.

This agreement between the gods is called the Cosmic Compromise. All of the deities

agreed to share the world with each other, and with all of the experiences which they had already had. No one was allowed to avoid what they did not like, and so all of the gods agreed that they would share their time among both Life and Death. They agreed to these things, and that they would not actively intervene in each other's realms except in those ways which they had already done. They would not individually or consciously alter the world. They would not even turn their awareness to it, unless called upon to do so.

Upon this relationship of promises, Arachne Solara then constructed a great magical web which was made from things which did not exist anymore. Then she gave the net to all of the gods to hold between them, to catch and wrap up whatever came among them.

It was the Devil that came. Wakboth came in among the gods when he had killed everything in the middle world. And the gods cast the great net upon him, and drew it tight the way hunters do when they capture the mighty cave bear, and held it tight so the Devil was helpless. Then Arachne Solara leapt upon the god with vengeance and a strength of desperation and mystical splendor. She wrapped the Chaos God in her legs and her web, and with every orifice she sucked everything out of the Devil and filled herself with it. The empty husk was ground into dust and each god who was present took a tiny piece, to remind them of their oath.

Then the goddess took the net and hung it about her to conceal the birth of her child. Her child is the Pledge of the Gods, and all of existence swore upon it to uphold their agreements. This oath is nothing less than the recreated world, and if any deity denies the oath they threaten the whole world.

THE RETURN

After all of this, Orlanth was surrounded by his family, companions, and followers and accorded a great triumphant procession as they marched out of the Underworld to the Eastern Gates. Before them went Yelm and his companions, clearing the way and announcing the good news to all whom they met.

At the Eastern Gates they all assembled once again while Mostal repaired the gates. The great chariot of the Sun was prepared, and Yelm was taken aboard.

Arachne Solara slipped through a tiny crack and stood upon the edge of creation. Before her the fragmented parts of the world were slowly drifting apart, dissolving into Chaos. She then cast her mighty net wide, gripping all the parts of the world together again and pulling them close, like you can do with a string bag. There she revealed her child, Time, and sent it with its 294 servants into the world.

The Gate of Dawn was thrown open. The ghostly gods of Time were already disappearing into the Future. As one, in perfect harmony, the great gods occupied their proper spheres of the world: Yelm ascended into the Sky; Orlanth filled the Air; Ernalda occupied the Earth; Magasta turned the ocean; and Subere revitalized the Underworld. When Orlanth and Ernalda again looked upon each other, fresh and full of life again, they embraced as fully as immortals can embrace, and from that moment was born Voria, the Goddess of Spring.

That is how Orlanth and the Lightbringers brought the world, once again, into the sweetness and wonder of Life.

KING HEORT

This is a story of ancient time, long ago before the Sun stopped in the sky; long ago before the Sun rose into the sky for the first time; back in the Age of Darkness.

In those days our people were led by Vingkot, the son of Orlanth and Janerra Alone, of the On Jorri People. Vingkot Lawmaker was a great warrior, and he saved his people from the darkmen and icemen, and earned his place as King, so that his people were afterwards called the Vingkotlings.

King Vingkot had ten children. They were all famous, and so the tribe persevered through the troubles of the Great Darkness. But the Dark spawned the Predark, and Orlanth determined to go upon the Lightbringers' Quest to save the world. He made the True Summons, and the other Lightbringers came to him.

Before God went from his home he called his kings and heroes and priests together, and gave them instructions to preserve the sacred ground he left from. He gave them sacred gifts, and they gifted him with magical tools. Then the Vingkotlings braved themselves against the terrors of the Predark, making an Eternal Ring and swearing loyalty to Elmal. And so began the Greater Darkness, when we struggled against Predark.

Hengall was the second son of King Vingkot. His mother was the Summer Wife, but he was born at night when the Dragon's Head was blotted out by the Sky Gorp. When he was born, the Third Mother give him a star for a heart.

Hengall was poisoned with a drink which caused him to grow huge. After one day of growth he was larger than a long house. Despair filled him. He knew he could not find sustenance without starving his brethren, and so he departed to fight against Predark, alone.

He was never heard from again by any of the Vingkotlings, or by their allies, for six generations. That was the age of the Chaos Wars, fought in ice and darkness, against foes who changed shape, and changed the shape of the world around them. All the world was unraveled, so that even the laws of Vingkot no longer held men from fighting their brothers, or respecting the rights of their neighbors. The disease of the world even affected the last of the Vingkot line, and the two Hidden Kings resorted to shape-shifting to survive.

One of the men who aided the Hidden King was named Heort the Swift. He was the son of Darndrev the Horned; son of Darntor, who died defending his king; son of Parntor the Swift, who started the Deer Clan; son of the Punisher; son of Arthtal; son of Korol, the fourth son of Vingkot. His mother was Drenyan, of the Alynx Clan, a Vingan woman, and a Red Woman.

When all the world was gone, and every man was alone, Heort went out upon the world. There, at the edge of the world, he met with the Second Son, who told him of his great and terrible battle. He showed Heort his wounds, and the secret of the Star Heart, and told him the secrets of the I Fought We Won Battle.

Heort remembered that fight, and went on past the Second Son, and to the edge of the world. There he met the evil of his world, and won.

When Heort returned to his people he taught this thing to his fellows, who had been hiding from the last hunger of the Hidden Kings. Heort overcame the monsters, and let the people settle again in forts to live, and go out when they wished to fight against their natural foes.

Heort then traveled the hidden Lawstaff Path, and at the Jarani Stones defeated Gagarth the Wild Hunter, and brought back the Lawstaff. With it he established a new code among his fellows, and among all the people who would join with him. Afterwards, the people of this way were called after him, and so we are the Heortlings. Whenever one of us is made a man, we all travel upon Heort's path. This is the path of Orlanth.

THE THEYALANS

After the first sunrise the whole world lived in harmony. The people who were present at the first Dawn were so overjoyed at the success of their gods that they joined together into the Theyalan Council, named after Theya, Goddess of Dawn. For many years they spread throughout the mortal world, bringing the news of their gods to people who were still in hiding.

After many years they had discovered many peoples, and especially one which claimed they did not owe friendship to Orlanth, or to his people. Trouble began, for they were as ignorant as dead rocks, and as rude as a drunk Storm Bull. They treated animals as slaves, and they enslaved people as if they were animals. They were called the Northern Horse People, or Ustrandlings. They wanted to rule the whole world, and they were very cruel to all the emissaries and missionaries we sent to them.

Orlanth did not like this, and the council changed its membership to confront these foes. This was the Second Council, and they were very warlike. They waged a fierce war, and at last Orlanth brought them victory at the Battle of Argentium Thri'ile 230 years after the first Dawn.

After that, peace came again for a while.

THE GBAJI WAR

One time some corrupt and misinformed beings attempted to create a new god. This was a grave error, and could have come to no good under any circumstances, for it interfered with the Cosmic Compromise.

Many peoples worked on this project, and among them were worshippers of Orlanth. Paramount among them was Lokamayadon, who claimed to be Highest Priest of Orlanth. He fell victim to the vice of too much leadership, without assent from his ring. Instead, he joined only the ring of conspirators, and lost touch with his own folk.

Lokamayadon contributed to the great magic which created the new god. On that day the Sun itself stopped in the sky until it was dragged back into place by the nets of Arachne Solara. The new god was named Gbaji, and he was the god of bright Chaos.

Gbaji led his army against all who opposed him, and Lokamayadon undermined the resistance which good Orlanthi sought. Thus they were conquered. Everyone was conquered, whether elves, dwarves, dragonewts, or trolls. It seemed that all was lost when Lokamayadon sought to usurp the rightful worship of Orlanth with his New Wind. He forbade all ancient rites of Orlanth. Whenever the elders attempted to initiate new boys, they were all killed. Lokamayadon tried to slowly strangle Orlanth to death that way.

Harmast Barefoot was the hero who stopped that. He was the son of Hadrinor, of the Berenneth Tribe. He was a simple farmer, a refugee who was among the first boys initiated after a generation without it. The ceremony was led by Vargast Two-ring, who killed Lokamayadon and freed Orlanth before being killed by Palangio the Iron Vrok.

Harmast gathered his friends, and was the first person to ever go upon the Lightbringers' Quest. He was a mere mortal, but he did not hesitate to undertake this. He was the first to discover how to arrange the myths, and to enter into them, and move through them to achieve a result.

Harmast traveled the Lightbringers' Quest and returned with the hero named Arkat the Liberator. Arkat was a son of Humakt, who acknowledged kinship with the Unbreakable Sword which the son bore. Arkat had been kidnapped and held prisoner on a western island for many years. He was a dire enemy of Gbaji, and after fighting the new god he was captured

and held prisoner for many years in the Underworld. Orlanth returned his memory, then Arkat called for his army, and together they liberated Dragon Pass. Orlanth was again truly free.

Arkat was an impatient man, and he betrayed the things which Orlanthi hold dear. He betrayed the human race as well, and became a troll to destroy Gbaji. Orlanth did not support this, but Arkat the Traitor scorned the god. With Zorak Zoran as his guide, Arkat and the trolls plundered the allies of Gbaji. Then Arkat entered Dorastor, and met Gbaji in hand to hand combat. The two of them disappeared. One emerged from the rubble, bearing the broken body of the other, which parts were dispersed and hidden.

It matters not which it was: both were corrupt, and brought a bitter weakness into the life force in Glorantha. Though dormant for centuries at a time, we can see now how Chaos came back afterwards.

THE DRAGON WARS

From the beginning of Time, Orlanth and the dragons have been enemies. Orlanth slew Aroka and Sh'harkazeel, and many which were lesser. They had, in their turn, ever plotted against Orlanth and humankind, who had robbed them of their ancient world.

One day Eurmal found a new way to betray his master. He found a foolish man, and he split his tongue, the way that a bird's tongue can be split to make it talk. And he also split the man's brain, and his heart. That way the man would understand dragon speech.

The man, who is called Rostand the Speaker, enjoyed the effect. The dragonewts, which were always something to fear, spoke to him and he understood. He found his way to a dragon, and rather than being eaten, he learned a song from it!

Rostand though this was great fun, and so he got his friends and his family to try it. It was a simple operation; soon they were all doing it to each other.

It was easy to understand the dragon speech, and to learn to do new magic from them. Many people wanted to do this, and did.

Orlmandan the Red was the priest who protested this. He was unhappy that everyone was so willing to befriend the enemy of their god. They did not agree, and instead they stopped going to Orlanth's sacrifices. Naturally the spirits of reprisal for the god came to exact vengeance, but the dragon friends used their spells to banish the spirits.

Orlmandan the Red was unlucky enough to lose his temper, and the Ring of Dragons slew him with fire. This caused more violence to break out, but after many fights the loyal Orlanthi were driven out of their homes.

Obduran the Flyer was the first dragonfriend to also be an Orlanthi. He proved that he could do both, and that Orlanth would not react. This was a marvel to the people of Dragon Pass, and some of them began their sacrifices again, as in the old way, while continuing their sacrifices to the dragons. This custom spread anyplace that the dragon friends went. So many people followed it that Obduran the Flyer sat upon the high council of the EWF. People who had been raised within the draconic belief moved quickly through its ranks, like Ingolf Dragonfriend.

The ways of the dragon thinkers spread, even though most Orlanthi priests did not like it. Some thought that the growing draconic presence was enough to make the god himself come forth. But Orlanth did not have to get involved personally. The unnatural situation never got that bad. Instead, after a time, the natural laws of the world brought forth the man needed to curb this outrage.

As time went on, the new generations of leaders were insolent and arrogant of their positions. By nature of the system in motion, the leaders grew at the expense of the rest

of the world. Some of those did not move along the evolutionary chain, but gloried in the manipulating parts of the world themselves. Thus those leaders became conquerors when they demanded more materials to feed their projects. Their followers were the ones who carried these projects out.

When the beliefs reached Ralios they encountered great resistance. And from that area came Alakoring Dragonbreaker. Alakoring drove all of the traitors out of his land. They came back with dragonewt allies, but Alakoring destroyed them too.

Alakoring took his war to Aggar, and to Holay. One time the EWF diverted themselves long enough to awaken Drang, the Diamond Storm Dragon, and send it against Alakoring. But when the clouds of battle lifted, it was Alakoring who was alive. He has been worshipped as a dragon-slayer ever since then.

Alakoring was killed in battle by Tobosta Greenbow, an elf lord from the Elder Wilds. Alakoring had never met elves, though he knew of them, and had insulted them when they offered peace. When Alakoring learned that they were offended, he just laughed and offered them his sword as apology. But Tobosta never needed a sword. He used a coward's arrow to kill Alakoring from a distance that humans would find incredible. Then Tobosta led his elves against the EWF too.

Orlanth himself was not even needed to correct the measure. He had warned the people to avoid all contact for many years, but they had ignored him. They paid at last when the dragonewts betrayed the EWF and, overnight, slew the leaders of the EWF and ate them all.

Then the dragonewts sent out parties to further provoke humans all around them. The people did, for they hated the dragonewts and wyrms which had plagued them for years. An army of a million people was raised, and from the four quarters marched upon Dragon Pass. They were called the Invincible Golden Horde.

Then the dragons sprang their trap, for at last they had enough people in one place for a good meal. The Sun was blocked out with their wings as they swooped down and consumed the best of manhood from all across Genertela. They ate so much that they have been sleeping it off ever since.

But they will probably rise again. And if they do, listen to your priests!

ORLANTH AND THE MACHINE GOD

In the far west of the continent live a race of sorcerers who do not believe that gods and spirits are real, and who regularly rob them of their life force with cruel magic. They accuse *us* of having "false gods," but were the ones who aided both Gbaji, the Deceiver, and Arkat, the Traitor.

Since before the Dawn and after it, Orlanth has always aided his folk to drive those foul and deranged people from the world. Always Orlanth has won in the end, but not always has he won.

In the Second Age, when the sorcerers were led by Emperor Iltos, they were called the God Learners. They tried to enslave all peoples, and to promote the worship of their own fake deities over everyone's real gods. They were very clever, and could do magic which no one else could do. But they always failed to see into seven generations, and to understand the hidden ramifications of their actions.

One time they were very clever. The evil sorcerers in the west made a parody of the god Mostal, who is the Maker. To hurt Mostal more, it was constructed without respect or dignity, and so although it could do almost anything that a real god could do, it was not living.

At first only a few people believed in it. They called it the *Zistor*, and said that it was a new source of power and understanding. The Zistorites said it gave them new understandings of the world, which allowed them to separate from mundane reality and disassemble the cosmos into components, at will. In that way, they made a new place for themselves, and fit themselves into their new place.

The Zistori Philosophy was considered to be novel, but remained a mostly unpracticed belief system for many years until Inolzi the Learned made the first water corkscrew, astronomical calculator (using gears), and scissors. These items became integral to Zistori philosophy, and the symbols of the cult which helped to explain the mechanics of Zistori belief to newcomers.

Dalarok Redsail, the famous merchant captain of Slontos, was the most famous proselytizer of the Zistori faith. His crews, slaves, and admirers all accepted it, and their success encouraged more to join as well. Soon there were thousands of people throughout Maniria who embraced Zistorism, and worked hard to fit into the system.

The pernicious thought had not taken root in the Shadowlands, where the old gods fed daily with their worshipers, unpolluted by such ideas. Already, many times, the people of Kethaela had thrown off invasions by their ancient foes of Slontos. For this Dalarok Redsail wished them ill.

But wherever humans live there will be both reason and treason, and the Only Old One could not prevent its taking root. And some of the “New Knews” came ashore, and lived among the cities of Kethaela, and built up cells of believers.

One day Zistor the Destroyer showed up, in person, to help during the invasion of Esrolia. It was a huge monster, made of gleaming metal and wires, which tore down the walls of cities.

Across Maniria the Zistori People had dreamed of this, and were glad for it. They liked it.

When they woke, many of them traveled to the island called Machine City. There they made a base and foul sink of soulless depravation. Everyone in Machine City worked to make themselves into better parts of the machine, or to make the machine better. And that way Zistor grew. And all the time, more people wanted to have the dreams of victory, and joined the belief with fervor.

Zistor had an evil brother named Gorings the Tap, who twisted Bingista, and another which we can't remember any more, and made them into the food for Zistor. For two years, no wind blew in Dragon Pass, until a settlement was made for peace.

Now by this time Zistor was immense, for all across the Inner Seas which encircle the bottomless Homeward Ocean people of every description thought of it, and dreamed of it, and tried hard to be part of it.

And somewhere, sometime, the machine belief of Zistor became a god.

And when that occurred, then Orlanth could act, by himself. For as everyone knows, every god and goddess of Glorantha is bound by their promises at the Cosmic Compromise. None of them may ever step out of their natural being, unless only one thing occurs: the imminent threat of the universe being destroyed.

And somehow, Zistor and its brothers had provoked that response from Nature itself. Ancient forces, previously held in check by God Learner magics, did not restrain the elements and powers which had been chained, twisted, and dwindled by ignorance or design.

The fighting in the Shadowlands had been going on for so long that an army of women joined, pledged to end it if they could. They were all in despair of ever finding a man in their depopulated lands. Now with their goddess, they found another way: they sought to overwhelm the island with supernatural growths of plants. But the Machine People killed

every plant on their island with poisons, and then burned them and made poison smoke, and called a wind so that the ash was dumped upon the lands of the goddess.

So then the enemies of the Machine City, backed now by their gods, raised great armies and moved to destroy their foes. Zistor, brave thing that it was, rose to resist, and led his own army. At last Orlanth knocked Zistor down, and Mostal handily took it apart. Then Orlanth freed Bingista, and Chalana Arroy released the other one. Zistor tried to resist, for it was supposed to act as if it was alive. The screaming, grating cry of pain when it died was terrible for all who heard it.

It is said that the Emperor Ilotos shrugged and said Zistor was an interesting experiment, then went back to his dinner. But all across the seas that night were many thousands of dreamers, whose Zistori pleasures had been crudely torn from them, who never again had a pleasant night's sleep, as long as they lived.

In the Shadowlands, the war was finished by Harstagar Stallion, Vandana the Virgin, and Regal Varnorl, who later became the enemy of the dwarves. They liberated Esrolia and plundered Slontos for the Only Old One and their queen, before it sank.

And all across the lands of the Orlanthi, folk breathed easier, and slept sweetly. That was the year when the Windless Typhoon wreaked havoc across the Western Lands, where the sorcerers originated.

ORLANTH AND THE RED GODDESS

Orlanth is the god who began the Great Compromise, and he has always been the one who has led in its adherence. He has never budged from perfect participation, unlike Yelm and the other faulty deities who had allowed the intrusion of Gbaji, spawn of the Devil, into Glorantha.

Ever since that first crucial weakness, when Gbaji and his spawn were freed, there have been many conflicts with evil. And in each of those Orlanth, with his council and kin and tribe, has been foremost to combat Chaos and destroy it forever. The justice-seeking, Chaos-destroying righteous followers of Orlanth are the foremost keepers of the world for their god. Thus, whenever the cosmos is threatened, the winds are raised, and Orlanth is there first to see.

The birth of a new god or demon is always an attraction, and so Orlanth was there to see when Gbaji was born, and Zistor was made, and when the Red Goddess cheated her way to acceptance.

The Red Goddess had begun as almost nothing: a petty spirit, one among many which sought power in the world. She was aided by sorcerers and a priest of Gbaji, and the spirit possessed an innocent girl to gain life. She was called Shepelkirt, or Poison Blood, when the Orlanthi priests saw her in their dreams.

Shepelkirt gained followers, and a country. Her primary foes were not Orlanth and his tribe, but instead she courted those who were enemies of Orlanth, and who had already allowed Gbaji into the world. One time her foes pursued her, and she went out of the normal world to where the gods live. She was lost in those realms of the gods for many years. At that time Gbaji seduced her, and gave her great and terrible magics for her loyalty. She brought them back to the world, and because they were new they brought great victories. Thus the Crimson Bat, the stone soldiers, and the Scarlet Wave brought quick victories for her. Now everyone knows they are monsters from the realm of the Red Moon. With them she has spread her power. So over the years she gained allies through conquest, alliance, and seduction until she established her Lunar Empire.

But all that time, she was never a threat to the cosmos. She was not a deity. Thus no deity alive could act against her, even though she used chaotic powers, and had embraced the ways of Gbaji. Orlanth howled with rage over this evil.

One day the Red Goddess angered Vyran, the queen of Castle Blue. The two women argued, and Vyran sent three of her swift foot servants to avenge her lover's wounds. All three were slain, and crippled so they could never walk again. Then two women in red and a man in crimson were captured attempting to bring slime worms into the castle, and they were executed. So then the Scarlet Warlord came, with his companions, to wreak vengeance and impress the Red Moon Empress by his act of heroism. Alakoring Dragonbreaker, the famous warrior, was supping at the Blue Castle that day, and said, "If I could fight that man myself, I'd be so eager that my sword would raise itself from my sheath." The weapon then lifted silently from its sheath, and everyone knew that the Great Compromise had somehow been broken. Alakoring slew the first of these Scarlet Warlords, and the Battle of Castle Blue was begun.

The Battle of Castle Blue was fought to decide whether the Red Moon Empress was a deity. If she was not able to withstand the rigorous examination by the assembled deities of the Great Compromise, then she could be revealed as a monster and destroyed by them in concert. Orlanth led that cause, to test her.

First Orlanth went to her with contests, and she was a great competitor. When they tried the Contest of Music, she astonished everyone by defeating Orlanth with the Harp, using exactly the same instrument which Yelm had used and been defeated with! When it was a dance, her Dance of the Cycles was defeated by Orlanth, but then came right back before he had finished his victory cries. So then Orlanth made the War Challenge.

Orlanth made the usual preparations, and he summoned his council and family to war. They brought their brave followers, who sought adventure upon the reaches of the mythic worlds, and they circled around the whole battlefield three times, looking at it and preparing, drawing closer. They saw the army of the Red Moon Empress attacking Castle Blue, whose valiant defenders were in danger of falling before the furious assault. They landed, from the north.

Orlanth and his people took the position in the center, of leadership and honor and prestige. To the left, the weak side, were the briny and sweet cousins of Queen Vyran, risen from the deep to sweep the world clear of Chaos. To the right, the dangerous side, was the army of the others, commanded by the loyal thane, Elmal.

She won because she cheated. She won because she did not obey the normal laws of war and of creation. Things which simply could not be, were! This was where she had one son, in many bodies! Where she had a body part, as a living being! Where she had her shadow self, better than her! Where her crookedness became her, and her veracity betrayed her, and so she escaped from all the things which held a normal deity down.

She was not unscathed! We know that one of her mothers is not known, even to the initiates of that goddess! And it was Orlanth who drove that monster out of existence!

But she won, and the waves, which had risen like cliff walls higher than a bowshot around the Oronin lake, fell. The castle flickered a few moments, and the Red Goddess and her entourage departed in great pomp and ceremony.

And there, deep in the body of Orlanth, was the wound which she had made, and which was her own entry into the world of Order. Now, the Red Goddess is immortal, and it is only the last secret of Orlanth which keeps the world from Chaos once again.

THE COMPOSITE HISTORY OF DRAGON PASS

INTRODUCTION

The extant *The Composite History of Dragon Pass* was taken from the ruined Enexender Library just seventeen years ago. That ancient, crumbling document was copied from an earlier original, apparently in the Londario Scriptorium. It is a first-hand document from the Hero Wars. For that reason it is revered, and its conclusions considered unquestionable.

Tacked on to the end of the older portion is a chapter titled “The Sacred Kings,” which seeks to continue the Composite History from the reign of Argrath to the author’s time. On the basis of this evidence, the Illiteracy Era is often stated to have begun in 1919, by the old ST dating system.

The self-proclaimed authorship date for *The Composite History of Dragon Pass* was 1640. It says it was to be a present for an unnamed lord’s upcoming wedding. The original recipient of this volume, Lord Varnatol etc. etc. is unknown, except for being named twice in this document: in the introduction, and later at the end of the “Grazers” section as one of the “Wood-hackers.” Its author, Densesros the Scribe, is unknown elsewhere. He seems to have some familiarity with the Grazers.

The Composite History of Dragon Pass is our most apparently seamless document for the early Hero Wars period. Nonetheless, it confesses to being a composite document, and we can detect several sources through the grand colors of its epic scope.

The first part, concerning Ironhoof and, incidentally, some other nonhumans, has no known parallel sources except vague mentions of Ironhoof the King. All that we humans know of those Troll Wars is from this source.

The Grazers section seems to have two parts. The first is “insider” information, starting with the “Origins” and continuing with the early “History,” and finally “Later History.” This information is the official history for the tribe, and should be compared with the later “Chiefs of the Grazelands,” in *Jalk’s Book*, which promotes nearly the same official line.

The second part is about the *vendref*. This information is probably from a *vendref* writer, or at least a sympathetic person from Tarsh or Sartar. It has been proposed that Densesros may have been a *vendref*, based on this theory.

The Tarsh section is not much more than a list of king names and dates, augmented slightly with bits of folklore and history associated with them. Even Phargentes, the great king-killer, gets only short notice.

The sections on King Sartar are more complete. His early history seems far more peaceful than the other bloodthirsty foundation stories make it, but the whole reign of King Sartar was rather pacifying for the land. Affection for the ancient king is apparent from the text.

The Kings of Sartar are apparently taken from another king list. This one ends with a gripping vision of Boldhome’s fall, perhaps as related by an eye witness, or perhaps even witnessed by the writer himself.

The 23 years of the Military Governors seems inordinately detailed, in comparison with the rest of the sources. Its point of view is generally pro-Sartar, but the information is generally from a Lunar source. It must have come from some Lunar or Tarshite documents. A Fazzurite seems likely, since they were friendly to Argrath.

Then Argrath appears. After a brief preparation by the popular women's hero Kallyr Starbrow, the Great King is present. His early victories are chronicled, along with his climb to kingship. He was King of Dragon Pass, and was about to become King of Saird, at the time that this document was written.

The "The Sacred Kings" presents a big change in style and information, and accuracy as well (See my Conclusions for details). It was written long after the rest of *The Composite History of Dragon Pass*, and copied faithfully on the end of it by the anonymous scribe. The latest date given in the document, 1919, is presumed to be the compilation date for it, and is also taken as the Extinction of Literacy. It had already died out elsewhere (traditionally 1843, the end of Inkarne's reign.) There are illegible marks at the end of this book, reproduced here. They are believed to be attempts by someone to write after the skill had been lost.

The final section, "The Lost Chapter," appears to be written by the same author as wrote the history of the Military Governors. It is unknown whether this is an earlier or later version of that chapter, although the authors Fazzurite sympathies are unquestionable.

— Greg Stafford

THE COMPOSITE HISTORY OF DRAGON PASS

ORIGINAL TITLE PAGE

To My Lord Varnatol, Light of the Darkness and Keeper of the Folk of Durtarl, Vanquisher of the Man-eaters, True Vassal of King Argrath.

Densesros the Scribe humbly presents to you this gift, a compilation of the documents which were so kindly lent to this servant through your gracious generosity. From my gleanings and studies of those histories and memoirs I have extracted the truth and present it to you here. Because of the nature of its composition, and the variance of the sources, I have chosen to title this document

THE COMPOSITE HISTORY OF DRAGON PASS

I present it to you, Sir, in time to be presented for His Lordship's wedding. May Orlanth bless and protect you Sir; and to this manuscript; and to its humble scribe; and bring health and happiness to all who have had part in the making or enjoyment of this document. Presented Sea/Truth/Clay/1640.

*May Lhankor Mby the Avenger bless this book,
and rob thieves of their fingers and eyes forever.*

BEFORE THE HUMANS

HUMANS EXTERMINATED

The last political organization which was run by humans before the Dragonkill War was called the Dragon Empire, Youfland, EWF, and/or the Wyrms Minds Collective. This was the last sorry refuge of an empire which had once ruled most of Peloria. There the debris of the outlawed dragon mages had gathered to resist their foes. But even though the rest of the world had turned against them, they had not abandoned their unnatural practices.

In 1042 the dragonewts, heretofore neutral through ancient treaties and oaths, rose in revolt from their cities in the heart of the Wyrms Minds Collective to aid the invading humans. This resulted in the final sack of the decayed empire, and for a while no humans ruled in Dragon Pass, though they lived there.

Though no humans ruled in Dragon Pass, many of those outside coveted its strategic position and attempted to rule or possess it. When the dragonewts attempted to intervene for the sake of their nesting place the humans worked themselves into an anti-dragonewt crusade.

In 1120 the invaders mustered together and marched on Dragon's Eye, intent upon destroying the primal dragonewt egg-wombs with their newly invented spells. One army, reliably numbered at 70,000 strong, marched south from Peloria. From Prax in the east came a horde led by Jaldon which was boasted as being 100,000 strong, although half that number would not be inaccurate. 40,000 men invaded from the south. Together, they were called the Invincible Golden Horde.

Some humans resisted their fellows. The troll king of the Shadowlands sent 20,000 trolls and 45,000 humans to aid the dragonewts. The native dragonewts also received help from their allies in Ormswood. But these were not important compared to the many dragons, wyrms, and related forms which came from all across the cosmos to answer the call to defend their nest hearts. Their destruction was complete: less than one in twenty of the invading humans escaped alive.

The event is called the Dragonkill War because of what the dragons did, not what happened to them. Most people alive today feel it was a long-term trick which the dragons played on humans in order to get enough of them together in one place to be a great draconic meal.

The shock of these losses was so great that all the people around Dragon Pass feared the region for generations afterwards, and most of them who were close moved far away.

The dragonewts wanted to keep them away, and they erected a deadly invisible wall around their homeland. In the north, the edge was called the Deathline. In the south, it was called the Crossline. A series of crosses, each topped with a different beast's sculpted head, reached east to west. Even without these barriers the superstitious awe and fear which humans held for the pass were enough to keep even the boldest adventurer out for over a century.

INHUMAN OCCUPATION

The non-human races which survived the Dragonkill War were these:

Dragonewts, who had struck fear and awe into the other non-humans as well, and were assuredly the dominant race.

Aldryami, mostly in the Stinking Forest, which grew rapidly with the rapid immigration from the south by Brown Elves.

Uz who had been hiding in their strongholds of Dagori Inkarth in Shadows Dance, awaiting such an opportunity to retake their ancient lands. Their invasions were the biggest troubles of the period.

Beastfolk, of many diverse origins. Most of these had lately been prisoners and slaves of the Wyrms Minds Collective, or zoo specimens, pets, laboratory freaks, and demi-beasts.

Little People, including the wereducks of Duck Point, who hated the denizens of the marsh; the anstanabli, who would never forgive the winged people; the Wasp Riders of Windtop, who carried on a long feud with the Bee People of the Holy Country; the Mostali King in Dwarf Run, a source of magical weapons and help, but whose hatred of Aldryami impaired his judgment.

The Wild Immortals, who flourished without humans. Each spring had its nymph to greet travelers, each range of hills its Wild Women who roamed with the celebrating deities of springtime and ecstasy; and magical beasts such as flying bulls, which came to graze upon the wide, peaceful fields.

KING IRONHOOF

When the land was cleaned, and the living things purified, then Kerofinela was a place of the wild. Nothing civilized survived the cataclysm of dragons. Only ruins marked the passing of empires.

In those days the world was like before humans were made. The old people, and the nature beings, thrived without the cutting plow or the racket of bells to drive them off. The Earthshakers multiplied, sometimes tended by dragonewts.

There were many creatures numbered among the Beastfolk. There were horsemen things, called *centaurs*. There were deer-men things, called *satyrs*. There were fox-women things, called *eluræ*. There were duck things, called *durulz*. There were cow things, called *minotaurs*.

In those days all of the beings of the land held council together. This was because the humans were all killed, and so the Elder Races had no need to quarrel with each other. Their grandmother naturally called them to celebrate the Sacred Time with her, and so they met in council the way that her son had taught people to do.

They met at Tantar's Rock that time. And at that time they selected a chief to lead their meeting, and others to fill the roles of the Tribal Ring. The chief they chose was called Ironhoof, and he was a centaur.

Ironhoof was a born centaur, but many of the Pain Centaurs were still alive. They were the most successful race created by the evil Remakers, for they lived after the suturing, and they could even breed a true centaur. But their unnatural existence put them always in pain, hence their name. The Remakers pampered them and bred them, and would not let them die. When the dragonewts betrayed their allies, one simply unlocked the cages and corrals of Remakerela, and the liberated creatures destroyed their hated creators before the dragons came to kill all humans.

Since that time the Pain Centaurs were allowed to die naturally, and the born centaurs continued their new lives as wild creatures.

Since the centaurs did not have any history with other Elder Races, they provided a neutral point of view and fresh outlook for the elves, dwarves, and trolls who all mistrusted each other.

Ironhoof was a well-known leader among the centaurs, and had organized a great herd around himself and his companions. His sense of fairness and judgment was recognized by all the races of the land, and he was a natural candidate to be king of the ring. Under his benevolent reign the whole land was ripe and happy and peaceful.

As was required, the trolls once rebelled against the authority of the council. When that occurred Ironhoof summoned their leader, Berenkon the Nose. During the Sacred Time she came against her will, and Ironhoof bettered her five times in combat. She surrendered, and her clan gave hostages. After that Ironhoof bore the fearful Bag of Black Warriors wherever he went.

Ironhoof was a sire known for his fertility. When spring rut came no stallion held his herd more fiercely than he, and none mounted more eagerly his willing mares. But through it all, a dissatisfaction remained with Ironhoof. It affected him so much that one day it caused him to stumble during a ceremony, and as a result the trolls got loose and began a war among themselves.

The Feeling Companion of Ironhoof asked him what was troubling him. Ironhoof confessed that he was troubled by the mare whom he had met in a dream. Since then no mortal mare seemed as exciting or challenging as the dream. The attraction had gotten so powerful that it invaded his waking life now.

The Knowing Companion of Ironhoof recognized the object of his dreams. It was Lady of the Wild herself, the daughter of Kero Fin. He said that no one had ever mated with her, for she could not be caught by any who had tried, but perhaps Ironhoof could do it. He vowed to try, no matter what the cost of failure might be.

Ironhoof first went to his council, to ask for their support. All of them agreed to help, which distressed Ironhoof. Therefore he took pains to make sure that his two closest companions held Turdroll, the Trickster, prisoner during the quest.

Ironhoof acted upon the advice of his Knowing Companion, and set off with great solemnity to the tent of Odayla, who was cooking pairs of quail and hare when Ironhoof arrived. They spoke the right words, and shared a meal, and then Ironhoof gave him the Gifts of the Eye. Odayla tried to discourage Ironhoof, for many others had attempted this hunt and their heads were now mere necklace decorations for the Lady of the Wild. Ironhoof insisted. Then Odayla gave Ironhoof his blessing for the hunt.

Ironhoof did not set out to pursue the Lady of the Wild. Instead, he tracked down the Deep Hunter, whose black tent is so large that it covers all of the world where he lives. Inside the tent is a pot full of pitch, and the Deep Hunter was making lures out of it when Ironhoof arrived. They spoke the right words, and they shared a meal, and then Ironhoof gave him the Gifts of the Eye. The Deep Hunter had to give Ironhoof his blessings.

The hunt began, and predatory birds sniffed out the goddess' hiding place. Ironhoof set out to pursue the Lady. His Walking Companion bore him across the plain where stars are like bushes, and the Lady escaped only by diving into the River Engizi.

Ironhoof swam after her, and defended himself with his home herd when the waters tumbled him over white water and, at last, the Falls of Engizi. There the Lady of the Wild left the stream and dashed up the side of a steep cliff.

This cliff would normally have stopped Ironhoof, but he cast out his Black Warriors from the bag, and they swarmed over the cliff and threw the Lady of the Wild down.

Before Ironhoof could grasp her she disappeared among the deep brush of the Stinking Forest. Ironhoof was helped there by his family, who had been waiting there for a month, dispersed, seeking her trail. When she appeared they pointed out her hiding place, so she could not hide. Ironhoof ran to her and grabbed her.

Alone with her, Ironhoof learned that he'd been lied to, for she was not a virgin at all. In fact, the greatest test which he had was whether he could mount the howling, untamed fury at all, and maintain his connection with her. But Ironhoof was untamed himself, and in the apparent scrambling rage they each found their own nature, and it was the harmony of lightning on water, or of porcupines mating, which reigned there that night.

When the ceremony was complete, the Lady of the Wild agreed to send their child to Ironhoof when he was born, and she did. It was Harrjeen.

Ironhoof never again stumbled during his rites, but never again did he sire a colt either. And after this, he was called King Ironhoof while he reigned.

Ironhoof ruled for thirty six years as king. During a great sacrifice at New Year he galloped into the hecatomb, followed by some of his companions. They were not seen again, until Ironhoof reappeared again many years later. Afterwards, Harrjeen was king of the centaurs.

TROLL WARS

During the peace enforced by the dragonewts the Uz streamed in from Dagori Inkarth. The two biggest swarms were led by Kajakab the Brain-eater, an Uz who came from the Castle of Lead in Shadows Dance; and Karastand Half troll, who claimed human ancestry and imperial rights over Dragon Pass as heir to the Wyrms Minds Collective. Half troll was also commander of the giant boar-trolls of the Ivory Plinth, who formed the nobility of the Uz in the Stinking Forest, and whose persistent war with the Newbloom Aldryami gave the pleasant woods their unpleasant name.

Probably about 1180 the two Uz races began their fighting, and at first the dragonewts were content to let them raze the ruins of the Wyrms Minds Collective. But when the Uz began raiding outside of Dragon Pass, threatening possible human intervention into the closed sacred grounds, the dragonewts were forced to react.

The two Uz armies united to fight the dragonewts, who were joined by the Aldryami and the Beastfolk. The battle is called "Uz Eat Dragonewts," and was a great Uz victory followed by a typically grotesque and prodigious feast in troll style devouring the many dragonewt corpses. The dragonewts who had been killed, however, were only the Ralian dragonewts allies who had been sent ahead. The real Dragon Pass dragonewts fell upon the gorged and disgusting creatures and slew them all. This was probably around 1220 or so.

After that, the trolls remained in the shadows and hidden places, only rarely coming out in force again, but always remaining a menace.

HARRJEEN

Harrjeen is the first Chief of Centaurs. He first vocalized the rules of the herd, and he made many new rules, like allowing the Women's Herd. He judged a music contest of the gods, and found the tunes of Polonki the best. Since then the instruments and music which the centaurs do at ceremonies are called *polonki*. Harrjeen also settled a war with trolls, preserving his people from their depredations, and creating the Night Stand, which all centaurs use to defend themselves while they sleep.

THE GRAZER TRIBE

ORIGIN

One of the most remarkable deeds which Ironhoof did was to make the tribe called the Grazers. The Grazers began as centaurs. Although born, they still suffered the pains of their original human and animal heritages, which had been forced together by the Remakers of the Wyrms Minds Collective. Through the most powerful of magic, they were reformed into their original components. The incredible process was done only once, and is unknown to anyone now living, and has not been reproduced since then.

Ironhoof, the Centaur King, gets credit for the deed. His people say that some of the centaurs became discontent with themselves, suffering their lives which ought to have given joy. They were torn by the duality of their nature which had grafted together human and animal in an unnatural way.

Harfraftos the Founder, a centaur, plunged himself into the secrets needed for the cure, and struggled spiritually with the Sun God and the Horse Goddess. He returned with the magical ceremony which Ironhoof used. In the process of this rite each centaur had to agree to be either human or horse, and to dedicate himself or herself to the cause of each other. In this way they created a race of strong people and stronger horses which are kin to each other. They were called the “grass-eaters,” or Grazers, to identify them apart from other human beings.

Harfraftos established the customs of the tribe when he traveled to Heaven and communed with the Sun God. Yu-Kargzant was glad to recover his ancient children in their original forms, and gave them the true secrets to lead a pure Solar life.

After the transformation Ironhoof shared his lands with his changed-forever kin. They were granted grazing rights in the lands north of the Dragonspine, where they stayed and thrived for many years before they saw another human being.

GODS OF THE GRAZERS

Yu-Kargzant, the Imperial Sun, whose secrets were brought back to the Ancestors by Harfraftos the Founder.

La-ungariant, First Wife of Yu-Kargzant, and goddess of the women of the people. She is mother of Josad, Henird, Jardan, and Dastal.

Josad, the Elder. He is the first son of Yu-Kargzant, and knows so much that he is on every council which is called.

Henird, the Leader is the god who knows all of the skills which a herdsman must know to be wise. They are the skills of fathers and husbands, musicians and poets, of herding and avoiding the Other Side.

Jardan, the Warrior, is the patron of archers, lancers, and all who would strive face-to-face against their foes. His master warriors are called the Golden Bow.

Dastal, the Hunter, is the god of young men who are undergoing the years-long manhood rites. He is also the god of hunting, herding, and learning.

Arandayla, the Horse Goddess, is beloved by all, for she is the source of life and status. She serves, but she serves best when loved.

Hyalor the Rider, who was the first king of the people at the Dawning, and who made our folk great, and who tamed the Horse Goddess.

Orest, Earth Mother, who gives forth all life. The mountains are her children.

Tamar, Lord of Wild Beasts, whose children are the beasts which are either food or foe.

Tara, Lady of the Wild, who holds all of the secrets and terrors of the places where horses can not go.

Pole Star, Lord of the Night and Captain of the Star Army.

ENEMY DEITIES

Enkreva, the night huntress, who lives beyond fire light and can not be heard. They say “She plays with prey.”

Kanvak the Night, ruler of demons and shadows and goblins and trolls; not male or female, but both lord and lady in one.

Unnek the Buzzard, Eater of the Dead, an unclean and cursed creature.

Wingkoalad, the Cloud Lord, brings shadows to daytime and robs folk of their warmth.

VENDREF DEITIES

Kenkacho, the Stander Hero, who is the ideal *vendref* and works hard for his overlord.

Kanestal One-hand, called “The Counter,” who is the loyal treasurer for his overlords.

Ernalda, Earth Mother, another name for Orest, except this one allows herself to be cut with plows.

Maran Gor, Earth Grandmother, a hateful and maleficent Earth Goddess who can bring earthquakes, infertility, or blight.

Barntar, an old plowing god, husband of Esra, the Barley Goddess.

Hiia Swordsman, a hero who aided the Feathered Horse Queen.

Lodril, another old plowman god, husband of Pela, the Wheat Goddess.

HISTORY OF THE GRAZERS

The first chief of the Grazers was Yanasdro the Sun, son of Ironhoof. He was the strongest, and most sharp willed, and the quickest, and most sure of all the chiefs who ever ruled the Grazers. He organized all of his people into a great tribe, with a single ruling king and a single purpose to their lives. He took the Horse Goddess as his wife, and helped his people to prosper and spread themselves widely through the land. His sons tended the five original herds of the Grazers.

Many years passed without great incident. The next king was Yanasdarin Farsee, who reached the top of the Sacred Mountain, and looked into the future. The chiefs are credited with great deeds of peace time. Hendroste One-foot, whose riding feats have never been duplicated, was able to stand on his steed as it leapt from a cliff, even diving into water. Yanasdral the Wise had a reign of peace and bounty. Yanasdarin Hunter was next, who chased the Iron Deer in Ernaldi. Josadarin the Stallion, who was so magical that he somehow had children who were horses. In his time the Wanderers among the Grazers left the tribe. These formed new clans and tribes of Horse People in the area.

For various reasons, after two centuries something disrupted the energies which had prevented humans from entering the region. From both the north and south of Dragon Pass the people were, somehow, encouraged to enter the forbidden area once again.

The Grazers resisted this encroachment, and were successful at first. Hendroste Goldhand was the chief when the first foreigners came into Dragon Pass. They were all enslaved.

The Grazers enslaved or drove away all the strange peoples. At first these numbers were small, and the people integrated as slaves within the clans. But after a while so many people were captured that the Grazers allowed them to settle as slaves, to lead their own lifestyle but obey the rules of the Grazers. These people were called *vendref*, which means “standing ones.”

The Grazers eventually allied with the northern peoples, who were quickly organized. Their centers of power were a city on the slopes of Kero Fin and the Earth temple which they re-opened. That confederation eventually became the Kingdom of Tarsh. The Grazers continued to persecute the southern tribes with raids, enslavement, and other hostilities.

Hendroste Goldheart was the ruler when Arim the Pauper came and befriended him. This began friendship with the non-riders in the north, who were becoming even more populous. The next ruler, Jardanroste Polestar, led warriors against the Quivini in the south, especially the Colymar.

Wanasdral Polestar assisted the King of Tarsh at the Battle of Falling Hills, and was richly rewarded with plunder by the victor. The next ruler, Jardanroste Breaker, also aided the kings of Tarsh. Jardanroste once led his warriors down the Conquering Daughter's Road, disrupting and profaning it for three years, and came home with the Three Mirror.

But, for reasons unknown, the Tarsh kings turned upon their allies. Jardankorda the Brave was betrayed and murdered by Yarandros, King of Tarsh, who wanted a horse. The next king also fought against Tarsh. Yaranspolti Houseburner burned down many farms first, then towns. But his people were weakened by plague, and Jardandarin Lifeshield was forced to make dishonorable peace with the Tarshites. He also created the White Horse Herd, which had miraculous healing powers and saved them from the plague.

Subsequent rulers were not of great historic note. Dastalkorda the Lookout was noted for the unheroic fact of being a good dancer. Dastalpolti the Hunter brought down deer. These petty deeds indicate that the tribe was slowly disintegrating. The next ruler was forced to live a life of constant wandering. Dastalroste Fireless was not even allowed to light a fire for the length of his life. He considered this to be a blessing and honor, and no rival ever beat him.

Fortunes for the Grazers changed for the better when the Tarsh civil war began. Dastaldarin Avenger captured the entire family of one of the contenders for the kingship, and made himself an important force in their war. Jardanroste Ring-jewel was even more important. Once he even forced his way to being a member of the Tarshite King's Ring. But they betrayed him, and he was buried alive.

In the time of Endars Stand-up the first Feathered Horse Queen came to the land. Endars supported her, though his own brother hated him for it.

THE VENDREF

The Grazers were surprisingly faithful to their original beliefs. They resisted the impact of the great economic and political changes which followed from contact with outsiders. Whereas most religions underwent change according to the growth of their members, the followers of Yu-Kargzant did not.

Compare the Grazer's conservatism with that of the Sartarite Sun worshipers. Their original god Elmal was crushed under the culturally rich and materially successful Pelorian Sun religion, which eventually proved itself so enticing to the Sun-worshiping hill folks of Sartar that the Tanahart Clan destroyed itself with kinstrife during the reign of King Jarolar, fighting to say which god was their god.

But the Grazer Horse Riders, who already had many customs similar to the Dara Happans, persistently refused to buckle under. This loyalty to a less magically potent god placed them at some disadvantage when combating the more sophisticated Dara Happan Solar foes, but they did not relent. They claimed that they were preserving the ancient rites given to Harfraftos the Founder. They said, "If we do not keep our troth then we will not be able to hear when the Sun bells ring, and we will be condemned to live like this forever."

They likewise resisted Lunar pressure to convert their faith even slightly to include worship of the Red Goddess. They did place a statue of her among their pantheon, but no serious conversion ever occurred among the nobility. For some reason the Lunars did not put great political or magical pressure upon them, either. The Grazers claimed that their Sun was too strong to be covered by the Moon.

Their strict adherence to their ancient ways did not prevent them from being lords over the inferior peoples who fell under their command. Ever since the first enslavement by Hendroste Goldhand the Grazers had ruled over a population of sedentary farmers called *vendref*, or “Standing People.” They were descendants of 14th century immigrants who were less successful than the Kerofini, Quivini, or Alda-Churi confederations. In the time of King Tarkalor of Sartar they were collectively called the Venderi by outsiders.

The *vendref* did not suffer under the Grazers’ rule, once they had submitted. The Solar way of the Grazers recognized the need for and value of slaves, and some of the chiefs actually recognized and appreciated the value of the regular grain supplies. The original Orlanthe leadership deities of the *vendref* were slowly replaced by acceptable male cults, occasionally Kenkacho, but more often Barntar and Lodril.

The *vendref* were not always complacent serfs. They occasionally rebelled, joined an invading enemy, helped their overlords loot a neighboring farm, and on at least one occasion picked up stakes and moved, *en masse*, to a new land. The powerful *vendref* clans sometimes sponsored an Orlanthe uprising. They then asked distant kinfolk to help them fight the Grazers. The Quivini and Esrolian tribes often complied. Thus, though they were overlords, the riders had to be careful how they treated the farmers.

The Grazer lords did manage to keep most of the *vendref* geographically isolated. They were not allowed to travel much. Thus, in general, the *vendref* clans were unable to attain significant political power because they were kept isolated from each other and leaderless.

Some *vendref* thrived nonetheless, thanks to a good farming site and the inherent life in their patch of earth. Many of the *vendref* completely adopted Solar ways, and as a result some of their children could earn freedom. Many others among the *vendref* became adroit at getting and using money, a skill which was considered to be beneath the attention of the pure Grazer rulers. Because the nobles could not completely ignore it, they acknowledged the cult of Kanestál One-hand, who was a high-ranking slave treasurer in the household.

Sometimes a *vendref*’s descendant became free, and continued some custom which did not conflict with tribal prohibitions. If he was lucky, his descendant could later become a warrior, and might continue those habits if they did not contradict any Grazer ways. So some *vendref* customs entered Grazer usage, and subtly changed those who used them, like the wearing of tattoos as magical badges. And of course, some of the *vendref* deliberately betrayed their leaders so that some noblemen were tricked into learning about money. Also, since no law prohibited it, the *vendref* polluted some noble clans with gaudy gifts and heavy baubles.

In this way the Grazers’ way of life was beset by new customs taken from those below them, where they had resisted those from above. In this way their culture was slowly changed, dissipated, and eventually lost to its old way. One despondent lord quoted a Solar proverb, “Because men must have wives to bear children, the human race is ever brought low from its celestial heights.”

In earlier generations the serious social conflicts of the Grazers were settled easily: the planetary clans wandered from the Solar center. But years later, when there was no room for expansion, the struggles were internalized in the society. A fundamentalist religious core struggled to control power, but the majority and *vendref* resisted. This dissension weakened the people so they did not have a unified opposition to their foes.

The Grazers were also betrayed. They had long supported the Kingdom of Tarsh, but their King Yarandros stole a sacred stallion from the tribe. Then the Tarshites struggled to seize the rest of the Grazers' land and its people. The Tarsh king once offered tribal membership to all the *vendref* who marched under his banner. This precipitated a murderous crisis in the reign of Endars Stand-up, when some Grazier clans purged themselves with blood, and the land with fire. Some *vendref* clans rose in outright war against their lords, though they were usually butchered. Certainly Tarsh could have taken over the whole territory, except that subsequent internal troubles prevented the planned intervention by that kingdom, leaving the Grazers to sort it out or kill each other. One clan broke away and sought passage from Belintar, then moved westward through Esrolia and out of Grazier history.

THE FEATHERED HORSE QUEEN

The worship of the horse powers was an ancient part of the Grazier religion. Several deities manifest through this form. The horse was one form of La-ungariant, First Wife of Yu-Kargzant, the Immortal Sun. Her role was that of breeder and obedient wife, mistress of ceremonies, and tent-keeper. She also obediently oversaw the care of all female constituents of her husband's retinue, including grooms, healers, washerwomen, cooks, and concubines.

During the turmoil from 1450-1470 a leader rose from this cult. She was called the Feathered Queen, after her costume. With a handful of loyal women she went deep into the earth and returned with powers which were not recognized by their foes. One of the weapons was the claim of inherent sovereignty of the land, based upon the consciousness of working with the goddess within it. The Grazier Sun-chiefs rejected this idea, of course, but the *vendref* recognized a certain truth there, and flocked to support the efforts of the cult to bring peace. Later the priestesses of Arandayla recognized that the Feathered Queen spoke for their goddess, too, and joined the rebellion.

Confrontation grew, and in a doom-ridden duel of thaumaturgy the Feathered Horse Queen crushed Esnandrol the Bright Champion, chief of the Grazers. She was aided by the cult of Hiia Swordsman, who chopped down a volley of magic Light Arrows, and then slew seven Golden Bow archers with thrown swords. The swordsmen pledged loyalty to the Feathered Queen, in life and death.

Endars Stand-up was the chief who brought peace. He recognized that the Queen did, in fact, have the right to speak for those who worked the earth, and for those who tended horses, but she must speak only on matters of magical interest. He also insisted that everyone recognize that she was a wife of the Sun, as before, and that all Grazers and *vendref* recognize the overlords' right to rule, as before. The queen and rebels agreed.

Thus the chiefs of the Grazers agreed to share rule with the Feathered Horse Queens after that. No one objected, and generally everyone thought the chiefs and queens would divide their work between war and peace.

But the magical powers of the Queen extended to many other things besides peace, which the Grazers did not know. They broke into contention once among themselves, with a bloody argument, in which the faction called the Pure Horse People won. They claimed that they were still lords, as of old, even though the queen had many responsibilities which were unknown. Others, who did not think this was respectful, were killed or outlawed.

Endars Stand-up raided the Tarshites and the Quivini. The former had become disorganized with the sacrificial murders of their kings, and their priestesses gladly paid tribute to keep the raiders away. The Quivini, however, resisted fiercely under their new king, and were able to hide

their treasures in their hills. When he died, Endars was burned, in the old way of the Sun folk.

When it was known that the Feathered Horse Queen was not married, many came to seek her hand. Of those who came, some went away because they didn't like the terms of her marriage. Others could not match her wager, and others dared not take the risk. At last, only three contestants remained.

The three contestants for the hand of the Feathered Horse Queen were: (1494) Temernim of Dunstop, Jaradros of the Hendriki, and Sartar of Boldhome. The first was eliminated when he had to abandon the contest to help his relatives, who were being taken away to be sacrificed to evil deities. The second failed when his family would not agree to accept the personal habits of the queen as being equal to theirs. The third qualified fully, and the pair undertook the sacred contest marriage.

The first year Sartar went to the queen's home, and lived among them. Though they were nomadic, and traveled often, he never was persuaded, forced, or tricked into riding upon their steeds. Nor was he ever left behind. Sartar raised a couple of altars to Issaries as a gift for his wife. That year a beautiful daughter, Yoristina, was born.

The second year the queen went to Boldhome to continue the contest. There she learned of making pots, creating jewelry, and making plowshares and swords. But she never convinced anyone to ride her horses. When she finally challenged Sartar about this, he asked the son of Derik Poljoni to ride for him in a race. The youth beat the queen's best steed and rider. After that the queen challenged her husband no more, and he was named King of Dragon Pass by the High Lord Dragonewt. A son was born in Boldhome, who was named Saronil, and before he was weaned the queen left Boldhome, never to return.

For the whole life of Sartar the queen took only occasional lovers, but although she lived long she was never able to establish good roads in her land, or a unity among all her subjects as Sartar did. The Grazelanders allowed small towns to grow in their territory, but the Pure Horse People did not permanently attach themselves to these places. The old often went there to live out their last years and the ill often recovered there. The Pure Horse People continued to live a wandering existence on their land, living in portable hide tents and sharing their existence with their sacred herds. The towns were left to the *vendref* and foreign merchants.

LATER HISTORY

The Grazers had to contend with the growing Lunar strength in Tarsh. They seemed to waver, but settled down as Lunar allies.

When the Lunar Empire activated their great temple the Grazer lands of Sikithi were within the Glowline, and seized by their settlers.

The next war leader was Yanasdarin the Lucky, who adopted an anti-Sartar line as the best policy. His men successfully raided Sartar often, and he was never captured even when agents and armies sought him in his own lands.

Jendetarin the Strong was not friendly to the Lunars, and he aided a rebel to become King of Tarsh. After driving out the Tarsh king he purged Sikithi Vale of its newcomers. His successor also fought the Lunars. At the Battle of Karnge Farm Jardanroste Redhair fought hand to hand against the Pentan commander, and drove him from the field. They called these enemies the False Sunhorses. When Jardanroste tried to avenge his kinsmen a year later he was captured by the Lunars and kept chained in a dark prison for the rest of his long life.

Dastapolti Peaceful made every effort to please the Tarsh king, Phargentes, and benefited from the friendship. But, during the long reign opinion altered again. Trouble broke out, and a new chief was installed.

Jardanreal the Traveler was friendly to Sartar, and he stood guardian to protect the marriage of the Feathered Horse Queen to the new King of Sartar. Jardanreal was always a good ally and friend to Sartar after that. But perhaps inevitably, the flip-flopping alliances continued.

Penraltan the Gold, the next chief, raided Sartar every year, until the Lunar commanders made him stop. He was also present at the plunder of Boldhome but was betrayed and killed by the Red Emperor.

Endarsdron the Black was bent upon suicidal revenge. He fought only at night, and after a reign of terror convinced the King of Tarsh to apologize for his wrongdoing. But he was killed shortly afterwards by unknown, probably Lunar, assassins.

Jarsandron Tenherds was a great and powerful king, thanks to being friendly with the Tarshite Lunar king. He often sent troops to aid the Lunar Army in their many conquests. He was murdered by those who hated the Moon after multiple disasters had weakened his hold of terror.

Jandetin the Avenger was next, and he defended his lands and entered into the dragon conspiracy. He summoned the Sun to fill him, and he danced in the dream part of the ceremony where the dragons of the world destroyed the Lunar leaders and army. That way he avenged the murderers of his family. He also helped his friend, Prince Argrath, to wed the Feathered Horse Queen.

As peace came to Dragon Pass with the long rule of King Argrath, the leaders found adventure farther away. Karndaro the Leaper traveled extensively, and once went all the way to Fronela to the City of Green Folk, where he met a Waertagi admiral.¹

Penraltan the Killer is one of the greatest kings who have ever led the tribe. He is tall and wide shouldered, with stern blue eyes and fair hair. Nothing has ever frightened him from battle. He has always remained at the side of our good King Argrath, with a band of veterans who are ever at the king's beck and call. King Penraltan was at the Battle of Dwernapple, upon the right flank. They charged, lance to lance, against the Warriors of the Fake Sun, who ran like cowards when swords licked blood. When the giants came and smashed the foe, Penraltan was the one who led the counter charge. He and his men swooped upon the fleeing elf army, and his horse still has splinters, to hear him tell of it.

Here are the other famous wood-hackers: Varnatol the Durtarl, Yanorgran Hawk, Jadankorda One-arrow, Dalastorl Cleaver, Dastapoli All-awake, Garienda Notman, Hendrengard Apple, Jadentir Screamer. They are all studs for their service now, and the light of all who know them.

Penraltan, the heroic chief, was present at the wedding of the High King, and was one of those who created the tunnel of swords through which Argrath marched. The gift of Penraltan was of a pair of marched racing horses, both the coveted Goldeneyes, suitable only for a High King or Queen.

1 Stories say that Karndaro traveled to Fronela in this world, and returned as part of a great hero's quest.

THE KINGDOM OF TARSH

THE TWINS DYNASTY

(1330 - 1448)

ARIM THE FOUNDER

Arim the Pauper entered Dragon Pass around 1330 after Holay was conquered by the Conquering Daughter. At that time Dragon Pass was still forbidden to all humans of Peloria — when Arim reached the Deathline, twenty of his own ancestors appeared and tried to keep him from entering. Thus Arim's move was bold, but desperate.

Arim first met Heneceel, a centaur, and aided her. Sometime later he met Benst Beel, a Grazer warrior. He made peace with a dragon (or perhaps just a dragonewt). At last, at the foot of Mount Kero Fin, he found Sorana Tor the Priestess.

The courtship of Sorana Tor by Arim the Pauper was an arduous, but apparently pleasant, experience. The ballads make it sound like an ordinary Orlanthi courtship, wherein Arim fulfills a couple of tasks which his god, Orlanth, once did for Ernalda, the Earth Goddess. During this activity Arim liberated many slaves and prisoners, sought and gained many followers, and made friends with the local Grazer tribes. Led by Arim, nurtured by Sorana Tor, the clans united and called themselves the Tarsh Tribe.

In 1362 King Arim, accompanied by his twin teenage children, marched with his army into Holay to fight the Lunar Empire. The Tarshites were aided by Balazarings, who brought some Aldryami friends. The armies met in battle not far from where the little Islem River meets the Black Eel River. The imperial army was larger and better equipped, and even had more than the ordinary complement of magical field schools. Boldly, they maneuvered well and closed upon the barbarians. Then the Twins raised a range of hills and dropped it, like a wave, upon the enemy, destroying them. This was the Battle of Falling Hills, fought in 1362.

King Arim died peacefully about 1368. His body was taken below, in the temple which he helped to found, by his beloved wife and children.

VARSTAPOOR

Varstapoor the Twin was elected King of the Tarsh Tribe. He was a frail and pretty man, and his sister big and forward. Sometimes they were mistaken for each other when they were together. When with his sister, they could raise great earthquakes that brought everyone to their knees for miles around. When the Twins' incredible earth-shaking powers proved effective against Lunar armies the remaining free clans of Holay, Balazar, and beyond the Dragonspine all united under the tribe.

One time a fearsome nomad army moved towards Tarsh from the north. The same forces had previously ravaged even the Empire, so King Varstapoor temporarily allied with the local Lunar forces and, together, they defeated the invaders at the Battle of Quintus' Vale in 1374.

Varstapoor's sister, called Vestenbora, was priestess, then high priestess, for the temple which her father had opened. She was naturally deep in her capacities, and did not hesitate to do what she felt necessary to help her people. While she led there the temple was dedicated to Maran Gor, the destructive Earthquake Goddess.

In 1375 King Varstapoor ascended to immortal guardianship of the Great Temple of Earthshaker in Wintertop. The clans of Tarsh met and chose the son of Varstapoor to rule them.

OVARTIEN

Ovartien Twinson ruled for about twenty years. During his reign the Tarshites regularly raided the lowlands, even plundering cities in the Lunar satrapy of Sylila. Retaliation was infrequent and ineffective. The Tarsh army, aided by loyal Grazer allies, was triumphant.

Thus it is surprising that Ovartien's son turned on these allies and provoked them to war by stealing some of their breeding stock. The Grazers were righteously outraged and mustered their forces and gods to regain their stock. They rode swiftly, and showed some magic that had never been seen before, but were defeated hand to hand in the groves which surrounded the Shaker Temple. Ovartien and his son quarreled, and the king abdicated from the Council.

YARANDROS

Yarandros' friends named him king by right of his qualifications *and* by virtue of his blood. This last comment was new and offensive to the Orlanthi, who did not trust inheritance of position, but the clans which resisted were quickly conquered by the warlord king. After this time the tribe of Tarsh disappears, but always the Kingdom of Tarsh is seen.

Yarandros was a great war lord. When he was young he stormed the walls of Kafol, and learned a secret from the lips of the goddess there. He later stole a magical horse and kept it. He always rode it afterwards. It was named Glad Leaper, and had enough strength to leap rivers, enough intelligence to use magic, and enough will to overcome its instincts. In battle Yarandros mounted his household men on the Goldhorses, and kept them close to him, ready to exploit any enemy weakness, earning him the name "Charge-crazy."

Yarandros went far and wide to get allies. Once he went into Prax, where the Animal Nomads live and hate everyone who rides a horse. But they are impressed by individual combat prowess, and Yarandros killed as many of them as was needed to convince them. Then he hired many of them with promises of rich plunder from foreign lands. First they defeated the enemy Riding People, and then helped him to raid far and wide across the southern empire.

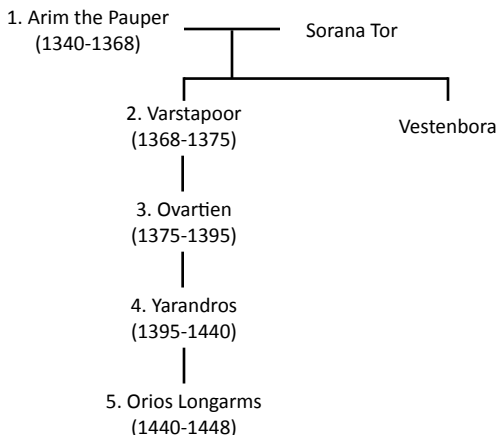
One mercenary was especially deceitful. Jaldon Goldtooth was a famous raider khan, and began to lead bands of nomads against Tarsh, instead of helping the kingdom. King Yarandros was caught without adequate mounted forces to win every battle. Tricks, like using the Manwind, worked only once or twice. He taught his tribesmen to attack enemy standing cavalry, which often disconcerted the Bison Folk. He interspersed many archers and javelin men among the spear men.

One of Yarandros' men had a fierce hatred of the Praxians. His name was Derik, and he was of the Blue Jay Clan of the Dundalos Tribe. Derik was in command of defending the Praxian march, and was called Derik Furman because of all the hides of his slain enemies that he and his followers procured in the line of duty. Derik was the one who laid Jaldon Goldtooth to rest again, and raised the new cairn of skulls over the grave.

Derik prayed to Orlanth for a method to reach his mounted foes, out among the wastes of Prax. That night he dreamed of the Horse Path, and traveled it until he discovered and brought back the Black Net. With it he pulled in his followers from the dream, and within his lifetime Derik had created his own tribe of nomads which guarded the Praxian borderlands of Tarsh against the Animal Nomads. Derik's most famous victory was fought in 1489, and is called the Battle of Denzis Water. The people of Derik are now called the Pol-Joni Tribe, and they ride horses and herd cattle.

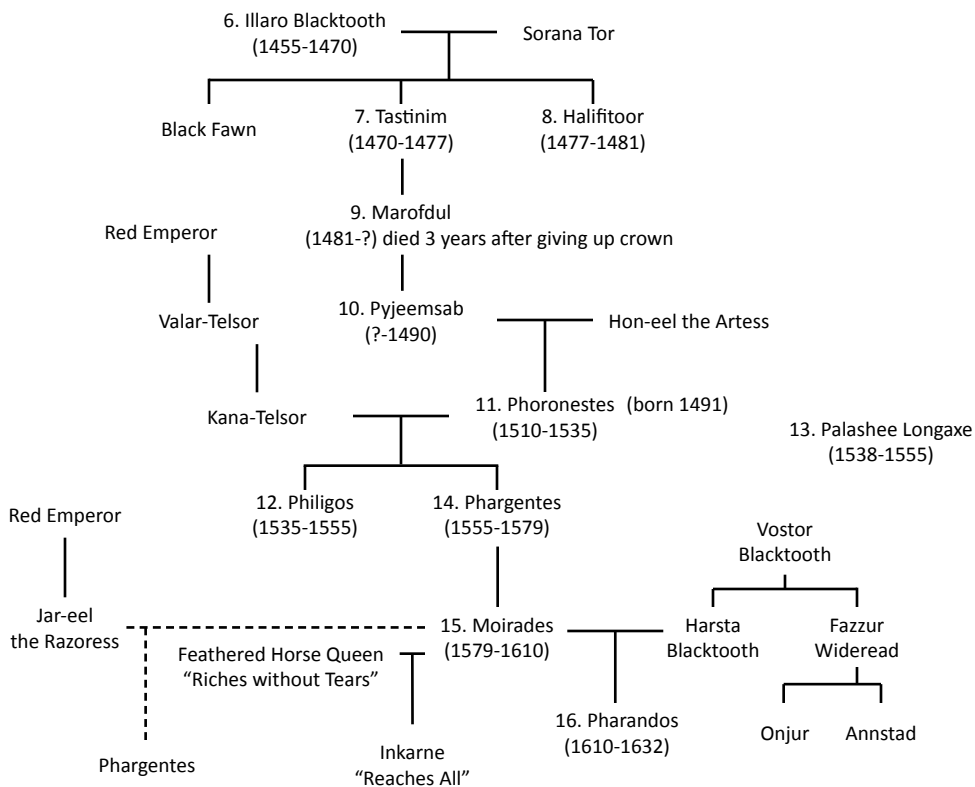
KINGS OF TARSH

TWINS DYNASTY



TARSH CIVIL WAR 1448-1455

ILLARO DYNASTY



ORIOS

Orios was the fifth king of the dynasty, and seems to have comported himself well in all attributes, save that of providing an heir, and seeking a proper augury before his last raid against the Empire. For this last act he has been named “the Fool” by historians, although he had less control over his fate than is apparent.

In 1448 Orios accidentally crossed the borders of the Mad Sultanate of Tork, a festering chaotic region populated by madmen and demons who had been imprisoned in the area by Jannisor Moonchaser, a hero who had lived many years earlier. This region had the unfortunate ability to cause its invisible borders to expand or contract, sometimes at alarming rates. Orios apparently crossed one of these expanding borders while returning from a raid. This invasion of the Sultanate, inadvertent or not, allowed the residents to leave their territory and begin a wild rampage after destroying the surprised Tarsh army. Fortunately for the leaderless Kingdom of Tarsh the horde turned north, towards Lunar lands. Unfortunately, Tarsh was due for a major share of destruction even without the Chaos horde.

CIVIL WAR

The lack of a son left the question of inheritance open. Ever since the time of Arim the Pauper the Orlanthi tribes of Tarsh had all tacitly supported the northern custom of royal primogeniture in practice, though Yarandros was the first to make it overt policy. Now, without an heir, several powerful factions attempted to make their own king, based upon different customs, local needs, and shifting political currents.

The Shaker Temple mustered the old Kerofini Tribe to their cause. They insisted upon a queen and a matriarchal inheritance, overseen by the priestesses. Their candidate was Erantha Gor, a terrifying incarnation of the Tarshite War Goddess in apparently mortal form.

Another candidate was Tarkalor the Huge, a Princeros tribesman and the Prince of the Alda-Churi. When his brother staggered home from Orios’ defeat Tarkalor created a Tribal Ring, was declared Prince, then named King of Tarsh. He named eight ancestors to qualify himself, and then sent 9,000 warriors to prove his argument.

Jornkalor was a citizen of Talfort and got famous in rallying the city to throw off the army of Huge Tarkalor. He spent the winter organizing the neighboring cities to defend themselves, and got help from Sylila and, eventually, the Lunar Empire, which sent some magicians and soldiers.

In 1455 Erantha Gor was defeated and killed by Blond Arim, the general of the lowland armies. Erantha Gor was surprised by a regiment of women, who were immune to her best magic, which was for man-killing. The army marched on the Shaker Temple, which closed itself up. Under the diversion of an attack, some Lunar sorcerers sneaked into the temple and murdered the daughters of Erantha Gor and many others. Then Blond Arim made peace with the priestesses, who were sorry they entered politics, and began a faction of his own.

In 1458 an army from Sylila plundered Talfort and other important cities. Jornkalor was captured and sent to the empire in chains. Blond Arim was slain by treachery. Tovtarsar Gaptooth, a Tovtaros tribesman and the Prince of the Alda-Churi, seized the opportunity and attacked, but took heavy losses. Some of the cities rose in rebellion and killed their Sylilan occupiers, while Filichet declared itself a dependent of the Lunar Empire.

THE ILLARO DYNASTY

(1448 – 1490)

It is polite convention which allows this dynasty to begin its reign so quickly upon the tail of the last. The region was divided time and again by internecine strife, during which even the priestesses were divided by political designs among themselves. Neighboring tribes took advantage of this strife and plundered the contenders for the throne. Thus the Grazers, Balazarings, and Quivini all raided, the latter sometimes even aided by their foes, the impala- and bison-mounted Praxian tribes.

In 1455 the Temple of Maran Gor completed the Prayer to Sorana Tor. The daughter of the goddess came forth and occupied the body of the High Priestess, and thereafter she was the ancient founder of Tarsh. Under her leadership the temple was cleared of troublemakers, all of whom had six toes. Ernalda's statue was restored to its place in the sanctum on the First Pedestal.

At the next meeting of the Kerofini Tribe, the priestesses supported Illaro Blacktooth, of the Hendarli Clan, which was famous for making cold beer from winter-grown hops. He was named lord of the ring, and then Sorana Tor married him.

ILLARO

Illaro Blacktooth negotiated with the Alda-Churi, and together their first act was to plunder the Quivini. Next, the Grazers were defeated with an earthquake. With the help of Sorana Tor's sisters the lowlands were seized again, and all the Lunar supporters were killed or driven out. He renounced his position among the Kerofini, and was crowned King of Tarsh. But Illaro never re-conquered all the old territory, including the lands of Holay, the Balazarings, and the Quivini.

Illaro Blacktooth and the High Priestess had three sons. The first, called Black Fawn, was horned and wild and went away to live forever in the Stinking Forest. Tastinim and Haliftoor, who ruled afterwards, were the others. Illaro ruled from 1455 to 1470. He died during sexual intercourse during a religious ceremony.

TASTINIM

Tastinim was the king after Illaro, and the seventh in Tarsh. He was a son of Illaro. He married a priestess of the Shaker Temple and ruled for seven years before he was killed fighting werewolves in Sikithi Land. He ruled from 1470 to 1477.

HALIFITTOOR

Haliftoor was the third child of Illaro and Sorana Tor. He ruled for four years before he was assassinated by his nephew, Tastinim's son. He ruled from 1477 to 1481.

MAROFDUL

Marofdul was the assassin of King Haliftoor. The cause of the quarrel is not known, but was probably over inheritance. The murderer laid his uncle Haliftoor in a freshly furrowed field and erected an altar to him. It is still called Duelfield, and always has an abundant harvest. It is on Kordros Island.

King Marofdul was the ninth king of Tarsh. He received a member of the Lunar Imperial Court as a treaty wife, but refused to have anything to do with her and locked her in a brass cabinet in the Hydra Mountains. Later Hassidor the Cooper freed her, and after an adventurous courting session the pair settled down in Furthest, but they do not play further part in royal history.

Marofdul abdicated his throne in favor of his son, and the retired king took up residence on an estate for three years before being killed by Bison Riders from Prax. His grave was made into a small temple where the famous Earth-king could be consulted for oracles. It is called Marof's House, and it is on the north side of the Oslir River.

PYJEEMSAB

Pyjeemsab was the tenth King of Tarsh. He was the son of King Marofdul. He reigned when Hon-eel the Artess came to the land in 1490. With subtle enchantments and sweeping magic powers the Lunar Heroine invaded the most secret rites of the Kordros Island Temple of Ernalda, and thereby convinced the participants that she was and had always been one among them. They all completed the ritual together. Thus did the first successful Lunar roots finally take hold deep in resistant Tarsh.

King Pyjeemsab received permission from those Earth priestesses to marry the fascinating foreign princess who claimed to be a goddess in disguise. In 1490, after a season of preparation and a week-long ritual attended by many imperial dignitaries, the pair were married. An immense revel began and the pair disappeared into their bridal suite.

The king was never seen again. For a while the government continued without their king, who was assumed to be totally absorbed in matrimonial bliss. Hon-eel emerged after seven days and claimed to be carrying the heir to the kingdom. But after Ukeena Black, a seeress, saw Pyjeemsab's soul cross the black river to the land of death, many Tarshites rebelled outright. Hon-eel declared herself regent, with considerable support among the Tarshites. She named viceroys to help her unborn son, and many people were glad that so many imperial troops had been conveniently present for the wedding. Others prepared for war.

Goldedge closed its gates to the army and fell only after a furious assault. The Alda-Churi and Kerofini slaughtered every Lunar supporter in their lands and seized their properties to hire mercenaries. The Grazers sent troops to protect the Earth temple, and volunteers from the Holy Country came too.

The armies met at the Battle of Dancing Sisters, named for a formation of plinths nearby. The Lunar magicians and army swept away their foes and pursued the survivors to the gates of Bagnet, where they were repelled. Dunstop fell, and Slavewall was plundered so thoroughly that it was all but abandoned.

Hon-eel's son was born after nine months, and with Lunar ceremony was baptized Phoronestes and named heir to the kingdom. The viceroys decreed that all who did not accept the heir would be outlaws and exiles. Many regions, tired of war, surrendered. But the southeastern tribes, protected by the line of forts from Dunstop to Goldedge to Slavewall, refused to submit, and the kingdom was fractured. The non-Lunar tribes, called the Tarsh Exiles, declined in measure as the Illaro Dynasty grew more and more powerful under Lunar influence.

THE LUNAR KINGS

King Phoronestes never claimed to have founded a dynasty, nor did any Lunar authority ever hint at such an event. Phoronestes was the only son of King Pyjeemsab, and therefore rightful heir to the throne. No Lunar forces ever intended to annex the land, and it was always considered a province outside of the empire.

But the Lunar impact was evident, even early in the reign. The city of Furthest was chosen as the capital city and so greatly enlarged that nothing remains of the original city. It was laid out in the early Sylilan grid pattern, and even before its completion statues decorated the fountained squares. Many Lunar customs and arts were introduced at this time, and the Lunar cults began spreading about the populace as healers and priestesses wandered the hills as missionaries or in ecstasy and quest.

PHORONESTES

In 1496 the infant King Phoronestes oversaw the dedication of new ground for a Temple of the Goddess of the Reaching Moon. The building task was more difficult than that of a city, and there were many years necessary for its completion. After it was finished the empire would be assured of having powerful magic in the region.¹

Young King Phoronestes led his troops on a few occasions, but usually left campaigning to his generals, preferring alchemy to archery, and loving the art of poetry over that of war. After preliminary skirmishes and one modest battle had proved his ability to defeat the enemy he retired to administer rather than adventure. During his reign the Tarsh Exiles were weakened considerably. He died in 1535, “gulping and gasping upon a surfeit of river squid laced with honeyed clams and powder of the black poppy.”

PHILIGOS

Philigos was the son of Phoronestes, and the twelfth king of Tarsh. Philigos was similar in temperament to his father, but had not gained much magical expertise when he led the Tarsh army to battle against the Exiles in 1538.

The leader of the Exiles was a warlord named Palashee Longaxe, who had incited the Earth Temple to support a rebellion. He was known far and wide as a selfish drunkard. The Earthquake Temple used their magic and destroyed Philigos’ army, then destroyed the Temple of the Reaching Moon, then destroyed Furthest. The king and his family barely escaped to Sylila, where they took up residence.

Philigos spent most of his life at Glamour, petitioning the Red Emperor and begging for an army to avenge himself. But when the Dragonewts Dream came he was warned to wait until certain conditions were met. Although it troubled him greatly, King Philigos waited.

PALASHEE LONGAXE

Palashee was a temple orphan, and much beloved by the temple women who had raised him. Palashee had always shown a balance between pleasure and responsibility, and between obligation and freedom. In his home, Palashee was impossible to dislike.

Palashee was big and strong and fast. There was no other like him in all Tarsh. The priestesses took the opportunity to teach him what they could, and let the men balance the youth’s thirst for knowledge and adventure.

1 Hon-eel herself was killed in the Night of Horrors of 1506.

By the time he was a father, Palashee was accepted as a leading man of the Kerofini Tribe. When war began, it was natural to choose him as the sacred representative to bear the magic into battle. Palashee led the fyrd to battle at Belinsfield, south of Goldedge.

Their foe was King Philigos, an evil overlord who had usurped the throne due to his mother's magic. The priestesses marched with Palashee against this evil king, and with a pair of sharp earthquakes the powerful women destroyed most of the Lunar Army. The evil king escaped the field of battle. Palashee and the army pursued him to Furthest, but he escaped at the cost of all his household guards and companions.

The Earthquake priestesses did not go to Furthest. They went and destroyed the foundations of the Temple of the Reaching Moon.

King Palashee Longaxe ruled over all of Tarsh wisely. Though he had conquered the Lunar province, he did not wreak havoc upon the populace, as so many of his predecessors had. He is remembered for being wise and strong, and is revered for his fairness and ability to quaff mead. His capital was Furthest, and he negotiated trade with enemies on all sides. He ruled from 1538 to 1555. During his reign the Dragonewts Dream occurred. This event astounded people across the continent, and during 1539-1540 humans everywhere were hesitant to commit themselves to anything which might tax themselves too much, preferring to be cautious and prepared for anything until they discovered the cause or results of the phenomena.

Acting upon the priestess' advice, the Tarsh King was *not* reticent, and during the mysterious rites he went and made friends with some of the dragonewts. Palashee also fostered friendship with the tribes of the Stinkwood by killing every great boar which was seen, whether it had a rider or not, until the Monster Tribe which lived there submitted.

King Palashee was responsible for the strong "Old Tarsh" loyalty which continued in the land even long after his death. He was revered as a hero even by many Lunar worshipers.

In 1555, seventeen years after their father had borne them as infants from the collapsing palace, the sons of Phoronestes returned, at the head of a Lunar Army. It was led by Philigos and his brother, Phargentes. With the backing of the Red Emperor, they were marching to seize their father's and grandfather's rightful lands from the hated exile usurper.

The armies met at the Battle of Karnge Farm. After waiting half the day, the hoplites attacked at a slow trot. But their shock did not overcome the defenders, who began slipping around the flanks. The Lunar cavalry chased them away, and seemed about to take the field. Then an allied cavalry force, nearly exhausted from its race to reach the field on time, burst from Halswood and into the Lunar rear. The Animal Nomads turned from the battle and went to plunder the Lunar camp. The hill men barely paused, but charged directly into the assembled, unarmed magicians. The ensuing panic routed the Lunar Army. The Tarsh Clan whose women take scalps caught King Philigos and his bodyguard when they were bogged down in the mud and killed them all. The Lunar king's scalp still adorns the temple of their cruel goddess.

The future of Old Tarsh seemed secure. Palashee held a grand victory feast, and he rewarded everyone handsomely. He singled out Prince Jarolar, the Quivini chief who destroyed the sorcerers. The honored dead were laid to rest in sacred fields, and the bodies of the enemy were burnt. The army disbanded, and the allies of Tarsh went home to harvest their fields. Then, in the dead of night, the younger brother of the dead Lunar king launched a surprise raid. King Palashee waited only briefly to gather a small force, comparable in size to that of the desperate raider. King Palashee and General Phargentes met in battle and they fought so fiercely that the grass at Axefield is still red today. But in the end Lunar trickery won, and Longaxe was slain.

Nonetheless, Phargentes was crippled as well, and so he was named One-arm afterwards. But he regained the kingship of the land for his lineage. He nursed a life-long grudge against

the Exiles, and also against those who had slain his brother. The Exiles returned with the body of their king, which was treated with the most sacred rites of Sorana Tor. Palashee has been revered in that temple ever since.

PHARGENTES

King Philigos' younger brother was Phargentes, an ambitious and ruthless man. He advised his brother not to attack, but was ignored. When he was finally in command, the breadth and depth of his skill were apparent.

Phargentes worked hard to strengthen and expand his kingdom. He relentlessly launched magical assaults and military raids against those who did not obey his demands for respect and tribute. When enemy kings resisted, Phargentes killed them. He slew two Tarsh kings, Palashee and Hendrakos; two Sartar Kings, Jarolar and Jarosar; one Balazaring King, Iertand; and one Aggar king, Lornstal. For this, he is often called King-slayer.

Phargentes performed many great services for Tarsh. He commissioned roads to be built like those deep within the interior, and he built a new section of Furthest and he securely fortified the walls. Other cities also got new walls or temples. He was patron to the sculptors Cassidor and Ineldus, and sponsored the entire Furthest Dramatic Re-enactors.

Phargentes was happily married. He had one son, Moirades, born in 1558.

Only one foe, King Tarkalor of Sartar, ever thwarted Phargentes. The king died of old age, peacefully, and with blessings passed to his son and kin.

MOIRADES

Phargentes died at the age of 65 in 1579, and left the kingdom to his son. Moirades was the fifteenth king of Tarsh. The new king was not a warrior, but used Lunar magic to soar into the heights of personal transformation. He was noted even in Sylila for his personal piety and power. The army was left to a number of local generals, called the Phargentites, whose command was occasionally subordinated to whatever Lunar officer was visiting.

In 1582 the Tarsh army confronted the Exiles and their allies again at the Battle of Grizzly Peak. The Tarsh Exiles' army, including many priestesses, was killed. Bagnet was invested, and fell shortly afterwards. The Exiles were confined to a small region about Kero Fin Mountain and their temple.

The Lunar and Provincial armies carried the war far away from Tarsh, which relaxed into the peace and plenty of the imperial Lunar fold. The kingdom thrived as they shipped great amounts of grain down river to the starving peasants, and received in return the impoverished scholars and merchants seeking a better life. Moirades founded the University of the Provinces, and gave any provincial applicants preference over Heartland or other applicants. King Moirades was also the person responsible for bringing the red-tailed flycatcher to Tarsh.

Emboldened by his vision for his kingdom, Moirades set out to improve it even more by marrying the Feathered Queen of the Kero Fin Temple. In this way, he became the third King of Dragon Pass. Moirades lived for 52 years. He died in 1610.

PHARANDROS

Pharandros was born in 1582, shortly after his father became king. He was 28 when he ascended to the throne. He had been educated in Sylila and Glamour, and was very much a member of the imperial way.

The wealth and peace of Tarsh held its own reward for anyone who would join the kingdom. After the enemy kingdom of Sartar was decisively crushed in 1613, the northern portion of it,

which was friendly to the Lunar Way, willingly joined itself to the Kingdom. The king further encouraged the citizenry to engage and indulge in many colorful imperial practices.

Pharandros was enmeshed in imperial politics which seriously affected his rule. Significant among the new fashions was the civil conflict he began. In 1621, when Fazzur was removed from command, King Pharandros was still friendly and gave him command of the Tarsh army. But by 1625 they had become bitter enemies. That year, Fazzur was sent by the king to recover Sartar after the dragon disaster. Then Pharandros attempted to assassinate Fazzur's most powerful supporters who remained at home. He failed, and Fazzur rushed home, leaving Sartar untouched. The professional army officers, called the Phargentites, led another army the next year and fought at the Battle of Old Top, where they killed Starbrow, but were unable to conquer the country because of the huge numbers of hill men opposing them.

After that the rift between portions of the kingdom widened. On one side were Fazzur and the Fazzurites, and on the other Pharandros and the Phargentites, backed by the Red Emperor. They fought on the economic, spiritual, political and finally military fronts. They were unable to do anything to prevent the growth of Sartar under the reign of Prince Argrath.

In 1630 open battle broke out between the factions, and the Fazzurites asked for help from Prince Argrath, who responded quickly with an army and magicians. Some of the invaders helped besiege Furthest, where Pharandros was waiting for imperial assistance, but most of them went to the Temple of the Reaching Moon and destroyed it. Onjur the Poet, leader of the Fazzurites, gained entry through treachery, and captured the king.

Pharandros was spared his life only because his mother, Harsta Blacktooth, begged for his life. He was confined to the City of Wonders forever.

THE FOREIGN KINGS

MULARIK THE BARBARIAN

After the confinement of King Pharandros, King Argrath the Conqueror set one of his friends upon the throne of Tarsh. The man's name was Mularik Ironeye, a noble man from the distant land of Tanisor. Mularik claimed to be of the blood of Arkat Chaosbane. He was guarded at all times by five iron-armored men and two sorcerers.

Mularik was a cruel and heartless ruler. He first levied a tax to allow natives to keep office, and then killed whoever did not pay to keep it. The war was brief, and Mularik divided estates among his men, who in turn levied their own taxes. When the Fazzurites dissented and raised honest rebellion, Mularik crushed them with ruthless mercenaries.

Mularik's arrogance grew with each passing success until he even put a toll upon the messengers of his liege lord, who had given him this station. King Argrath protested, but was shamed by words which he himself had said as a youth.

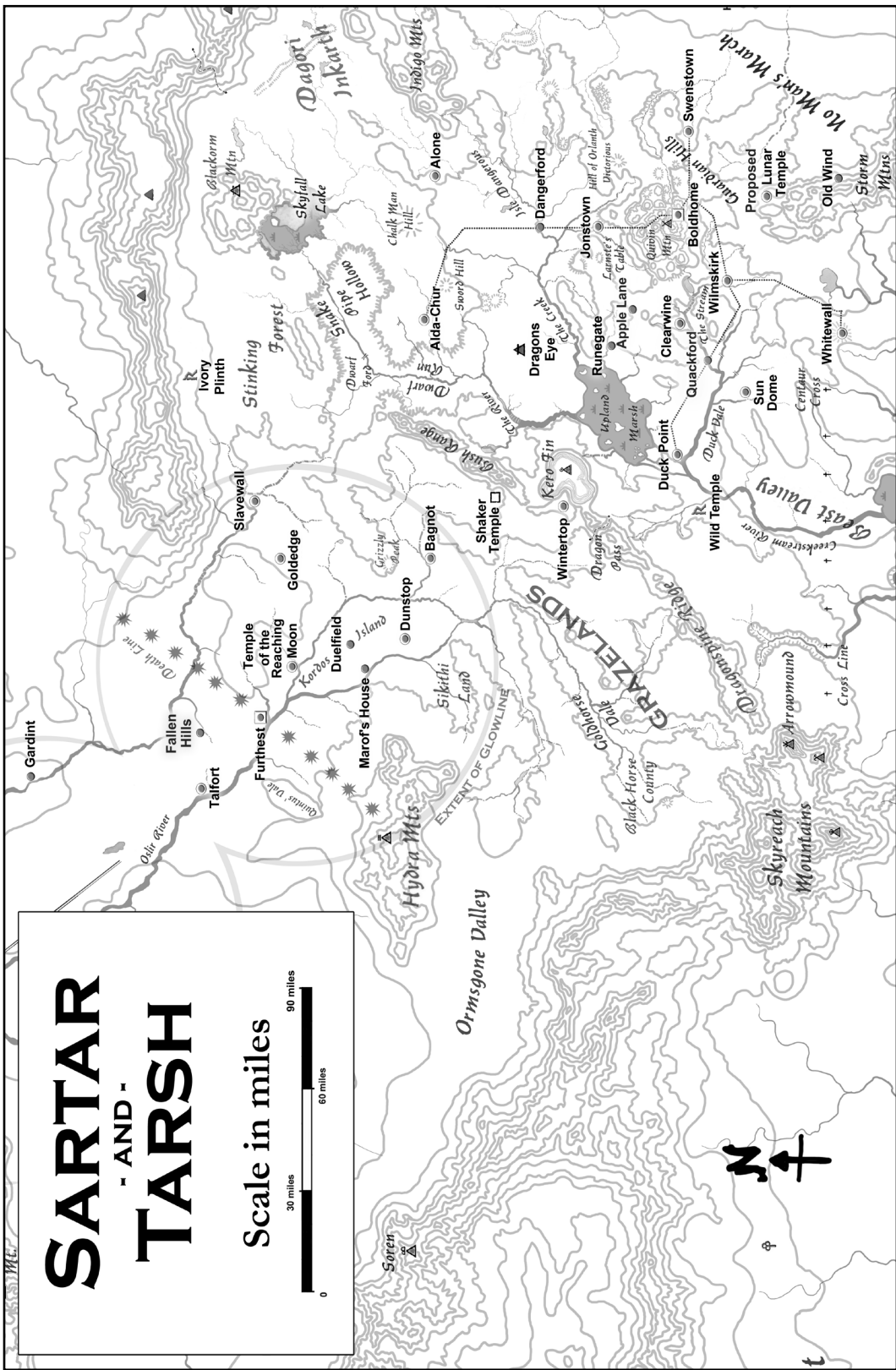
But at last, when the High King was traveling to his own wedding, King Mularik tried to intervene and tax him. Argrath paid the money, in full, to prove his honor. That night some unruly knights broke into Mularik's quarters. When the leader ran down an alley a wall fell on him, and he was killed. A hasty trial was held, and all guilty parties brought to law.

ANNSTAD OF DUNSTOP

Annstad of Dunstop was a great warrior king of Tarsh. He was given overlordship of Tarsh by the good King Argrath in return for the many great deeds which he performed.

SARTAR - AND - TARSH

Scale in miles



SARTAR

EARLY SETTLEMENTS

The southeast corner of Dragon Pass, between Beast Valley and the plains of Prax, is a rugged region filled with rounded hills and deep, twisting valleys. At its center rise the Quivin Mountains, an upthrust of steep peaks along the same watershed as the Storm Mountains in the south, and the Indigo Mountains in the north.

During the Inhuman Occupation, reforestation began across the widespread area burned by Jaldon and Oakfed. Only vigorous troll actions kept the entire area from being overgrown.

The foothills of the watershed were avoided by the superstitious Praxians, whose memories of their losses at the Dragonkill War were still strong. The Grazers, created within the pass by Ironhoof, usually ignored this hilly region in favor of other more open territory. Thus the Quivini hills region was empty of humans, and ripe for settlement when the first people from the south rediscovered the opportunity to settle in Dragon Pass.

The first humans to come here from the south were the Colymar Clan, who settled in the regions of the Starfire Ridges. There is no record of the reason for Colymar's departure from Esrolia, save for his desire to live where he settled. His wife, an Earth priestess, was given a unique type of winter-grown grapes by Ernalda. The wine was a very pale yellow, and always cool to taste. They called their home Clearwine. It was not a fort when first settled, around 1300, but an unwallled village.

Warfare in the Holy Country sent a flood of refugees into Dragon Pass. Most of them were from Hendrikiland. They worshipped Orlanth and lived in towns, herded and hunted, and fought. When they settled they often took long-abandoned hill forts, as was their custom in the south. The Colymar Clan followed suit after their village was razed by newcomers around 1320.

The tribes which moved into the region were collectively called the Quivini, after the Quivin peaks in their region. They included the Torkani, Culbrea, Dundalos, Malani, and Balmyr. Other smaller, or less victorious, groups probably existed even then, but we have no record of them. They engaged in sporadic warfare and constant personal challenges between chieftains for the whole era until Sartar arrived. Even within a single tribe there was challenge and battle, and sometimes younger sons broke away from the greater tribe, beginning a separate clan of their own, as the Lismelder Tribe did when it deserted the Malani.

In 1380 the Lismelder and Colymar tribes attempted to seize the farm lands of the Beastfolk in the Durulz Valley. The residents, who were mostly the race called *durulz*, or more commonly, ducks, went to their neighbors for help. A tough old minotaur, named Threehorn Glower, came with some forces but badly underestimated the treachery of his opponents and fell. The ducks withdrew, squawking about vengeance. The Lismelder and Colymar tribesmen laughed and moved to plow their new lands.

In 1383 the first army of corpses came out of the Upland Marsh and began ravaging the lands around it. Then pale skinned women, called the Dancers of Darkness, came in the wake of the army and planted rods of power into the earth. Water leaked up around the rods, the earth turned to mud, and in that way the boundaries of the marsh grew.

The Lismelder Tribe mustered against the undead things, but was decimated in the battle. Horribly, the corpses of the newly slain were added to the strength of the foe. Divination indicated that this was being led by Delecti the Necromancer, a legendary sorcerer who lived in the marsh. A heroic expedition, led by Kurash Varn, a Sambari tribesman, was ambushed by ducks and largely destroyed. Kurash Varn was returned, armless, and delivered a message

to the humans to surrender and treat with the Beastfolk fairly. After they surrendered, he was given his arms back.

The Colymar simply withdrew from their conquered lands. The decimated Lismelder Tribe put itself under the ducks' protection against the marsh things and fostered friendship and understanding with the Beast People. But most humans and ducks were left with a raw distrust of each other.

THE POL-JONI

Derik Poljoni was a warrior of the Dundevalos Tribe who contrived an early hatred of the Praxians, who had begun to raid his tribal lands. His family was slain by Sable Riders, and he escaped only because they thought him dead.

While Derik plotted and trained for his vengeance he became a mercenary for King Yarandros of Tarsh. Derik accompanied the king on his famous raid to steal an immortal horse. In return, the king aided Derik on a similar theft. They raided the Opili nation's sacred herd and stole one of their great magical bulls. Derik traded a calf sired by his bull for a colt sired by the king's stallion. The two men were famous friends, and even successfully raided the Holy Country.

Derik needed no prompting to exact his vengeance upon the Praxian nomads after they treacherously invaded the Dundevalos lands and pushed onward into Tarsh. Derik faced their leader, Jaldon Goldentooth, in battle and struck the mighty hero down, but was wounded himself and lay unconscious for a month afterwards.

In 1420 Derik and his followers, called the Pol-Joni, moved their cattle, led by the magical bull, into the Praxian lands called No Man's March. He rode upon his war horse gift, and all his folks rode horses. They claimed rights to live in Prax, alongside the Praxian nomads, and challenged the natives to defy them, if they could.

The Praxians attempted to do so, but were driven from the battle field after bloody combat. Derik was aided in this fight by Tarsh infantry, cavalry from the Grazers, and some dragonewt mercenaries.

Derik revealed the rules to be adopted by his tribe. His chieftains thought them unusual at first, but agreed because he had been right thus far. Any person could join the clan as a full member if they proved themselves to have the proper skills and attitudes. Derik urged the clan councils to accept anyone who passed the initiation test, even if the candidates were from former enemy tribes. Because they were thereby willing to accept every outlaw who wished to have another chance, the tribe grew quickly. Eventually the Pol-Joni Tribe included pygmy riders from the Impala People, dusky high llama riders, bearded bison outlaws, and many others from foot-bound clans as well. All Pol-Joni rode horses. The cattle bred profusely, and the horses bred true.

Within a few generations the new tribe had grown strong enough to stand as equal to the peoples in the limited area of Prax. They called themselves the Pol-Joni, but the Praxians called them the "bastard tribe" and the "illegal tribe" because they were not pure, or worshipers of the Prax and Paps deities.

Nonetheless, trade passed between them, and occasional Pol-Joni went to the Paps to worship. Their warriors were accepted into Praxian secret societies, and they became, in every way, one of the many bickering tribes of the plains.

Around 1400 the Locaem and Kultain tribes from the south moved into the Balmyr region. The Balmyr called for whatever help they could get, but only the Sambari Tribe

responded in time for the only battle of the war. The Balmyr lost and were slaughtered as they fled. The invaders took large pieces of the conquered territory for their own, but left some for the survivors. The Kultain Tribe controlled the trade routes south afterwards.

THE COMING OF SARTAR

Sartar was a thane from the Orshanti Clan of the Hendriki Tribe. They were settled south of the Solthi River. But he did not maintain connections with them after he departed and entered Dragon Pass.

Sartar was well versed in secret magic when he came to Dragon Pass in 1470. He was an unusual person among the tribes that he approached at that time, for he refused to fight and, even when challenged, was never seen to raise weapon or magic offensively against another person. This is not to say that others did not kill for him, but the people he lived among were worshipers of the sword, which protected them in their hard lives.

Sartar's magic stemmed from his eventual mastery of the Motion Rune, whose attributes are change and growth. He was a Changer, and through his career as a nation-maker he changed the face of history and the land, as well as more mundane aspects of life.

His early feats of great magic are interesting and important, but not spectacular. These all occurred between 1470 and 1485, usually in the lands west of the Quivin Hills. In his first he broke a tree into water needed for a dying centaur, and found a small statue of the Earth Goddess, later revered in the Wild Temple.

His second miracle was when he caused some small, silver fish from a stream to grow wings and other parts and live in the air. From more than a foot away they appeared to be insects, and they served as familiars to Sartar.

Sartar's third miracle was to turn a band of assassins into termites. The murderers had been bent upon attacking the sleeping family of the Colymar king. Woodpeckers, sacred to several Colymar clans, arrived quickly afterwards to rout the inhuman murderers.

His fourth great deed was to confront Dunorl Tooth-winds, a savage *kolating* in the Sambari Pass. Their magical exchanges were great, and the place where they fought is now avoided by everyone. Sartar finally won by enchanting the shaman's Drumbeat of Power into a sweet song carried by a secret breeze, whose voice will lead persons to safety. Humiliated, the shaman retired to Prax.

In 1476 Sartar made the first of his more subtle changes on the land when he settled a war wherein the Kultain and Locaem tribes were driving out the Balmyr and Sambari tribes from their ancient lands. Out of such destruction Sartar forged the foundation of his cities, and began changing the peoples to make a great nation.

The first city was called Wilmskirk. Wilms was an old friend of Sartar's who designed and supervised construction of the city around its great open-air temple grounds in the center. Wilms is still respected as a patron of the artists and craftspeople of Sartar.

Sartar also raised the first of his great walls around the city, blessed it, and visited the city often during the years before he founded Boldhome.

Peace was made by offering the tribes involved something greater than what they were fighting for. Sartar performed magic of trading script notes for gold with the Feathered Horse Queen, and showed the kings and chiefs how they made a profit of cinnamon, red dyes, and lemon peels for themselves. All four kings wanted a city of their own, but Sartar convinced them to work together. He created the City Ring. It was similar to the Clan or Tribal Ring, but allowed people from each of the tribes to serve on it. They were also the candidates to serve

in the many new temples erected in the city. Sartar also instituted the position of Mayor to represent city residents in the city's ring.

While Sartar was consolidating the southern tribes into a single confederacy there was a major war going on among the eastern tribes which had nearly forced the same sort of unification. Their common foe was the Telmori Tribe, a werewolf-worshipping nation of humans who had once worshipped the Chaos God Gbaji, and since then had been wandering the earth without peace.

The wolf-worshippers were powerful. They were in close communication with wild wolves, and each warrior among them had an animal which they trained with and cared for, a relationship commonly called "beast brothers." They scorned villages and lived the wandering, hunting life as they were driven from land to land across the continent.

The Telmori had crossed the Creek sometime around 1460. They had driven the Torkani Tribe out of their ancestral homes and into the Indigo Mountains. The Culbrea, Maboder, and Cinsina tribes had also suffered, and all local herdsmen fled from the wolves and their men, seeking a leader.

The leader they found was a priest of Orlanth named Hauberck Jon. He was of the Malani Tribe. Hauberck Jon led a daring raid against the Telmori Tribe and killed their human pack leader, his family, and his household guards. Jon used magics of Orlanth and his allies to withstand the wolf powers, but the cost was great among the elite warriors of all the tribes who had assisted. Jon was busy trying to consolidate the lesser chieftains when Sartar approached in 1480 and offered to make peace with the Telmori leaders if Jon and his followers would aid him in making a town afterwards.

Sartar made peace with the Telmori by boldly approaching their mourning ceremonies. They promised to kill him for this intrusion, but he spoke kindly in his particular way, and after he was finished they agreed to befriend him instead if he could solve a problem which they set before him. The problem was to revive their slain chieftain.

Sartar, in his usual way, did not perform what they wanted but did something else instead which was greater. Sartar produced a new chief for them. No one had seen the man before, but there was no doubt he was a Telmori chief. He was called Ostling Four-wolf, which was a miracle because no one could ever have more than one beast brother at a time, but Ostling had four! Ostling also showed the Telmori chiefs some secrets of their changing, and offered hope of their curse being broken. Ostling passed the leadership tests and so ruled the Telmori afterwards, and was a good friend to Sartar. From that time the tribe was always friendly with the rulers of the Sartar dynasty, though they still mistrusted everyone else as they always had.

After this impressive display of politics and magic the local tribes agreed to give Sartar's plan a try. He magically erected the walls first, then set up the City Ring. Hauberck Jon was the first mayor, and afterwards the protective spirit for the city, which was also named after him.

The Telmori never joined the city confederation. They preferred the open hills and woods which Sartar gave to them. Sartar had also given his word to other tribes, and so borders were established for the Telmori Hunting Lands. The Telmori often violated these by hunting in their neighbors' territory, but never again took humans or domestic livestock from other tribes. In fact, the Telmori were never seen outside of their own territory if they did not wish to be seen.

In 1486 Sartar the Peacemaker, as he was called, was approached by Swen Leapfoot, a warrior of the Balkoth Tribe, who bore a request that Sartar come among his people and talk of cities and walls. At that time the region, called the Guardian Hills, was coming under more persistent raids by the Praxian Animal Nomads. Sartar was glad to go, and after a time

persuaded the Dundalos, Kheldon, and Aranwyth tribes to join the Balkoth in forming a city. The city was called Swenstown, even though Swen went on to other events shortly after the city was settled.

In 1490 Sartar settled a dispute between nomad tribes by offering the Pol-Joni Tribe a partnership in the city of Swenstown. They agreed, and there formed a bond between the land of Sartar and the people of the Pol-Joni. The alliance was effective against the Animal Nomads, who bore no love for Orlanthi of any type.

THE KINGDOM OF SARTAR

In 1492 Sartar assembled the leaders from the cities, allied tribes, and independent clans. He established the famous city of Boldhome by erecting the outer walls overnight, thus fulfilling an ancient prophecy. The city looked east, built into a valley of the Quivin Hills. The first city buildings were perched upon the faces and slopes of the three valleys which cut into the crags. Arches joined parts of the valleys, and ramps and stairs connected parts which were too steep to build upon. Walls or simpler defensive works, more suited to the craggy defense, overlooked approaches and made the site even more defensible.

To celebrate the event the chiefs and kings agreed to join in a greater co-operation than they had already, and elected Sartar to be First (Prince) of the Quivini. He organized the Ring of Sartar, and this is considered to be the foundation of the Kingdom of Sartar.

In 1494 Sartar, titled Prince of the People, became embroiled in a contest with the queen of the Grazer People. Such struggles often occurred when a person was upon a path of fame and power, as Sartar was. The barbarian queen challenged him to a trial of secrets which he could not refuse.

In the Sacred Time at the start of 1495 Sartar wed the queen and they were bound together in a challenge of magical strength and ability. The Inhuman King presided over the strange ceremony and he named Sartar to be King of Dragon Pass during the marriage. Since that time any ruler from his dynasty has been Prince of the Quivini (or later, of the land of Sartar), but only those who wed the queen of the Grazers has been called King of Dragon Pass. But though named king, Sartar had yet to prove himself.

The first year the royal couple lived in the tent of the queen, and Sartar studied the Grazers and shared his powers with them and their queen. He taught them of Issaries and set up some temples to the merchant god, but refused to ride upon their proud horses and so was scorned by most of the tribesmen. In the next Sacred Time the queen bore a daughter named Yoristina.

The second year the couple lived in Boldhome, and the queen learned of pottery and tapestries and making fine metal goods. Sartar took her savage beauty and power and showed her how to sheath it in pleasure and fame. But no one would ride her horses, and she went home without defeating Sartar in their contest. Thus Sartar withheld important secrets from her and so he proved his power stronger than hers. She could not convince people to use her steeds, and as a result of this the Pol-Joni became firmly loyal to the Sartar cause.

The next Sacred Time a son was born, named Saronil, who was left with Sartar to be raised. The queen returned home with her daughter and never visited the kingdom again. She took no other husbands, despite the normal custom of the queens, and the Grazers remained at peace with Sartar for the rest of her long life.

After the contest with the queen Sartar set to work to create great roads in his realm. The routes were established as the goods flowed through Sartar to and from Prax, Tarsh, and Kethaela.

In 1497 Sartar marked the foundation for his first great road. It ran from Jonstown to Boldhome to Wilmskirk, cutting across the Quivin Mountains for a portion of its length. The mountainous section was the most beautiful and amazing. The wide, paved surface jutted out upon the faces of cliffs, perched there by stone supports that seemed to grow right out of the cliff. The road went straight over gaps, supported in places by buttresses and towers. At intervals the road widened to allow inns, temples, or simple wayside rest stops. The road was so secluded in some places that it was virtually untouchable except by those who would have to scale cliffs or architecture. Even then they would have to avoid the watchtowers and guard posts along the road at strategic locations.

Trade increased steadily along the routes established by Sartar. They began in Kethaela at the city of Karse and traveled north to Sartar's lands, reaching Wilmskirk. There Sartar's great road went east to Boldhome, and then either further east to Swenstown, or further north to Jonstown. From Jonstown caravans went further north to Tarsh, either via Alda-Chur or across the Dragon's Eye to the Tarsh capital of Bagnet.

Sometime during his reign Sartar also visited the Beastfolk at Duck Point, and built walls for that little city. No City Ring was set up, nor did people inhabit the nearly empty shell for some time. We know next to nothing else about the event, for Sartar went alone and neither he nor the ducks ever told what went on. But he returned after two months with the ducks sworn to be loyal to his family, and he never ate another fowl of any kind.

Sartar was loved by the common tribes people, for he often went disguised among them and searched for those worthy and just enough to help convey the kingdom towards a good future. Those who he found sufficient were rewarded, often in simple ways like their cows never going dry. Some got greater rewards, like swords or the magical stone of the Anzarni Clan which is useless to kings or warriors, but of immeasurable value to a carpenter. The villains and robbers who Sartar met were turned into toads and yapping dogs, or plagued with itching disease and bad teeth.

One time, in disguise this way, Sartar dealt with the foul Brangbane, the king of the Dinacoli Tribe who was buying daughters from distant families with illusory gold. He would cut off their fingers to make a vile brew of evil potency which gave him great power, and then kill the women.

Sartar's magic gave the evil king an insatiable appetite, and an illness which made all real food repulsive to him. Brangbane solved this by eating the dead, and extracting power from the corpses. But though he survived as a ghoul, he was ever pursued by the ghosts of those he had unjustly slain. Furthermore, the ghosts of these women can be called upon by any Sartarite who needs help against ghouls. Brangbane still runs about the hills of Sartar, plagued and hating, still full of great power until the wailing ghosts catch up with him. His name is usually not spoken, and he is called the King of the Ghouls.

Another famous incident occurred when Sartar met a band of enemy sorcerers in a personal contest and turned them all into brass mules. There were twenty four, all magical in nature, and capable of traveling forever without tiring or needing food.

Sartar's greatest metamorphosis was that of changing himself into an immortal. His path had been long and dangerous, and more than slightly lucky, during his years among the bloodthirsty warriors. Yet he had passed all tests, slowly accumulating all the things necessary for apotheosis. In 1520 he assembled his family, many priests, and most loyal followers at the huge brass brazier near his palace overlooking Boldhome. Before their eyes, and those of the thousands of people farther below, he lit the Flame of Sartar, bestowed his last blessings and instructions to those closest to him, and strode into the flames where his body was consumed.

The cult of Sartar continued after his apotheosis. His voice was heard in the Flame, and his magics worked for his heirs to the kingdom. His family members were the leaders of the cult, and under its guidance they continued the healthy growth of the kingdom along the lines established by the Founder. The spirit of Sartar continued to live in the hearts and souls of the people, and the cities assumed lives of their own as well. The confederacy was led by the Boldhome family, who continued to build their beautiful city which attracted luxury, splendor, and learning from all around.

THE SARTAR DYNASTY

The children of King Sartar were the leaders of his cult, and the leaders of the kingdom which he established as long as they upheld the vows and promises which the Founder had made. Thus they maintained the national unity of the clans and tribes, and protected the trade which passed through their lands.

SARONIL

Saronil Goodstone ascended to the throne of Sartar at the age of 23. He was raised by priestesses of Kero Fin and made many friends among the dwarves. He learned new techniques for making towers and added them to the cities which Sartar had founded. He also built the Keep of Sarotar in Telmori territory, named after his son, and the road between Boldhome and Jonstown. But during his middle reign he earned the enmity of the dwarves by using his skills to help build a temple of Orlanth, and they deserted him.

Saronil led a portion of his army to aid King Palashee Longaxe, the rightful king of Tarsh. They had met while young. Together, they drove the Lunars out of Tarsh, and afterwards Palashee was friendly with the princes of Sartar.

While Saronil was king the Dragonewts Dream took place. During this time the ancient city of Pavis, in the Praxian wastes, was opened up after being sealed by troll magic for many years. At first, this was nothing but an odd fact for the people of Sartar.

In 1546 Sarotar, the eldest son of Saronil, died a tragic death which was later immortalized in a Kethaelan play. Sarotar loved the woman Arkillia, a merchant's daughter called "the Sad Lady" in the play. Sarotar died for her love, they say, but his daughter Marlesta the Dancer, later renounced his ways, denied her heritage, and joined the Puppeteer Troup.

Dorasar was a grandson of Sartar. He read the death of his cousin as an ill omen, and he promised to make a place of future refuge for his people. With a band of followers he moved into the Praxian wastes and founded the city of New Pavis, next to the old giants' city. With Sartarite rituals he founded a city, consecrated its walls, and was named Warlord of all the people there. The city, however, was too far to be considered part of the kingdom.

Saronil died in 1550 while rescuing his granddaughter from "the strangers," who were possibly dwarves trying to exact their old vengeance against the king. He was buried in Boldhome.

JAROLAR

Jarolar Longstride gained fame in his youth when he chased down the Copper Deer in Ernaldi, and caught it at the River Engizi. Shortly after his election to the princship he led an army to aid his friend, Palashee Longaxe of Tarsh, whose land was being invaded by the Lunar Empire. Jarolar personally led the cavalry which swept upon the Lunar Army from behind

and slaughtered their sorcerers. Their leader, Philigos, was killed and the rest routed with great losses. Jarolar was awarded great honors and gifts by King Axe for this decisive act.

The corrupt Lunar Empire shortly afterwards seized control of Tarsh. The enemy king, called Evil One-arm, had a terrible hatred for Sartar and its kings, who were firm allies of the Earthshaker and of the Tarsh Exiles. The Lunar Tarsh king raided Sartar every year.

Jarolar was well versed in the wall-building arts of his father, and raised many keeps or strengthened old forts. He designed and built Jarolar Keep, Isle Dangerous at Creekford, and strengthened Runegate with towers.

Jarolar was killed in 1565, aiding the Alda-Churi against an invasion from the Lunar king. He fell at the Battle of Dwarf Ford when he and his household stood to allow the tribesmen escape, shattering the Iron Maidens regiment opposing them, but nearly being exterminated in the process. His younger son, Jarosar, was rescued by Kostajor Wolf-Champion, a warrior of the Telmori Tribe and Jarolar's nephew.

JAROSAR

Jarosar Longarrow, also called Hothead, was easy prey for the wiles of the Lunar king. Treachery among the tribes came to the fore when the Elmal clans refused to help him. He reigned only four years, from 1565 to 1569. Yet even in this short time he followed dynastic tradition by building a permanent road from Jonstown to Isle Dangerous.

TARKALOR

Tarkalor Trollkiller was a son of Prince Saronil. He got his name from the many wars which he fought in the south of the kingdom when the trade routes were threatened with closure by trolls.

Tarkalor brought peace with the Sun worshipers at last. He gratified the Elmal worshipers by seizing new territory, and then granting it to them for their own rule. In this way a new tribe was founded at the borders of Sartar, between the trolls and the Beastfolk. They called themselves the Sun Dome Temple.

Tarkalor built a road from Wilmskirk to Duck Point early in his reign, linking the capital with that river port and opening a second route between Sartar and Kethaela.

Tarkalor was the first Sartar king to successfully thwart the devices of the evil Lunar king Phargentes of Tarsh. Tarkalor and his council paid personal attention to the defense of the realm, and they were not afraid to attack Tarsh whenever they had an advantage. Soon the Lunar raids cost Phargentes too much in men and morale to continue.

When Lunar troops could not succeed, the conflict moved to more subtle realms and the two leaders found themselves in a contest for the hand of the Feathered Horse Queen, ruler of the Grazers. Tarkalor was eventually victorious and married her in 1575. After this he was titled King of Dragon Pass. The contest had proved to be too much for old King Phargentes, who died in 1579 in the midst of some simple morning exercises.

Tarkalor's rest was short, and his alliance with the Grazers did not ensure success. Shortly after Phargentes' death the leading Tarsh general was given regular Lunar Army rank and a contingent of imperial troops. His first major action was to try to crush the remnants of the Tarsh Exiles. He marched against their last city, Bagnet, in 1582. They ravaged the Bush Range, reducing it to a wilderness. Both Sartar and the Grazers sent troops to aid the defenders.

The armies met at the Battle of Grizzly Peak. The Lunar armies swept the field after their vastly superior magicians engaged the troops with hostile spirits. Both King Tarkalor and his Queen were killed. A month later Bagnet fell and its inhabitants were put to the sword.

TERASARIN

Terasarin was rescued from the Battle of Grizzly Peak by his cousin Kostajor Wolf-Champion, who had similarly saved another prince seventeen years earlier. The prince returned to Boldhome, mustered his fyrd, and descended upon the Lunar Army which had moved to besiege Alda-Chur. Hungry and tired from the long summer of campaigning, the Lunar Army retreated.

Shortly after this victory the Alda-Churi agreed to join the kingdom of Sartar. A son of Terasarin married a woman chieftain of the Tovtaros Tribe to cement the deal. Shortly afterwards one of the fine Sartarite roads was begun to connect Isle Dangerous to Alda-Chur. It was finished before the end of Terasarin's reign. He also designed the new wall and towers for Alda-Chur, and raised the new city of Alone, which was the new home to the Tarsh Exile survivors of Grizzly Peak.

Terasarin was well versed in the religious arts, and resisted growing Lunar strength with all his ability. But during his reign many members of his kinfolk deserted the lands and refused aid to their family. His younger brother Saraskos was killed in the Holy Country in 1587, avenging his son who had been murdered by Lunar assassins. Terasarin's four sons and daughters were later killed by assassins as well. Terasarin ruled for eighteen years, but was killed when a stray moonbeam blinded him as he climbed a cliff to escape a hungry dinosaur.

SALINARG

Salinarg was a son of Korlaman, son of Eonistaran, who was Sartar's youngest child. His wife was a wolf-worshipper. He ascended to the throne amid dire omens and multiple attempts at a crowning. The first time a flight of ravens fell dead at his feet as he approached the sacred stairway. The second time a dark cloud which could not be blown away dropped from the sky and caused Sartar's flame to dwindle to a candle flame before two priests were killed driving it off. The third time a stone lion came down from the sky and attacked the king, but was destroyed by the great ram with curling horns which guards Sartar's Temple. Despite suggestions to attempt a fourth start some other time, the crowning continued. The Sun turned pale, as it does in winter, when he took his vows.

Following the king's coronation his two daughters and his 8-year old son, Harsaltar, stepped forward and took unbending vows and iron oaths to defend their kingdom. At Sartar's Temple they invoked the aid of Humakt to gain heroic powers in trade for terrible *geas* and *taboos*. Others, inspired by the moving ceremony, did likewise and they formed the Household of Death, sworn to defend Sartar to the death and beyond, into the Land of Death.

In 1602 the Lunar Empire made a major effort to crush Sartar. The Red Emperor himself led the army and crossed the River south of Dwarf Ford. They marched through the Dragon's Eye and towards Runegate Fort, where most of the Sartar army awaited.

The Household of Death, meanwhile, attempted a counterattack. With the Alda-Churi army they marched against Tarsh. They beat off a troll ambush, and then the pig-riders too. Then they reached the Glowline and the full force from the Temple of the Reaching Moon seared the souls from the bodies of all mere mortals, and sent the survivors, both the cowardly and wise, in blind panic from the country. The remnants of the Household of Death began the long return to help their countrymen.

The two main armies faced each other near Runegate Fort. The Lunar Army made camp and rested, watching and waiting. At the height of the Full Moon specters haunted the Sartar camp, and an army of corpses marched out of the Upland Marsh and assaulted Runegate. The defenders were skilled and valiant as they cut down the undead which clumsily clambered over

each other to storm the walls. Their priests worked hard to kill the dead with magical fires, only occasionally dampened by moonlight, and the healers exhausted themselves to help their companions.

The next morning the Lunar Army attacked the fort using the newly killed corpses as if they were ramps to scale the walls. When the main army attempted to intervene the Lunar cavalry harassed them and did not allow them to get close.

That night a glow from the north unreasonably frightened the Sartar army. Many fled and saved themselves. Others watched as a huge bat, town-sized and glowing like the Red Moon itself, heavily flew into sight and clumsily swooped towards Runegate. The city spirits attempted to halt it, but were crushed when it landed right within the walls. The very towers themselves burst from this effort, and the people of the city were seared and eaten.

The victorious Red Emperor led his army south and seized Duck Point without resistance. It had been abandoned by human and duck alike. Wilmskirk attempted to withstand them and held out for several days until the next Full Moon. In a fierce night attack a segment of the walls were breached and the Lunar Imperial Guard hacked their way into the city. By dawn, Wilmskirk surrendered.

Prince Salinarg had regathered his army after its ignominious flight from the Crimson Bat. He hurried to help Wilmskirk, but was days too late. To take advantage of the Lunar weakness, Prince Salinarg attacked their army at Caroman village. The Lunar infantry took heavy losses and gave back almost as much. Then Lunar cavalry appeared in their rear, brought there by a traitor, and Salinarg retreated.

The next day the Lunar Army pursued to Boldhome. They cavalry corps scouted through the hills, and halted the attacks by the Pol-Joni Tribe.

The Household of Death led the defense of Boldhome. The women, children, and old were sent out of the city over the rough mountains through secret paths, although many chose to remain and defend their city. It was a desperate struggle and during the siege word came of the defeat of the Pol-Joni by Praxians. Two reinforcing armies from Kethaela were destroyed at Caroman Pass and Quackford. The garrison, the last free folk of Sartar, waited for the final assault alone.

The garrison fought like fiends. The magical energies were so raw that the lowliest in spirit could taste them in the air. The Crimson Bat lifted slowly from Runegate and soared towards Boldhome to repeat its horrifying meal. When a dragon appeared the defenders were disheartened, but the monster instead attacked the Crimson Bat. Both monsters were destroyed. The earth shook until Orlanth's wife laid her hand upon it to still it. Fires, both red and silver, sprinkled from the sky as chanting soldiers raced up magically created ramps over the city walls.

Priestesses of the Red Moon scaled impossible cliffs over Two-tree Peak, supported by their sisters below and on the distant Red Moon. Once atop the mountain, they glided towards the Orlanth temple, blasting all foes with deadly spells. A handful of thanes and winds flew to meet them, whirling with weapons aloft. Body parts fell, and souls twisted into agony and obscurity. The Red Moon gained scars from that.

Harsaltar the Terrible, the son of the Prince, met the Red Emperor in single combat and gave him a fatal wound. That could have won the day except that the dying Red Emperor slid past his defenses and forced the boy to break a geas which killed him.

Dragonewts, hired at some inhuman cost, finally stormed over the wall and entered the city in force. They profaned the Temple of Sartar and fired the royal palace. The spirits of the temple were driven out, the magical power stolen or polluted, and the Flame of Sartar

quenched, battered, and cursed by superior magic. Although it occasionally sputtered on for years afterwards, the fire of the land was effectively dead.

The final valiant Sartar defenders fought to the death, performed miraculous escapes, or were captured and killed or sold into slavery. None of Salinarg's family survived, nor did a single member of the Household of Death.

The Lunar Army occupied the capital and cities, and began their occupation. Tribute was laid on all subject tribes. Sartar had fallen.

THE MILITARY GOVERNORS

EUGLYPTUS (1602 - 1613)

Lunar troops occupied the cities and strategic military, magical, and economic points throughout Sartar. They imposed the Occupation Laws on the populace, and set up their rule in Boldhome. The government was controlled by the military, which was commanded by Euglyptus the Fat, a nobleman of the Assiday family, of Raibanth.

Without the royal family to unify them, the kings of Sartar ignited old rivalries, and the kingdom disintegrated into its older tribal components. Some feuds revived very quickly, especially against the Telmori Tribe.

The Lunar authorities acted politically concerning these civil matters. Their general policy of divide and conquer allowed tribes to kill each other off for the sake of the empire. Only when the terms were right, or the stakes were high, or their revenues were threatened, did the empire intervene.

The Telmori struggle illustrates the trend. The first attacks upon them came the year after Boldhome fell. They were generally ineffectual since the Telmori were far more mobile than their foes. They dispersed to the lands of their invading neighbors and preyed upon their cattle and sheep. As long as they remained skirmishing this way no one cared except the victims. But after the Telmori annihilated the core of the Maboder Tribe in 1607 the situation changed. The Maboder had been good Lunar allies, even refusing to fight for Boldhome during the last invasion. Their ghosts appealed for justice in a moving scene during the Lunar holy rites. The Lunar Army moved from its city bases to avenge them.

The Lunar Army was aided by all the tribesmen who hated the Telmori, but many outlaws and rebels helped the Telmori too. The Lunar force was led by James Hostralos, a career officer originally from Aggar who was intimate with barbarian fighting styles. He took mainly peltasts — light troops inclined to stand and shoot missiles where Sartar tribesmen would turn away. He was also lucky, and captured two of the Helkos brothers and executed one of them to prove his word. He was also tough. In one fight he was plucked into the air by a *kolati* which smashed him into the ground, but he leapt back up and killed the air demon with his gleaming sword. In that fight the beast brother of Kostajor Wolf-Champion, king of the Telmori, was killed.

After this fight the Telmori negotiated with James, and accepted his terms. Hostages were given, their territory was reduced, and some of their numbers were outlawed from Sartar.

James always wore the skin of the great beast he had killed. He was named Wulf to designate his accomplishments, and received great estates in the old Maboder lands to reward him. Many veterans got land there, and they built the Wulf Fort to protect their community interests.

The Pol-Joni Tribe, unsupported by Sartar help, was mauled in a battle against combined Praxian forces. This alliance caused the Lunars to suspect that the demigod, Waha, was likely to return in person again soon. The Lunar commander sent a force under the command of

Sor-eel the Short against the Praxians. A large force, with an immense supply train, marched towards the Paps, the most holy Praxian site, while a force of specialists sought to penetrate it through secret ways to confuse the defenders. The rich, and slow, supply train attracted every poor and hungry nomad in Prax, provoking a battle near Tourney Altar during Fire Season. The season helped the nomads, who raised a Storm Bull Wind and sent it blasting into the Lunar's faces. Nonetheless, they withstood the assault until nightfall when they unleashed a night wind of their own which gave the opposing army terrible coughing and internal cramps. The Lunar Army made a determined advance and drove the Praxians into disorder and retreat.

Sor-eel continued his slow advance and finally reached the Paps. There he was shown the heads and some other body parts of the magicians who had attempted to penetrate the temple secretly. The priestesses offered either to heal and feed the army, or to fight them. Sor-eel chose friendship, and leaders from both parties made pacts and seals to assure future peace. Upon his return, Sor-eel was highly commended for his actions, which had prevented the rebirth of Waha.

Another important rebellion occurred primarily among the Alda-Churi. Around 1606 many priests of Orlanth agitated for violent expulsion of the Lunar missionaries among their tribes. Lawsuits and feuds had already disrupted the tribes for five years, and in 1611 many tribal moots broke up in dispute. The Orlanthi supporters raised the Righteous Wind and took up arms. The same year in Storm Season the city of Alda-Chur was torn asunder by rival mobs of Orlanth and Lunar supporters. At last Harvar Ironfist, a noble of the Vantaros Tribe, attacked the Orlanthi with his windwalking thanes and destroyed his rivals inside the Orlanth holy site. He was made Prince of the Alda-Churi and ordered all clans to purge themselves of all who would not submit to the Red Moon. A flood of new refugees swarmed southward.

The social disruptions of the tribes caused terrible unrest. Some regions were feuding. Refugees flooded all those areas which were not, seeking food and shelter but often bringing only trouble. There are no records of the uncounted combats where a father tried to protect his two cows from a starving family, or noble beggars killed a foreigner for a couple of good meals. As the unrest shook the land the institution of slavery became widespread as Lunar overlords purchased criminals, captured raiders, or impounded those unable to pay debts.

In 1610 the Lunar commanding general, named Euglyptus the Fat, imposed new laws and taxes, all with new and harsher penalties, upon the tribesmen. Friendly tribes were spared. At Sacred Time, between 1612 and 1613, Euglyptus said to his commanders, "This is the year we will remake Sartar."

In 1613 one of the most widespread and violent uprisings occurred. Attempts had previously been made to reassemble the Ring of Sartar. Although they had always been a failure, they always succeeded in some part, thereby indicating that the spirit of Sartar still lived, someplace. If the Ring could be assembled and held, then it would be a powerful summons to bring Sartar back. If he returned he would bring great powers, and they could cast the oppressors out.

The attempt to forge the Ring of Sartar in 1613 failed, but encouraged the conspirators to strike anyway to preserve what they had gained. Among the rebels were most of the powerful tribes of the Quivini, including the Colymar, Culbrea, Kheldon, some outlawed Telmori tribesmen, and a horde of the homeless and disaffected.

The leader of this rebellion was Kallyr Starbrow, queen of the Kheldon Tribe council, and a descendant of Sartar himself. Dreams had told her that she would be a king greater than her tribe, and she sought this as fulfillment of her desires. Once she had made the cold ashes

of Sartar's flame flicker. Another key leader was Hofstaring Treeleaper, king of the Culbrea Tribe, a master warrior and tactician. Kallai Rockbuster raised the Colymar Tribe, the oldest and one of the least touched tribes, and sent a thousand howling warriors under the leadership of his son, Blackmoor the Rabid. And finally there was Tonalang Greathelm, the King Storm Khan, ready to pitch in his whole following of Urox berserks who were tired of hiding in the hills with Chaos headaches.

"All in one place," said Euglyptus, "and all in one swoop." He sent an army of 4,000 thoroughly professional, hardened veterans across the country to provoke the foes by pillaging the Hill of Orlanth Victorious. This hill had been holy since ancient times, and was the place where Harmast Barefoot departed upon the first Lightbringers' Quest. When the tribes assembled to defend their temple, the rest of the army from Boldhome would quickly march and destroy them.

Euglyptus badly underestimated the Sartarites. The expeditionary forces were destroyed in an ambush, or died fleeing towards the support army. The rebels dispersed before the relief army found them. Euglyptus was shocked. He was also careless, and he was found dead of a surfeit of sugared eels. The generals mourned his passing and welcomed the new general who came to command them.

FAZZUR WIDEREAD (1613 - 1621)

The new commander was Fazzur Wideread. He was a Tarshite, of the Orindori Clan, which had close connections to the king. Although consistently successful as a military commander, intrigue had gotten him removed from his previous post. When King Moirades asked him to come out of retirement to handle the crisis, he agreed. Some of his rivals wondered aloud how it was that he raised his tribe's regiment so quickly after his appointment, and marched at the head of a new army of Tarsh nationals to rescue the imperial interests. The provincial regulars welcomed their old commander back.

The campaign was swift. Fazzur constantly threatened the assembled Sartar army, and harassed their homelands with the corruptive Lunar magic. At last the Sartar army waited at Larnste's Table, with the Lunar Army visible below. Every day new troops joined the Lunars. As the odds grew worse and worse, many Sartarite warriors deserted.

The decision seemed certain when both Fazzur and Starbrow received word that an heir to the throne of Sartar had arrived at Boldhome without warning, and proved that he had a claim to the throne by making Sartar's Flame flicker, just as Starbrow had done. Many troops had already rallied to his cause, and the Thunder Brothers of Old Temple had come to his side.

His name was Temertain, and he was the son of Jotisan of Karse, son of Markalor, son of Eonistaran the Sage, who was the son of King Sartar. He was an initiate of Lhankor Mhy. He was supported by a ring of former exiles who had formed the Philosophers' Ring. Temertain fancied himself to be the Philosopher King, and had boldly presented a peace proposal of conciliation and co-operation with the occupation forces.

While debating what to do, the Sartar leaders received an invitation to meet in neutral territory with Fazzur. They did, after the most careful magical preparations for safety. Fazzur offered them simple peace and pardon if they agreed to support the new king. Some took it, and went from the tent to lead their contingents home. Fazzur made the remaining leaders an alternative offer: if they agreed to exile immediately, then their people would be spared Fazzur's wrath. Treeleaper exploded in wrath and attempted to escape using his best magic, but was stopped when something invisible grabbed his wrists. He tried anyway, and his hands were pulled off, and he was held helpless upon the floor.

Then Fazzur showed the power of his wrath: he ordered a priestess to do something unusual, and as the Orlanthi kings gawked like children they looked into a Lunar Hell. There they saw Sheng Seleris, a famous enemy of the Lunar Empire, roasting. Treeleaper was grabbed by demons and dragged into the Pit, and the vision vanished. The rest of the leaders, except for Tonalang Greathelm, agreed to the last set of terms and laid down their arms. They left the tent and ordered their warriors to go home, then rearmed, got several horses apiece, and set off as fast as possible from the land. Most went south, where the King of Hendrikiland was hiring mercenaries. Tonalang Greathelm was never seen again, and all his followers were slain over the next year, and his entire clan died in the next seven years, even though he had renounced them when he joined the cult of Urox, the Storm Bull.

Fazzur marched to Boldhome and was received by Temertain. They were very friendly, and soon sent most of their armies home. Fazzur agreed to pardon all of the recent rebels except for one group, who he said were the cause of the entire trouble. These were the *durulz*, or wereducks, one of the Beast People who had been loyal to Sartar. Temertain agreed. Peace was made.

A proclamation was made that any citizen who delivered the body of a *durulz*, dead or alive, to certain places would be relieved of one year of the heavy tribute which had been levied by the Lunars. Then collection outposts were set up on lands which had previously not had Lunar troops. It seemed that the pacification of Sartar had advanced another step, as the late Euglyptus had predicted.

Temertain, yet uncrowned, proved to be ill fit for leadership. He was far more interested in his studies than in ruling. His specialty was in iron Brithini statuary, and he was delighted when a pretty noble woman from the Lunar Empire chanced to visit Boldhome one day. Temertain was delighted to discover that she had the same exotic artistic interests as himself, and invited her to stay. Her name was Estal Donge, and she was from the city of Durnsa.

The High Holy Day of Storm Bull had always been celebrated in Boldhome. This year the general populace were worried, for no member of that cult had been seen since the rebellion. At the last moment Orgwaha showed up, having come all the way from Prax following his religious impulse. He was a member of the Blue Llama Clan, and rode upon one of those great beasts. Temertain asked him to lead, and he agreed. But the ceremony went wrong, and as Orgwaha was chanting from his cliff far over the crowd, Temertain was ambushed by Chaos things. His household defended valiantly, but all were slain. Temertain himself was saved only by the intercession of Estal, the Lunar woman. After that, Temertain relied upon the Lunars to protect him effectively.

By 1617 it was clear to Lunar merchants that the Praxian trade venture was interesting, but an economic failure. The distance across Prax, then down river to Corflu, was prohibitive to importing anything except the most valuable luxury items. The net result was hardly less than the profit to be found while paying the mark up of the middlemen of Kethaela.

Fazzur proposed to lead an invasion of Kethaela to eliminate those middlemen by gaining seaports for the Lunar Empire. That kingdom, south of Sartar, had fallen on hard times since their leader, called the God-King, had disappeared several years earlier. Civil war and insurrection were widespread, and a great fleet of pirate vessels was ravaging their shore. Fazzur had led an earlier invasion which was called back for political reasons, and now he encouraged everyone to believe that he could do it again.

King Moirades agreed, and ordered his priests and generals to help Fazzur. Shortly afterwards the Red Emperor ordered regular imperial troops to Fazzur's command as well.

In 1619 the Lunar armies marched southward. The first opponent was the army of Volsaxland, which was driven into the walls of Whitewall. Jorkandros the Blinder, of the

Untarl family of Yuthuppa, was given command of the siege. The rest of the army pushed on, assaulted Smithstone, then marched down river to Karse. An assault failed, and they laid siege to Karse. After some weeks, a segment of the army escaped by ship, leaving only the locals to defend. The next day an assault by dragonewts slew most of the defenders, but spared most of the inhabitants. The city was not sacked. Fazzur was welcomed by the populace. The army wintered, active only in vigorous defense against raiders from Hendrikiland. By the next spring the port was fully operational.

At Whitewall the commander ordered the Crimson Bat to assault the city and exterminate the defenders, whom he called “the last Orlanthi.” Astonishingly, the bat was repelled, though at great cost to the defenders. Jorkandros the Blinder was replaced by Tatius the Bright, dean of the Lunar Field School of Magic.

In 1620 the Lunar Army conquered Hendrikiland. The warlord, Rikard the Tiger-Hearted, was captured and offered the kingship, but rather than betray his kingdom he destroyed the crown and went into hiding. The land broke into its ancient tribal segments.

In 1621 Fazzur prepared his army to move into Esrolia, the most fertile and wealthy part of Kethaela. Internal dissent there had caused some of the queens to ask Fazzur for assistance, and he had agreed. But the invasion never occurred, since the Red Emperor himself drew back many of the troops to assist in the assault of Whitewall.

Fazzur was furious, and instead of the army he sent a picked band of specialists to assist Queen Hendira and her family, who sought to establish a full Lunar temple in the city of Nochet. With this assistance, several blocks of tenements were burned, and the foundations laid to start a grand building quickly. Fazzur considered this a triumph, but it was vastly overshadowed by events at Whitewall.

Whitewall was more important religiously than it was militarily, hence Tatius the Bright had been given command. This stronghold was believed to be the last city of Orlanth, the god who was rival to the Red Goddess of the empire. To take it would end the worship of Orlanth in all cities: a great victory. Tatius spared no preparation for the assault and naturally got special magicians from the Red Emperor. Fazzur, Tatius’ nominal commander, had no part in this battle.

The Lunar assault went well. To start, seven meteors were hurled from the Moon and struck precisely. They destroyed key parts of the city, including the Orlanth Temple. When it was buried a great gout of lightning burst forth, arching over the walls to sear many hundred troops who quietly awaited the assault. The Seven of Vistur built seven long ramps from the ground to the wall, and although they thought it would be easy, several hundred troops whose souls served as a power source died in supporting the deed. Ten thousand archers loosed their shafts, and the noise from the flying arrows hurt the ears of listeners. Then imperial hoplites, glowing with protective magic, led the attack up the ramps. They were met by rocks which hurled themselves from the ramparts and rolled down the assault ramps. Yet the Lunars pushed onward.

Without doubt, the assault would have been as heroic as the Battle of Boldhome, if anyone alive and corporate had defended Whitewall. But there was almost no one there. The Lunar troops found only twenty three corpses. None of the leaders were found. Many parts of the city had been destroyed. Lunar casualties were rumored to be high.

But Whitewall fell. A cry of victory went up through all the Lunar Empire. At last, they said, Orlanth had fallen and the outlaw gods of the world were brought low. The chief of the barbarian gods was revealed to be nothing in the light of the Red Moon. Orlanth and Ernalda were dead, chained in the Underworld by Lunar magic. Their magic and influence in the world

vanished. Their worshippers were left breathless. The deities of Heaven had once again, at last, reasserted their primeval claim to leadership in the universe. 1621 was declared to be the Extra Full Moon Year.

The Red Emperor declared a full year of celebration, to begin on the next Orlanthi Holy Day. All full citizens of the empire were granted a year without taxes, and opportunity to join into the official party which was held, nonstop, at all temples of the Seven Mothers and of the Red Goddess. In the Lunar Heartland, far from the fighting in the provinces or the starvation along the frontiers, the nobles and citizens held marvelous revels which lit the sky, earth, and waters with glory.

At Orlanth's High Holy Day, 1621, while the Lunar party was only eleven weeks old, trouble began. King Broyan of the Volsaxi, who had driven off the Crimson Bat and tricked the Lunar priesthood at Whitewall, appeared at the city of Bullflood with a household of heroic companions. They told their tale at the tribal moot there, and at other places throughout the winter. Assassins, troops, and traitors who were sent to dispatch Broyan all failed.

In the spring of 1622 the army of Hendrikiland mustered to oppose the Lunar forces of occupation. A coup in Esrolia also pulled the Lunar sympathizers from power, and the Moon Temple which had been begun was broken into pieces. Furthermore, the lands of Queen Hendira were plundered, and the temples there were also destroyed.

The imperial command was hard beset by many problems at that time, and the normal pressures of intrigue were compounded by simultaneous uprisings in several provinces. The Red Emperor was especially disappointed by events in Kethaela, which ruined one of his parties. The command sought a scapegoat, and Fazzur was relieved of his command.

Fazzur listened politely to the herald who brought the news and said, "If I would live for a week among twelve good friends, than I will not spend another day among politicians." He gave the news to his command, some of whom went with him, and he retired to his family lands in Tarsh. There he delighted in raising horses and reading, and spoke long into the night with younger military men of his close kin.

TATIUS THE BRIGHT (1622 - 1625)

Tatius the Bright was a Priest of Yelm, and also the dean of the Lunar Field School of Magic. He was responsible for maintaining the remarkable Lunar field magicians as the weapons which they could be. He was no lazy administrator, but a skilled strategist and tactician, and a skilled fighter in personal combat. He was highly placed and regarded in the ancient nobility of Dara Happa, and traced his own lineage to the emperor Yelm.

Tatius was also a member of the powerful Assiday family, of Raibanth. He had assisted his incompetent cousin for years — some say he was the real power behind the fat man. Tatius considered the loss of command of the army to be a deep shame for his family. In the Sacred Time before 1622 he regained their honor when he received command of the Provincial Army.

In 1622 Tatius dispatched the Lunar Army to destroy Broyan in Hendrikiland. At the same time, Tatius gave permission to the Queendom of Jab to erupt out of Larnste's Footprint. He concentrated his main efforts upon erecting a Temple of the Reaching Moon. Once emplaced, this would permanently extend the magical field of the Lunar Glowline to envelop all of Sartar, and a considerable area beyond. Their sorcerers and magicians would be far more powerful that way.

When Phoronestes had raised the Reaching Temple in Tarsh it required many years of concentrated effort during a period of relative peace. Tatius was determined to start soon

and keep working until it was done in order to force the peace. He had determined the most magical place to build many years earlier, and in 1622 he dedicated the ground and work began.

His work was not interrupted in the first year, despite temptations.

In Earth Season, King Broyan ambushed the Lunar Army, destroying some of the best soldiers of the Lunar Army at the Battle of the Auroch Hills. This victory partially freed Orlanth and Ernalda. Three yellow stars appeared in the Sky and began to follow the path of Orlanth's Ring through the heavens. The Great Winter ended and the seasons returned to their normal cycle. The whole of Hendrikiland rose in rebellion. But they had to contend with the Chaos monsters, and with Wolf Pirates, and so a small Lunar Army quelled the rebels quickly by controlling the monsters. Broyan went into hiding.

Another distraction came from Esrolia, where the struggling pro-Lunar Red Earth Alliance was attacked, and their factions thrown out of many cities. They raised an army and burnt a city of the Old Earth Alliance, but were chased away by spear men with burning weapons. The Red Earth queen asked for Lunar military help, but Tatius dispatched only the Grazeland Horse Army to help them.

Tatius was only slightly distracted in his second year.

At the start of 1623 Tatius again engaged a large part of his forces to build the temple. However, this spring when Broyan and his ragged army of outlaws showed up in Esrolia, the Grazeland Horse Army was defeated and ran away. The lands of the Red Earth Alliance were invaded and their lead cities besieged. Their leaders were trapped at the Necropolis and begged for help.

This time Tatius sent a part of his army down river quickly, and they sailed to Esrolia. The fleet was refused a landing in Nochet, the largest city in the world, but disembarked only ten miles away at a friendly port. The army marched to Nochet and besieged it, trapping most of the Old Earth Alliance inside. Over the year, only a few portions of the city fell, or defected, to the besiegers. In his third year, Tatius refused to be interrupted, but was.

In 1624 the Warm Earth Alliance, reinforced by Wolf Pirates and western barbarians, marched to fight the Lunar Army, which lifted its ineffective siege and went eagerly for an honest battle. They met at the Battle of Pennel, a strategic ford.² The western barbarians deserted the Warm Earth Alliance, and many joined the Lunar Army.

Harrek the Berserk, commanding the pirates, was so enraged by this betrayal that he marched his men laterally across the field between the armies in order to reach the traitors. The Lunar commander ordered a general charge before the pirates had finished their movement, and they were caught in the center of the battle. Dordaraso the Swimmer, leading a contingent of the Caladraland spear men, found himself out of combat, because the pirates had charged in front of his command. As soon as he realized what was occurring, he ordered his men to turn and face to the left and prepare to charge whatever enemy they saw there. An enterprising band of Lunar peltasts were trying to rush through that gap which had been left by the departure of the pirates. Dordaraso's men charged, and they surprised the enemy and killed them or made them run away.

In the meantime Harrek was even more enraged than usual, and led his household troops through the center of the imperial army. When the general saw the bloody approach, he halted all the on-going Lunar magic to reinforce his Sun-priests, who then bore upon the pirate with a single bolt of flame thrown down from the Sun. The Sunbolt killed the common pirates who were too close to Harrek, and also half of his boon companions.

2 Also known as the Battle of Milan.

But the spell did not work correctly. The Sun God was blinded or something, for at that moment all of the participating Lunar magicians who were not members of the Sun cult died when their brains caught fire. And, worse yet, almost one tenth of all of the magicians working to build the new temple, almost 200 miles away, were also killed by fire at that moment. At the same time, Orlanth's Ring, now comprised of eleven stars instead of eight, triumphantly appeared out of the Stormgate and rapidly climbed a third of the way up the Sky Dome. This disturbed Tatus' work, despite his best intentions.

Harrek and his twelve companions, wounded and sometimes wearing half-melted armor, rushed at the Sun-priests, who could not move fast enough to save themselves or their most sacred items. When the rest of the army saw this they too fled, leaving the field to the victors.

Most of the Esrolian forces pursued to the Red Earth lands, where they wreaked terrible havoc and vengeance. Harrek and his few pirates kept all the gold treasure from the Sun-priests, and went afterwards to Nochet to spend it. King Broyan went back to Hendrikiland where his people welcomed him; any Lunar sympathizers there fled. Argrath went back to Prax, and with the White Bull Brothers and some others, took the city of Corflu from Lunar hands.

That winter, the Wolf Pirates sacked the City of Wonders, and it disappeared from the world forever. That winter, too, Temertain the Pretender was murdered by Humakti fanatics. Only one person wept real tears at his burning: Estal Donge.

In his fourth year, 1625, Tatus spent the Sacred Time in secret ceremonies with only his closest advisors, their sworn servants, and the crowd of nameless sacrifices. All of them who came out afterwards had two shadows, and one seemed timed to some other, invisible Sun. When spring came, he dispatched no troops or magicians to confront the new threats, but relied entirely upon his own magic. The priests and troops were concentrated at the temple.

In Prax, Argrath White Bull raised a huge army and marched upon the city of Pavis.³ The imperial soldiers refused to surrender, and the walls were broken by ancient magic. They were all put to the sword, and then the howling, blood-crazed army marched against Sartar.⁴ Tatus sent a demon which had two arms, and an extra one, against them. The nomads were slaughtered, but Argrath's body was not among those left to the hyenas.

In Kethaela, King Broyan marched north with a small volunteer army. Among the Kitori, a little bright light was snuffed out, and a demon which had many sharp mouths was let out of its skin. It sought vengeance, and fell upon the army of King Broyan while they slept. The king could not keep it away, because he had betrayed the City of Wonders, and he was killed there, with his army.

The Grazeland Horse Folk also revolted and sent the Lunar tribute-gatherers home with only dirt. Tatus ignored this, and King Moirades sent his own general to quell the subsequent raids. They never saw the Feathered Horse Queen in these battles.

Tatus assembled his full complement of priests, sorcerers, pious troops, compliant sacrifices, and unwilling victims. A huge crowd of Moon-loyal folks had gathered, too, as was the custom, to witness it and participate in a great creation. Furthermore, Tatus had stationed other troops and many mercenaries all around to protect the proceedings.

The full ceremonies required many weeks, and the whole of the site was busy with the required coming and going of those needed for special tasks. Everyone was excited by the upcoming rites, to be held among the many beautiful buildings which were half-built.

The time for the Transformation came near. It was on Black Moon (or Clay) day, Harmony Week, Earth Season, 1625.

3 Dated to 1625.

4 Also in 1625.

They were going to call heaven down to earth with a great, dance-like ceremony. Everyone had spent months in preparation and each had invoked one of the heavenly powers with such success that anyone watching, even a stranger, would easily have recognized any participant to be the proper star, planet, or other selected celestial body.

Enerian Scarlet was priestess of the Moon, and had the most important part. When she began the breaking part, her voice came and went, broken into syllables the way a rock skips over water. At the same time the distant Black Moon, hanging in the sky, flickered too, to the rhythm of her breaking voice. Tatus collapsed, and night fell. And then she beat on the two-sticks, and shouted louder, and the silence grew less as her voice grew more contiguous. Observers heard words now. The flickering Moon was now red half the time.

Among the participants a star fell, and in Heaven it flared but a moment as it went behind a small, thin cloud. But the sacred proceedings did not slow. It was clear to everyone that by sunrise, if all went well, it would be done and the Red Moon would be visible in the sky, always at its bright full stage.

The star which had fallen rose again, but now it was a cloud like a star. This phenomenon was unknown, and when the Light of Truth was directed upon it everyone saw not a cloud, but a Broken Ring of ten stars, all orange, spiraling inward through the ceremony.

A Sartari king cried out in fear, "The Ring of Orlanth!"⁵

Some of the magicians moved to stop this, dragging their stellar powers after them. Stars flared as their dancers clashed. But although people died, the invasive interruption continued, and the ten cut their spiral design across the dance. Some of them prayed, some of them concentrated, and some of them killed. The Steward of Heaven, and the Hawk were both cut down trying to stop them, and the Harp was taken captive. Even Shargash was overcome, although the ten were much reduced by the Red God.

At last, amid much carnage and death, Orlanth's Ring reached the center of the ceremony. Pole Star, the ceremonial choreographer stood there, utterly lost in prayer and concentration, and the folks of Orlanth's Ring did not disturb him with their own prayers until they could not help it. The Broken Circle called for Orlanth. The Pole Star priestess opened her eyes, and she saw the Orlanthi rising, up into the air, bearing their bleeding corpses among them. Then those floating in the air called for the ring to be closed, and for the green star to come to them.

At that moment, from the sky, a beam of green light struck the circle. And from below, like a summer trout snapping a bug from the creek, rose the mouth of a dragon.

The dragon was unknown before. No one recognized it. No one knew all the dragons, of course, but even Orlaront Dragonfriend did not know him. So he was new, brought there for that moment by the magic of Orlanth.

The mouth was not small. The first bite swallowed the choreographer, most of the Lunar sorcerers, most of a regiment of hoplites, and a large portion of the onlookers. It rose high enough that it snapped off the heels from the boots of Minaryth Purple, who had been killed and was being held aloft by his companions. They were forty feet in the air, then. The dragon sank back underground as if the earth were water, and then rose again and swallowed Tatus, who had just been wakened; Scarlet Enerian, whose last burst of magic brought a gout of black blood from the consuming monster; another regiment and a half, and a smaller part of the panicked mob. A third bite got the last of the priests and a good part of the new buildings. With a fourth bite, it swallowed the part of the building which had held the sacred Moon stone. Then it turned over once, knocking down everyone for twenty miles around, and left above itself a crack in the earth which stretched for ten miles.

5 This king is believed to have been King Kangharl Kagradusson of the Colymar Tribe.

The dragon then rose up into the sky, revealing its impossible size – it was several **miles** long. It flew up high into the Middle Air towards the Red Moon. Millions of observers all across Genertela saw a “dragon-shaped cloud” obscure the Red Moon. Those closer saw and heard far more. Across Dragon Pass, ancient draconic powers and associations quiescent since the Empire of Wyrms Friends were awakened.

The Dragonrise was visible across Glorantha. Observers across the world saw Orlanth’s Ring, without its green star, rise on the wrong day and then spiral around the sky in a mere six hours as several planets and constellations streaked out of place to explode against the orange stars. Others stars were simply darkened by the passage of Orlanth’s Ring. People and beings all across the world panicked at these terrifying phenomena and many set in motion their ancient curses, cosmic defenses, secret plans, and doomsday rituals.

The loss to the empire was tremendous, and in many cases irreplaceable. Within just minutes the Empire had lost all of its local leaders, most of the priests, magicians, and sorcerers, most of their best troops, and the majority of their most fervent civilian supporters.

All of Sartar was thrown into disorder. The first person to react was King Moirades of Tarsh, who sent his army to seize control of Alda-Chur. Sympathizers threw open the gates, and many joined his army. After some quick alliance-making, the army moved towards Boldhome.

Kallyr Starbrow also acted quickly. She exiled Orlaront Dragonfriend, seeking to contain what had been awakened. The Eleven Lights agreed to aid her. Her followers dispersed to their various tribes to raise their own support for her. Most were moderately successful, and so an outnumbered ragtag army marched north to meet the Tarshites. They clashed at Dangerford, and Starbrow took the day through sheer inspiration of her men.⁶ General Fazzur withdrew.

Kallyr called for a convocation of all leaders at the city of Boldhome. Many came, and they were glad to have a ruler of their own. Those who did not come were mostly afraid of the Lunar retaliation which was yet to fall. They met in the old manner, and they forged a new ring of Sartar. Kallyr Starbrow was named queen and warlord.

THE FREE KINGS

KALLYR STARBROW (1625 - 1626)

Kallyr Starbrow was the daughter of Loricon, son of Rastoron, son of Jarolar, Prince of Sartar; and of Enerin Ironeye, daughter of Ferena the Herbalist, daughter of Ernardness Freckles, daughter of Yerestia Knows-better, daughter of Ernardinni Wolfkiller, who was on the Kheldon Ring when Sartar came to the land. Kallyr was queen of the Kheldon Tribe in her own right, and proved herself in battle for many years.

Queen Kallyr immediately set to preparing for the Lunar retaliation which she was sure would come. She gained the loyalty of the Telmori, of the Thunder Brothers, and of Argrath White Bull, of Prax. Every childless widow among the Kheldon Tribe dyed her hair red that winter.

Kallyr was encouraged to attempt bold and dramatic efforts to keep her people free of Lunar domination again. She chose to attempt the Short Lightbringers’ Pilgrimage, a complicated ritual which usually brought new life and health to everyone participating. It was also called the Stationary Lightbringers’ Quest, and required fourteen days to complete. No one had tried this since 1602, but no one suspected it could fail as it did. In the Conflict Phase, when normally a polluted icon is destroyed, a blindingly armed Lunar warrior appeared,

6 The Battle of Dangerford is also called Freedom Battle by the Sartarites.

halfway through her own sword-dance. The enemy was eventually killed, and the ceremony was finally finished, but the damage was done: many of Kallyr's household were killed, she was wounded, and the effects of the spell were spoiled.

King Moirades' generals, called the *Phargentites*, received command of the remaining imperial troops in the provinces, and led them with the Tarsh army to conquer the disheartened Sartarites. They met where the Creek meets the Upland Marsh, at the Battle of the Queens.

The Sartarites were outnumbered but held a good position. Shortly after noon a band of Lunar elite soldiers were teleported behind the commanders, and because her household had been weakened so much the good Queen Kallyr was killed in battle. But Queen Beti Leika of the Colymar drove the enemy opposite her warriors into the river where they drowned, which caused the Lunar attack to stop. The next day Queen Beti harassed the survivors so much that they retired to Alda-Chur.

In Alda-Chur the imperial soldiers were bivouacked in the city with the natives, but they had no respect for the Alda-Churi. The soldiers outraged the city people with their abusive attitudes and actions. Tarkalor Vandarlsion, the chief guildsman there, was murdered by his "guests." The Alda-Churi, who had previously expressed pro-Lunar sympathies, saw the realities of their way and soured towards the occupiers.

ARGRATH (1627 - PRESENT)

Argrath was at first only one of many contestants who wished to rule Sartar. Indeed, it appeared that the land would once again disintegrate into its tribes and become another easy conquest for the Empire, which would surely muster its tremendous resources again.

Argrath alone among the contestants provided new ideas. Argrath made an organization which allowed the uncohesive group to co-operate to achieve their common objective: the liberation of Sartar. He taught them how to make a new kind of military unit, which was something like a clan and something like a ritual. He took many very diverse individuals and, with them, created a temporary spirit which acted in a way greater than their sum could have ordinarily achieved. Argrath showed them that they could, in this way, do what the great Lunar magical schools achieved when they devastated a whole fyrd with their power.

Over winter, Argrath led a makeshift band of impatient Sartarite warriors north into Alda-Churi lands. The tribes there either allowed them passage or rose in arms and joined them against the Lunars. The Tarsh regiments which had wintered in Alda-Chur marched away, but the imperial troops mustered to fight. Argrath's two new bands, the Eaglebrown Warlocks and the Eleven Lights, so devastated their enemies that the rest of the army only pursued, long into the night, and cut down most of their foes.

Argrath was cheered as champion among the Alda-Churi, who raised him upon their sacred shield as a sign of their respect. Their king urged Argrath to try to light the Flame of Sartar.

Argrath went to the Thunder Brothers for a blessing, and got it. He went to Clearwine for a blessing from the Colymar, and got it. He then went to Boldhome, in procession, and mounted the disused brazier where the flame had burned. This was Day 88, of 1627.

The holy folks stood upon Thunder Ridge to watch. The nobles stood around the brazier. The commoners watched from below.

Argrath stood tall, holding aloft his sacred sword, and prayed aloud to Orlanth for help and aid, and to witness his worthiness to be king. Clouds gathered quickly overhead, though elsewhere the sky was clear, until the whole city was dark, and a hard wind blew like a cyclone upon the man. Then the silent place, at the center, widened quickly and left them all clear, with

the air green. And lightning struck, as big as a dragon's neck, striking the brazier so bright that no one could see except in afterimages, and so loud that no one could hear except what the immortals said. And the Flame of Sartar that leapt forth was twenty feet high, and as white hot as iron from the Gustbran's magical forge.

Argrath was barely burnt from it, though the brazier still shows where the blast melted it a little. No one could doubt his qualifications after that, and all acclaimed him to be Prince of Sartar. The tribes of the Alda-Churi joined, as did the Pol-Joni, and Kerofini.

Argrath revealed his ancestry. "My father was Maniski, as honorable and brave a warrior as has ever walked among the Sartari. My mother was Yanioth Two-sight, the huntress who ran down the red deer in the Dog-rat valley. Everyone knows her mother, for she was the daughter of Arene Thunderqueen, who commanded the triceratops to destroy Janastan. Arene Thunderqueen's mother was famous, for she was Minara, the good one of the three sisters who staunched the wounds of Kostajor Wolf-Champion. Everyone knows the three sisters were daughters of Onelisin Cat-Witch.

"Princess Onelisin was the daughter of Prince Saronil Sartarsson, the First Prince of the land. Onelisin was the sister of kings: Jarolar was her elder brother, and he was famous for fighting the Lunars. And King Tarkalor was her younger brother, who is the most famous king of Sartar."

Throughout the rest of that year, and the next, Argrath spent the time in judgment and preparation. No foes dared to attack him then. He traveled across the land to visit with the Feathered Horse Queen, who played a game of hide and seek for a few weeks.

In 1629 Prince Argrath married the Feathered Horse Queen, and they became the King and Queen of Dragon Pass.

Although not at open war, Argrath never let up on his secret war. King Pharandros was not as skilled as Argrath, and was further troubled with internal dissent. Onjur Fazzurson led a great body of dissatisfied folk within Tarsh, and helped Argrath when he invaded in 1631 and 1632. King Pharandros, courageous to the end, remained in Furthest, valiantly and desperately sending for help from the Provincial Army or the Red Emperor. Neither came. He was captured by Grazers.

Pharandros' life was spared only because his sister, Estal Donge, begged the king for mercy. She had once helped out some friends of Argrath, and they too interceded on her bequest. Thus, because of all this argument, Pharandros and his sister were confined instead, forever, to the City of Wonders.

Prince Argrath continued to strengthen his domain through peaceful as well as warlike means. In 1634 he was betrothed to the Queen of Holay. There was no courtship, for she was just an infant who was destined to become ruler. Her mother, the reigning queen, spoke her daughter's vows. The child was sent to Kero Fin Temple to be raised by the priestesses. After that, Argrath was called King of Dragon Pass and Saird.

Shortly after that, Argrath began building the Temple of the Reaching Storm to protect all of Saird from the ravages of nomads from the north and east.

In 1635 came the anticipated retaliation by Lunar Empire. Annstad of Dunstop was a leader in the fight, leading the right wing with all the people of Dragon Pass. Nerestina of Nochet commanded the left. Argrath himself led the center.

This was the Battle of Yoran, named after a city nearby. It was a total disaster for Argrath as the Lunar Army swarmed upon the allies. The onslaught of broos panicked the whole left wing, which fled. Although the valiant priests there destroyed the broo attack, cavalry charged through and ran down the encircled Sartarite army.

After the defeat, the Lunar Army went into Dragon Pass and laid it all under siege. They captured the Grazer king, and tortured him for years, and then placed his torturer as the new Grazer king. The Lunar Army plundered the Queen's Own Temple, and the earth groaned and shook down its walls down upon the heads of those desecrators, and the young queen was borne to safety. Boldhome was saved only when its whole east front crashed down upon the invaders.

King Argrath barely escaped the disastrous battle, and only at the cost of many of his most faithful companions. A pack of hell hounds were set upon his trail but diverted by his Tricking Companion. He intended to go to Prax for help. On his way, in the mountains he met Gonn Orta the Giant. They became good friends, and in a secret manner they shared a bottle of Falangian Wine. Gonn Orta also disliked the Lunars, and he promised to get his relatives to help Prince Argrath.

After that Argrath went into Prax, and hired some mercenaries at Greenwater Oasis. Since he drank from that water the Bison People got excited, recognizing prophecies. They sent for their other relatives too, who joined them as they rode westward so that soon Argrath was at the head of an army of Bison Riders.

Annstad of Dunstop raised the forces of Dragon Pass when Argrath appeared at the head of the bison army. When the giants joined them in Dragon Pass, and obeyed him, then more volunteers took heart and joined the king. They moved north, into Holay, where the enemy waited for them.

Parts of the Lunar Army had been disbanded, and others sent elsewhere. But when they heard about the rebellion, Jar-eel the Razoress, the keenest fighter in the Lunar Empire, gathered any troops who could keep up with her and dashed to Saird.

The armies met at the fields of Dwerapple, by a crossing of the Oslir on Water/Stasis/Earth/1638. King Argrath arranged his army in three parts, as usual. On the left was Annstad of Dunstop. In the center, the king himself commanded, and on the right was General Estarion of Alda-Chur.

The Lunar Army was also in three divisions. On the right were the Lunar elites, a small band of veteran priest-warriors of many cults, trained to perfection and flattered with every indulgence the Red Emperor could supply. They were outnumbered about 30 to one by their foes, and frightened them. They were led by Jar-eel. In the center was Prince Pardidas of Jillaro, who commanded the iron-bound hoplites who could crush an enemy wall beneath their boots. In the south was Queen Penelori, with a troll bodyguard and leading an army of Orayans and mercenaries.

The battle began without Argrath's command. The Six Jolanti Brothers dashed at the Lunar center, and began to slay their foes. At that moment both commanders ordered their armies to charge.

On the right, neither side could get the better of the other. In the center the rest of the giants led King Argrath's army to smash their foes. But it went poorly on Argrath's left.

On the left the Lunar elites charged against the wing, and all of the sane, normal men of the world turned and fled before the Lunar Hell Sisters reached them. Those who stood firm offered a brief resistance, but soon only Annstad of Dunstop was left alive, surrounded by the corpses of the Demon Lovers regiment. Jar-eel the Razoress came to face him, and they spoke with magic for five minutes, each unmoving. They were both covered with gore and panting from exertion. Both were from nations which hated each other, and had come miles to murder. Yet there on that horrid field they fell in love, never a vocalized word heard from either of them. Rather than fight, the pair of them went from the field, ignoring the cries of the Lunar troops.

When the Lunar priests attempted to cast a great spell, calling down burning fire from the Moon, they were thwarted by a rogue planet which blocked its rays at that moment. The wanderer fell to the earth, but the giants were saved. They used trees to smash the Lunar hoplites, and then they turned upon the companions of Jar-eel, who were destroying Argrath's army. Their leader, Gonn Orta, threw strange rocks at the troops, and after a little while the elite Lunar troops turned and ran away.

The other wing was vexed by a temple of Dendara and Ernalda which lay between the armies. First a Sable regiment tried to cross their sacred land, but were assaulted by warriors and magic from within its precincts. When he learned of it, Estarion of Alda-Chur ordered his army to stay away. The Eaglebrown Warlocks brought all their powers to bear upon the Sables, and the Night Jumpers bypassed her bodyguard and captured Queen Penelori.

It was a great victory for King Argrath, and he gave the many treasures plundered from the dead foes as gifts to his allies who helped.

The High King is he who has made this possible, by forging a new alliance with the creatures of the world. I do not know of another who has done this before him. It is in his guidance that we have been saved from the evil Lunar menace, and through his leadership we can destroy it again. This is the world that we live in, and this is the world we shall die in, and we give thanks to Orlanth for the blessing he has given us in our lifetime, and may he keep our King safe and wise, and bless his upcoming wedding with abundance and health.

THE SACRED KINGS

As everyone knows, King Argrath ruled for a hundred years. His great battles throughout that era wrought terrible Changes upon the world, so that it was no longer the place it had been. The planets fell from the sky. Everyone overran Ernalda's advice. Many peoples were crushed and forced to flee or die. But for almost 200 years a dynasty of beautiful rulers oversaw the life of this land.

The text here is ancient, but the reckoning of years is no older than my own copy here. I did it. I am Jain. I take the reckoning from the facts as I know them, and with the faith of my good mother.

HALIFITOOR (1659 - 1666)

Halifitoor was the son of Argrath and Sorana Tor. He ruled for seven years before he was sacrificed by his replacement, according to the rules of the high priestess of Sorana Tor.⁷

MAROFLO (1666 - 1687)

King Maroflo ruled for seven years⁸, and at the end of that period strangled the assassin, who had the shape of a gigantic python, which had been sent to slay him. During his whole reign he never raised a weapon against anyone, or went to war, and he was always welcome at any feast held by his High King.

In the fourteenth year of his reign, he was set upon by werewolves, but he evaded them with the Yew-trick. Then they were destroyed when the earth yawned open and, with a mouth that had teeth, swallowed the whole pack of them. His uncle was Annstad of Dunstope. After

7 1658 to 1666 is the traditional date of his rule. However, I doubt these dates and believe many of Jain's entries are in fact out of order! I have provided annotations with what I believe are the correct dates based on a careful review of all the sources.

8 I date the beginning of Maroflo's rule to 1632 and its end to 1653 or 1654.

Annstad was killed⁹ the Red Tide washed over the kingdom.¹⁰ Because he was so holy, the king himself was not bothered by any of the plagues, and the grass was always green wherever he walked for two and a half years afterwards. So he walked a lot, everywhere he could. Despite their best efforts, no enemy soldiers could ever stop him from going where he wanted.

On the twenty first year of his reign, the Red Emperor sent Urdostral and Mordakstal to get the king. Maroflo knew he could not evade them, and so he went into the hillside at the Chalk Man. The murderers sought him, and they found the hidden doorway and went inside and killed everything which was there. But they did not find the good king, and they were so angry that they fell upon each other instead, and destroyed each other. This was a great benefit for the whole world.¹¹

ENJEEEM THE LEOPARD

For a time the land was in terrible straits, until the High King sent this leader to free it. Enjeem tracked down the Full Moon Dancer, who was mistress of the Red Tides. With a family of forgotten beasts she sneaked into the secret head quarters, and slew her.

Enjeem was intent upon settling parts of the land with her favorite feline, which had never been seen here before. The parts of the land where the Red Tide had been were suitable for it, for they had become overgrown with forests, full of other wild animals and monsters. Enjeem set up the prayer alters, and taught people how to properly tend them. This made friendship between people and the leopards possible. After that the leopards helped people who needed them in the forests. The High King was pleased with this.¹²

UNSTEY (1725 - 1743)

He was the king who did the Dragon Dance with the High King¹³, and made all of the flowers burst into blossom when the blood of his royalty rained upon the ground. He died defending Queen Inkarne.¹⁴

INKARNE (1743 - 1843)

Inkarne the Empress was one of the greatest rulers which this land has ever had. She was called The Long-lived Queen, and she ruled for 100 years. She was taller than any man except her husband and his companions, had green eyes, and was faithful to her men until they died.

She was married in '43¹⁵, and it was the last great festival of the Old Days. After her marriage the world changes were so great that no one could do things in the old manner anymore.

Inkarne was queen when the great ice came, and Andarath Hagalsson died fighting.¹⁶ The ice demon armies came down from the surrounding mountains at last, and held a victory dance upon the graves of good kings. She was queen when the normal seasons were replaced with the Smoke Storms from the south, where the oceans burned for a year. Her son Jenethir the Argrath was one of the heroes who went to the quiet place and knocked that dirty wind off its center, and let weather start again.¹⁷

9 Other sources state that Annstad of Dunstop died in 1643.

10 Possibly a poetic allusion to the Lunar conquest of Dragon Pass in 1643. See Annotated *Argrath's Saga*.

11 Other sources give the dates of 1632-1654 for Maroflo's reign.

12 The revisionist historians suggest that Enjeem the Leopard was the father of Jarastan "Leopardsson."

13 In 1625.

14 Other sources give 1625-1643 as the dates of Unstey's reign.

15 I believe that her reign began in 1643 and not 1743 as is traditionally given.

16 That would be 1649 if the revisionist historians are correct.

17 How can this be true? Jenethir the Argrath is associated with a similar deed in 1622(1) at King Broyan's side.

She was queen when the skies turned orange and green, and her son the sword-wielding Unstanosson drove the Firewitch and the night-warlock out of Blackorm Mountain.¹⁸

She was queen when the Monster Time came, and her son Annstad Prestonsson and daughter Yenesting Gyffursdotter were two of the Seven Heroes who drove them off with the High King.

When Inkarne died all of her subjects wept from grief. Even the Narkanian army paused to respect her passing. The Wild Women of the mountains came down and wept at the casket. The stars mourned as they looked down upon her. The earth trembled when she was lowered into the grave. We remember her today in our prayers.

INSTAD (1843 - 1862)

Instad was leader of the people, and King of the Solthoni Tribe when the Korthanings invaded from the south. They had been flooded out, and they were masses of people in great panic. Instad organized a great defense, but was overwhelmed.¹⁹

LONDARIO (1862 - 1881)

Because of the floods, there were many years of panic and desperation, Londario forced a peace among the many peoples of the area. When he was king the last of the cities drowned, and for a year the water came up the rivers as far as Kero Fin Mountain.²⁰

Londario was a great man, even though he could not read or write. He had caught the disease. Nonetheless he sponsored the famous expedition of Jurstan Harkalorsson, whom we now call the Sainted Librarian. Jurstan the Sainted Librarian was the son of Gyffun, a godi of the Bachad Tribe. When he was very young he would spend time tracing the cuts in rocks to decipher them. He met the good Patrena, who taught him to read and count by the time he was eight. By ten he could read any book in Sartarite, and was frustrated by finding no more of them. He gained the ear of Londario, who tested Jurstan first with finding a way to build the walls of Kartstead faster. In just weeks Jurstan and his friends had erected man-powered cranes which they found in a book, and they lifted the stones so fast that the king had many built, so the walls were sixty feet tall when the nomads came. Jurstan suggested that more such secrets probably lay in the recesses of Blackorm Mountain, and so the wise king sent an intrepid band of warriors to accompany the scholar. To everyone's astonishment they discovered that some trolls still lived there, and Orfal got the name Trollkiller because he killed two thirds of the monsters all by himself.²¹ Most of the complex was in ruins, still wasted from when Unstanosson killed the Firewitch, but as we all know, on the eighteenth day of exploration, after Orfal and his companions had already departed, Saint Jurstan discovered the Writing Place here, which has allowed us to write again. Until then we did not know what we had missed.

Londario had a great library made inside the peak, to preserve ancient lore, and it is named after him. He never went inside it except once, to have dinner, which he said was very good.²²

18 This is presumably Cragspider the Firewitch, the powerful troll demigoddess. Other sources date this to 1652.

19 Another old source gives his reign as 1643-1652 and that his kingship ended with the Great Flood of 1652.

20 Other sources date this event to 1652.

21 This appears to be the same event attributed to Inkarne's son Unstanosson and dated to 1652.

22 A fragment of another record claims that Londario was king during the Great Flood of 1652, over two centuries earlier.

PERTRAD

He was the son of Londario, and ruled the land with an iron hand. Brother Thristan of the Book guided and advised him at first, and so the Enstanni rebellion was crushed, and the invasion by the damned yannals was knocked from the sky by fire. But Pertrad was mistrustful, and when his wife wanted it, the king killed the scholar. After that his reign charged into anarchy. He once even laid siege to our library, but the incessant storms drove him off. He was killed by barbarians.

JARASTAN (1881 - 1900)

Jarastan was not king of this whole land. He was satisfied with peace among his own folk, and they drove off all outsiders but invaded no one. Jarastan was called Leopardsson because he fostered such friendship with those wild and fierce beasts.²³ With their help, the tribe was successful in battle, either in destroying their foes, or in avoiding those they could not beat. He was ruler when Hendre the Great made the Old God Day, which set things so right for a while.²⁴ The Argrath visited here one time, and asked Jarastan's advice. Jarastan gave him good advice, and also some iron and barley. A hundred brave warriors volunteered for the Argrath's army that day, and went away with him. The Argrath gave Jarastan the Lord's Scepter.

RENEDALI (1900 - 1919)

She was the queen who ruled when the earth broke, and the water ran strangely in its riverbeds, and the oceans went away for a while. She told my mother that the worst thing in her life was when the skies went black, and the dust kept falling down, and all the children, including her own, died. And the best thing in her reign was when the five and seven came back. And, to tell the truth, when one was at the queen's own house it is *as if the whole world was good again*.

23 The revisionist historians give an alternative explanation of his nickname: he was the son of Enjeem the Leopard.

24 Another old source has the Old God Day taking place near the end of 1653.

THE LOST CHAPTER

Source: [This recent find from the fabulous Enexender Library Collection chapter appears to be by the same author as *The Composite History of Dragon Pass*. It is uncertain whether this is an older or newer text, but has been included here in its entirety for comparison.]

The new commander was a noble Tarshite, the famous general Fazzur called the Literate. He was from the Orindori Clan, a wealthy and well-placed people from the west side of the island. Faratharn the Wise and Serelana the Queen were from this clan, and long ago Ureantha, who had served great Hon-eel. The clan had very close connections to the king, sharing in some commercial enterprises and overseeing one of the royal horse herds.

Fazzur had a brilliant history as commander of the Provincial Army, but skill means little to the imperial intriguers. Agents from the empire, jealous of his success and worried that a “foreigner” might grow popular in the Heartlands, had him removed on charges of corruption. No official charges were ever filed, proving his innocence, but he had lost his position.

The occupation army had been commanded by a man named Euglyptus, typical of the Heartland nobility. He was haughty and careless, with only contempt for the skilled opponents in their native land. He sent an expedition against one of the holiest places in Sartar called the Hill of Orlanth Victorious. This was where the famous heroquester Harmast Barefoot had gone off upon his questionable venture which returned with Arkat the Traitor. Euglyptus hoped to tempt defenders there, and thus destroy them all at once. “I need only lure them to one place,” he boasted, “and destroy them all together.”

The clever Gordius Silverus suggested that veteran Tarshite troops and sympathetic Sartarite scouts be included in the force. “I want only loyal soldiers,” said the Dara Happan. Gordius retired from his position in Jonstown, and sent letters complaining of the latest insults to his friend and to the king.

The werewolf king offered scouts. “Not on the Full Moon,” said Euglyptus.

The Starseers, Serelus and Serula, offered to look ahead, but Euglyptus still did not trust them and said, “This is for my people, not Yuthuppans.”

The army marched, some 10,000 strong. Euglyptus rode upon a luxury wagon, in the baggage train.

Though the march was only a few days, his scouts were often ambushed; many never reported back at all. He pushed on, confident. While crossing a nearly-dry riverbed the Lunar forces were ambushed. By a clever stratagem designed by the Colymar king, the rebels had dammed the river, and it was released while the invading army was crossing at a ford. Most of the army was drowned, and then hidden rebel troops fell upon the survivors, who were divided by the river. Panicked, they were utterly destroyed. Most fell in battle, and the stragglers who managed to escape were murdered at night by the rebel’s Uz allies who always secretly aided the Sartarites. Worst of all, regimental standards blessed the Red Emperor himself, that had been symbols of Dara Happan pride since the beginning of Time, fell into rebel hands. Euglyptus escaped only with the help of his lover, a powerful priestess able to make them invisible and undetectable.

When word of the disaster reached wise King Moirades he acted quickly to rescue the imperial cause. He sent word to his best commander, Fazzur Orindori, and implored him to come out of retirement to handle the crisis. Fazzur, who always placed the interests of his king first, agreed. They were prescient. The Tarsh army, led by Fazzur’s favorite regiments, was already in Bagnot and began marching immediately. Fazzur caught up with them before they

reached Alda-Chur. Along the way he was greeted warmly by the Tarshite leaders, who joined their troops to his. While Fazzur was resting the troops at Dangerford a Moon sloop arrived, with a messenger from Appius Luxius, the Overseer, with orders placing Fazzur in command of all imperial forces in Sartar.

Fazzur rapidly proved his skill and leadership. Cavalry, reinforced by magicians, threatened all the rebel capitals, and seized hostages from them. Any resistance gained harsh punishment, and many towns were burned and slaves taken. Bands of brave Tarshite warriors scoured the countryside and destroyed all rebel provision parties, so that they were forced to travel in larger and larger bands. They concentrated their forces upon Larnste's Table, a high plateau in Cinsina lands. It is a powerful defensive position but has no water supply. Fazzur, having pacified the tribes and reinstated overseers in their capitals, brought his forces together there. He laid siege to it, and cut off all supplies.

The Sartarite rebels were terrified by the forces facing them. Desertion from their ranks ceased only when the trapped warriors learned no one could escape. They began to run out of food. They were able to summon rain to them to collect water when they needed it, despite every effort by the Lunar magicians to drive off the clouds. Kallyr, their leader, held daily councils but the war band leaders could not agree whether to surrender, fight to the death or try to break out in force.

There was a foreigner in Sartar in those days, a man named Redbird. He was a powerful sorcerer, always trying to make peace. Few locals liked him, though most tolerated his presence. He had brought the so-called Ballistan war band under his control, which was led by a Colymar noble.

Redbird and the Ballistans had been searching the lands of Esrolia long before the latest rebellion broke out. The sorcerer had learned there was one heir to the line of King Sartar who yet lived. Lunar agents had searched for this man for decades, and abandoned it as a fruitless rumor. Yet Redbird found this man, a scholar named Temertain. He had been undiscovered because he was surrounded by iron, in the form of ancient statues that he was studying. The Ballistans, thinking a legitimate heir would unite the Sartarites, sneaked Temertain into Boldhome, where he secretly went to the old palace and made the Flame of Sartar, dead for years, flicker to life. This convinced the residents there that he was legitimate. The occupying force was unsure what to do, and sent word to Fazzur. The Ballistans sent word everywhere, to rally the rebels. They hoped an army would rise and drive off Fazzur.

This Temertain was a scholar, who was in the cult of Lhankor Mhy and lived in the temple in Nochet. He was the sixth son of Markalor, who had lived in Nochet for many years before he was assassinated, along with all his kinfolk save the scholar. He was the son of Jotisan of Karse, a merchant who had business between Boldhome and Karse before he was killed. Markalor was a son of Eonistaran the Sage, who had been an advisor to King Saronil of Sartar. Eonistaran was a bastard son of King Sartar.

Temertain was convinced by the wiles of Redbird that he could be the Philosopher King and make peace between the Empire and the tribes. Redbird was his advisor, and he had written a peace proposal to conciliate the imperial rulers with the natives. The proposal boldly urged co-operation between the tribesmen and the occupation forces. So clever was this proposal that even Elmalandt Wildstorm, a leader of the mystics of the Old Temple, had come to urge everyone to accept it.

Fazzur did not dare to oppose this directly, nor did the Sartarites atop Larnste's Table. Our general sent an offer of peace to the rebels, and offered them peace. The leaders first obtained freedom for their loyal troops, and then went in person to see Fazzur. He offered them a

pardon if they agreed to support the new king. Some took it, and they went from the tent to their homes. Others could not accept the leadership of the Sartarite heir without meeting him to make judgment. Fazzur offered them immediate exile, which would spare their people from Fazzur's wrath. Some, notably Kallyr Starbrow, accepted this and fled immediately. But Hofstaring Treeleaper, an ignorant idealist, and Tonalang Greathelm, a stupid berserk, tried to attack the general in his headquarters. They were ignorant of the Lunar defenses, and both were killed.

Fazzur led the army to Boldhome and was received by Prince Temertain. The two of them were very friendly. Fazzur pardoned all of the rebels. Peace was made. Temertain soon sent his supporters home. Redbird the Foreigner, content that his deeds were great and he had accomplished peace, went away.

Fazzur was the prince's main advisor, and he quickly became the real ruler of Sartar. Temertain was unfit for leadership. He was bored by court duties and when he found two statues in Boldhome that were of iron he spent nearly all his time inspecting them. The Red Emperor sent a spy to keep the prince occupied, and she and Fazzur were soon rivals. After a short time she controlled Temertain, but Fazzur ruled the kingdom.

The cult of the Storm Bull was always troublesome, even to the kings of Sartar who respected its foolish traditions. The loss of Tonalang Greathelm had frightened off all the Urox worshippers, but the Sartarites wished to keep up worship of the god. Fazzur agreed to allow the Holy Day to be celebrated, confident it would prove the uselessness and weakness of the god. No priest was present to lead the rites, but at the last moment a barbarian from Prax rode into the city to lead it. His name was Orgwaha, and he said he had come at the bidding of his god. Temertain asked him to lead the rites, and he agreed.

Estal Donge didn't want the cult reinstated, and without Fazzur's knowledge she prepared her own magic. At a point in the ceremony when Orgwaha was to kill a little monster, many demons appeared and began to wreak great havoc among the worshippers—mostly common folk of the city. The entire city would have been wrecked, except that Fazzur led a courageous attack upon the demons and destroyed them at great loss to his men and priests. Temertain himself was nearly killed, but saved by Estal, who had become his lover. Orgwaha survived, but was ashamed and went to Prax and killed himself.

Over winter of 1617 General Fazzur received orders to prepare to invade Kethaela to seize a port for trade. The route through Prax was inefficient and dangerous. All of Kethaela was divided into many lands ever since their god king had disappeared the previous year. Those lands fought each other and suffered great conflict within themselves, for they needed a strong central leader to keep peace.

One of the Kethaelan petty warlords was a powerful warrior named Broyan Volsax, who had discovered sacred artifacts of ancient kings and become very powerful. He had convinced many people of Heortland, the land atop the eastern plateau of Kethaela, that he was the reincarnation of their ancient ancestor, King Vingkot and claimed to bear the long-lost Sword and Helm. This is the same demigod who had fought so hard against our ancestor, Brown Sanak Gorolfsson, the Son of Summer who rescued us from the Rebel Gods. Broyan had unified many Orlanthi clans outside of imperial control and his raiders were disturbing the peaceful tribes of Sartar. Even more problematic, Broyan was providing support and aid to the remaining rebels in Sartar.

Fazzur received reinforcements from King Moirades and the Red Emperor sent more regular imperial troops to his command, as well as a large contingent of the Imperial College. In the spring of 1619 Fazzur led the army southward. Broyan Volsax was defeated in battle

and retreated into the stronghold of Whitewall. Fazzur besieged him there, and went onward, leaving Jorkandros the Blinder, of the Untarl family of Yuthuppa, in command of the siege. Fazzur quickly stormed the city of Smithstone, sent strong raiding parties onto the plateau, and assaulted the city of Karse. The defenses of Karse had been strengthened in previous years, and thousands of reinforcements had sailed over from Esrolia. The assault failed, and Fazzur began a siege of the city. The earthen ramps crept closer and assault towers were built. The Esrolian reinforcements grew afraid, and they made a secret deal to escape. On the day before the assault they got into ships and boats and set sail. Fazzur attacked them, and thousands drowned, though many escaped.

The next day dragonewts were sent to assault. They are careless of life and very powerful, so they managed to get into the city and open the gates. The army swarmed in and slew the defenders, but under Fazzur's orders, they spared the inhabitants. Thanks to his kindness, Fazzur was welcomed by the populace. The port was quickly operational and many Lunar merchants came and set up business there.

In 1620 General Fazzur sent the army across the plateau of Hendrikiland. No effective resistance was met until they reached Esvular, the southernmost kingdom where ruled King Rikard, an adventurer from the far west. The battle was not difficult, and King Rikard was captured. Fazzur offered the Seshnegi adventurer kingship over all Heortland, and Rikard agreed. But the treacherous foreigner proved the worth of Seshnegi oaths and escaped. The land broke once again into its ancient tribal segments.

Fazzur had spent the year negotiating with families in Esrolia, the western part of Kethaela, which was far more wealthy and important than Heortland. The land is ruled by women, even more than the Empire is, and the Grandmothers there were always quarreling for dominance. Some of them had seen the light and wished to establish Lunar temples to educate the populace. Others even wanted outright Lunar rule.

Jorkandros the Blinder maintained the siege of Whitewall and kept the defenders effectively penned up. The Assiday family, seeking to make up for the failure of Euglyptus, manipulated the Red Emperor to their own ends. They contrived to have the monstrous Crimson Bat sent to the command, with orders to assault the city alone. Jorkandros sought to get support for this attack, and thus end the siege, but the priests of the Bat are immeasurably arrogant, and were supported by agents of the empire who contravened the commander's orders. The Crimson Bat attacked and was repelled. It flew out to sea, then to its Otherworld home.

As a result of this failure Jorkandros the Blinder was removed upon orders from the Red Emperor himself, who then put Tatus the Bright, dean of the Lunar Field School of Magic, as commander of the siege. He was of the aforementioned Assiday family.

In 1621 good General Fazzur prepared to move the army into Esrolia. But the invasion never occurred, thanks to more imperial plotting. Advance elements had already set off when orders from the Red Emperor himself arrived that assigned most of the troops to Tatus the Bright. Fazzur was furious, and instead of the army he sent a picked band of specialists to assist Queen Hendira. With this small assistance she soon gained ascendancy in the great city of Nochet. Certainly with an invasion the whole land could have been conquered. Tarshite priestesses of the Red Goddess laid the foundations to start a grand temple. Fazzur considered this a triumph, but it was vastly overshadowed by events at Whitewall.

Whitewall was an important religious center for the Orlanthi. It held the first temple to the god, where he had come back to life after the Great Darkness. This stronghold was the last great holy center of Orlanth. Tatus claimed that to take it would end the worship of Orlanth entirely. He used his great influence to get every possible resource for his assault.

General Fazzur, Tatius' commander, asked what he could do to help. "Nothing," said the Dara Happan, "I require professionals."

Everyone knows the attack was successful. Less known is that the city was defended by only two dozen men and women, and that they inflicted terrible losses on the assaulting army. The air, of course, fought back. Lightning came from a cloudless sky and burnt priests and troops. The city itself fought. Rocks hurled themselves from the walls upon good soldiers, and building collapsed to crush them. The earth fought, for holes opened beneath the army and swallowed hundreds. Water fought, for the wells in the city gushed forth and drowned regiments. Fire fell upon priests from the sky, burning three hundred students from the university. In one part of the city a shock of frigid cold turned a regiment of amazons into ice, so they shattered when they fell to the ground.

A powerful hurricane-strength divine wind attacked Tatius, and it slew most of his guards, though the commander was spared.

But Whitewall fell, and the priests killed gods. The powerful priestess Enerian Scarlet, called "beloved of Sedenya," found the heart of Orlanth that was hidden in the bedrock under the citadel. She crushed it in her hands, and there was a great roar of agony that was so loud it knocked everyone to the ground, and it deafened most hearers permanently. But it ended in a whimper, and the wind stopped. In the Ernalda temple a sleeping goddess was discovered, and the Alkothite named Garoshargash, a Hell priest, strangled it to death. The priests heard a distant wail and great mourning.

Overhead the face of Red Moon smiled and spoke. "You are heroes, my children," said the Red Goddess, "I will love you forever."

Her rivals, Orlanth and his spouse Ernalda, were dead. Their magic and influence in the world vanished. Their worshippers were left breathless. A Great Winter immediately descended upon the former Orlanthi lands. All of Kerofinela froze, except those regions of Tarsh protected by our Red Goddess. Allies, such as the loyal Grazers, were shielded by Lunar priestesses among them.

The Red Moon led the deities of Heaven to leadership in the universe.

In the empire the Red Emperor, declared the Lunar year of 7/50 to be the Extra Full Moon Year throughout the Heartland. All full citizens of the empire were granted a year without taxes, and commoners were invited to join into the official revels which were held in all temples of the Seven Mothers and of the Red Goddess. Citizens held marvelous festivals which lit the sky, earth, and waters with glory.

As was customary, no such benefits were granted to the provinces, nor were the celebrations so grandiose. But in Sartar it was even worse. Whole clans disappeared, all waters froze solid. Dark clouds weighted upon the land and covered it with ice and snow.

It took nearly no time for the arrogant presumptions of the Dara Happans to be revealed. Who among us thinks we could destroy pillars of creation? Orlanth returned in the form of his chosen hero, Broyan the Vingkotling. He rallied brave men to his cause and they did not quit. They called upon other powers and fought on, all the time working to resurrect their god and goddess. They had powerful magic, and they drew the Lunar defenders to them and slew them in a fierce battle fought in terrible cold at a strange place called the Auroch Hills. Many great stone pillars stand here, capped with hard rock. Though Lunar soldiers were stationed atop many, the rebels nonetheless carried the day.

General Fazzur struggled to do his duty through this time. He set commanders in Hendrikiland who recruited soldiers, and he ensured the safety of the merchants in Karse. But his plans, carefully planned and executed with minimal forces, were undermined by the jealous

Dara Happans. In Esrolia the lands of Queen Hendira were plundered, and the temples there and in Nochet were destroyed. One time the Red Emperor was expecting to get some ice cold beer that is made from the Kerofinelan grain grown in the winter time. Rebels ambushed the caravan and it never got to Furthest. The Red Emperor was enraged, and he ordered Fazzur to be relieved of the last of his command.

Fazzur listened politely to the herald who brought the news and he relinquished his command to the messenger, not even waiting for Tatius to come to receive it. His loyal men went with him. He retired to his family lands in Tarsh. There he delighted in raising horses and reading. He told his tales to his friends, who shunned service among the imperials, even though this sometimes angered the king. But he insisted. He often said, "If given a choice between eternity among Dara Happens, or just one minute with my companions, my companions would be mourning."

The hubris of the imperial Assiday family came home quickly enough. Even the dragons, enemies of Orlanth, came to his side to reassert the balance of the universe. Everyone knows how they destroyed the Assiday temple and ate every Dara Happan in Sartar, as if the Dragonkill had come again. Fazzur said, "That is why I told you to avoid going to Sartar."

Even when King Moirades asked Fazzur to once again lead Tarsh troops to rescue imperial cause, he refused. "I did that once," said Fazzur, "and only a fool puts his hand into the same mouth twice." He left the task to the faction called the Phargentites, who were in favor of more imperial influence in Tarsh. They were happy to see Fazzur fall from the favor of Moirades, and forwarded their own clans in the king's favor.

Fazzur did not live to see the results of his plans come to fruition, for he was killed by assassins in 1629. His son, Onjur the Poet, led a rebellion against the king, who was already hard-pressed by the Sartarites. When the policies of the Phargentites failed, people went to Onjur for leadership. He forged an alliance with King Argrath of Sartar, and when Sartar attacked Tarsh he led an uprising that captured the king. He maintained his friendship with the Sartarites, and was a trusted advisor to Argrath thereafter.

One time the Red Emperor tried magic and bribes to draw Onjur, who still worshipped Sedenya, back to the imperial side. That is when Onjur made his famous retort. "I understand you want only professionals," he said. "We are just provincials."

THE ARGRATH BOOK

Jalk's Book has been held up as proof of the degenerating literary skills of the later Hero Wars period. Unlike many other books, which have a dedication and the author's or collator's name, *The Argrath Book* has neither. No introductory plugs or solemn ritual invocations clutter its opening; no explanation or apology litters its start. The collection is also very haphazard. Three theories exist explaining it:

1. Someone was trying to figure out who Argrath was. The documents do little to solve the mystery of Argrath by themselves, and it is tempting to agree that they were put together by someone long ago for the same purpose which we collected them. Alas, no proof of this exists, even though it includes a document critical to my own thesis.
2. Everyone knew who Argrath was, and the compiler here was getting *anything* he could which might earn him a place at some lord's dinner table.
3. It was gathered in the last-ditch attempts of the Londarios scribes to salvage what they could of a dying knowledge.

OF INTEREST

Some of the sections are more interesting than others, and of value to our search for the real Argrath.

"Argrath's Mothers" cites *The Composite History of Dragon Pass*, one of our earlier documents, as its source.

"The Sartar King List" is valuable because it provides the basis for dating most of Argrath's century of rule. Its early years generally agree with both *The Zin Letters* and *The Composite History of Dragon Pass*. Therefore, we accept the later years as well.

"Argrath of Pavis" is interesting, and is one of the articles most critical to understanding who Argrath really is, as shown in my "Conclusions."

"The Short Lightbringers' Pilgrimage" is especially interesting in its own right. It is as much a fragmentary program direction as it is a retelling of the story. It is like the stage directions for a drama. It is tempting to link it to the 14-day Sacred Time which the Orlanthei people used to regenerate their world each year, although Kallyr Starbrow apparently attempts it at some other time in *The Composite History of Dragon Pass*.

— Greg Stafford

THE ARGRATH BOOK

THE LIGHTBRINGERS

Few beings have ever succeeded at a Lightbringers' Quest. Many people participate in parts of it, or shortened versions like that listed below. But very few have ever gone through the entire process.

ORLANTH

The god was the first, and he made the way. He traveled with six companions, though no one can tell who one of them was.

HARMAST BAREFOOT

At the end of the First Age, when Gbaji was trying to take over the world, an intrepid hero was driven to desperation, and ventured to undertake the first human Lightbringers' Quest. Conscious, non-ritual Heroquesting was new in those days. Harmast succeeded, and established the pattern for humans. His prize was Arkat Humaktsson.

Harmast tried a second quest again later, but did not succeed as well.

ARINGOR DARSTALSSON

A hunter from Ralios, he foresaw the eventual conquest of his people by the lowlanders. After great struggle he reached the Underworld, and returned with the weapons to defeat the Shadow Empire and the God Learners. His prize was Narnarra the Greater.

KARSTEN FARDROSSON

One spectacular failure should be mentioned. Near to Castle Blue a holy man from the Yestina Clan attempted to undertake this quest. When he failed, he seized those near to him, and the result was a trio of stars which fell from the sky, and landed upon his people in Broliá and Worion.

ARGRATH MANISKISSON

Argrath's foe was the Red Emperor, and we all know how our good king has manhandled that evil emperor. Argrath's Companions were nearly all slain because he chose to double his quest. His prize was Sheng Seleris.

Most folks who called themselves Lightbringers did not undertake the full journey, but rather did parts of it, or a ceremonialized and inferior version.

THE SHORT LIGHTBRINGERS' PILGRIMAGE

Source: [Kallai Dendarsson, of the Undaroli Clan. Submitted to the Minarian Library to honor the celebration of the birthday of our good queen.]

This is the description which has been preserved for the Short Lightbringers' Pilgrimage Ritual. It is the method which the old Orlanthi used to perform the Lightbringers' Quest in this world.

This ceremony was very complex, required participation of hundreds (and sometimes thousands) of people, and took fourteen days to complete. The brevity of the description given here degrades the entire operation.

Of course, the relative grandiosity of each performance depended entirely upon the scale of the ritual being attempted. A gathered clan, with its farmers and holy folk all co-operating, would present far less of a spectacle than did Kallyr Starbrow when she attempted this over a century ago.

DAY 1. PREPARATION

It starts with the Lawspeaker making a statement, and then the Trickster throws some beer on the ground. A sacred area is marked off, an outer guard is designated and sent out. A perimeter is marked, and no one leaves that area until the ritual is done.

Participants are named and accept the roles of the deities named. They claim portions of the sacred area, and name their assistants. Sacred costumes, implements, and artifacts are handed out.

The ritual world is created before nightfall with the creation of the Ring and a feast.

After nightfall a similar process is repeated, but the enemies of Orlanth are identified and sent to their parts of the sacred area.

DAY 2. DEPARTURE

The departure of the quester and his party may require many hours, indeed, many days if the participants wish to prolong it. A series of myths define the ritual Arming, wherein companions and their accouterments are bound into place.

Once they are all ready, everyone (including the enemies) must co-ordinate effects to harness all of their magical power and potential, and to transform the event into a heroquest.

DAY 3. WESTFARING

Eight obstacles are presented to the traveler. He must overcome each of them, unless he is carried by a sacred Mastakos chariot. Either way, he ends at a poison sea.

At the sea, the quester must summon Sofala, the Mother of Turtles, who will bear him across the sea on her back. In this ritual, called the Sofalan Journey, the quester must be carried upon a shield and never dropped. Each corner of the shield is borne up by one person representing a force which has pledged itself to the leader's cause. Around these Supporters are the Companions whose skills and magics must protect the Supporters from dropping the chief before the sun sets. The assailants are called the "Army of the Sea," and armed with buckets of salt water, one of which is poisoned with acid.

Luathela must be reached shortly before the Sun has reached the horizon. The guardians, who all wear purple masks, question the visitor. There might be a fight. With either an honor guard escorting them or a vengeful army in pursuit, the companions must move westward, and before dark must find Rausa's House. Rausa, crimson Goddess of Dusk, is never happy to see the slayers of her father and poses problems and questions which must be resolved, overcome, or bypassed in order for the ritual to continue.

DAY 4. THE DESCENT

A series of tests try the virtues and abilities of Orlanth. These are portrayed as a series of contests with various sacred and magical artifacts pledged as prizes. If the contest is lost, then the item is lost too. The known tests include those of Knowing, Healing, Fighting, Communicating, and Riddling. Afterwards, Orlanth is released and must follow a trail which goes between two hills, and through the Underworld.

DAY 5. THE OBSIDIAN PALACE

In the Underworld Orlanth is confronted by the denizens of Darkness. His success against them in negotiation, magical powers, and fighting skills determines how he will be presented to Subere, keeper of the cellars for the Only Old One. If Orlanth is dead, the quest is over. If alive, captive and unarmed, he is cast immediately into the Pits.

If the quester is still armed, he is greeted by the priestess in a friendly manner, using Orlanthi rituals, and invited to a great feast. By the laws of hospitality, which he made, Orlanth must accept.

At the feast Orlanth must be betrayed. If no one else has a grudge, then the task is left to the Trickster. The Trickster's most hurtful desire against his benefactor becomes real. Trickster also disrupts the feast, and personally offends his hostess, Subere. Betrayed by his sworn companion, Orlanth is unable to resist.

He is seized, disarmed, stripped naked, and cast into the Pits.

DAY 6. ALONE IN HELL

If Orlanth has been cast into the Pits, whatever is left of him can be freed by the Trickster. It must bring fire to him, and if it does that, then Orlanth can escape by using the light, and finding the Deeper Path.

Along the Deeper Path the worst Nightmare of the quester is now summoned. A direct, face to face confrontation then occurs, with no rules except those of the Underworld reality. The complexities of our fears often make this a multi-layered, many-faceted series of shocks and surprises. No one can survive very much of this, and everyone eventually gets lost. Being lost in the Underworld, almost anything can occur. This is the realm of the dead, unborn, unbodied, disembodied, and purely spiritual. It is also the realm where nightmares come from, because they are real, and where Chaos can hide. It is valuable to push onward through the madness as long as possible, but one must not die here.

The Hidden Spark is all which can save the quester. The quester must now rely utterly upon an outsider to have enough power and concentration to reach through to his soul and guide it back to life. Typically, this much concentration is gained only from a total commitment by the whole of the quester's own family, clan, and temple. This does not guarantee success, and sometimes people with the support of whole tribes, also supported by the embrace of family, have failed.

DAY 7. REST

Once the fire is rekindled, the quester is warm, well fed, and surrounded by friendly spirits while he rests. If other Lightbringer Companions have survived, they meet again here.

Once everyone is well rested, healed, and committed to the cause, the party discovers that they can easily see, and find their way to Maggothome, Yelm's House of the Dead.

DAY 8. THREE CHALLENGES

The First Challenge attempts to keep Orlanth and his companions out of the area altogether. The guardians vary, depending upon whether they are defending the Underworld (when they are troll spirits), the Land of the Dead (meeting Humakti), or the Spirit Realm (meeting beast guardians). Second, Orlanth is challenged to prove his worth. He must recite the quests which he went upon to obtain the tools and powers which he bears upon this quest. If he is missing certain, necessary items, he can be sent away. Third, the Porter of the Palace of the Dead challenges Orlanth's right to enter into Yelm's House of the Dead at all. Orlanth relates the deeds he performed to get there.

DAY 9. PRESENTATION

Orlanth and his companions present themselves to Maggotliege, who used to be Yelm, but is now the horrifying Emperor of the Dead. He is surrounded by the rotting corpses of his guards and courtiers. The ceremonial greeting is made, and ends with Yelm proposing the test of the Fire of Justice.

The Fire of Justice, sometimes called Ehilm's Flame, is generated. Orlanth must willingly pass through the fire. If he survives then he is proven to be just. We do not condone the substitution of the Baths of Nelat as an alternative. No one within living memory has survived it, no matter how much preparation was done.

DAY 10. ATONEMENT

Emperor Yelm here acknowledges that Orlanth is truly a god, as deserving and immortal as all who were born before him. This is a cause for great cheering. Then Orlanth suggests that their true enemy is yet to arrive, and that they must all work together in order to prevent their deaths once again, forever, at the hands of the Devil. The gods all agree, and there is great rejoicing.

All the participants get new clothing, or turn their coats back rightside out. Everyone removes their rope belt, and ties it to the group's combined cable.

DAY 11. THE PROOF

The proof of the compromise is yet to be tested. When silence falls the Devil appears, with its minions. This is Wakboth, the demon of evil and entropy, who arrives to claim what is due to him at the End of the World. Although the Devil is multiple in body and spirit, it is defeated by Orlanth, Yelm, and their allies. The Chaos monsters must all be captured, tied up, and burned in the fire.

DAY 12. GIFT-GIVING

Yelm the Emperor renames the subterranean abode to be the Palace of Life. Then the crowds are summoned, and before them all Yelm blesses Orlanth, and returns to him all which has been lost before. Ernalda, his family, his companions, his followers, and his possessions are all returned to him again.

Everyone else also gets their goods back, and a brand from the eternal fire for their hearths. The rune sticks and rune stones are used together, without danger (this is the only time!), and they are read. Gifts and kisses are exchanged all around, with great happiness and mirth.

DAY 13. PROCESSION

This is a victorious journey which travels in stately procession from the Palace of Life to the Gate of the East. As they go, the party sets free all those who have been imprisoned, and gathers all those who are yet to be set free.

DAY 14. CELEBRATION

After everyone is through the Gate, the Lawspeaker announces that the ceremony is over. This returns everything back to the common world, within known creation, and also again begins Time. Afterwards the entire area should be closed, with all the temporary structures taken down or abandoned, and the temples as usual. If all went as planned, they will be nearly finished at this point. A feast is held. After everyone is fed, everyone goes home.

Whether the ceremony was successful or a failure, all participants who contributed in or against the quest will be rewarded in an appropriate manner. Normally the combined efforts of the many participants work for a general social and political success, which brings them an abundance of crops, good health, many babies, and long peace.

ARGRATH'S COMPANIONS

SOURCE: THE OLD TALES OF GARANDA

These were Argrath's Companions:

Knowing: Enderos Quicktongue; **Bastakos Forkbeard, the Lightbringer**, who did not return from it.

Fighting: Rostakos of the Entan Clan, killed at Yoran; Harmast Hatchet, **Orkarla the Black**, Argrath's Sword, who did not return from it; Natalina, the Vingasdottir.

Perceiving: Hendrik All-nose, killed at Yoran; Broyan the Cat; **Jadanroste the Exile, the Lightbringer**.

Fertility-bringer: Tarkala the Lover, Annstad of Dunstop.

Communicating: Urenstand Angorriison, killed at Dwernapple; **Saronil Goldentongue, the Lightbringer**; Harmast Peace-bringer.

Healing: Korlmar the Most White, killed at Yoran; **Heortarl the Lightbringer**, who did not return from it.

Tricking: Elusu the little shit; Elusu the Polite; **Farad the Toad, Firebringer**; Elusu Sitsbackwards, who did not return from it.

Provider: Dastrandos the Tracker; Barngradus Two-plow; **Entarios the Cow**, who did not return from it.

Dragon: Orlaront Dragonfriend.

Movement: Kulbrast Swiftfoot; **Orlmarl the Charioteer**, who did not return from it.

Homeguard: Jenesta the Grim, killed by Gashsson; Argrand Sunbright, killed at Jenston by Lunar Soldiers; Perandal Hardwind, killed by broos at Twotree; Orstalar the Spearlord, killed by sorcery at Wilkswall; Sartark Freedman.

Freedom: Leika the Mayor.

THE MULARIK FRAGMENT

SOURCE: HENDART CLAN SAGA

While young and adventurous Argrath was a good Orlanthi leader, known for his generosity and wisdom, always loyal to a friend and willing to extend himself to help his comrades. He was very popular and many notable people followed him. One of those followers was Mularik Ironeye, a Wolf Pirate who was from Seshnela. Argrath and Mularik parted as friends, and Mularik later returned home and became a baron.

When Argrath was troubled by the Lunar Empire he considered all his options and decided to ask his old friend Mularik Ironeye to aid him. The old friend responded and within a year reached Boldhome with a small army. But the hero was more famous and important than the army which he brought, and Argrath greeted and feasted him with the hospitality of their younger days. Argrath said, "I greet you as a companion, in the terms of our younger days." He gave Mularik a great gold arm band in return for a poem, and then promised that greater payments would come after battle and conquest.

In the battles which followed Mularik was always foremost. At the Battle of Denston he thrust his way through the fight to the magicians of the Lunar Army and killed many of them, and made the rest flee.¹ When their priests were slain the army lost heart and routed, too, so that the Sartar army pursued long into the night and few of the enemy returned home.

They had a great feast of celebration. Argrath toasted Mularik for having saved the kingdom from the enemy. Then Mularik said, "I am pleased with the compliment, and that you feel me and my knights won the battle at Denston." Argrath agreed. Then Mularik said, "Then, since it was the kingdom which was saved by me, I should have half of it, as you promised in times of old."

"You can have half the spoils of battle," said Argrath, "but not of the kingdom."

"But you just swore," said Mularik, "that the kingdom itself was saved. Would you go back on your word?"

Of course Argrath would not, for it would have cost him his honor, and he made Mularik regent for the northern half of the kingdom. Mularik was a poor regent, being more interested in battle than in barley. At the end of the first year the nobles of Tarsh complained that Mularik had installed new laws upon them. After the second year the nobles of Tarsh came and Eorl Jisdantor was their spokesman. He said that none of them were afraid of death, nor unskilled in battle, but Mularik had still cost them their best horses, and then taxed them of their best herds.

That midwinter Argrath spoke angrily to Mularik at a feast. Then Mularik reminded everyone that he and Argrath had fought the first time they met, but when neither could defeat the other, they swore friendship ever after, by their honor. Argrath was silent and angry after that.

During the third year Argrath's Dishthane spoke to him and complained that Mularik had erected toll stations upon his land, which charged even the royal messengers money to pass. When they complained, the toll takers laughed and said that even the king would have to pay a toll there now. That winter rebellion broke out in Tarsh when Mularik took away the daughter of Genedros, a tribal king. Mularik and his men crushed the rebels and took all their lands, daughters, and wives.

When Argrath heard this he was no longer silent. He said, "I am cursed, for justice is beyond my grasp. I want this man dead, but must retain my honor. What solution can exist for this?"

1 The Battle of Denston took place in 1630.

Brolli the Stout, Engarna Farsee, and Yend the Leaper were members of the Hendarth Clan. They heard the king's complaint, and Engarna prepared a spell which could kill the baron. But they lacked the opportunity to use it.

On the fourth year Kandoro, King of the Grazelanders, complained that someone had stolen some of his horses, and that his pursuing warriors had been left stupid and only three feet tall. Argrath knew this must be Mularik and said that he would take action. But he was greatly perplexed.

Argrath went to speak to his follower. On the way he was stopped at Goldedge and charged a toll to enter the city. Argrath was outraged, but paid the amount in full to preserve his honor. He summoned Mularik to come before him. But the baron did not come.

At dinner that night Argrath was heard to say, "No true brother would treat a man that way."

Brolli and Yend went forth then with Engarna's spell. They found Mularik upon a hunt, with only six men about him. Mularik and his men could not stand against the pair and their magic and all of them were slain. Yend the Leaper was also killed.

Brolli the Stout brought the head of Mularik to Argrath. The king was shocked and sad, and lamented the death of his companion. He asked who had done it, and he was told that it had been Yend. Argrath then condemned Yend and all of his clan for the death of a regent, and commanded that all their lands should be impounded, their livestock seized, and the people enslaved.

Brolli the Stout then asked for a boon for bringing this news and gift to the king. The king agreed to grant whatever was appropriate, and Brolli said that he would like to be a clan chief, with slaves and livestock and lands. Argrath then awarded him the entire clan which had just been condemned. Brolli accepted that. He returned all the properties and livestock to the people, and he was chieftain for as long as he lived.

ARGRATH'S MOTHERS

SOURCE: THE COMPOSITE HISTORY OF DRAGON PASS

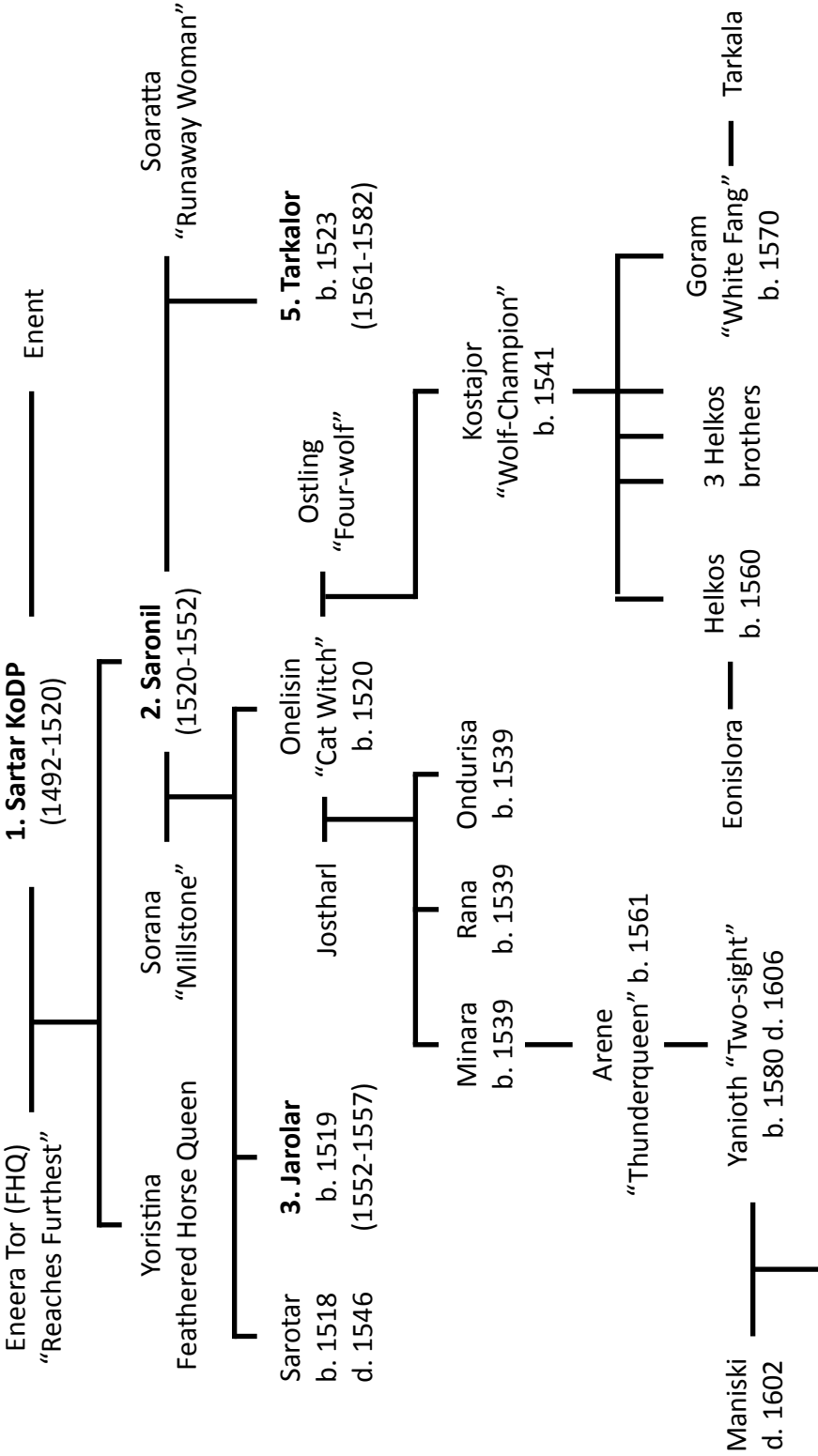
Argrath revealed his ancestry. "My father was Maniski, as honorable and brave a warrior as has ever walked among the Sartari. My mother was Yanioth Two-sight, the huntress who ran down the red deer in the Dog-rat valley.

"Arene Thunderqueen was her mother. Once she commanded a herd of three-horned thunderbeasts for seven years. After it destroyed the town of Janastan she was killed. Arene Thunderqueen's mother was Minara.

"Minara was one of the three sisters who staunched the wounds of Kostajor Wolf-Champion. She did not poison him, and she did not use the wrong bandages, and she did not fall in love with the wolf man. She could not have, for indeed she was an alynx, and blood daughter of Onelisin, who everyone calls the "Cat-Witch."

"Princess Onelisin was the only daughter of Prince Saronil Sartarsson, the First Prince of the land. Onelisin was the sister of kings. Jarolar was her elder brother, and he was famous for fighting the Lunars. And King Tarkalor was her younger brother, who is the most famous king of Sartar.

"Her mother was Sorana Millstone, so-named because she reduced the miller's part of his work by one tenth. She was from the Wintertop Tribe, but no queen was more beloved by her people than she was."



HOUSE OF ARGRATH

8. Argrath KoDP
(1627-1655)

ARGRATH DRAGONFRIEND

SOURCE: BRABONRY CHIEF-PRIEST, NEW JONSTON, 1892

We have no record of exactly what Argrath did to become Dragonfriend. Nonetheless, he did something. Here are the results of his quests:

WYVERNS AT CORFLU

The earliest manifestation of his draconic connections is when he and his companions rescued the giant baby when it was helpless, in the Cradle.

ORMSWORD

This blue-bladed weapon saved Argrath's life more than once. It is probably the blade he used at the divine utuma sacrifice.

THE BROWN DRAGON

This, the most decisive act of his career, proves his dragon power beyond any doubt. The dragon did not exist before, and came to Argrath's summons.

THE EWF BANNER

The draconic banner of the EWF had not flown since the empire was betrayed by their dragon allies and destroyed. Argrath recovered it intact, mastered its powers, and used it to save everyone at both Bendevidh and Nenstens.

THE DRAGONTOOTH RUNNERS

Argrath sowed these four times, and each time they brought him victory. Some of the teeth still exist.

DRAGONEWTS

Finally, he used dragonewt allies many times during his wars, and we know that they volunteered, without pay, at least four times (Ostalios, Kankaroun, Bendevidh, and Sar). Though proving nothing, this indicates that he did communicate with them better than most humans.

AN EARLIER ARGRAH

SOURCE: TARKALORSAGA

Argrath Voskandorasson was a thane of the Kurtali Clan, and by virtue of his skills had been initiated as one of the Night Jumpers. This group regularly went into troll lands and chased them. This was considered a sport among the Night Jumpers, who were able to fly easily at night.

Vurgunzon was the king of the Kitori darkmen. When Tarkalor was among the Volsaxi, King Vurgunzon incited all of his wife's lovers to attack the Kurtali Clan at once. Their priestesses made the Blacknight, without clouds, and their hordes swept out of the darkness upon each village, stead, and town. It was a surprise, and many women and children had been killed before the warriors rallied. The sons and daughters of Desrada all met at Orlanth's Lone Rock and waited until the real foes, the Uz, had been found. Then they all jumped there, and with great magic of desperation they slew the leaders of the Kitori.

Argrath Voskendorasson was one of the survivors, and after that he always had a place at any Volsaxi high table which he visited.

King Enfrew wished the clan to stop their sport, which had provoked such a devastating response. But the Night Jumpers were reluctant to give up their sport, and the brothers and sisters said that they would hold back only if they were given sufficient reward to refrain from it. Otherwise, they would remain only as a clan, with normal duties.

Enfrew wanted peace, and he said that he would give what was fair. The Night Jumpers said they wanted food for the clan for the winter, and enough sheep and cattle and cats to start the New Year. The king said that was not a fair trade, but he would do it if the clan should answer his call whenever it was needed for battle.

The clan said it would agree, but only if the clan was exempt from all normal payments to the king, including tribute and battle plunder and found treasures and visiting rights. King Enfrew would not agree to that, though, and so the negotiations were ended, and the clan spent a hard winter and summer to re-establish themselves. But now the Night Jumpers duty is only to their clan.

ARGRATH OF PAVIS

SOURCE: DANDAROS OF PAVIS

Argrath was a son of Brenna, the daughter of Verlain, the son of Dorasar and a slave woman. Like all such half-breed scum he hid among the commoners when the Lunar soldiers came. Since they were seeking noble folk, Argrath was overlooked.

The city of Pavis was one of the worst stations for any Lunar soldier. Every spear-carrying infantryman across Peloria said that they got a “pavis-job” when they were given an odious task, especially as a form of unofficial punishment. The soldiers who actually served there had less polite terms for it.

Argrath used to circulate among the Lunar bars and sing rude songs and sometimes convey nightmare laughs for the bored soldiers. He got a reputation for being able to really frighten even the most stupid and drunk with his song, and performed it more than once. In this way he learned something important about the men of the Lunar Army. In those days they called him “Bad Dream Enostar.”

Although always paid late, the army nonetheless brought its cash to the merchants of Pavis, who all benefited from their presence. After the River of Cradles was opened up even more people came to the city, and the natives who had honest jobs were generally more happy.

So were the shiftless, the thieves and the adventurers who would rather get rich quick, or not at all. They preyed upon the foreigners, and even their own merchants if they needed the money.

Sor-eel, the new provost, acted so quickly that his sweep took in many hundreds of people from the Farmer’s Quarter and Riverside. Many others went into holes, over walls, or through tunnels we do not know about. They collected inside the ruined walled area called the Big Rubble. The Lunars regularly sent patrols after them, and mockingly named the bandits after their hiding places. Thus they loved to “chop the elves of the Garden” and to “hammer the dwarves of Flintnail’s Palace.” Eventually the vacated areas were filled with new tenants of a better sort.

However, nobody wanted to live at Farmer’s Quarter or Riverside after all, and many of the same people moved back in over time. It turned out that Sor-eel was not such a tyrant

after all, after he got his tax from everyone in the city, and also a part of all information and found treasure.

Beyond Pavis was Corflu, a miserable outpost far south at the mouth of the river. Whenever a soldier in Pavis got a crappy job they said they “got a corflu-job.” Every soldier had heard the story of the foot-long mosquitoes, and fragments from their brittle bodies had been handed around during regimental briefings. The whole coast, except for a few miserable islands, was marsh, and to step from the boat meant death by drowning or quicksand. Wearing armor always gave the wearer a certain bright red rash which first grew on shoulders and hips where the weight of the armor was borne. Then it spread from there. And there were these frog-things there that hated humans, and threw poison darts from hiding.

When Sor-eel, the Lunar commander, learned that the giant’s Cradle had escaped he was furious, and threatened to take his own household to get it the Other Way. However, his advisors convinced him not to, and instead he set out to persecute those who had helped it to escape.

Argrath, employed by one of the foreigners, had never raised a finger to help. The Cradle was a huge monstrosity, which had no lure for a sensible man like him. When so many of the would-be rescuers did not come back from the expedition Argrath was very glad that he had restrained himself and stayed home.

One day a new sickness came to the city. Argrath was among those who fell ill. The Pavis priests said that it was something that the Lunar miners had uncovered. People became weak, disoriented, and lapsed into unconsciousness. Only priests of Orlanth could heal them, and many people sneaked out of the city to find them.

At the Pairing Stone, north of the city, Argrath attended a great ceremony and was healed. At that time the spirit of God truly moved through the man for the first time. Orlanth purged the man of the illness demon, and he asked for nothing in return from Argrath. However, the god made a request of Argrath, and did promise to help him some more, later, in return for some information. Argrath agreed, out of gratitude, and gave to the god all that he knew about the nightmares of the Lunar soldiers in Pavis.

Argrath said afterwards that he was very glad to be rid of that burden, and if he’d known sooner what Orlanth could do then he would have sought the god out much sooner.

Argrath became a leader in the organization called the New Teeth. They sought to start a revolution against the decadent occupiers of the city. With a cadre of others like himself Argrath set out to make life miserable for the occupying army, and hoped to someday evict them from the city.

The Lunar Army was always busy in Pavis. More than once the army would leave the city on military business. More than once rumors came back to the city about disasters, massacres, and slaughters. Every time this occurred the hotheads urged an immediate rising and take-over. The old men would sigh and urge restraint, and Argrath said to wait.

One day Argrath discovered a traitor among his confederates. It was Hardros Naddarsson, a famous mercenary captain. They argued, and Argrath killed him in self-defense in a fight which ruined their secret lair. Argrath won, and before the rest of his ring he said, “This is how we deal with spies and assassins who have no respect for life.”

After the murder Argrath was purified, and everyone took new oaths again. Some people took the opportunity and did not rejoin the new ring, and some new people did. No Lunar sympathizers were on it.

Because of the work Argrath did in secret, often appearing in disguise, he knew when he should encourage his followers to rise up against the enemy. One day the majority of the Lunar Army forces departed on barges, headed down-river to fight against pirates in the marshes. They were all corflued. Argrath heard about the Battle of Corflu, where the Lunar soldiers tied their boats together to make a fighting platform, but were drowned when the frog-things sank the boats. Argrath raised the New Teeth and prepared for rebellion. But as they were preparing to oust the small Lunar garrison, the army survivors straggled back.

That is when the great army of nomads called Jaldon's Army, came to Pavis. The army survivors were just in time to be surrounded. But the army had gotten inside, and opportunity was lost. Argrath himself had been "aced out."

The barbarian horde was the biggest that had ever been seen since Dorasar had come here. The citizens were terrified, and they urged the weaponthanes to help the Lunar soldiers to defend the city from the howling savages. No sane Sartarite had love for the Animal Nomads. They had troubled Pavis since it began, and for centuries before that had taunted Orlanth and all his people. They had sworn to destroy the city.

That night Argrath had a dream, and it was a nightmare. In it Orlanth showed him the story of Bostanisos the Fang. This was a tribesman who had once sung the magical song which turned his family and friends into parts of teeth. When the great dragons came and devoured all the people, the clan was taken into its mouth but they avoided being devoured by the dragon which ate everything else, because they became its teeth there, and helped it to eat instead of being eaten.

The next day Argrath called his friends and relatives together and told them about his power dream, and what it meant. Bearded Farana said she knew: the Teeth of the Revolution must aid the nomads. They must sing the song and link themselves to Argrath's men if they were to survive. However, everyone was not anxious to support their old enemies who wanted to sack the city, and they did not act as the sage wanted.

Over the next week the nomads hurled themselves and their various monstrous shaman-things at the walls a few times. Then the dream again came to Argrath, but this time he just summoned his friends and went to the city square. He told all his relatives and friends to come to it, and invited any stranger who meant no harm but who would follow Argrath that day. The Lunar commander would have broken up the meeting, but at that moment the Animal Nomads launched their latest attack.

A thousand people sang that day. And every person, whether they were root, pulp, or enamel, knew their parts. They sang it together, and when it was all sung those who had to hide hid, those who had to fight armed and moved to the main gate, and the others went where they had to go.

When Argrath's army reached the Old Gate the guards there were already under assault by giant mosquitoes. The Teeth assaulted them, and after fierce fighting the rebels seized the gatehouse. Then they opened the gates, signaled from the ramparts, and the nomads came in. They had been waiting, because they had learned of this in a dream.

None of Argrath's people were harmed by the invaders, although some seemed to escape only by chance, some required force of arms, and some needed all the wit they had.

After the nomads had plundered for two days and passed out drunk, Argrath negotiated peace with the chiefs of the invaders and they left. Then Argrath and his ring organized the city. He revealed his bloodline to the people, who accepted him as their chief.

THE SARTAR KING LIST

Sartar. Crowned 1492, apotheosized 1520.

Saronil, son of Sartar. Crowned 1520, died 1550 rescuing his granddaughter.

Jarolar, son of Saronil. Crowned 1550, died 1565 fighting Tarsh King Phargentes.

Jarosar, son of Jarolar. Crowned 1565, died 1569, killed by Lunar spirits.

Tarkalor, son of Saronil. Crowned 1569, died 1582 in battle.

Terasarin, son of Tarkalor. Crowned 1582, died in 1600 by a dinosaur.

Salinarg, son of Korlaman, son of Eonistaran the Sage, son of King Sartar. Crowned 1600, died 1602 in battle.

Euglyptus the Great, son of Assiday, son of Raibanth. Governor King of the Sartari. Installed in office 1602, died in 1613 by a poison dart which he ate.

Fazzur the Bookworm, son of Vostor Blacktooth, of the Orindori Clan. Governor King of the Sartari. Installed in office 1613, retired 1621.

Temertain, son of Jotisan of Karse, son of Markalor, son of Eonistaran the Sage, Son of Sartar. Installed in office 1614, assassinated in 1624.

Tatius the Bright, son of Assiday, son of Raibanth. Governor King of Sartar and the Provinces. Installed in office 1622, eaten by a dragon in 1625.

Kallyr Starbrow, daughter of Loricon, son of Rastoron, son of Jarolar the Prince. Queen of the Sartari. Crowned in 1625, killed in 1626 by King Moirades.

Argrath Liberator, son of Maniski, son of Orlgard, of the Karandoli Clan, of the Colymar Tribe; and on his mother's side to King Sartar. King of Sartar and Dragon Pass. Crowned in 1627, disappeared in 1673.

Harrek the Berserk, King of the Reavers, Lord of Destruction. Crowned in 1673, departed in 1677.

Phargentes, son of Pharandros. King of Dragon Pass. Crowned in 1677, killed in battle in 1680.

Argrath Dragonlord, returned from retirement in 1680. He was also called Giant-friend. He was the heir to the Sartar Kingdom, by virtue of his pure Mother's blood. He was King of the World, and his body is in Tarkalor's Graveyard.

ORLANTH ARGRATHI

SOURCE: TEMPLE OF LIBERATION

There was a time when the Evil Empire had reached out in every direction, plus one, like the terrible walktapus with its ten limbs of different types.

One limb, without bones, had even reached into Heaven and pulled down Orlanth himself, so that every wind which blew was an evil wind. Every free man or woman was oppressed, outlawed, imprisoned, or enslaved.

The corruption of the empire had managed to turn all which was good into bad, and all which was neutral into evil. Rain burned, no snow fell in winter, the wind blew in ways which it had not blown before. Strange plants grew from the ground, waters turned to poison, and the light from the Sun, Moon, and stars were harmful to people. The Evil Empire even turned writing into an evil thing.

The destruction of the cosmos continued until the god, Argrath the Orlanthi, was roused from his sleep to help it, and set it right.

Argrath was one of the outlaws. When the imperial tax collectors came to his stead to take the last sheep, Argrath killed them and fled eastward into the waste places. He hid for a time in the city of giants. Argrath gained the Six Allies to help him to fix the world. They were:

1. From the east came Yazurkial Blue Llama, the son of Storm Bull. He led a tribe which rode animals which no one could name.
2. From the south came Jann, son of Afadjann. They sailed upon a fleet made of silver which did not fear the vortex in the ocean.
3. From the west came Ardinyar, son of Kocholang, Lord of the Seven Storms and King of Ralios. His whole tribe came with him, and they stayed in one tent.
4. From the north came Randans, who sailed upon the Kalikos Boat which gave light and warmth even in the snowstorm.
5. From above came Viri of Orlanth, the beautiful winged one with her flock of flying folk, who lived among the mountain peaks.
6. From below, returned from the land of the dead, came Enderos Quicktongue, who had been Argrath's Knowing Companion, and who bore the Longaxe.

THE EMPIRE OF THE WYRMS FRIENDS

THE ENIGMATIC ENTITY

The mystery of the EWF is vast. It is one of the most clear examples of Minarian Memory Removal (and may be another example of the Samarsh Historical Modification as well, though that is not covered here.) Ruins, some sordid survivors, and some confused tales are all that survive from within the affected area. Foreign records are more widespread, for they were not affected by the removal. The foreigners, bent upon destroying the dragons and allies, did not partake of whatever was removed. However, foreign opinion is biased and unreliable, and will not be addressed here.

WHO WERE THEY?

In ancient times, approximately from 575 to 1042 lived a people who were friends with dragons and draconic kin. No one before them had done this (except the Theyalans, who were friends with everyone and so did not last too long).

Everyone knows the basic story: Vistikos Left-eye befriended the dragon Orobo, who gave him EWF so that he could defeat the Brain-looters. Then Isgandrang Dragonspeaker enslaved the people, and for a time peace reigned. But Usdaros the Impatient, reportedly the grandson of Isgandrang, began a civil war. Peranal the Protector was the most famous EWF official who liberated people from the hold of the empire, but even he was eaten by dragons at the end, when the dragons betrayed humankind and gathered for a great feeding, called Dragonkill War, from which no human escaped. Since then no one has trusted dragons.

But beyond these bare facts, we are sure of little, including the name by which these folks called themselves. The common title of the Empire of the Wyrms Friends is a relatively late one, constructed out of an icon which was very popular and widespread, and can still be found



in many ruins today. The icon looked like the above illustration on the left. A variant is shown in the middle illustration. Sometimes it was part of a larger design, shown on the illustration on the right. The meaning of this is, as stated, unknown.

One popular theorist, Banadal of Ger, believes that these are in fact ancient letters similar to our own, and that they spell out the name by which these folks called themselves. He pronounces it as *youf* or *ee-you-ef*, depending on whether he wants a one- or three-syllable word. He cites that the Balazarings remember fighting against the Rowf Guards, and that the Only Old One once called them the Garandal Oov, or “near-equal oov” (and *oov* is untranslatable.) Banadal of Ger feels these are reflections of this ancient name.

Fareneal of Nochet believes that it is a symbol for a dragon, and has presented several variations on how to interpret it. Other titles found using this icon include: Empire Without Friends, and Enemies Without Friends.

CITIES OF DRAGON PASS

Source: [This is a segment of a document by Hrestol Arganitis, a second-age traveler who was probably a spy for the God Learners. He traveled through the EWF sometimes during its early or central phase, probably about 700 or so. Copies of this document are in many of the earliest Lhankor Mhy libraries.]

The people of Dragon Pass are divided into two large segments, with the continental watershed running between them. The eastern group is called the Leftside. They are clustered along the Creek-Stream River, whose culture forms a continuum with the peoples of the buffer state of Kethaela, which I discussed previously, and are best understood in that context.

The people of the west, or Rightside, are gathered about the upper reaches of the Oslir River, a mighty waterway which reportedly travels 500 miles or more to the north to empty into a frozen ocean where troll navies battle each other from galleys which skate across ice.

THE CITIES OF THE CREEK-STREAM RIVER

The Creek-Stream River empties into the Choralinthor Bay at its northeast corner. The rushing force of the clear river water cuts a fairly stable channel through the marsh littoral around the mouth. Nonetheless, the local pilots insist upon controlling the ship during approach.

The Creek-Stream River here cuts through the Shadowlands, a buffer state between the sea and the Wyrmfriends. It is ruled by the nonhuman race called *Uz*, or in our own tongue, trolls. We Westerners find it abhorrent that this hated, monstrous race rules humans, but the ignorant pagans here do not seem to mind, and actually laughed at my concerns.

For much of its length, the river trip is difficult or impossible due to the general lay of the land, which rises in the north. Many smaller cities along the way serve as stop-off spots for weary bargemen, and local markets for the many farmers of the valley. I mention only the most interesting, and largest, cities here. They include, from the mouth heading northward:

Karse, the Decadent, on the left bank of the mouth. This is a place where people of

many cultures meet, and also many races, all as equals (unlike Nochet). They say anything is available here: I met a man who said he had sex with an Aldryami, and a woman who said she exchanged gold for royalty.

Jisteel, on the right bank, is where the troll guard station is. They stop every boat and barge with a huge chain of unknown metal stretched across the river, and the frightening *Uz* board and question the commander of the vessel. Do not be afraid — if your commander is honest, the *Uz* will never question the passengers.

Anjoralini, on the left bank, sits only a half mile from the Shadow Plateau. In evening, the dark stone wall blocks the sunlight from the city, so that they say “The Sun sets early in Anjoralini.”

Bonn Karpach, on the right bank, is the first city of the Wyrmfriends. Astonishingly, no military outpost or import authorities wait here. Our boat commander said a huge dragon does that job. It lies underwater, checking for enemies who sail on the river over its head.

The next 100 miles of river are the Leftside Community of the Wyrmfriends. They are not a country, and have no government except the mystical Inner Brotherhood who are sequestered at the Dragon’s Eye. I do not know what they are Left of, although the other major riverine population center is called the Rightside.

Voss Varainu, on the right bank, is located at an important ford and portage. Near its southern gate is the famous stitched zoo, where some fascinating experiments are being done to create a new type of being. The results are revealed in the zoo.

Olorost, on the left bank, is where the Stream joins the River. This bustling city is one of the off-loading points for goods going farther north. The road from here crosses the Dragonspine Range at Dragon Pass. Here the road passes between the precipitous, and reportedly spectacular, rock formations of this landmark which has lent its name to the whole land.

Orin Jistil, in the shadow of huge Mount Kero Fin, sits on the left bank, close to where the Creek, the second major tributary, joins its current to the River. Because of the constant storm which thunders around the mountain, it is usually more rainy and windy here than elsewhere. It is the off-loading point for the Maran Gor Trail which goes northward, to Rightside.

Salor, on the left bank, sits at the south edge of The Lakes. It is the head of the road which passes over the continental divide, here called the Dinosaur Ridge, on the Intan Trail.

The Lakes are actually picturesque stretches of the river, separated by steep falls and white water. The waters of this immortal current are undiluted here by any source less than the immortal Skyfall Storm itself. Past this point its water is clearer, its denizens more unusual, and its hazards greater. The Dendelle Lake is the last of them, and is a placid ten-mile stretch of the River which is so clear you can see the river bed, even in the center, which is 100 yards deep.

Hannand is a small city on the left bank, at the end of Dendelle Lake. It is the last city along the River, and is also the loading place for goods traded from the local population of *Mostali*, or in our Western tongue: dwarves.

Upriver from Hannand the river is unnavigable by any vessel but small boats. But many human towns measure its fertile banks. Thirty miles upriver from Hannand sits Fort Tikand, a sacred outpost to combat the monsters which live upriver from it. To my astonishment, the humans were aided not only by a draconic advisor, but also a mixture of different *kerjalkei*, right out of the Gbaji nightmare! But I was doubly alarmed when I discovered that this fort of *kerjalkei* were prepared to fight against some other monsters which frightened even them!

I did not dare to pass further on the river beyond the fort, but the pagans there told me some facts. The valley, called Snakepipe Hollow, is about 25 miles long, and ends at a great steep cliff. The River drops over it in a spectacular waterfall. It is another 25 miles past the

waterfall to reach Skyfall Lake. Nonetheless, though it was 50 miles away from Fort Tikand, I could plainly see the roiling black clouds which conceal the hole in the sky where the water drops into this world.

THE DIVIDE

A series of hills, ridges, and mountains marks the watershed for the area. They are more or less continuous, running from the southwest to the northeast.

The Skyreach Mountains, a series of very steep and tall crags, are impassable to normal transportation. The watershed begins there. A long series of ridges called the Right Clavandal stretches from there to Kero Fin Mountain. Two passes cut through these on a north-south axis. The higher one is most southernmost and goes from the Upper River Vale through very rough ground over the Belastran Pass. After crossing the ridge, more travel along the upper stretches of the Harnda River take the traveler to Polstan, a pleasant though small city, and further to Banjarn, where boats can be taken once again. The easier pass, called Dragon Pass, passes through precipitous valleys close to Kero Fin, and also ends at Banjarn.

Kero Fin Mountain is a very tall peak in the center of the land. This was once the sacred mountain and home of the gods for the natives. Now it is also a resort for the wealthy, and a lair for those humans who are learning to fly in a draconic manner.

The Left Clavandal Ridges stretch from Kero Fin in a northerly direction until it reaches the Boar-tusk Forest, where the ridges turn abruptly eastward until they reach the Skyfall Peaks, where the black dragon lives. Along their north-south stretch the ridges are fairly low and even, with two good passes to the south and one dangerous and long one in the north. The first pass goes from Orinjstil to Bon Bolar, then to Banjarn. This is the shortest and easiest route, once the steep trail north of Kero Fin has been accomplished. The next one, going north, is the Dendrogi, which goes from Salor to Intan, and then to Banjarn. The northernmost pass is called the Wideway, and it is the easiest route, as long as the monsters from the nearby hollow are restrained by the *kerjalki* in Fort Tikal. It ends at the city of Jeron, and the trail goes onward down the Oslir River to some city where boats can be boarded.

THE WESTERN EWF

Banjarn is the southernmost city along the navigable river. It is the off-loading station for goods which are carried overland to Orin Jistil or to Olorost.

Kordros City is named after the dominant tribe of the area. It sits at the north end of the Kordros Island.

Ostgetler is the last and northernmost city of the Wymfriends. Beyond it lies another buffer state, Saird, and beyond that is Krjalkiland.

THE DRAGONEWTS

The dragonewts are a very ancient race of lizard-like beings, generally bipedal and humanoid, though usually tailed as well, and are most assuredly intelligent and vitalized. They are descended from the great immortal dragons which exterminated all humans in 1100, reputedly born from damaged or improperly fertilized eggs.

The dragonewts appear in several different shapes, although they claim all of them are one species. It has been generally agreed that the various forms of dragonewt are

different stages of growth, but this is unproved. Their colors are variable from individual to individual, and even sometimes changes for one of them according to instinctive needs or according to the creature's intelligent volition. In any case, they have been reported to be of every natural color.

The alien nature of the dragonewt race is inherent in their every action and thought. Their cities are grotesque and strange to humans. Their language is almost musical at times, but impossible for people to speak. Their magical powers are natural to them, but are unfathomable to humans. They seem to be incapable of drawing a picture, planting a seed, or binding a companion's wounds. To further mark their oddness, all dragonewts are left-handed. [This is a source of consternation to fighters in the area.]

Most odd, however is their ability to reappear in their home nests after being killed in battle or undergoing a ceremonial suicide called Utuma.

Several interesting individuals are known through history, and their deaths and subsequent reappearances are chronicled. Most of them died and came back, but all of them seemed to dread pain and death, and all dragonewts as often as not will flee from it, like any mortal being. [Their rebirth ability is not of great tactical value since they recover in their eggs, far from the field where their last body fell.]

Dragonewts have their own particular dragon magic, and can not perform many magics done by humans. They do not seem to be able to manipulate or control the elements at all.

They do not often seek human contact, and seem content to go about their history oblivious to other mortals. But they do trade, and are periodically interested in something or other from human kingdoms. [Last year, they say, it was in emerald necklaces.] Certain foodstuffs, especially black-eye peas and beef from red cattle, are regularly traded to them at Tradethink Market by the Vanstach Clan, who claim monopoly there.

The dragonewts' tools and weapons are made of obsidian, which is found locally, imported from the Holy Country and Dagori Inkarth. The glass is so sharp it cuts metal, and can be strengthened with magic to make it less brittle than usual. [Normally dragonewts parry with the wood, metal, or bone shafts of their weapons to preserve the cutting edges.] The glass is fashioned into spearheads, fitted to along a spine to make sword-like weapons called *kelanths*, and fashioned into darts which are thrown with deadly efficiency over distances greater than any humans can hurl them. [Reports say they use their klanths as dart-throwers.]

The domestic beasts of the dragonewts are called demi-birds. These are horse-sized creatures, bipedal, and covered with feathers. They have atrophied wing-like appendages and two extremely powerful legs for running and kicking, and a large snapping beak as sharp and hard as bronze. Their bones are not the fragile frame which holds flying creatures aloft, but are stout and strong. [Locals favor them for their rich marrow, which they say is big enough for "a household at a sitting, of marrow pudding served in a natural trough."]

HISTORY

The dragonewts were very powerful before the Darkness, but had already begun their decline even before the dark weakened them. Their strength and draconic defenses preserved them in Dragon Pass during the break up of the cosmos, and they were one of the mortal races in the First and the Second Councils. They suffered heavily during the Gbaji Wars, when they first opposed then assisted Gbaji.

Afterwards they did not act as a single political force, though their troops continued to appear on every front, usually hired as mercenaries.

They aided humans one time, and the humans became friends of the dragons. The dragonewts gradually slipped from center stage, however, and at last only humans and human dragons ruled the EWF. Then in 1044, as human enemies marched upon the fortified crust of the decaying Empire Without Friends, the dragonewts rose up from secret within the rotten heart and brought an end to human domination in Dragon Pass. Later, when the various kings, khans, and lords attempted to re-assert human rights in Dragon Pass, their armies were annihilated in the Dragonkill War, in 1100. There followed a century and a half without human contact at all.

Subsequent entry of humans into the region of Dragon Pass was met with dragonewt disinterest and apathy. Humans cultivated this avoidance until about 1350, when a speaking emissary from the dragonewts approached the Twins of Tarsh and cordially invited friendship between their race and the newcomers. They occasionally aided in Tarsh's wars, but lost interest again after the Twins Dynasty ended in 1448.

Sartar contacted dragonewts around 1480, and concluded whatever agreements were necessary to build Boldhome. Although the agreement was not binding to dragonewts outside of the Quivin Mountains, nor to Sartar's heirs, the city was never bothered by the dragonewts after its foundation.

In 1539 the Dragonewts Dream began, and ended two years later. At this time the real dragonewts seemed to go about their normal, ordinary business, but in addition there was a huge appearance of phantom dragonewts going about their mysterious tasks. These phantoms could not be touched by living people or by magic, yet their works affected the real world. Once their primary patterns were noted the humans avoided them if possible. And, after five years, they disappeared again. [Some scholars believe these were doing tasks originally done 1300 years earlier, in the First Council era.]

In 1570 dragonewts were seen to be employed by the Lunar Empire. They subsequently hired out forces to the Kingdoms of Tarsh and Sartar. [They assisted in the downfall of Boldhome.]

THE SAGA OF INGOLF DRAGONFRIEND

SOURCE: STORY FROM RALIOS

Ingolf was of the Garanazar Clan which lives on the Rendalian River. He was the son of Harstov Bigspear, who was the son of Ernandan the Black, son of Hostaran the Chief, who was of the Nardaini.

Ingolf was never initiated, though the rite was begun for him. He escaped from the evil uncles who were to slay him by leaping over a cliff, and flying away from them. When they returned home they said that the boy had been killed by falling over the cliff.

Ingolf flew until he was tired, and crashed to earth in a dark wood. When he awoke two shadows confronted him, and demanded he choose which of them to keep. He chose the smaller one, which laughed and called the larger one a defeated corrupter. Then the shadows fought, and the bigger one was torn to pieces and never came back.

Then the shadow turned into a dragon, and without warning attacked Ingolf. At first he thought the dragon was small, but it smashed him to the earth so that his eye was near the soil. There, up close, he saw a whole city which seemed the size of a pea. Ingolf realized that the dragon was, in fact, its full size, and that he too was the size of a dragon. So its voice and

flame did not hurt, and its claws gave bearable wounds, and its thoughts could be contained for a moment.

He used only his left hand to grip the foe, his left leg to stand on, his left eye to see with, and the left side of his mouth to pronounce the word of power which he had always borne within his heart. And the dragon, the great monster, was bent slowly back by the grip, into submission. But rather than slaying it, Ingolf healed it. Then the two of them made the *yrigal*.

In this way Ingolf began his quest to become a dragonfriend. It was not easy, and he found himself at first among strangers. But he found companions among them, and over the years he traversed the entire dragon realm with his companions. He went to Alkazharst, Beanarkadoor, Bonjanasotian, the many Ongarants, Vostalakor, and Fantazandar. At each place he was challenged and overcame his foes with appropriate friendship or fierceness, and was at last accepted as an equal by the Dragonlords of Dragon Pass.

When the tides of war turned against him Ingolf used his dragon allies sparingly, but decisively:

The fire-breathers were summoned to save the son of Prince Arastakos, who was being taken into hiding after his uncle slew everyone in New Jardan. They flew overhead to protect the party, and gave deadly surprise to the soldiers in pursuit. Then they bore humans upon their backs far ahead to ambush pursuers. They died in the fight.

The Fore Claw was used at Vindorhall, when the troll giant Unalakez led her army of centipedes and ravaged Delela. The Fore Claw exterminated her bodyguards, and laid the demigoddess insensate for months.

The Left Claw was used at Vindorhall, when Cragspider led the third army of great trolls and ravaged Noramland. The Left Claw destroyed her troll army, and wounded the troll priestess.

The Scales were used when Cragspider counterattacked, and seared all of the Vindori tribal lands with fire which fell from the sky. It seared the scales off the great dragon, and Ingolf bore those scars ever afterwards.

The War Teeth were scattered upon the blood red fields of Karnant, and the mouthful of deadly warriors pulverized their foes, and bore the bodies of their victims back to an invisible maw afterwards.

Ingolf was one of the Pick-uppers who sought to preserve the inferior portions of the Empire of Dragon Pass. He fought against the corrupt Up-Toppers who were selfish and unjust. When the Three Armies attacked the empire they came with great and terrible magics. The stars moved when the invaders summoned forth their worst enemy, and Drang rose from the fabric of the empire to confront the hero. But with the help of Orlanth the hero was made, and Alakoring Dragonkiller slew the Diamond Storm Dragon, enriching himself and his tribes to prepare for the next invasion.

The destruction of the Diamond Storm Dragon devastated many in the empire, and wounded most of those who were powerful and well connected. But Ingolf was unharmed, and he helped to heal those who still needed it.

Over time the Forward Dragons faction lost strength and power to the Here and Now Dragons faction. Material objectives of the empire thus became easier to accomplish, but the precarious spiritual balance was lost. The empire grew more corrupt until it betrayed its own draconic essence by being too selfish. Then the Dragon Emperor of the humans was confronted by an evil spirit named Utuma who slew him. Other assassins came from out of the shadows and up from under things to kill all of the other draconic leaders. Prisons were thrown open, secret armies let loose, and mobs of people were released into riots and frenzy through the failed heart of the empire.

Ingolf escaped all this, too, when he used the Wings, and upon them flew gracefully from the carnage which he had tried to repair. He returned to Hestvenhall, where he was made chief of the ring, and he lived for many more years and kept peace with Ormsland, so that the Hestveni prospered unlike ever before during his reign.

When Ingolf heard the Call he did not hesitate. One day a black dragon came into the Hestven lands and began ravaging it. None of the prayers or sacrifices of the people pleased it, and many of them were killed in the trying. They reported to their king.

“What is doing this?” Ingolf asked.

“It is black, like the darkness of death, and it has no shadow,” they said. “Its body is the size of the Hill of Nardain, and it has a long neck like the Ebon Viper. Its tail is as long, and the legs which drag its belly upon the ground are like the great trees, which grow in the center of elf forests.”

“But its eyes, my good man, what of its eyes?”

“When the seer of spirits looked upon its face he saw seven empty places instead of eyes, and when he did not leave from his viewing then seven small things came out of each eye and attacked him, so that he is now blind and will need a year to recover.”

“Then there is no need for anyone to deal with it,” said Ingolf, and he rose from his throne. “It has come for me, and only I will satisfy it. I fear it not, and I beg none to mourn my passing. I have taught you the right songs and prayers to reach me, and now I go to Kapertine, which no human can ever imagine.”

And so he walked to the place, and the dragon rushed to meet him. And as his sorrowful companions watched, Ingolf was taken within the dragon and transported to the immortal eyrie.

Two poets died trying to describe the beauty of his transformation. Seven other people, to everyone’s surprise, turned into lesser flying creatures as well. They launched themselves eastward, where they joined into the One Dance. All of them lived for an extra hundred years after that.

THE BATTLE BANNER

The Battle Banner of the EWF is widely known throughout Genertela. It is a standing dragon about to bite its own tail, which arches over its back. Its arms are so slender that most who saw it mistook it for the legless form of dragon called wurm or orm.

The draconic banner of the EWF had not flown since the empire was betrayed by their dragon allies and destroyed. Before that time it had helped to assure victory whenever it was unfurled. However, it had been unfurled only when the Second Dragon, which commanded a great army, was in the field. The Second Dragon only entered upon the field of battle when other armies had been defeated three times. But when the Second Army took the field, it never lost.

The banner was left intact in the headquarters of the EWF when they were destroyed. Although people tried to use it afterwards, no one could unfurl it. When the Invincible Golden Horde came from the north they burned the old headquarters down, and everyone presumed that the banner was destroyed then.

Argrath recovered it intact, though no one knows when or how any more. He also mastered its powers, and he used it to save everyone at both Bendeveich, when it breathed fire upon the foes a mile away; and at Nenstens, when the ghost army came.

And remember, the dragonewts assisted him at Bendeveich, too.

ORLANTH AND DROLGARD

Source: [In Nochet there is an old man who takes tourists upon walking tours of the five greatest temples. His name is Yanasdrog Ingestsson, but everyone calls him the Art Guy. You can find him any morning by Aksendros Gate, ready to tour. He says that he remembers these stories from his youth, when he was a slave among the Grazers. He says that he remembers them, and no one else does, because he knew them when they were new, but everyone else forgot them. He says he is over seven hundred years old.]

Orlanth never liked the dragons. The dragons never obeyed him, and they were fierce enough to defy the god. And when they roused to anger, they did things to the world which changed it forever, and so Orlanth even feared them a little.

When Orlanth learned about Peace he decided to spread it everywhere. Not too many foes remained, and they were all very happy to accept peace with Orlanth. Except for the dragons, because Orlanth could not speak to them. He called his Speaking Companion to him, and he asked how he might be able to bring a message of peace to the dragons, for he was tired of war and wished to have a place to raise children.

Issaries said to him, "There is only one being who might speak to them now, and that is Drolgard."

"Then send for her," said Orlanth, "that she may work for me."

"She will not come," said Lhankor Mhy, who knows such things, "unless she has an absolute safe conduct. She is one of the Animal Tribe, and she fears you more than anything ever since you slew Hykim and Mikyh, the King and Queen of their tribe."²

"Then give her Absolute Safe Conduct," said Orlanth, "for I would be friendly with everyone."

Drolgard received the word from Issaries, and she agreed to go. She also brought her lover, Arangorf, the Inner Dragon.

When Arangorf came to Orlanth's Stead he smashed down the stockade, and he tore the roof off the long house to join the feast. He drank all of the ale in the Giant's Cauldron, and he crunched upon the bones of the sacred cattle.

But Orlanth had given his word, and so no trouble came from this.

"I thought that it would be best," said Drolgard, "if you could speak your desires to a dragon, by yourself."

"I cannot," said Orlanth, "for neither I nor my Speaking Companion knows of any way to speak to it."

"You do not know me," said Drolgard, "for I am that communication. The only cost to speak like me this way is that you *must*, once you know how to do it."

"That is my intention," said Orlanth, "please show me."

And so Drolgard showed him that thing that lets dragon-speaking occur, which is part dance, part prayer, part comic routine, and part something else entirely which you can only understand by looking one of the dragon-speakers in the eye.

And so, in that way, Orlanth learned Draconic, and he spoke it to Arangorf, who said that he would take the word to others of his race. And after that, there was no trouble for a long time between dragons and the Orlanthi.

The curse of knowledge is that you must use it, or it will destroy you. Once Orlanth had learned Draconic, he had to listen to it.

2 Other sources give Drolgard and Arangorf as Orlanthi names for Hykim and Mikyh.

Orlanth is never afraid to venture into the shadow, and to seek out the worst foe. So when this summons came, he gathered his tools and he went towards it.

There he discovered that he had been inhabited by Arangorf, the Inner Dragon. He did not fear her, and actually sought the opportunity for this new experience. In those days the sage Obduran the Flyer sacrificed to Orlanth Dragonfriend, and was received by this Orlanth.

Thus, for a time, all was well in the world. This was when Erine Unessasdotter and Religos the Red had a contest to see who could live the longest, and when Eurmal's tricks worked only against himself.

But no balance can last forever, especially when Orlanth is at one end of it. And here is what happened:

Orlanth and Arangorf were in the dance, and it was the perfect dance. They reflected each other, and in the moments when one was frightening the other was ready to be frightened, and when one was ready to destroy, the other was ready to rebuild. So whatever occurred, there was immediate harmony in the world, and everyone alive was glad of the benefits.

But these can not last forever, and no one can say whether it was Orlanth or the dragon which went out of synchronization. *I say that it was Orlanth, because he loves trouble, and he could not bear to understand the draconic way by his very nature.*

But the fact is that it ended, and the things went out of harmony. People hate dragons again, and times are worse and worse so that I have to end up here, telling tales for coppers and drinking cheap wine.

THE CITY OF PAVIS

SOURCE: A COMMON PRAXIAN STORY

Pavis was a nobleman from the Empire of the Wyrms Friends. His mother was a human woman, and his father was an Aldryami. This sort of unusual cross fertilization occurred within the Empire of the Wyrms Friends when the stars were in the right position. The fraternization of the races was widespread there, and Pavis learned the secrets of stone from a dwarf.

Pavis had great ambition, and so he went into the land of his youth, which was called Shadows Dance. There was a great statue which sat there, bigger than most giants, upon a mighty throne. Pavis raised the statue to life, and sat upon its shoulder when it went into the plains and found a wide fertile place to build a city. There Pavis summoned his enemy, Waha the Barbarian. The statue and Waha wrestled, and the demigod lost. As a result, Pavis took possession of the river valley. Waha never forgave the insult.

Pavis brought in many workers to help build his city. These included dwarves from Dragon Pass, including one named Flintnail. Flintnail disassembled the vast statue, and used its parts to construct a great city. Its walls were able to keep out giants. And its stony organs continued to live, giving supernatural protection to the city.

Pavis set up administration of the city and surrounding lands. He brought in Solar cavalry and infantry from Peloria to protect it from the Animal Nomads. When he was one hundred years old he went into his temple, and left his worship to those who were his kin and his citizens. Rule was left to his son-in-law, Lord Arrowsmith, founder of a dynasty. Another daughter ruled his cult. A third was in charge of the Flintnail cult. A fourth was the ruler of the marketplace.

The city has been ruined, overrun, abandoned, and rebuilt since Pavis was alive. He has no known living kin, and his cults are run by strangers. Nonetheless, Pavis is still worshipped.

THE BATTLE OF ALAVAN ARGAY

SOURCE: A COMMON PRAXIAN TALE

In the Middle Period there came to be a great conflict among the people of Pent. They had, until then, been pure, for they rode and devoured only their beast-brother, the horses. But in those days dissent arose from the Gongarilli, who refused to further decimate their kin by eating them. Instead, they said, they would herd and eat only slave animals, especially cattle. The traditionalists, who protested, called themselves the Pure Horse Tribe, and there was trouble between them. The Pure Horse Tribe of the Golden Bow rode upon their steeds as brothers, and the shamans of that nation could summon powerful Spirits of Light to aid them. Soon the Pure Horse People were the nobility of Pent, lording over the beef-eaters.

In the seven hundred and fortieth year after the first sunrise, the EWF hired a tribe of Horse People to help them conquer Prax. One of the Pure Horse Tribes agreed, and with their children and belongings they moved a thousand miles south to Prax.

The Animal Nomads and the horse nomads had been feuding since before the beginning of Time. Both claimed that they were the chosen children of Genert, the dead god whose homeland was wasted. For the most part, they had waged unnamed battles along the lands where they bordered upon each other. But the Praxians had thought their sacred lands in Prax to be safe. The appearance of their ancient foes in Prax raised great alarm, and a unified army of nomads assembled to drive them out.

The EWF sent many people to assist the Golden Horse Tribe, and the battle was long and fierce. The famous Battle Banner of the EWF summoned its helpers in this fight, and so it is called the Battle of Third Wing, because three flights of its various creatures assaulted the Praxians in their rear before they fell. The Animal Nomads were decisively beaten. They took their families and moved out of Prax, populating the Wastes with their numbers.

About this time the city of Pavis was built. For two centuries Pavis and the Pure Horse People dominated Prax. Then the Sable Folk discovered the way to reawaken Jaldon Toothmaker, a hero from bygone ages, who could appear only if the nomads were unified. They united long enough to sack Pavis and defeat the Pure Horse People, who in turn joined in the gleeful sack of Dragon Pass after the dragonewts traitorously betrayed their human allies. The Praxians were present when the Dragonkill War closed the region of Dragon Pass to human habitation.

The Pure Horse People maintained their customs and liberty among the Praxians for several years. The council of gods in the Paps recognized the children of Golden Bow as distant wayward cousins. When an army of Uz abruptly erupted from Shadows Dance and moved southward, along the River of Cradles, the Pure Horse People were among those who came to fight them. Their War God, Golden Bow, was among the many spirits which were crushed by the magic of the trolls and their goddess. The Pure Horse People were among those chewed up in the pursuit by the hounds of the Underworld. The Uz entered into the ruins of Pavis, sealed it off from the rest of the world, and dropped out of the history of Prax.

The Pure Horse Tribe was seriously weakened after the battle with the trolls. The other nearby tribes quickly reinforced their numbers with immigrants from the Wastelands. The

Pure Horse People had no such option, and soon found themselves being regularly raided by their foes.

The pressures on the Horse People continued to grow, culminating in a fierce battle in 1250 ST. It was so serious that the Pure Horse People even considered arming their women for the fight, but refused at the end because it was contrary to their way.

Their foes were many clans from the Sable, Impala, and Bison tribes working together under the leadership of Goran Tar, of the Antharan Bison Clan.

The forces met in 1250 at the Battle of Alavan Argay, which was fought on the plains between Tourney Altar and the Monkey Ruins. The Pure Horse People fought long and well, but were outnumbered, outmaneuvered, and outdone in magic. There was not even a place to flee, and by sundown the Pure Horse People had been killed or captured.

The prisoners of the tribe were gathered and given their choice of slavery or death by the victors. The people demanded a night's time to decide, and were generously granted it by Goran Tar, who placed them under the Black Net to make their council.

No one knows what occurred under the net that night. The next dawn the victors opened it, and they were attacked by many old people who were armed only with rocks, or the sharpened bones of their dead companions. They did not last long, and were all slain. When the victors counted the dead, they found only half the number of people present who had been there the night before. The Black Net had done its work, and destroyed the rest.

That was the end of the Pure Horse People in Prax.

JALK'S BOOK

The original had only two internal divisions, other than the separate chapters. The *Book of the Colymar*, for instance, was not set apart from the rest in any way. Only the *Report on the Orlanthi* was set apart, by a larger headline. The other larger divisions are my own, though I think obvious to the material.

Essays begin the document. They seem to be the wild speculations of the old scribes hidden away in their lofty library.

Next comes *The Colymar Book*. It is a collection of information about the Colymar Tribe, from which Argrath reportedly originated. It is sometimes erratic. The "Clans" section is sometimes self-contradictory, for instance, and the dates of "Events of My Life" are out of line with *The Composite History of Dragon Pass*. Relevant to our quest for the Real Argrath is the last section of *The Colymar Book*, "Prince Argrath and the Colymar."

The Colymar Book is sometimes attributed to Amstalli the Old, who "collected these parts so that they would not be forgotten by my children." Amstalli placed his own acknowledgment in the center of the book. He probably found what came before that as an intact document. He added his wishes to it, then added his new found material to that. Many of the facts are bare king lists and scribal notes rather than a real tribal history. Nonetheless, the dates are usually close to those of *The Composite History of Dragon Pass*, and verify portions of the Hero War period.

The next section is an extensive description of the city of *Boldhome*. This city was the former capital of the kingdom, and the city itself was unusual in many ways. This document does date itself to being fifteen years after Sartar was cremated, therefore 1535. Thus the original of this predates many of the later portions of the text by at least a century.

The Grazers are the subject of the next section. They were a horse-riding, Sun-worshipping tribe which lived in Dragon Pass during the Hero Wars. Gathered here are five articles and songs about or by the Grazers. The list of chiefs is an interesting comparison with the text in *The Composite History of Dragon Pass*. The list of Feathered Horse Queens provides valuable insight and information on that unusual collection of magical women.

Finally are some Miscellaneous Fragments. The "Orlanth Argrathi" section indicates that Argrath was probably already worshipped at that time by someone.

The *Report on the Orlanthi* is the second, and major section of *Jalk's Book*. It is somebody's intensive study and analysis of the Orlanthi culture, done from a fairly objective point of view. Little betrays its date, internally, except to make it clear this is the way of the Heortlings. If the title were not otherwise, I would have called it *Report on the Heortlings*. The details are for a culture which is agricultural and transhumant, and which has clans of several hundred adults. We can believe that this is information about the Orlanthi peoples of Dragon Pass during the Hero Wars era.

— Greg Stafford

JALK'S BOOK

FROM THE LONDARIO LIBRARY

To My Dear Reader, you are surely a lord now among the masses from down there. These are ill times, and I do not expect the gods to stem the flood. I have gone below, and gathered these scraps of our ancestors' knowledge. I am only a copyist. I can only paraphrase my elder and better, Amstalli the Old.

Jalk the Letterer has collected these parts, to add to the traditional material, so that so they would not be forgotten by those who follow. Each letter I make is a prayer to Lbankor Mhy that the wonders and joy of that better life will not be forgotten from the world.

MAKING GODS

SOURCE: HILLIAM WANTS WEST, SCRIBE

YELMALIO

The evolution of this religion is a great example of another way that a deity may be born.

Before the time of Tarkalor there was a great dissension among the Quivini tribes which made them easy prey to their foes. The quarrel stemmed from an increasingly powerful and vocal cult within their cultural religion.

Elmal is the Orlanthi god of the Sun, a trustedthane of the Chief God who is charged with defending the homestead when Orlanth and his companions depart upon the Lightbringers' Quest. His priests participate in the great festivals and important Sacred Time annual rituals, and have parts in many of the most widely known stories.

The native mythology tells of how Orlanth and Elmal met, fought while standing upon a precarious bridge, and both ended up in the raging waters. Orlanth rescued Elmal; they became friends and companions afterwards. Orlanth and Ernalda created the Foreigner's Wedding so that Elmal could marry their horse-loving daughter and join the clan.

The deity gave its initiates blessings upon the earth, good barley crops, healthy horses, and winter protection.

During the Dawn Age there was a clash of cultures as the Elmal magic impacted with the fierce Sun God who was worshipped by the nomads of Peloria. The beliefs of the two cultures in their own Sun Gods were challenged for the first time. Each held true, but the fierce nomads were weaker and unable to withstand the shock. The war ended with their defeat, and they retreated to places where no people had ever lived before.

The withdrawal of the nomads revealed a greater threat: the native Dara Happan Solar religion which covered all the regions previously occupied by the nomads. The impact upon the Theyalans is recorded, but the crushing splendor of the great golden towers of the Dara Happan Sun God was especially strong upon the Elmal.

The Theyalans recognized that Yelm, the Dara Happan Great God, was the manifestation of their own Emperor, an enemy of Orlanth. The Orlanthi also realized that Yelm was also the Sun God.

Although no battle was fought pitting Yelm against Elmal, the overwhelming material and magic from the lowland religion slowly enriched the upland cult. The enrichment was at first in ways which did not matter at all, for the Orlanthi ways said nothing about them. So gold was the metal most used among them for non-decorative items.

Later, some of the Elmal clans adopted lowland ways because they were more effective, such as when they started using the heavier Lod-plow, or began weaving gold threads into their tapestries.

Once the Eyetooth Clan brought in the *antesmia* statue. They did it because they were rebelling against their king, and they wanted to be able to bring a Sunspears down from their god, and were willing to pay eternal worship and tribute to a foreign deity in order to succeed.

Tarkalor was the youngest son of Prince Saronil, who was very old or already dead at this event. He was looking for a way to make a name for himself, and had been dragged into a feud with Kitori clans. He sought allies among the enemies of his father, and promised the disgruntled Elmal that they could have their own lands, and the chance to make their own rules, if they would help him in his task against Darkness. They did, and as a result of their powers the Kitori were smashed, and their survivors ran away into the waste places. The conquered lands were divided among the victors. The best were given back to the beastmen, and the rest to humans. The Volsaxi Tribe was begun, and the Sun Dome Temple too. Monrogh, the first Son of Yelmali, swore loyalty to Tarkalor when he became king, but no other count has.

Monrogh Lantern was the son of Jarosil, the son of Venharl, of the Running Fox Clan. As everyone knows, he had the Peculiar Vision at his initiation, but unlike all before him he saw the portents come true, recognized opportunity, and risked all to achieve it. He alone of hundreds since the Dawn succeeded and established the Temple.

Monrogh is the one who traveled to the Sun God to find the truth which was needed. He traversed the worlds, and met with the elf lords and the wandering souls who had still been seeking the vision. They were assembled as the Witnesses, who have brought their magics to the cult.

Monrogh did not know the name of the god for whom he searched, but when he returned to this world he brought back Yelmali. This deity was already known among the elves, and was said to be the wounded body of the Sun limping across the sky (perhaps even the immortal part, since it was not in the Underworld with the Emperor.) He recited the List of Visionaries, whose works had prepared the way for the liberation of Yelmali among humans.

The success of Monrogh at attaining the truth attracted the rest of the Elmal worshipers who wanted to join the new Sun religion. They were the first converts.

The number of converts grew quickly, and Monrogh organized a band under Varthanis Brighthelm to accompany Tarkalor's kinsman, Dorasar, to the ancient city of Pavis. He was so much more popular than Dorasar (and successful against the trolls of the Big Rubble) that half the surviving tribes asked him to lead them.

Varthanis also chanted the List of Visionaries which included Arinsor Clearmind, a famous lord among the dragonfriends.

The old religious/conflict of the traditional and innovative Sun worshipers had weakened many kingdoms throughout Peloria before. Tarkalor managed to disarm it and strengthen his position at the same time. Whether Tarkalor was conscious of what he was doing we do not know, and he did not tell.

At that time the Lunar authorities constantly advised the leaders of the Solar religion, and someone among them decided to import the cult to Tarsh to pacify some troublesome Tarshite natives. Later, the cult was transplanted elsewhere.

In this manner the number of initiates grew, and it increasingly adopted other lowland Solar ways.

FORGETTING THINGS

SOURCE: ENEROWIT DALASKORIAN, LONDARIO SCRIBE

I have discovered a number of ways in which vast numbers of people can forget something important. The most total seems to be the Minarian Memory Removal.

The Minarian Memory Removal was first identified by Minarius of Estkepo. When it occurs, all mental, intellectual, and rational memories are removed from existence. The removed memory may be of an event, action, or ability.

It should not be mistaken for a Memory Block, first identified by Vaxtangu of Garnatal, before the Dawning. In a Memory Block, the memory may return. The best-known Memory Block is the temporary memory-loss suffered by everyone when Gbaji was born. It was identified by Minarius a century after the Gbaji Wars were over. Minarius noticed that some peoples, both tribes and individuals, had not yet recovered their thoughts of the event. He thus recognized that people and spirits not only could recover their past, but that they sometimes *had to*.

A Minarian Memory Removal is much more drastic, for there is no chance that the memory can be recovered at all. It is simply removed from existence.

This should not be confused with the Janaxian Extermination of Ideas, which occurred at the end of the Second Age. It seems apparent that the God Learners, who were evil magical philosophers, learned some forbidden knowledge which offended the gods to the extent that it threatened the Cosmic Compromise. Subsequent natural disasters and war ruined the God Learners' civilization, and then special agents, spirits, and avengers hunted down everyone who retained the memory of that forbidden thought, and also everyone who *might* have had a memory, and all their kin. The Janaxian Extermination seems to have been effective, for no one today remembers what the secret was.

The best-known example of the Minarian Memory Removal occurred at the end of the Second Age when the dragons betrayed the humans of the EWF. In this circumstance the process seems to have been that the ability to speak or think Draconic was completely lost. With this vanished many ideas, and a vast amount of understanding of draconic ways.

My fear in discovering this is that if most facts and ideas about the EWF can be driven from the minds of humans, what would occur if some other idea was driven out? Can we be forced to forget how to make fires, or how to read and write, or how to ride horses? What if something as abstract as freedom was erased? What if something as fundamental as memory itself was forgotten? The terrors of this are such that I am reluctant to pursue these studies anymore, and would ask that my notes be placed in confined storage.

VANSTAN'S AGES OF THE WORLD

SOURCE: VANSTAN THE ELDER, MIRIN'S CROSS

Glorantha is not a new world. It is so old that one time it broke, because its parts were worn out, or else because the gods were too tired to live. Since we didn't all die then, we have decided to think about what went on. To do so, we've divided time into eras.

The Philosopher's Age was first. It was an era unhindered by anything but abstract thought and ethereal energies. It was the Creative Time, a period which we cannot comprehend now, and which is lost to us.

The Golden Age was the next era. This was a time of total peace and growth, unhindered by any troubles from the inside or out. The Emperor of Peace and his Celestial Court ruled from the cosmic palace called the Spike.

The Bronze Age was next, a period of terrible strife and trouble, when outland gods came and threw down the Emperor and loosed strange powers and tides upon the world. Orlanth came forward then, and tamed them and made himself King of the World, so this is sometimes called the Storm Age.

The Leaden Age was next, when the Darkness overwhelmed the world, and the troll nightmen preyed upon the peoples. Winters were long, monsters roamed the stygian realm, and lives were short and close to the spirits. This is sometimes called the Age of Darkness.

The Stone Age was last, when the world broke. Some people have called this the Age of Chaos, because of the destruction. Almost nothing lived, save for that One who crawled upon the ruins of the world and confronted the Devil in the I Fought We Won Battle. This was when the world was fixed again, and he made the Sun rise, and all things began anew. That was when Time was born, and people began to number the years.

The Dawn Age was next, a period of peace and tranquility when the Sun first rose. But later, Horse Nomads betrayed ancient oaths, and brought war again to humans. This destroyed the original ruling Theyalan Council which had kept peace between peoples, both human and Elder Races.

The Dawn Age lasted from the first Sun rise for 450 years. Its greatest event was when the Sun stopped moving in the sky, in the year 375, when the evil god Gbaji was born. The era ended only when Arkat the First Hero, a cursed figure, met the evil god Gbaji in hand-to-hand combat, and destroyed him.

The Imperial Age was next, when great empires stretched their oppressive arms across the world. The empires were all evil and rotten within themselves, and the only good they did was to destroy each other. The Carmanian Empire, which could not tell Light from Dark, was destroyed by the Sunland Empire, which could. Then the Sunlands were destroyed by the Wyrms Friends, whose people thought they could become dragons. But there was more fighting to do. Then the Empire of the Wyrms Friends fought against the Empire of the God Learners, who were the most evil of all, because they turned beings into machines, and spirits into things. But neither of these could beat the other, and so they destroyed themselves instead.

The insensitive, mechanistic God Learners found themselves being devoured by their past mistakes as their lands shivered to pieces beneath them, and immortal avengers sought their leaders' deaths. In 920, their world snapped apart and the curse of the Oceanic Closing swept all surface craft from the sea. Travel across its surface was impossible for 460 years.

In 1042 the Empire Without Friends was destroyed from within, betrayed by the dragonewts and by the hundreds of dragonized sentients who had attained maturity. This was the end of the Second Age.

Now is the Third Age. The deities of the Middle Air fight over its powers, and the world is shaking apart from their struggle. New gods were made: in 1247 the Red Goddess rose into the sky. Her worshipers conquered an empire on the surface world, and she and her pantheon earned a rightful place in the cosmos at the Battle of Castle Blue. But that right included the right to fight for the Middle Air, against Orlanth.

In the Third Age, strange effects cover wide expanses of territory. All of Fronela was cut off from the outside world, and within itself, from 1499 to 1582, and is not finished opening up yet. The oceans were closed from the start until 1580, when Dormal the Sailor devised a ritual to bypass the effects.

Now is the Age of Heroes. This is the age that we live in. I do not know if someone has seen the Devil yet, or if it has yet to occur. But sometime, not long ago, we slipped into it.

May Orlanth bless us, and the Gods of Freedom Preserve us, in these interesting times.

THE COLYMAR BOOK

ORIGINS

After the dragons scoured it, Dragon Pass was a virgin land. No humans lived there, only the Elder Races. The dragons, darker than shadow, had swept all human life from it. They decreed that the land would be restored to a virgin purity, and that no humans born of living flesh would ever live if they came north of the Stone Cross. So for centuries the land lay wild.

South of Dragon Pass lived the Orshanti Clan. They were of the Hendriki Tribe, and were good Orlanthi. One day their chiefs and godi all woke with headaches. They looked into the north, and there for the first time they saw the great orb of the Red Moon. No one except the godi knew what it was, until the assemblies met and the woeful tale was told — that Chaos had once again risen in the north, and that Orlanth had been wounded. In the sky the festering wound still was visible, and from it would come the doom of the world unless it was stopped. This was 1247.

Enestakos the Stargazer, a godi among the Orshanti Clan, was struck by a vision then which said this: “The wound of the god can be healed, but the healer must come from the cleansed land where no men now live. When monsters are slain, and mountains are made, and rivers change course, is the time to plant the vine.”

Some time later the land of Kethacla was embroiled in civil war. A foreigner was trying to take command of the land. The foreigner, who did not worship gods anyone knew of, claimed sacral kingship. The Hendriki protested, supporting the ancient rights of the Only Old One, ruler of the land. But in the fighting the newcomer won. Monsters were slain, and mountains were made, and rivers changed course. Then Master Belintar again declared himself to be the sacral king, which he called the God-King. But a portion of the Orshanti Clan protested, and rather than submit, declared itself to be a new clan, following only the Black Spear.

When word of this got around, many people from other clans flocked to join. With the blessing from the Old Orshanti Clan, and safe passage guaranteed by the Kitori kings, the new Black Spear Clan packed up its belongings, drove its herds before it, and prepared to enter into Dragon Pass.

At the border, at the place called Centaur Cross, Chief Colymar and his wife, Hareva, led a prayer. Then the two of them, hand in hand, stepped across the invisible boundary, followed by their household. The rest of the clan, seeing no ill effects, followed.

Observers, both magical and mundane, watched the people and animals cross the Crossline, and then diminish rapidly in size. Then a two-headed dragonewt came, and devoured the tiny people. When it threatened the observers, they fled. Everyone in the Holy Country made jokes about them after that.

But the tribes folk did not know that. They just hoped that their concealment spells worked. They were unharmed, and so triumphant Colymar led the people northward. When they walked in the river valleys, they followed the directions of his wife. When they went over hills, they followed his hawk.

At the place now called Clearwine Temple, Hareva found the first white grapes, and so they stopped. There they hunted and built houses to face the coming winter. They survived the winter, and after some difficulties, such as the three encounters with the dragonewts, the settlement grew to be strong and stable. A town and several hamlets were settled.

All this was done in as much secrecy as possible. Chief Colymar allowed no one to return to Heortland with any news. The holy people did not lead celebrations of any ancestors whom

they held in common with people back in Heortland. (This indicates that they must have, in that time, founded the Colymar Clan.) But total secrecy was impossible.

During the ten or so years of peace that Colymar and his folks had, the internal affairs of Heortland had grown tumultuous. Once the word was out that Dragon Pass could safely be entered, and was virtually empty of inhabitants, a multitude of people set out to make a new life.

The First Wave came into Dragon Pass about 1325. The clans which came at this stage were generally small. Often they were no more than a single ragged bloodline seeking any refuge, fast. Others were disgruntled half-clans, who had sometimes gone off without official sanction. Some departed without even the ceremonial forging of a new Clan Ring. Some were gangs of desperadoes, murderers, and freebooters.

About 1325 or so the settlement of Clearwine was burned by some of these raiders. Chief Colymar called the clan together, and together they entered and cleared all malignance out of the ancient hill fort which loomed over the valley. They took it as their home, and called it Brondagal. But now everyone calls it Clearwine

EARLIEST EXPANSION

The Colymar Clan flourished and grew strong. They did not balk at adopting newcomers who were fleeing from the south.

After Colymar died in 1335 the clan decided to create a tribe. The clan was already too large and unwieldy, but instead of just splitting into two clans, they split into five.

The Ormarth and Konthasos clans were led by descendants of Colymar and his wife. The Ernardori Clan was named after the Earth Goddess, since her temple was there. The Arnoring and Zethnoring clans were not led by descendants of Colymar and Hareva, but were formed from loyal thanes of the old Colymar Clan.

This initial five-clan tribe was among the most powerful in the region. It grew quickly, apparently when refugees filled up the population.

The Hiordings were the first clan to join the new tribe. They were threatened by outside foes who wished to kill or enslave everyone, and when the Colymar warriors came, victory was assured.

The three-clan tribe, locally called a "triaty," which centered at Runegate Fort was added after the Taral War.

By the early 1300s the Colymar Tribe occupied all the lands between the Creek and the Stream, and collected tribute from clans outside of that.

The Balmyr Tribe, with ten clans, occupied the land from the Crossline to the Stream. The Torkani Tribe occupied the heights of the pass which they named after themselves, which lay between the Storm Mountains and Mount Quivin. Beyond them were only scattered steads and herdsmen, with no rulers but themselves.

THE SECOND WAVE

The second wave of immigrant clans were much better organized than the first. They were usually equipped with blessings and information, and although they might have to fight for their territory, they were usually well prepared for that.

The Malani Tribe was one of the most successful. In about 1325 their messengers contacted the Balmyr, and negotiated a peaceful movement through their territory. The

Torkani would not negotiate, and when the Malani tried to go anyway, they were driven back with losses.

The messengers of the Malani then went to the Colymar to ask permission to pass. The Colymar agreed, as long as it was peaceful, short, and they paid a tribute. The Malani king was not happy, but paid the Orklar Tribute which was given to the Black Spear Clan to hide. Then the Malani Tribe moved, but instead of passing through, they settled in the Arfritha Vale. The Colymar demanded further tribute, which they paid, but they did not join the tribe.

A generation later, the Colymar king demanded obedience from the clans there, and they insulted him. The tribe raised its weapons, and marched upon the rebels. They claimed their own lands, and added to that part of the Malani Tribe. When the Malani protested, as was expected, they began raiding, and then fighting. This was the cause of the Zarran War.

In the south, another large confederation paid its way through Balmyr land with threats, and then collected plunder anyway. When the Torkani Tribe tried to resist, the Dundelos attacked in earnest and eventually drove the whole Torkani out. They moved farther, and settled in the Guardian Hills.

By 1360 the fighting had been settled, with the Colymar occupying part of the Arfritha Vale with a new clan, and gaining the loyalty of the other two. The Malani were humbled.

THE BEASTMEN WARS

In 1380 the Lismelder and Colymar tribes attempted to seize the rich farmlands along the under populated stretch of the Stream which is called Duck Vale. The only occupants were various beastmen, especially those called *durulz* who look like humanoid fowl. The attack was successful.

However, three years later came an invasion from the nearby Upland Marsh of walking corpses. Some were very old. The Lismelder Tribe called together its warriors and fyrd, but they were tricked and defeated in battle. The undead began burning all their houses and fields.

An expedition led by a famous warrior went into the marsh. He was Kurash Varn, of the Sambari Tribe. But it was ambushed by ducks, and the undead things just kept coming out. Divination revealed that the ducks were necessary to suppress the undead from the marsh.

At last a treaty was made, and the Colymar Tribe abandoned all the parts of Duck Vale which they had gone to, and paid compensation to the families of the dead.

When the Quivini tribes raided the Kingdom of Tarsh, the Colymar always had volunteers among the army. They were often allied with bands of Praxian Animal Riders at this time (1440+). One king, Intagarn, led his weaponthanes in a flight which went over the walls of Bagnot at night. The enemy slew most of them, but they opened the great gates to the army, and Bagnot fell. From that the tribe got the Ivory Throne.

Enjossi was a man who came and promised that he could bring the salmon back to the Stream. No salmon had been there since the river had changed course over 150 years earlier. The chances of success seemed slim, and the cost of failure to the whole tribe could be great. The Balmyr king had already refused to support the adventurer. But King Rostakos did risk it, and Enjossi succeeded. He swam from Choralinthor Bay, up the New River, leapt up the Seven Falls, and spawned at the source of the Stream. Since then there have been many salmon in it each year, and Enjossi's clan has thrived.

THE OLD KINGS LIST

Here are the kings of the Colymar Tribe, from their foundation to the joining with the Kingdom of Sartar, after which its history is eclipsed by the larger political organization.

Janstan was a poet who lived around 1500, and compiled this poem. This work is a combination of at least three other sources.

The first source was the "Old Kings List," which had a brief entry about each king up to King Venharl II, thus apparently dating its composition to about 1500.

From the second source (which is unknown) he got the dates, or calculated them himself.

The third source supplied the genealogies for those kings who have known genealogies. This was probably the "Colymar Father-lists," an oral genealogical source. This source apparently ended about 1400. The source of the subsequent genealogies is unknown.

JANSTAN'S COLYMAR KING LIST

No king was Colymar, the brave pioneer. His spirit was Goes Before, his wife was Daughter of the Vine. He is Founder, Fort-maker, Survey Taker, defeater of the Balmyr clans, Father of Kings (c.1300-c.1335). *Colymar was of the Orshanti Clan, of the Hendriki Tribe. His father was named Hordos, who was a farmer.*

Kagradus was the first king. He was of the Ernaldori Clan. He was the Maker of the Five Clans. He was a true warlord, who punished all foes and made many slaves. Twice seven years he ruled (c.1335-c.1349). *He was a son of Colymar the Chief and Hareva the Priestess.*

Barngradus was next. He was of the Konthasos Clan. He had to fight Borngold the Usurper. Royal seven years he served (to c.1356). *His father was named Farnan, the son of Gardrostan, the son of Garneneva, who fought hand-to-hand against Belintar the Stranger.*

Korlmar was third. He was born in the Zethnoring Clan, but founded the Anmangarn Clan. In his reign clans fought over the Black Spear. Korlmar declared this must not be, and sent the spear into the wilderness. Anyone who had found it by the deadline was made part of the new clan, and knew where the Black Spear was hidden. Thrice five years he ruled (to c. 1371). He was a son of Jonrik, the son of Orlgard, the son of Fantarl, who served as Lawspeaker for Chief Colymar.

Varsmar was fourth. He was of the Orlmarth Clan. He fought alongside the Lismelder against the creatures of Beast Valley, and in the Walking Corpse War (to c.1392). His father was Barntadus, who first contacted the North Tribes.

Harnkorl was fifth. He was of the Ernaldori Clan. He was the one who welcomed the Hiordings to the tribe (to c.1406). He was the son of Orstanor, the son of Gardrostan, the son of Yorsar, the son of Kagradus, the son of Colymar.

Venharl was the sixth. He was of the Karandoli Clan. He ruled during the Taral War, and welcomed the Runegate clans to the tribe. He opened the Zarran War, and died (in c.1418) in glorious defeat, and was burned at Venharl's Mound.

Robasart was seventh. He was of the Arnoring Clan. He continued the Zarran War, destroyed the Karandoli Clan, then forced the Malani to give up the whole of the Arfritha Vale. He guided the founding of the Antorling Clan, and he welcomed the Varmandi Clan to the tribe (1418-1440). He was the son of Broyan, the son of Maniski Firebreath, the son of Kagradus, the son of Dorasor Durulz-lover, son of Robasart, son of Anamorl who stood beside Colymar the Founder in battle.

Intagarn was eighth. He was of the Hiording Clan. He gained his greatest fame when he led the flight which stormed Bagnet (c1440-c1450).

Rastoron was ninth. He was of the Woodpecker Clan (c1450-c1465).

Rostakos was tenth. He was of the Jenstali, or Red Fox Clan. In his reign Enjossi came, and asked for support in performing the Salmon Rite at Seven Falls. Rostakos said he would support it, and Enjossi proved to be Salmon Man. Nothing which the Balmyr could do after that would dislodge Enjossi or his folk from the area (1476). A young man named Sartar saved him and his family from assassins when he turned the killers into termites (1469-1479).

Ortossi was next. He was of the Karandoli Clan (1479-1491). He was the son of Hendrik, the son of Ortossi, the son of Hofstaring, the son of Jorastor, the son of Maniski Firebreath.

Venharl II was twelfth. He was of the Jenstali Clan. He led the tribe to join the Kingdom of Sartar (1492-present). *He was the son of Intagarn, the son of Rostakos, who was king.*

THE CLANS OF THE COLYMAR

CURRENT CLANS

NARRI

One of the original Hyaloring triarchy, settled here c. 1325. They originally took wives only from the Lonisi Clan, but to make peace with residents along the Stream, took wives from them. The insult of this “fish marriage” weakened the triarchy so that the Lonisi were devastated in the subsequent Taral War. Because of past history, they loath anything which has come back from the dead.

ENHYLI

One of the original Hyaloring triarchy, settled here c. 1325. They are also the Elmal clan, and descendants of the hero Kuschile. They also protested the fish marriage and fought in the Taral War. They hate all things which were once dead, but now act alive.

TARALING

The Taral War was fought by the Narris and Enhyli against the Hiordings and Varmandi to avenge the destruction of the Lonisi Clan at Taral. Intervention by King Robasart of the Colymar Tribe brought peace and the foundation of the new Taraling Clan in the (reduced) territory of the old Lonisi Clan.

VARMANDI

The Varmandi Clan hates the Orleving Clan, of the neighboring Malani Tribe. The Varmandi lost land to the Orlevings in early feud, and more lately lost land around Tarkalor Keep.

Old Man Varmand is the founder. When he was still young he came with his family “over two ridges, from the place where birches grow” (traditionally in the Arfritha Vale). They were weak then, a family fleeing from invaders, “three tree men, and their brothers.” At the Oak of Vengeance young Varmand swore revenge on those who had killed his father, and though he often raided far and wide, no chance arose. Varmand was burned, and his ashes scattered at the Oak. Two generations later Varmand’s grandson fought against Orlev One-eye, who was grandson of Varmand’s enemy. Orlev won, and so began a long-lived feud which eventually drove the Varmandi Clan from the Ormthane Vale.

When the Varmandi Clan was driven from Ormthane Vale, they simply went to the neighbors on the other side of their land and seized the Karandoli Clan lands, destroying them in the process.

Riding upon this success, they attacked the Lonisi lands too, thereby initiating the Taral War. In this seizure, they were helped by the Hiordings, a clan already joined to the Colymar Tribe. In the subsequent peace settlement, some Varmandi people joined the Taral Clan in order to remain in the newly-conquered territory.

In return for Varmandi agreement about the Taralings, King Robasart of the Colymar had agreed to help the clan recapture the Ormthane Vale. The raid and counter-raids resulted in the Zarran War between the Colymar and Malani.

In the later *Varmandisaga*, Aski Harbardsson boasts to his son of their clan's great loyalty to their king. He says that in the past "Many Kings" vied for the friendship of the clan. These kings were probably the Colymar, Malani, and Runegate tribes. The Varmandi joined the Colymar Tribe. The war escalated, and the Colymar secured a victory in the Arfritha River valley. Nonetheless, peace was gained only by making the new Antorling ("apple") clan to occupy the upper Arfritha River, and which would join the Colymar Tribe. A portion of the Varmandi Clan was incorporated into the newly-founded Antorling Clan, and in this way found their way back to their "original" home, with the birches in Arfritha Vale.

Since that time the Varmandi Clan has been part of the Colymar Tribe.

HIORDING

Also sometimes called the "Swansons," this clan are descendants of Hiord and Safeela, a swan maiden. He stole her magical wrap, and so she stayed with him for seven years, and their children head the main bloodlines of the clan. When they were attacked by the savage Varmandi, they joined the Colymar Tribe for protection.

ORLMARTH

This clan is sometimes also called the "Starfires," because of where they live; and the Keeper of Secrets, presumably of the place where they live. They are descendants of the original Colymar Clan. Their totem is the red-headed woodpecker. This clan has a long-standing rivalry with the Greydog Clan of the Lismelder Tribe, who live on the other side of their ridges.

ARNORING

They are one of the original Old Clans, formed from the overgrown Colymar Clan. About a generation ago (1602), the Lunar Empire settled an old dispute and took the town of Quackford for itself, robbing the clan of much of its income.

ERNALDORI

These lands were once held by the royal clan, the first clan chief being the son of Colymar. But that bloodline is now extinct, and has been for years.

ANMANGARN

Also known as the Black Spear Clan, due to the sacred object which Chief Colymar bore when he led the first clan to these lands. The spear was a sacred object for many years after the creation of the Colymar Tribe, but a dispute about its use nearly led to violence in the house of the king. To resolve this dispute, King Korlmar sent the spear into the wilderness, and swore that only those who could "follow" it, as was done in the old days, would deserve to have it. He was among those who found it, and in the wilds those people swore a special oath whose contents are known only to them, and to the clan which was made to defend the secrets. They are the Anmangarn Clan, who are also noted for the fine black bulls which they breed.

KONTHASOS

The best clearwine comes from this district. Their particular strain of clearwine grapes are very delicate and do not bear decent fruit for a year after they are disturbed. As a result, the clan is slow to provoke anyone who would invade them, and so are known as peacemakers.

ANTORLING

This is one of the “tree” clans, the apple clan. The Antorling Clan was created after the Zarran War to occupy the upper Arfritha Vale. Its members were taken from the clan which had lived there before, and ambitious people from several other clans, especially the Varmandi Clan.

ENJOSSI

This clan followed their leader and seized these lands of the Upper Stream in 1476 over a century ago. Before that there had been no salmon in the Stream for almost 150 years.

SEVERED CLANS

These are existing clans which used to be part of the Colymar Tribe, but no longer are.

ZETHNORING

The Zethnoring were one of the Five Old Clans, formed when the tribe was formed.

In 1613 the Lunar authorities ordered the clan to transfer its loyalty to the Locaem and leave the Colymar.

LYSANG

One of the original Tree Triarchy, the Lysang Clan was in the “second wave” of migrators. They settled in the Arfritha Vale, and years later tried to make a land-claim. This was disputed by the descendants of Colymar, and the cause for raids for many years.

After the Zarran War, the whole of the Arfritha Vale was granted to the Colymar Tribe.

But in 1613 the Lunar imperial authorities ordered the clan severed from the Colymar Tribe and joined them to the Malani.

NAMOLDING

One of the original Tree Triarchy, the Namolding Clan originally moved into the region among the “second wave” of migrators. They settled in the Arfritha Vale, and years later supported the Lysang land-claim which was disputed by the descendants of Colymar. For years the clans raided each other. After the Zarran War the upper Arfritha Vale was granted to the Antorling Clan, which joined the Colymar Tribe. The Namoldings gladly joined the Colymar Tribe after that.

In 1613 the Lunar authorities ordered the clan severed from the Colymar Tribe and joined them to the Malani.

LOST CLANS

These are clans which are known to have existed, but are not any more.

VOSTANG

These people lived upon the Starfire Ridges, and are known from early stories about the first inter-tribal feud which was settled without a single death. But the clan no longer exists, dying out from an enemy's curse which brought Mallia to them.

BOSKOV

In some early Zethnoring stories they are called a "sister-clan," and their tragic extermination is remembered in the Salt Plague Song, a lament of the widows after the men have died in battle. The Zethnoring now say "Crazy as a Boskovi," which means very stupid.

JENESTNI AND KARDARV

Two clans which once lived in the Thunder Hills. They are known in some Malani stories. The Malani tell how the two clans were incited to fight each other, and recite tales of their destruction with considerable glee, but Colymar stories say nothing.

KARANDOLI

The Karandoli Clan originally came from the area around the Syphon River in Heortland, and bargained to live in the Bramleberry Hills after the Malani Tribe had passed. They were exterminated by magic from the Jenstali Clan. The sixth and eleventh kings of the tribe were Karandoli.

ORLADNAST

This clan is mentioned in both of the Torkani migration stories, as having been a Colymar clan south of the Stream which failed to stop their plundering progress. Finally, in the Balmyr settlement story, they are wiped out. Colymar sources say nothing.

RANGDANI, PELUSKI

These two clans are mentioned (always together) in some old stories known in Runegate, but neither clan currently exists. Their populations simply disappeared one year.

JENSTALI

This is a small clan, originally in the southern Thunder Hills. They died of a slow, mysterious curse which ended with the last individuals being killed, one by one, over twelve bloody years.

AMSTALLI'S BOOK

I, Amstalli the Old, have collected these parts to add to the traditional material, so that they will not be forgotten by my children. I make each letter as a prayer to Lbankor Mby that the wonders and joy of this life not be forgotten from the world.

LATER COLYMAR KINGS

SOURCE: INGARD THE WORDWISE, SPEAKER OF COLYMAR

Here are the kings of the Colymar, from the time of King Sartar to the time of King Argrath:

Venharl Intagarntsson, Jenstali Clan, from 1492 to 1502; who led the tribe to join the confederation with the man named Sartar.

Korstardos Brandigsson, Hiording Clan, 1502-1525; who was present when Sartar went to the winds through the sacred fire.

Jostharl Dangmagsson, Arnoring Clan, 1525-1535; who was killed fighting against the Lunars.

Dangmet Jostharlsson, Arnoring Clan, 1535-1552; who avenged his father against the Lunars, and got the Red Sword.

Korlmar Kentventsson, Orlmarth Clan, 1552-1558; lord of Runegate, who won fame at the Battle of Karne Farm.

Organdi Rangorsson, Orlmarth Clan, 1558-1565; who died heroically protecting the High King.

Umathkar Orldagdotter, Antorling Clan, 1565-1573; who slew the Malani king and got alliance from three clans.

Penterest Orldagsson, Antorling Clan, 1573-1577; who fought the High King and was defeated.

Kenstrel Hendsson, Orlmarth Clan, 1577-1582; who was killed at the Battle of Grizzly Peak.

Estavos Brandgorsson, Ernaldori Clan, 1582-1591.

Dangmet Brandgorsson, Ernaldori Clan, 1591-1598.

Jarstakos Hendsson, Orlmarth Clan, 1598-1602.

Orlkarth Lhankpentsson, Taraling Clan, 1602; who was killed fighting at the Battle of Boldhome.

Fistivos Gravar, Seven Brothers Clan, 1602-1603.

Kallai Korlmhysson, Taraling Clan, 1603-1613; who was exiled after Starbrow's Rebellion.

Leika "Beti" Orlkensordotter, Taraling Clan, 1613-1615; who was beloved of the people for her prowess, and feared by the Lunars. They conspired and she was cast out by her own tribe. She lived with King Broyan then, and helped slay the Crimson Bat.

Kangharl "Blackmoor" Kagradsusson, Taraling Clan, 1615-1625; who sold his tribe to the Lunar Way, and forced his people to swallow the bitter Lunar poison so that he could be king. He was eaten by the Brown Dragon.

Leika "Beti" Orlkensordotter, Taraling Clan, 1625-1638; who drove off the Red Emperor and his army after the High Queen was killed. She helped Argrath in many ways.

Organdi Ordagsson, Rakstanti Clan, 1638-1648. He had a feud with Annstad of Dunstop, but laid it aside for the benefit of King Argrath.

EVENTS OF MY LIFE

BY MINARYTH BLUE, son of Renatha Swanrobe, of the Hiording Clan:

- 1597 I am born at Tarkalor Keep, and the Three give me a writing quill, a way with words, and knowledge that none of my children will read.
- 1598 Jarstakos Hendsson, of the Orlmarth Clan, is elected King of the Colymar.
- 1599 My mother marries Ashart, brother to Aslandar Darroldsson, and we move to Aslandar's Stead.
- 1600 Prince Terasarin killed by Lunar sorcery. Stead fortified.
- 1601 Prince Salinarg is finally crowned. Aslandar and men are gone all winter.
- 1602 Battle of Runegate. Ashart killed fighting at Runegate. King Jarstakos also killed. Boldhome falls. Orkarnth killed.
- 1603 King Fisticos killed fighting Telmori; Kallai Korlmhysson, of the Taraling Clan, elected king.
- 1604 Summer on the ridge, Aslandar's Stead plundered.
- 1605 Mother and I move back to Tarkalor's Keep, then to Apple Lane, then to Farvine, then Jonstown.
- 1606 Mother's swan robe stolen. We move to Clearwine.
- 1607 Clearwine burned. Minara killed.
- 1608 Mother killed. We move to Swanton, with Aunt Inganna.
- 1609 Mosdorl killed in an accident, falling off the cliff by Morsdall.
- 1610 Inganna takes us all to Two Sisters Ford. Lunar Army seizes Pavis, in Prax.
- 1611 Prince Harvar Ironfist, of the Alda-Churi, destroys the Righteous Wind rebellion. I am initiated.
- 1612 Initiation completed early. Rostalos Rostandosson gave me my first weapons. Jerernalda and the twins die of plague.
- 1613 Battle of Orlanth the Loser. Kallai Rockbuster flees in fear. Lunar officials order Lysang, Namolding and Zethnoring clans to join Malani.
- 1614 Leika Ballista becomes King of Colymar. My first election.
- 1614 Inganna dyes her hair red and goes on Venderi adventure. I am jealous of her Vingang weapons.
- 1615 Ironhoof aids Grazers and Venderi against Lunars. Blackmoor seizes Ring of Command, Lunars establish a slave farm in Nymie Valley.
- 1616 I marry Valensta Korengsdotter, of the Enhyli Clan. We move to the sheep hut.
- 1616 Blackmoor purges the clans of Leika's followers.
- 1617 Karendra born. We move to Hardredstead.
- 1618 Ashart is born. I purchase half a team.
- 1619 Ulandrosi the Barker is in town. Lunar Army seizes Karse.
- 1620 Lunar Army seizes all Holy Country. Black ram is mine.
- 1621 Whitewall falls. Great winter. Ashart dies of heat.
- 1622 Rostalos born. Battle of Auroch Hills ends winter.
- 1623 Leika born, dies. Lunars take my oxen and pony.
- 1624 Asborn Thriceborn in town. Orlanth freed.
- 1625 Orlaront raises a dragon, King Blackmoor is destroyed, Clay/Harmony/Earth. I follow Asborn Fourborn. We burn the plantations.
- 1626 Queen Leika leads us to drive army off at Battle of Old Top.

- 1627 We defeat Lunars at Sword Hill. Argrath visits Queen Leika, is accepted into tribe. Argrath lights Flame of Sartar, Water/Stasis/Fire.
- 1628 Jarang Bladesong leads us against Wolf Pirates in Hendrikiland. No combat. Nice place, but too flat. We then join with Wolf Pirates and fight Lunars in Tarsh. I survive Battle of Heroes where Harrek kills Jar-eel and Argrath chases Red Emperor off the field. I help sack Bagnot.
- 1629 Argrath marries Feathered Horse Queen and I get gifts from High King. We kill Dinacoli. Telmori promise revenge, quarrel with Argrath.
- 1630 Wolf Pirates sack Wilmskirk. I lose my three fingers. Harrek follows, plunders Boldhome, then remains for the winter.
- 1631 Harrek leaves. Argrath leads attack on Tarsh. Karendra binds her hair. I help sack Bagnot again.
- 1632 Siege of Furthest. Mularik storms the walls. I send my granddaughter a golden plate to lie in.
- 1633 Karendra marries Grivton Kestaldsson, of the Elk Clan of the Culbrea Tribe.
- 1634 Furthest garrison, eggs and white biscuits in the morning for me.
- 1635 Fight broos at Tink. I am glad not to have that eye, after what it saw. Arfritha clans rejoin Colymar.
- 1636 Rostalos begins his initiation.
- 1637 To Boldhome with the girl queen, then home. Leikan is born at Asborn's Stead. Battle of Hound Knob.
- 1638 Dwernapple. Old Grey is killed, and most of the company. Queen Leika and Rostalos both killed. I hide with the centaurs. Orlgandi elected king.
- 1639 Recovery in Runegate. Argrath fights in Saird.
- 1640 I go to fight in Saird.
- 1641 Fighting in Saird. Auroch hunt — first in 500 years! I made second strike, and killed one!
- 1642 I think I will move back to the hills.

PRINCE ARGRATH AND THE COLYMAR

When Argrath returned home he was welcomed by everyone at the city of Boldhome. Then, early in his reign, he went to the Colymar Tribe, which he claimed as his own.

The Colymar Tribe had always supported Argrath. Its queen was nearly as famous in these lands as Prince Argrath was. She was Leika In-the-hills, who had been banished by the Red King, but returned and seized the tribe again.

But the tribe had never recognized Argrath as one of its members, and so had escaped many responsibilities which the prince could have placed upon them.

Argrath traveled with only athane's retinue to see the queen, who was impressed with his modesty. He spoke very well in relating his deeds. Then Argrath presented his petition. He said he wished to be recognized as a member of the tribe.

Leika said he could not. The clan which Argrath claimed as his own was not part of the tribe, nor had it been in the living memory of anyone on the council.

"But we can consider you an honorary member," said the queen. "Please stay, and we will have a great feast for our prince."

After dinner he was asked to entertain, and he gave a rousing version of his family lineage. Here is the lineage he said, "I am the son of Venharl the Climber, who helped your

friend Errol Silksword when she was lost in the cave, and should have died. He helped others in the past, too, like Randan Garnathsson, who should remember when you found that rope dangling; or Enastarra Varsensdotter, whose assailant was killed with the arrow of red fletches.

“Venharl was the son of Randalyar the Hunter, who sought the Iron Bear in Engizi, and wrestled with it where the cliffs stand. He wore that bear hide afterwards, until he was slain by the Red Mistress.

“He was the son of Dangmar Longsword, who spent his nights in hiding, from the murderer of his father. He finished the feud with the enemy clan when he slew them all. He did it when the night was dark, the time the stars winked, at their request. He just answered the summons of his foes, and he went to them more prepared than they were, and so he slew them, the ancient foe of his kin, in their own stead. There were no more after that.

“He was the son of Gordangar the Red, the man who could graze sheep upon the sides of Eagles Mountain, where no folk could ordinarily go. You could check with your far-seers on that, who have long memories, and ask if they did not see him there a hundred years ago. He was avoiding his foes.

“Gordangar the Red raided the enemy clan every chance he got, and he always slew someone among them. They thought he was a phantom, but he was more real than their own fears. He died an old man, in bed.

“He was the son of Orendal the Avenger, who slew Fedarkos Harransson in fair combat, though the coward did not deserve it.”

Everyone was impressed with the prince's recitation, and with the heroic qualities of his ancestors. Next Queen Leika's Speaking Companion kept the court spellbound with a strange, but hauntingly familiar story. Each listener was spellbound, but when the princess kissed the frog everyone realized it was just a specially-told version of the amusing tale of “the king's daughter and the frog.”

Argrath was greatly impressed, as he always was when he sensed such real magic. And he asked the priest of the Speaking God, then, if he would tell the tale of the sons of the eleventh King of the Colymar. Of course, most of the people present knew it was King Ortossi, of the Karandoli Clan. The priest waited until his queen gave him permission, and then told the tale of King Ortossi.

THE STORY OF ORTOSSI AND HIS SONS

Ortossi was the eleventh King of the Colymar. He was of the Karandoli Clan, and he ruled from the year 1479 to 1491. He was the son of Hendrik, the son of Ortossi, the son of Hofstaring, the son of Jorastor, the son of Maniski Firebreath.

Ortossi was elected to be chief of the Ring when Sartar was alive. He was planning to become High King at that time. He had made many cities already, and one day he came to Ortossi. Sartar said that he would like to help the Colymar Tribe, and to make a city there.

Ortossi refused, because he said, “this must be a wild place, for the vine, and a city will bring too many foolish people here, thirsty for our wine.”

Sartar said, “I will create the city council so that you and your kin will be the lords of it now, and when it grows over the centuries to come.”

But Ortossi said, “This is not my desire, lord, for there are things greater than your plans and desires.”

“If you do not do this, then the kingdom will surely be weakened,” said Sartar, “and in the seventh generation, I see that disaster will loom over us as well as our descendants.”

“We must sometimes do like the Old Gods, sir, and hope for the future while we gamble on the present.”

And in this way, King Ortossi refused to have a city built, and afterwards Sartar went and made an empty city at Duck Point so he could finish his ritual. King Ortossi was sometimes mocked for refusing this gift. But many years later King Ortossi said, “Look at the city there, and see if you would have wanted it here among us.”

One day King Ortossi and the nobles and thanes of the tribe were hunting with the High King. They were going across the Six Sisters, having lost the pursuit of the deer, when one of them, Venharl the son of Intagarn, said that he could show them where there was greater prey than mortal deer. Ortossi said he would like to try this adventure. Some of his companions wished to discourage this, but Venharl said, “It is the type of thing for a king who seeks the wilderness.” Then Ortossi felt he had to go.

They went to the bee-headed sister’s hill, but not high enough upon it to see the stone at the top. And Venharl then sang some words which he had learned, and a gate in the side of the hill opened. Out of it then dashed the Blue Wolf, which had haunted the king’s dreams. With a great cry, he and his companions dashed off after it.

When the next seasonal ceremony came around, there was consternation among the Colymar because the king had not yet returned. Since no one was quite able to stand in properly, the year went poorly. His two sons and two daughters decided to look for him. They got support from their clan, and with a few friends went into strange places to seek their father. They did not return.

When he did not show up for the next Sacred Time, the tribe appointed a stand in. The second-best hunters, and second-best warriors, with their companions, went to search for the king and his children. They never returned.

The third year, the tribe needed to have a king rather than a stand in. The Ring met, and they went to the folk and they pleaded the case. No one needed to be convinced, and they elected a new king there, and acclaimed him with spears upon shields. His name was Venharl son of Intagarn, son of Rostakos, who had been King of the Colymar.

Gustand and Orendal were the sons of Ortossi. Elgane and Rana were their sisters. Gustand came back to the clan one day, years after he had left. He told them that his father needed some metal. They agreed, and he took all the metal from the town with him. He was never seen again. That year, Fedarkos of the Jenstali Clan brought suit against the Karandoli Clan, for the grazing rights to the west Brambleberry Hills, but nothing was done.

The next year, Rana came back and said she needed some wool for her father. The clan agreed, and all of the wool in the fort, including that made into clothes and blankets, was gone the next day. That year Fedarkos Harransson brought suit, and demanded payment of 100 sheep for wrongs done to his clan, and the clan said they would reply the next year.

The next year Orendal came back, and he said his father needed some leather. While he was there, Fedarkos Harransson arrived to plunder the clan. Orendal and he argued, and insulted each other, and got into a fierce fight, and even though he was the king’s own cousin, Fedarkos was slain.

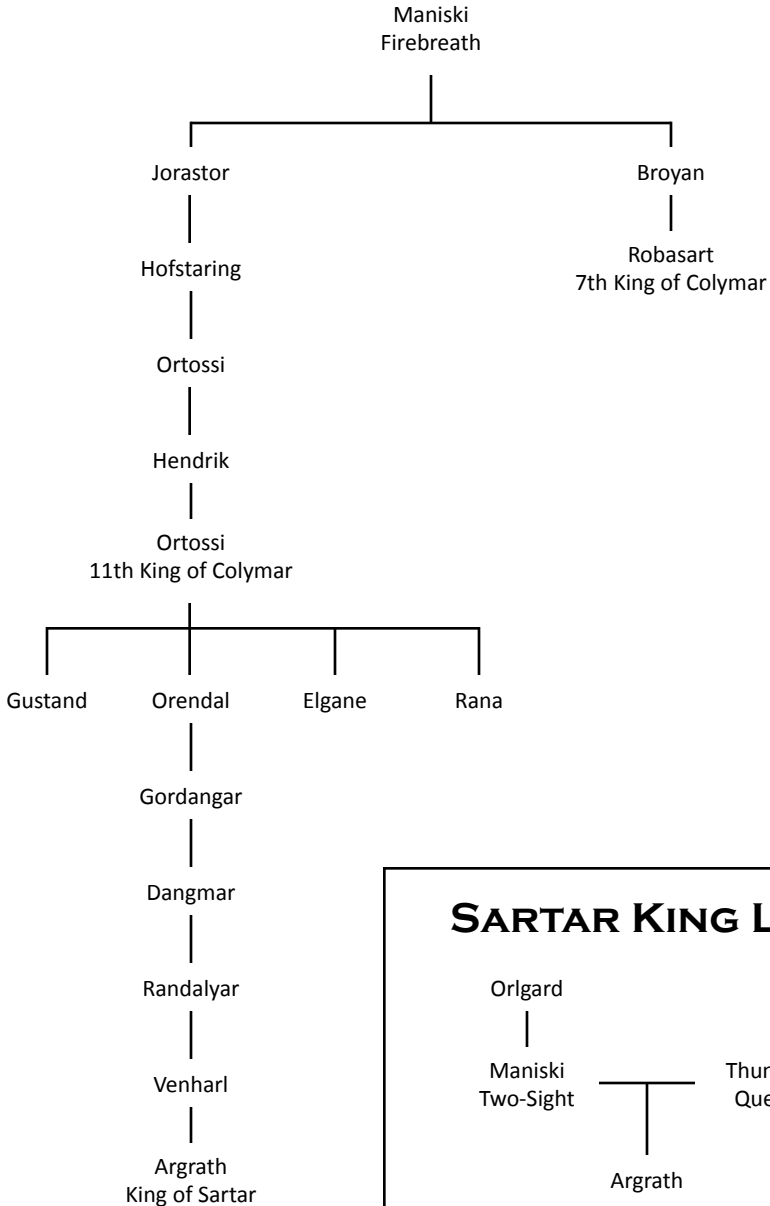
“We will need more than leather now,” said Orendal to his kinsmen, “and if there is one among you who would give his life that his kin would live, then he should come today too and bring wood. It is just too bad we can not take the stone.”

Argantos the Lame carried the wood that day. He was a stickpicker, and an old man without children. He died, and today all of us still remember his name for this good deed.

GENEALOGIES OF ARGRATH

- FATHERS -

Source: *Jalk's Book, "Prince Argrath and the Colymar"*



The next day the whole of the Jenstali Clan came to avenge the death of their chief. Weaponthanes from the king's house came, too, who were always ready for a fight. But there was no vengeance to be had, for the entire clan was gone. The places where the houses had been were empty, though you could see where the posts had been in the ground. The only thing which remained were the constructs of stone, which were as they had always stood.

The Jenstali Clan thought this a good thing, for they had the Brambleberry Hills, and the rest of the territory too. This enriched them greatly, before they fell upon their ill luck, and were all slain by unknown foes.

When he ended the tale people stirred uneasily, for it was clear that the ancestors of Argrath were the same as the children of the eleventh king. Leika said, "I will have the Truthseers look into this, of course." And they did, and they saw that it was not false. Argrath spoke.

"My queen," he said, "there are things which have been done, and things which have been forgotten. I would want to be part of a thing which was remembered again. I am asking that you allow me to bring my own clan here, and build it up from the Other Side again, with bronze, wool, leather, wood, and stone."

"No king of the Sartari," said Leika, "would scorn the chance to have you as its member, and I will not be the first. If you can bring your people to their old homes, in the manner you have described, over the next five years, then you shall all be reinstated as members of the Colymar Tribe." And in that way the Karandoli Clan was brought back to the tribe.

BOLDHOME

SOURCE: PAVIS COMPENDIUM #1,234

(NOTE: VERY SIMILAR TO JONSTOWN COMPENDIUM #271,832)

The city of Boldhome is the jewel of the kingdom. King Sartar was a city-maker, and this was his own city. He had the help of immortals in making it, and he fulfilled great prophecies in doing so. It is the greatest city of many, all made by a great man.

Boldhome was founded on "Day 88," better known as Fire Season, Stasis Week, Windsday, 1492. But Prince Sartar called it Day 88 when he did it, and it has remained that ever since. In fact, it is the 88th day of the Orlanthi year, one week before the season's Orlanth High Holy Day.

Sartar did many things in that manner: almost normal, but always not quite so, and usually more than expected in some surprising way. He found, or made, answers where none had been possible before. He changed everything he touched. The greatest change was that of himself — transforming from a stranger to the shaper of this land.

At first Sartar was a stranger, a typical Wanderlore traveler with his few friends. He moved for many years among the Quivini — a collective name for the many feisty tribes and clans around the Quivin Mountains. Over that time he proved his great and unusual power by bringing peace and compromise to the tribes. More surprisingly, he also made peace with several non-humans, especially the lord of Dwarf Mine, the Telmori Wolf People, and the beastmen of Duckland.

He was wise and clever too. He was the friend of kings and priests, but also of the common folk. No one can forget when the folk of the Aranwyth Tribe supported him in court against their own priests and nobles, and won. He escaped many blood feuds because he did not kill his foes, but instead transformed them into vermin, devices, or monsters.

Finally, to answer an ancient prophecy, he built Boldhome in a powerful and beautiful valley high among the Quivin crags. He was aided by the race of the dwarvish Mostali. This

allowed him to fulfill the prophecy by erecting the city overnight and, incidentally, making it graceful and beautiful.

Then Sartar performed the great and challenging Proof of Princes, or Crown Test, whose success proved him worthy to bear the title of Prince, or "First" among men. With a band of companions he traveled to the edge of the sea, and there he contacted a great spirit which could guide and protect many tribes — which could protect a kingdom.

After that Westfaring success Sartar was recognized by the many peoples as their ruler. His original title was *First (Prince) of the Quivini*. Later in life Sartar married the Feathered Horse Queen, a foreign noble woman who ruled the other half of Dragon Pass. Sartar received the title of King of Dragon Pass at that time.

For nearly fifty years Sartar worked to build and expand this great kingdom. With each of his successes his city grew in size and importance. At last it was the center of a thriving kingdom and the most important stop along the lucrative international trade route. Thanks to Sartar we can drink Seshnegi wine in our halls, wear pearls from the far east, and decorate our floors with Sylilan marble.

After many years the work of the Founder was done. The king called his family, servants, and subjects together at the palace, and thanked them all. According to the law he gave his last will and testament, and then they all selected Sartar's son Saronil to be the next king. Sartar led everyone outside, and the folk acclaimed Saronil king too.

Sartar ascended atop the great bronze brazier which you can see, day or night, from anyplace in the city. He gave his last speech, praising the folk and commanding them to guide their leaders well. Then he led everyone in the Song of Immolation, which is sung when corpses are burned. As they sang a great light grew around Sartar, brighter and brighter until no one could look at it anymore. It was a bright white flame, then, and as the song vanished from the air the astonished onlookers saw it cool to be the fifteen foot tall orange flame which we see today. Sartar had gone on to the immortal realms, from whence he still guides us all.

In his honor, we still call these lands Sartar, and even sometimes the Kingdom of Sartar, even though we have been ruled only by a prince.

OVERVIEW DESCRIPTION

The city of Boldhome is wonderful in many ways. Most cities are located in places which are notably easy to reach, but Boldhome is situated high up among mountain peaks. It can be entered only by two roads. The East Gate sits atop a steep cliff face. The North Gate is approachable only along miles of high road which winds north and west along steep cliff faces among the Quivin Mountains.

Most cities are in the open plain, or atop a hill. Boldhome lies open within two branched valleys. They stretch underneath peaks to the north, west, and south. The Sun sets early in Boldhome, because of the Darsh and Quivin peaks to the west. And it rises early, too, because the city is high up and overlooks the wide plains to the east.

Other cities are usually surrounded by man-made walls. Not in Boldhome. Only a couple of short portions of Boldhome's perimeter are surrounded by walls. For the rest of the distance, the natural mountains and crags prevent passage by horse or foot.

In most other cities the buildings are crowded together to save space. Here houses are crowded together by custom, but never so close that even a poor house does not have a large garden plot. And without confining walls, the clusters are sometimes widely separated from each other. The result is that several town-like clusters exist in the south arm, separated by open spaces. The open spaces are usually used to graze beasts.

Dwarves helped to make the oldest parts of Boldhome. Those portions are large sections of buildings which are built into the steep cliff edges around the city's perimeter, or which perch upon several wide spaces on the cliff walls. These cliff areas are called "pockets." These are usually the best residences, in the East Pocket and West Pocket.

ENTERING THE CITY

The East Wall protects the only open side of the city from the outside. The narrow valley between Thorgeir's Cow and The Swoop is only about 3/4 miles wide, and faces due east. King Sartar made the wall overnight. It is 20 feet tall and 16 feet wide at its base, and eight feet wide at its top. The battlements rise another eight feet, and are 2-3 feet thick.

Three gates pierce the wall. The Main Gate is 40 feet wide, and is in the center of the wall. Two secondary gates are 20 feet wide each. The main gate has a porter's gate. It is very small, only three feet tall and two feet wide. All the gates are heavily reinforced across their broad backs with iron bars.

The road to reach this gate rises 200 feet along a steep face. The road has three turns in it, and so it's called the Three-bend Road. The road is almost 20 feet wide, so wagons can pass going each way. The angle of the road's rise is not too difficult. A few hundred yards from the top, before the third bend up, is Hero's Stand. Here a single person can withstand a whole army, even if they have bows and magical arrows. Lower down, between the first and second bend, is Korlmar's Bridge.

THE MAIN CITY

The City Market is the public center for most of the people of the city. This is the largest of several markets which serve the daily needs of the native populace. Here the folk can buy food, common tools, clothing, and other essentials. Around the market are the main residences and working regions for the many artisans and craftspeople. They include the Guild Area, with the proud City Guild House and its streets organized by commerce, all leather smiths on Leather St., bronze workers on Brass St., and so on.

The West Pocket is the finest residential area, populated mostly by the merchants and other rich folk of the Main City.

The East Pocket has two parts. The Lower East Pocket has mostly residences for workers, including some moderately sized apartment buildings which hold 20-30 family units within the cliff side. The Upper East Pocket includes many holy places for tribes, clans, or other organizations which require a lofty site. Also, the "higher interests" of the clans are located here; these buildings are held in common by the tribal councils.

Finally, the Top Pocket actually hangs out over nothing, as if perched and ready to fall or fly. In a building here is located the Picture Door. Set into the natural stone cliff wall, the doors are made of carved marble decorated with strange scenes. The doors have always been sealed, and they will open only for the destined person — the next heir to the kingdom.

THE INTERNATIONAL QUARTER

The International Quarter houses foreigners. Its Great Market is the international marketplace where exotic and unusual things can be found. Merchants from the most distant places will be found here: even Tanisor and Teshnos! High Town is on a rise which lets its residents look over the commoner's houses in the main city.

Located here are the homes of the resident foreign ambassadors. These include fine residences for the Grazelanders Tribe, Kingdom of Tarsh, and Kingdom of Kethaela.

Nearby, on the cliff face, is the Inviolate Dwarf Palace. The Mostali folk live there. They are close friends of our good King Saronil. We are deeply indebted to these gentle underground folk, the Mostali, and our kingdom would be worse off without their friendship. They are the ones who came out at night and built the best and most beautiful parts of the city. Lord Golden sits in there, enthroned in a hall where mosaics are made of gems. He receives few visitors, though King Saronil is one. His servants, they say, are made of bronze, and his guards made of stone.

ROYAL PALACE AND THUNDER RIDGE

Sartar's Palace is the royal residence. It perches upon the end of Thunderous Ridge, atop of which sits the main Temple to Orlanth in the city. All of the main ceremonies to Orlanth are held atop it. Sartar's Palace is about 80 feet above the surrounding city below, atop steep cliffs. The palace is simply built, and like the Pockets, the buildings are mostly cut right from the crags and appear to rise out of the stone.

Sartar's Flame burns upon a court here. The shining bright flame has never gone out since Sartar transformed himself with fire there, fifteen years ago¹.

Three huge stone rams stand guard over the court.

The King's Court is a large open space below the palace. Here the prince holds moot with his folk: the citizens of this city. Nearby are the Heralds' Podium and the Peoples' Podium. At the first, official announcements from the royal household are made. At the second, anyone may stand and say whatever they want.

RIGHT ARM

The Right Arm valley is occupied along its length by many tribal manors. Each settlement has several long houses, barns and granaries, and a shrine. When tribal members from the hinterland visit the city they stay here.

The tribes represented here are: Colymar, Malani, Cinsina, Culbrea, Telmori, Aranwyth, Estanval, Kheldon, Maboder, Nostali, Sambari, Balmyr, Locaem, and Lismelder. Also, for personal reasons, King Sartar made a manor for the ducks here. It is set apart on an island for their own safety.

The Long Ramp is one of two entries into the city. The cliff sides approaching the gate are much too steep for horses to walk upon, and so the kings have made the special road. From the Right Arm it rises to the cut in the rocks where a guard tower blocks the road. Gates can be opened to allow passage onto the road to the east which passes through the mountains.

The city is noted for its beautiful temple buildings, with statues by Wilms inside. Noted are those to Elmal, Uleria (located at the corner of Truth and Freedom roads), Heler, and Ernalda.

LEFT ARM

The grandeur of the city is measured by the fact that the Elder Races have sought to establish ambassadors here, despite their mutual dislike of each other.

The newest race to establish an embassy are the Aldryami, who overnight grew a small grove to protect themselves. The Aldryami, commonly called elves, have been guaranteed their place of safety and protection here by the King. The forested area is forbidden to everyone except those who are fortunate enough to be invited. There is a great tree, which can be seen from outside quite plainly. Around it are many other trees, less densely packed. Nonetheless, no one who has gone inside this little grove has ever seen the big central tree. Nor is anyone

1 This dates the document to 1535.

quite sure how many elves, if any at all, might be present at any time. They have been here only a year, but we are certain that they will remain.

Trolls, or Uz, live in the Troll Hand. This is the area all the way at the end of the left arm. Most humans stop at the wrist, where a huge black tent serves as a merchant temple of their god, Argan Argar. Inside are goods for sale to humans, or anyone else who visits.

Beyond the tent is Troll Corner. It is as far from humans as possible, tucked into a place no one else wants. There the trolls in Boldhome congregate, when they are present. They are officially allowed to be there, but naturally they distrust it. Their area looks more like a squatter camp for seagulls than a place where intelligent beings live. It is guarded, patrolled, and booby-trapped by the residents for their own safety.

No humans, of course, ever go there anyway.

This, then, is the city of Boldhome, as fortunate a place as most of us want to live in. Even its worst places are exotic sites of Elder Race habitation. Let the gods protect it, and the goddesses bless it, and all of humankind share in its bounty.

THE GRAZERS

COLLECTED FACTS ABOUT HORSE PEOPLES

BY JALK DEKOL

To My Lord Aringore of Dunstop:

Here, at your request, are the collected documents which I could acquire from the Lhankor Mhy Temple in Goldedge. We are fortunate that these have survived. If the northerners had their way, these would have been burned too. We can only mourn the losses of Furthest and Jonstown. As is customary, I have copied the documents directly.

ORIGIN MYTHS

I have found these origin stories among the primitives of Krjalkiland. Synopsized, they are:

THE SOLAR STORY

Source: [Found among the Dara Happan river-dwellers and Pent Nomads.]

Originally the horse was a very different beast, noble and perhaps even draconic. The Dara Happans claim it used to be a hippogriff. But during the Downfall the noble creature was slowly stripped of all its glory until it became just the servant beast which it is today. It was rescued from total ignominy by Hyalor, called Horsebreaker, who was a leader in Peloria, and who is claimed by both the native Dara Happans and the Pent nomads.

THE PONY

One day Orlanth declared that he wished to have a steed for the Heortlings to ride. He would host a contest of all the worthy animals which were in the world. Naturally many beasts lined up to be servants to men. Elmal was judge. He chose the horse because it was strong, courageous, obedient, and the most stupid. But nonetheless he loved it, and he spoke to it in a special way known by people who love animals. And the horse and Elmal have always worked together.

When Elmal married into the Storm Tribe, he gave his father-in-law a gift, and it was the pair of stallions which drive his chariot, and a brace of mares. Those are the start of the steeds of the gods.

THE RALIOS STORY

There is a story in Ralios which is different from these. It concerns Galanin, the Horse God.

Galanin was part of a fallacious "animal genealogy" which the Westerners created in order to organize (and overcome) the native *hsunchen* population, a very primitive people who had not yet received the word of the Dawning

"Galanin is the son of Lofak, who is the god of Hoofed Animals, and is the son of Hykim and Mikyh, the dragon ancestors of all beasts."

The Galanini were actually a large confederation of pony-riders who lived in Ralios before it was civilized. They were foes of the Basmoli, or lion-men, who occupied Seshnela and Tanisor then.

THE BLACK NET

The weakness of the Pure Horse Tribe proved too much a temptation to the other Praxian tribes, who gathered and slaughtered the Pure Horse warriors at the Battle of Alavan Argay in 1250. The survivors, mostly women, children, elderly, and maimed or wounded warriors, were gathered together as part of the spoils and given the option of death or slavery. They demanded a night's time to decide, and were placed under the Black Net to make their council.

The council of the people deliberated, and those who chose slavery were driven out, naked and bleeding. Those who chose death agreed among themselves to make it a death of their own choosing, and with desperate magics they left the elders to fight. The rest fled into the clean night with their relics and ritual goods. Afterwards the spirit of the Old Man with the Black Net was always the friend of the Horse Peoples that ventured into Prax.

The survivors fled upon magical pathways and reached Dragon Pass with many difficulties. They entered the hills with their deaths upon their lips, penetrating the cursed and haunted lands for the first time since the Dragonkill.

Instead of armies of vengeful dragonewts or grey lands inhabited by ghosts, the Pure Horse People found a pleasant land abandoned by humans. A Grazer poem retells of:

*The land where the spirits dwell,
Where they walk like men, but shun the paths of men,
Seeking peace, among the silver realm.*

There is another tale of Hiia Swordman, an outlaw whose exile brought him to Dragon Pass even earlier, and who met the Pure Horse People in the hills and guided them to Ironhoof. This swordsman was reincarnated in a cult of weaponsmasters in the time of the Feathered Horse Queen. He shunned the bow because he had lost his left hand, and he made himself a breastplate of turtleshell, which was later copied in the metal, bone, and wood cuirasses of the cult.

The demigod Ironhoof was pleased to greet worshipers of his uncle, the Great Horse. He purified them of their curse, renamed them the Grazelanders, and granted them all the flat lands north of the Beast Valley. There they settled, hiding amid the Elder Races of the Pass, and grew quietly in strength.

THE BUTCHER'S STORY

There is one which is told about how to butcher a horse properly. They say that one time people and horses were one and the same. They looked different, and they acted different, and they were all unhappy. Trickster came to them and he saw a chance to use his new knife. He

told the horse folk that they could be happy if they ate the right food. Some of them agreed to try it out. Trickster said they would have to be blindfolded to do it right, and some of them still agreed. So Trickster blindfolded them and put the knife into their hands. He then guided their hands to cut up the prey which he had caught.

Halfway through the process one of the cutters recognized that the body which he caressed was that of his own favorite mare, and opened his eyes. He saw that she had already been dismembered, cut into two. Trickster just laughed and disappeared, leaving behind his knife.

The grief-stricken Cutter was horrified that both parts of his mate still lived, and would have run away except that the knife was too heavy to hold and he could not let go. Both parts then spoke to Cutter, and the human and horse parts both said they no longer felt any pain, and that both were more happy this way.

The great noise that Cutter and his mate made caused others to open their eyes, too, and see their work. All of those became people and horses, and they were the first of the horse-riding people of the old days, whose steeds and secrets were stolen by many others. But Cutter was never turned into two beings, and could never again mate with his mares or mistress.

THE HORSEMAN'S LAMENT

Statement taken from an old horseman in the Second Age, in Prax. I think that it's about his tribe, which is the one that moved here from Pent for the dragons. His name was Vastako Indo, which means Feathered Horseman.

Once there were a hundred horse folk.

Half of them left when the sword came, and clove life from death forever. In that shadow, though, still fifty remained.

Half of them left when disorder began, and men and women separated forever. But still, twenty-five were left.

Half of them left when Language began, and we could not understand them any more. But of us, twelve were still left.

Half of them left when the fighting gods tore the feathered wings from our horses. But half of them still had their wings. We six rode high.

Then half of those left when the eating gods knocked out the teeth of our horses. But there were three of us left with teeth.

But half of those left when their horns were ripped off by Chaos Gods. But still, one of us had horns. But when the feet were taken from the horses, then none could stand, and even wings and feathers saved not me. No place to run, trapped, the horse folk were no more.

CHIEFS OF THE GRAZELANDERS

COMPILED BY YANDASTROS THE LIST-MAKER. COMMENTS IN (PARENTHESES) BY ORNOSTES THE COMPILER.

First was **Ironhoof the King**, a great father who rode upon the horse god himself. (He should not be confused with Ironhoof the Centaur).

Yanasdros the Sun, whose wife was the Horse Goddess. (He was the first human being born inside the sacred precincts of Dragon Pass.)

Yanasdarin Farsee, who reached the top of the Sacred Mountain, and looked into the future.

Hendroste One-foot, whose riding feats have never been duplicated.

Yanasdral the Wise, whose reign was full of peace and bounty, when even trolls gave tribute.

Yanasdrarin Hunter, who chased the Iron Deer in Ernaldi, and caught it on the cliff of the bottomless chasm.

Josadrarin the Stallion, who had children who were horses. In his time the Wanderers left the tribe.

Yanordrast Goodheart, whose head could never be stolen, and whose generosity went to all.

Hendroste Goldhand, who discovered the Ant People creeping under the tent, and made the invisible bonds which made them slaves.

Hendroste Goldheart, who entertained the pauper hero, and helped Arim to wed. (c. 1340 ?)

Jardanroste Polestar, who led warriors of the Sun, planets, and even stars against the Black Lance.

Wanasdral Polestar, who made the hills bury the Moon, and gave the gifts of Peloria to his people. (1362, Battle of Falling Hills)

Jardanroste Breaker, who stole the Three Mirror when he rode backward upon the Moon's Road, and left his footprints in its stone.

Jardankorda the Brave, who was betrayed by Yarandros, and destroyed in battle. (c. 1395 ?)

Yaranspoliti Houseburner, whose weapon was fire to drive the enemy from our lands, when Mallia was our guest.

Jardandarin Lifeshield, who made peace with the Tarshites and made the Healer's Herd.

Dastalkorda the Lookout, who turned the Ghost Dance into the Secret Dance.

Dastalpolti the Hunter, who sought the Copper Deer in Ernaldi, and instead brought home the first Red Hart.

Dastalroste Fireless, who lived utterly beyond the wild for the sake of his people.

Dastaldarin Avenger, whose handmaid was the queen of Tarsh.

Jardanroste Ring-jewel, Companion to Kings, betrayed and buried alive.

Esnandral the Champion, who was fierce in his defense of his cult, and final in his death.

Endars Stand-up, who wore skins of wolf-men, used two bows at once, and was one of the husbands of the Feathered Horse Queen.

Dastaldarin Longlance, who crushed the rebels, lost the Vale of Sikithi when the Glowline crept over it. He never smiled after that.

Yanasdrarin the Lucky, who was a fierce raider of Sartarite caravans, but was never captured even when agents and armies sought him.

Dastalpolti Blackhand, who brought the fish back from the Ugly City, which lies at the other end from the bridge of the City of Wonders.

Jendetarin the Strong, who aided the King of Tarsh in destroying the foreigners from the Red Moon, and regained Sikithi Vale.

Jardanroste Redhair, who aided his kinsman and destroyed the False Sunhorses in battle. He tried to avenge his kinsmen a year later, but was captured and kept in chains for the rest of his long life.

Dastalpolti Peaceful, who had fifteen sons and fifteen daughters, and was friend to the great king.

Jardanreal the Traveler was guardian at the marriage of the Feathered Horse Queen to her new King of Sartar, and a good ally and friend after that.

Penraltan the Gold, who raided Sartar every year, until the Moon Men made him stop. He was there when Boldhome was taken (1602), but was betrayed and killed by the Red Emperor.

Endarsdron the Black fought only at night, and made the Red Emperor apologize for wrongdoings. He died shortly afterwards.

Jarsandron Tenherds was a great and powerful king, who often sent troops to aid the Lunar Army in their many conquests. He was murdered by those who hated the Moon.

Jadetin the Avenger defended his lands, and danced as the Sun in a dream where the dragons of the world destroyed the murderers of his family (1625). He led his men, invisible in daylight, and killed the evil king.

Karndaro the Leaper was next, whose steed once carried him from mountain top to mountain top to reach the dwarf city of Nida.

Penraltan the Killer was next, who loved to lead his men to distant battles, and fought at the side of the giants (1638).

Politean the Bright was defeated by the scarlet specters, and hung in the sky for two years being roasted alive (1642-1644). When he died the bells of the Sun were heard by all survivors, who followed upon the other trail of Karndaro the Leaper, and were not heard from again until Unatelo.

Protopius the Bright was the next chief. He ruled all of Dragon Pass while he lived. He died at the Battle of Dantolfol (1645).

THE FEATHERED HORSE QUEENS

The first queen was she who was called "Reaches Farthest." As long as she kept trying, there was no limit to her power until she failed. Thus her life was one of great struggle and achievement, and though she did not accomplish some things, she accomplished the greatest, which was to free her people.

La-ungariant had always been a pliant goddess, and though subordinate to her husband nonetheless had considerable power within her family. But one day she found her husband beating her children mercilessly, and she begged him to stop. When Esnandrol would not, she was terrified and turned away, and fled to the shadowy realms to hide. There she met her sisters, who had been missing for many years. They shared secrets, both bitter and sweet, and then they conferred her own regal powers upon the queen. When she returned, she was called the Feathered Horse Queen, because she wore the ancient signs of regal office which had been stripped from her goddess in the Gods Age.

This was a great time for the Earth Tribe. In Tarsh the goddess controlled the sacrificial Illaro Dynasty, and in Sartar the Orendanae sat upon the Tribal Rings of the three main tribes. In Esrolia they were strongest of course, which was the reign of High Queen Bruvala. With help from below, and all around, the Feathered Horse Queen gained great following and power.

To her success were the liberation of those women who would follow her, and of the slave race of *vendref*; the establishment of acknowledged borders; the beginning of a reformed goddess cult; partnership with the Sun Kings; establishment of new inter-clan law; re-establishment of the Goldeneye breed; and the mothering of fine children. Her only significant failure was in choosing husbands, for she sought to have more than one as was custom in Esrolia, but as everyone knows, both bigamy and polyandry are impossible for the pure among us, and even her great power could not change that.

When she died, they placed her upon a Goldeneye decorated with feathers, which bore her body to the blissful realms as the tribe wept and cut themselves in grief. All the queens have, since then, been honored this way after they die. Among her daughters, one was chosen as the next Feathered Horse Queen.

This one stood firm, and is called "Keeps the Children." The vacillating council of the Sun King did not sway her determination, and she made sure that everyone knew the way to escape from both Moon and Storm warriors. When Jardanroste Redhair was kept in prison, she visited him thrice, and bore two sets of twins to him despite the Lunar magical prison.

The third Queen was wise too, and is called "Mother of Lands," She was courted by many great kings, who gave her wide realms as gifts until she ruled over the whole of Dragon Pass. She married her favorite lover, then, and maintained faith even after he died at Grizzly Peak.

The next Queen was "Splendid Among the Proud." She had no husband, but had three daughters who each married a king. Each of them got one of the Armbands of Sartar, brought home by their husbands after the plunder of Boldhome.

The next Queen was "Riches Without Tears." She tried to set her bride-price at an impossible limit, but her suitor met it and gave even more. In that way reverence for the Queen was spread far and wide through the Provinces. They had two children.

Sixth was "Single Matron Woman," who vowed to take no husbands. She loved war, and was killed in battle in Esrolia.

The next queen was "With Bitter Heart," for she sent her own son to avenge the tribe upon a vile foe. She helped him to become warped, in shadow, and then deserted him when his task was done. She encouraged war bands, and was the first to send *vendref* clans away, in migration. She fought against her own sister, but was betrayed by the worm within herself. When Jandetin the Avenger danced, she was slain when it ate itself out of her womb. She was alone, without prayer or weeping of the people, yet the Goldeneye came for her.

The eighth, called "Reaches All," was High Queen of all Dragon Pass, for she chose her husband wisely. The ceremony of celebration was the most grand known to mankind, and the guests devoured the whole of Voriof's Herd when he brought it, and all the ale from the Giant's Cauldron.

GRAZER CREATION SONG

MANIFSDI THE BLACK, 3RD YEAR

Here is the text to the "Creation Song" which the Grazers sang. Like most songs of this type it does not say very much in its external form. I know some of the references contained herein, and can guess at others. I will list those in a footnote. The "beats" mentioned at the head of some verses are the drum beats, each of which has a traditional rhythm. Whenever such a beat is heard, the listeners are cued to their part in the ceremonial drama. They cry during the Dirge Beat, etc.

THE OPENING BEAT

*The time when: the Moon revealed its fifth face.
 The time when: the Shadow Tribe was born.
 The time when: men and horses were split again.
 The time when: the Feathered Queen came home.*

THE DIRGE BEAT

*"Those Who Came Before" are calling,
 Their promises are sweet today,
 They are no longer hungry, they are not in pain,
 "Those Who Left Early" are happy now.
 Their promises are sweet today.*

*"He Who Rises" is calling,
 His promise is sweet today,
 In his land no one hungers, no one suffers,
 "He Who Abandoned Us" is happy now.
 His promises are sweet today.*

*"She Who Eats Us" is calling,
 Her hidden face is beautiful,
 In her arms no one hungers, no one suffers,
 "She Who Receives us" is happy now.
 Her hidden face is beautiful.*

(These verses apparently invoke the dead, or memories of ancient times when death seemed preferable to life. This mood certainly duplicates the era when the Feathered Queen came to the tribe.)

THE HERO BEAT, FLUTE WIND RISES

*In the land of the dead they are dancing,
 In the land of the blind they can see,
 In the land of the silent she is speaking,
 In the land of forgetting, she knows me.
 Where the people were naked, she clothed us.
 Where the people were hungry, she fed.
 Where the people were lost, she led us.
 Where the people were silent, she said.*

(These two verses are a typical form of blessing and invocation used by the Grazers, and appears in many different ceremonies. They are repeated, below, in a slightly different form.)

*The feathers of gold I am seeing,
 The feathers of mane and of tail;
 The feathers of eyelashes, fingers and toes,
 The feathers of hooves, hair, and clothes.*

(These are descriptions of parts of the elaborate costume of the Queen, and serve to identify her as the object of adoration here.)

*In the land of the dead they are dancing,
 In the land of the blind they can see,
 In the land of the silent he is speaking,
 In the land of forgetting, he knows me.
 Where the people were naked, he clothed us.
 Where the people were hungry, he fed.
 Where the people were lost, he led us.
 Where the people were silent, he said.*

(See above.)

*The circle of camp I am seeing,
 The circle of gates and of wood.
 The circle of shield and weapons and shell,
 The circle of courage and plenty and good.*

(Most of this text gives only standard heroic warrior attributes. But the clues of “gates and of wood” and of “shell” identify it as Hiia Swordsman, who came to the forefront of worship with the Feathered Queen.)

CELEBRATION BEAT

*When the Lord and the Lady are dancing,
 Then the Lord of the Sky rides on high.
 When the Lord and the Lady are dancing,
 The Lady of Earth rises high.*

*Join the Lord and the Lady in dancing,
 Join the Lord when he rides up on high.
 Join the Lord and the Lady in dancing,
 Join the Lady of Earth rising high.*

*The dance and the deities, they are one.
 The deities and the dancers, they are one.
 The dancers and the dance, they are one.
 The One in the New,
 The One in the Old,
 The One in the Many,
 The New from the Old.*

(These verses are repeated, with the participants singing and dancing, until they enter into the spirit world. They fall down, and commune with the Lord and Lady, then wake and go to a feast.)

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS

ARGRATH AND THE DEVIL

Without the facade of the Red Goddess and the Lunar Empire, the true nature of the enemy was revealed when Wakboth, the God of the Ultimate End, came forth to rule humankind.

He ascended to the throne of the North.

The righteous citizens and deities of Peloria rose in opposition to the growing evil. When they assembled they were like the Sun and burned away the polluted lives of the masses of worthless citizenry that dared to oppose them. The Army of the Emperor assembled and they marched to the Fields of Distain to fight. There, they stood as they had stood since before the start of Time, and the nation defied the Devil. Wakboth smeared the people like jelly, and after the Battle of Distain, even the gods were just food.

Then Wakboth took the crown, which was decorated with the living bodies of a thousand high priests and priestesses, each which served a god of some unthinkable vice, corruption, perversion, or mutation. The Unholy Trio were given empires to rule.

Then did Argrath call together all of his council, and ask them what he should do. They told him that of old, it was the Lightbringers which saved them from this. But Argrath had already done that, and so that was not a choice.

But Chaos was coming, and so, like his namesake before him Argrath became Chaosbane and called the powers of the world together. All of the folks that he knew summoned their deities, who called forth their fellows, for all the gods had been wakened since Chaos came into the world.

Then there spoke up from among the assembly a small spirit, almost insignificant. It was Spider Spirit. She said to the council, "This is the thing which you did not expect. This is a thing which was not, before. This is something which must be dealt with, in a new way.

"You, Argrath, have not gotten to this place by doing things the old way. But among the old things there is one that still works that I know: Co-operation is the key to success against Chaos. All of us present must agree on the decision. All of us here can avoid what we do not like. Do you swear to this?"

And the gods did, for they had no choice. Wakboth was coming, and they did not know what to do.

So Spider Spirit wove a great net, which was made of things that no longer existed. And she gave each deity a place to hold it, and a command to be followed when it was time. Then the Devil came there, among them, with its evil eyes, excreting filth from its visage, poisoning existence with its being.

"Enemy of Mine, stop before me!" said Argrath, "you have come again to destroy us, as you have done to our forefathers before us. Every *600 years you have come^e*, and this is the time we have forecast to behold you, again and again each time until you are gone for good."

And then Argrath told them what to do. The gods were as one, and they wrapped the evil invader with the great net, and each of them held it strong and pulled upon it.

Argrath was never bound to the old ways, but was still subject to them. This was when his Trickster betrayed him. For in that moment that the great council all pulled upon the net, then they were all caught up by it, wrapped together like a bag of squirrels in a string sack.

Wakboth reached for it, and with terrifying bites and gnashings, consumed them all. And while it was doing that, Argrath seized the moment, and with the Lightbringers Sword he

2 Emphasis Mine. See "Conclusions."

pierced the demon, and revealed its emptiness for what it was. He said, *“We must accept our portion of Life, and slay all who would murder us.”*³

And he killed the serpent which had wrapped itself about him and wounded him. And then with the Unbreakable Sword he cut the corpse into pieces, and found only dead things inside. He gave parts of the body away to his allies as gifts.

So Argrath then, and Spider Spirit, and the other few which had survived, blessed the world, and sent the good things which they had found out from their center and as gifts to the world of the living. And since that time, that world has been our world.

And he said “There is only one secret now, and that is what we have done. The world will remain as it is now, without interference from any god or goddess. Now it is a free world, of humankind, for humankind, and ruled by humankind.”

LUNAR POPULATION REPORT

To Dagius Furius, Chief of Intelligence

Fire/Water/Freeze/7-29

My Lord,

I do not believe that the entire Colymar Tribe is able to muster any more than 300 real warriors, even now when they are at strength.

Here is why: Their chief town, Clearwine, has about 650 adults, and another 900 children who do not count. We know from Sylilan evidence that about 10% of a population settles into its urban centers. Therefore the whole adult membership of the tribe can not be much more than 6,500 people in all.

Of these, 3,250 are men, potentially capable of military action. About 85% of them are capable of mustering out, at the maximum. This leaves about 2,800 warriors in all.

However, most of those will be fyrdmen. They carry weapons and know how to run around in the hills and woods, but not how to fight. Their poverty prevents most of them from getting good swords or armor.

We know from our own army that 10% of an army is a difficult number of elites to maintain, although it is possible. Let us assume the same for these bumpkins. This gives them at the most 280 qualified soldiers who are capable of standing shield to shield with our hoplites. This is hardly enough to defend the perimeter of their silly hill fort!

— The Good Rat

THREE INVOCATIONS

SOURCE: PETEN OF PENNEL, SCRIBE

Here are three ways which I heard storytellers begin their stories. They are all accompanied by a drum. I have abstracted the gestures.

ONE. FIRST AGE

SOURCE: HARMAS'T'S SAGA, A WRITTEN SOURCE

Drum beat: slow and steady.

Gesture: crouch, point to the quarters and gesture ‘as if he himself were casting stars and sky, or placing the mountains upon the naked raw earth.’

3 Emphasis mine. Compare this with Argrath’s quote in *Argrath’s Saga*, “Part 1,” and also see “Conclusions.”

“I am Engorn, and I make this prayer to Issaries, the Talking God, as you told me to do. I call upon you, Lord of Tongues, to answer me, as you told me you would do.

“I call upon the Six Guardians to wake, and to hold this space for the tale. I call upon the Lord of Power to fill me with the tale. I call upon the Lady of Inspiration to sit within me, and to tell this story of how the world was made.”

ANOTHER VERSION

Drum beat: slow and steady.

Gesture: none, but to beat the drum.

“I am Dandern, and I make this prayer to the Knowing God, as you told me to do. I call upon the Knowing God to answer, as you told me you would.

“I call upon the Six Guardians to wake, and hold the space between them for this tale. I call upon the Lord of Tales to fill this one with his Power. I call upon the Lady of Inspiration to sit within me and tell this story of how the world was made.”

TWO. SECOND AGE

SOURCE: THE SHERL (YOU KNOW...)

Drum beat: slow and steady.

Gesture: none, in a trance.

“I am Jarang, Son of Jornatos, of the Tedanling Clan. I am an initiate of the Speaking God, and I am a man of the chief of this camp.

“I am Jarang, and I make this prayer to you, Talking God, as you told me to do. And I call upon you, Lord of Stories, to speak through me, as you told me you would do.

“Seven Winds I found, and when they spoke together the truth of the tale was revealed to me. I now ask those seven winds to come here, and to let their voices be heard through mine.”

THREE. THIRD AGE

**SOURCE: MY BROTHER’S LETTER, FROM PAVIS,
WHERE HE HEARD THIS MAN SPEAK**

Drum beat: slow and steady.

Gesture: none, but to beat the drum.

“I am Arnbord, Son of Venharl, of the Karandoli Clan and the Colymar Tribe. I am a poet, and I am a man of the chief of this camp.

“I am Arnbord, and I make this prayer to you, Issaries, as you told me to do. And I call upon you, god who keeps me talking true, to speak through me.

“I call upon the Keepers of the Six Stories to wake, and to fill me with the tale. I call upon the Lady of Inspiration to sit within me, and to tell this story of how the world was made.”

KALLYR’S COMPANIONS

Leader: Kallyr Starbrow Loriconsdotter

Watchman: Insterid Fire Eyes, of the Blackrock

Porter: Orngerin Holdfast, of the Greenhaf

Scout: Orlaront Dragonfriend of the Jerending

Fireman: Randella Offirsdotter, of the Blackrock

Waterman: Elmalandti, of the Blue Spruce

Cook: Olende Endalsson, of the farther Squat Oak
Caster: Minaryth Purple, of Jonstown
Healer: Ernaldesta the Vigorous, of the Elkenval
Singer: Oranda Laugh-or-cry, of the White Quartz

A WARNING

These are the words which I heard spoken before the start of the Sacred Time ceremonies.

*Look around you!
 There are strangers among us!
 One of these will die tonight,
 And we do not know who is our enemy!
 Be careful who you speak to.*

THE STRANGE FRAGMENT

At last, the sea was calm. The Serpentine Waves were gone. The Sea Dragons were not to be seen. But the angry lord was still there.

“Perhaps,” he said, “if I cannot kill *you*, I can bring your companions into the depths.”

“Oh Robber Sea King,” I said, “this is the End of the World. You should aid me, not hinder me.”

“My own world is finished,” he said, “and so is yours. You can plead with me, and surrender yourself, and pay compensation for all the damage you have done to my folk, and make me King of the Universe in your stead, and then I will consider sparing you from this attack.”

“You will learn some time,” I said, “to respect me properly. Bring your worst, and suffer once again, Robber King.” And Magasta summoned his forces to battle.

Yo, I will tell you how we fought them. We did it the way Orlanth has always done it, and called upon his forces and his allies to aid us, as they did in Elder Times.

Far away, then, where the sea rushes into the bottomless hole, the Sea King called to his servants to close the Hell Drain. The Manthi of the Homeward Ocean swam in a tight circle, and the raging whirlpool of the empty hole was pulled tight. The corpse of a continent was thrown in to block it up. And for a moment, the hole was plugged, and the raging currents which were sucked into it were freed.

The water around us grew turbulent, and on all sides the water rose, and like a series of ripples in reverse, waves washed towards us, bearing upon their crest an army to confront us.

First came the attack of the waves upon the shore, and these were sent by King Undine against us. They battered upon our beaches, and washed away the clean sands to expose the turtle's shell beneath.

Riding upon the waves were many mermen. They were reluctant foes to fight us, for they are not a warlike race, but they were spurred on by their Mothers, who hate their mates. I could see their leaders among them. First came Ludocha, a sleek and beautiful woman shaped by her children. They were the Seal Folk. And there was Ouoria, the Kind One. And there was Malaspa, the Hungry Fish, whose folk were armed and bore hateful tridents to pierce us.

I called upon Diendimos, Father of the Ludoch, and Por Janks, Father of the Ouori. Those gods, kinsmen of mine, had conquered the goddesses, both sea nymphs, once before.

They did not even have to fight this time, but when they appeared their wives departed, sinking down into the seas, with their hundreds of brood to follow.

And Egransk came, but he had to struggle with Malaspa. The water frothed where they fought, and when Egransk rose, victorious, he was torn and bleeding, and faded away howling in agony.

The Ysabbaou came second, propelled upon the wrecking waves of the Three Sons of Undine named Tidal Wave, Ship Beater, and Island Gulper. They rode within these waves, barely visible like underwater islands coming to eat us.

Third came Brastalos and the Waertagi. Brastalos swam into view, hovering over the center of our small world. The air overhead grew still. Her still air paralyzed me. I hesitated to engage in Kinstrife. In the moment I waited a brace of dragons pulled into sight, skimming across the surface towards us.

For this I recalled the Story of Orlanth and Aroka.

Then I saw that these were not dragons, but instead they were dragonships, already conquered by their masters. My magic did not help me here, and the huge ships came speeding our way, and crashed their sharp beaks into Sofala, so that the island rocked from side to side, and her bright red blood spilled into the sea.

When her blood ran it attracted the Deep Monsters. I could not wait longer, and I called upon the Forces Outside and confronted my own sister Brastalos. She could not stand before any real wind, and fled away crying and whimpering. Then I called the North Wind and sent it, frigid and armed with Valind's children, upon the dragonships.

Fourth came the Doom Currents, creatures of water which dwarfed Tidal Wave and the dragonships. They attacked Sofala, and one wrapped itself around her neck, another around her left side, and a third all the way around the mighty shell where it squeezed and crushed the beautiful land we had lived in.

They dragged us down.

But I am the Air God. I am no pawn of the Sea. I merely exhaled, and set my own power against that of the waters. I called upon my lover, the Earth, to hold us with her, and the air was like a huge bubble around us. We were apart from the waters.

But that did not stop the Gnydron. They are the deep mermen, who have never tasted defeat by the Storm Gods. In the background I saw Wachaza, urging them on. They charged forward, holding their mighty tridents like lances, and burst into the bubble from all around, throwing themselves into the air like mad sharks intent upon reaching their prey even though it is out of water. But that moment out of water was all we needed, and they were prey to our steel weapons.

Sixth, the gods themselves came to confront me. There was Mirintha, Phargon, Magasta, all of the them leading tribes of the Manthi.

We were lost, but overhead a star caught my attention. It was sputtering like a grease candle where the fat has not been cleaned properly, spitting off little sparks that burn out quickly. As I watched it dimmed, and shook from its place in the sky, and with a small tail streaking from behind, it began to move in the sky.

"Follow that," I said, and Sofala turned in the direction which the star fell. Healer had cured her. She swam, unhindered now.

We could not keep up with the falling star, even though it had the tremendous distance of the sky to traverse, and we had only half of the Western Ocean. So we followed it, keeping it in sight and going that way, even when it dropped low in the sky, closing in on the horizon.

REPORT ON THE ORLANTHI

"I ask Orlanth to bless this book."

My Lord,

I have gathered up as much information as you have wished, and I believe that I have distilled it into the bare facts which you desired.

THE INDIVIDUAL

"No one can make you do anything."

— Heort's Laws

Orlanthi society recognizes personal identity and individuality. It acknowledges a sense of self, but nurtures it only in a societal setting. The Orlanthi culture recognizes the biological urge of the single, lone rebel but subsumes it under the collective good. In other words, the Orlanthi recognize the individual, but feel that he can find total fulfillment only as part of a larger society.

The mythology of Orlanth places the god in both the position of lawless outcast and as rule-making center of the collective. It simultaneously allows each person to do exactly what he wants, and demands that they bow to the general will. The social conflict inherent in this system almost defines the turbulent Orlanthi society and barbarian politics.

However, the actual weight of practice among the Orlanthi finds almost everyone as members of society. Human beings are social creatures, and membership in the community accrues many long and short-term benefits which are impossible for an individual to obtain by working alone. When offered the chance to be alone (an outlaw) or be a part of society, most people remain within the traditional practices of the group into which they were born. These practices define the place of an individual within their community.

The five benefits of belonging to Orlanthi society, according to tradition, are:

1. Recognition
2. Participation
3. Protection
4. Direction
5. Justice.

The responsibilities of membership are also five:

1. Maintain personal honor (integrity)
2. Aid in the feeding and defense of the community
3. Obey chosen leaders
4. Support Justice
5. Honor the laws of hospitality.

The balance of loyalties seems to work best at the tribal level, where a number of bloodline-related clans jointly rule a geographic region. Nonetheless, both smaller and larger groups will be explained since they inevitably impact upon a person's involvements.

Individuals among the Orlanthi are defined by their age, gender, marriage status, legal status, initiatory status, and occupation.

AGE

“Respect is owed to the elders, for they are the memory of experience.”

— Heort’s Laws

Orlanthi are ranked according to their age. Wisdom, one of the basic Orlanthen virtues can be accumulated only by personal experience.

People are ranked, according to their experiences, into these classes: children (“not-adults”), adults, parents, and elders.

Not-adult status is for children, or people adopted into the clan. It is conferred upon all children born of Orlanthen parents, or is granted to outsiders who are sponsored, and who meet various criteria to remain within the society. A not-adult has few responsibilities and minimal privileges. The basic requirement is for the not-adult to be obedient, and in return they get protection and sustenance. Not-adult membership is begun while the child is still *in utero*, and is granted seven days after birth in a simple ceremony which is an occasion for great joy among participants. Mature foreigners who wish to become members must undergo a First Rite, a period of instruction of at least six months, and a Birthday rite which makes them not-adult members of the clan.

Children become adults after a formal initiation ceremony, parts of which are the most closely held secrets of the clan. The adulthood initiation rites are offered to not-adults between the ages of 15 and 19, depending upon local custom, the availability of initiators, and other on-going circumstances. On the average, initiations occur every five years. The process includes a preparatory period of guidance and education, a period of time spent with only the initiators, a solemn test of the individual, and a final ceremony which transforms the not-adult into a full member of society. In the old days, failure at a fierce wilderness initiation test resulted in the death of the youths who failed. Among modern Sartarites, with mixed gender rites and desanctified ceremony, failure results only in the expulsion and outlawry of the child.

Adulthood confers full privileges and responsibilities. The welcoming of the reborn child is a true “initiation,” for it *initiates* a person’s life as a member of society. Details of this are explained below.

Parents are adults who have born or fathered a child. Marriage age is around 20, but can be at any adult age. Parenthood does not confer any special legal status. Instead it grants those things which come with being part of a bloodline, and its inherent concerns, responsibilities, and blessings. Anyone who has not become a parent by age 37 may, whenever they desire, undertake the Wanderlore rite, after which they too, are Parents.

Elders are anyone over 60 years old. Elders, the repositories of wisdom, are widely respected, sometimes merely for the fact that they have survived in a life which is usually unstable, and often violent. Anyone over 85 is considered very old, and over 100 is ancient. Occasional extraordinary individuals have apparently limitless years of life, but this is rare.

GENDER

Men and women are appreciated for their differences. Gender differences which are biological in origin, including issues of reproduction and sexuality, are accepted and enjoyed. No judgment is borne with the acknowledgment of gender differences; neither is better. Competition between sexes is expected, and channeled through social processes. These accepted methods include: in sacred ceremony; in social conventions; and through jest and humor.

But accepting biological norms does not restrain the Orlanthen to impose them as absolute standards on all members. Daily occupations and lifestyles are not gender-determined. Thus

among the Orlanthe most political and many sacral positions are not limited to one sex or the other. Warrior women and cloth-weaving men are both found and accepted. Nonetheless, 85% of the people follow mainstream gender lifestyles.

MARRIAGE STATUS

“Sex is easy. Marriage is hard, and the Gods bless the sworn bond.”

— Heort's Laws

Marriage among the Orlanthe is a mutual bond between participants; it is both exclusive and monogamous. Since sexuality is relatively open and unmarried sex not frowned upon, the marriage bond is significant. Since marriage is sanctified by divine oath, adultery is frowned upon and sometimes dangerous.

Divorce is common and available to husband or wife. Traditional law oversees the division of shared property in a divorce. The wife always returns home with her dowry, and the groom always recovers the bride price, except in cases of marriage breach.

Seven classes of marriage are recognized:

1. **Husband and Wife.** Both participants have equal property, status, and responsibility. The woman moves to her husband's house, and children belong to his clan.
2. **Husband and Underwife.** The husband has more status and property, and consequently more say in what goes on. The woman moves to her husband's house, and children belong to his clan.
3. **Wife and Underhusband.** The wife has more status and property, and consequently more say in decision-making. The man moves to his wife's house, but the children belong to his clan.
4. **Esrolian husband.** The wife has more status and property than the husband. The man moves to his wife's house, but the children belong to her clan.
5. **Year-wife or Husband.** This is a temporary marriage, renewable after a year, subject to terms listed above.
6. **Bed-wife or Husband.** No property changes hands save for that publicly granted with witness. The children are raised by the individual who is *not* named in the title. Thus a bed-husband is *not responsible* for raising the children.
7. **Love-wife.** No property changes hands, even unto going to the children of the pair. A vow of monogamy for its own sake, or the sake of romantic love. Children go the father's clan.

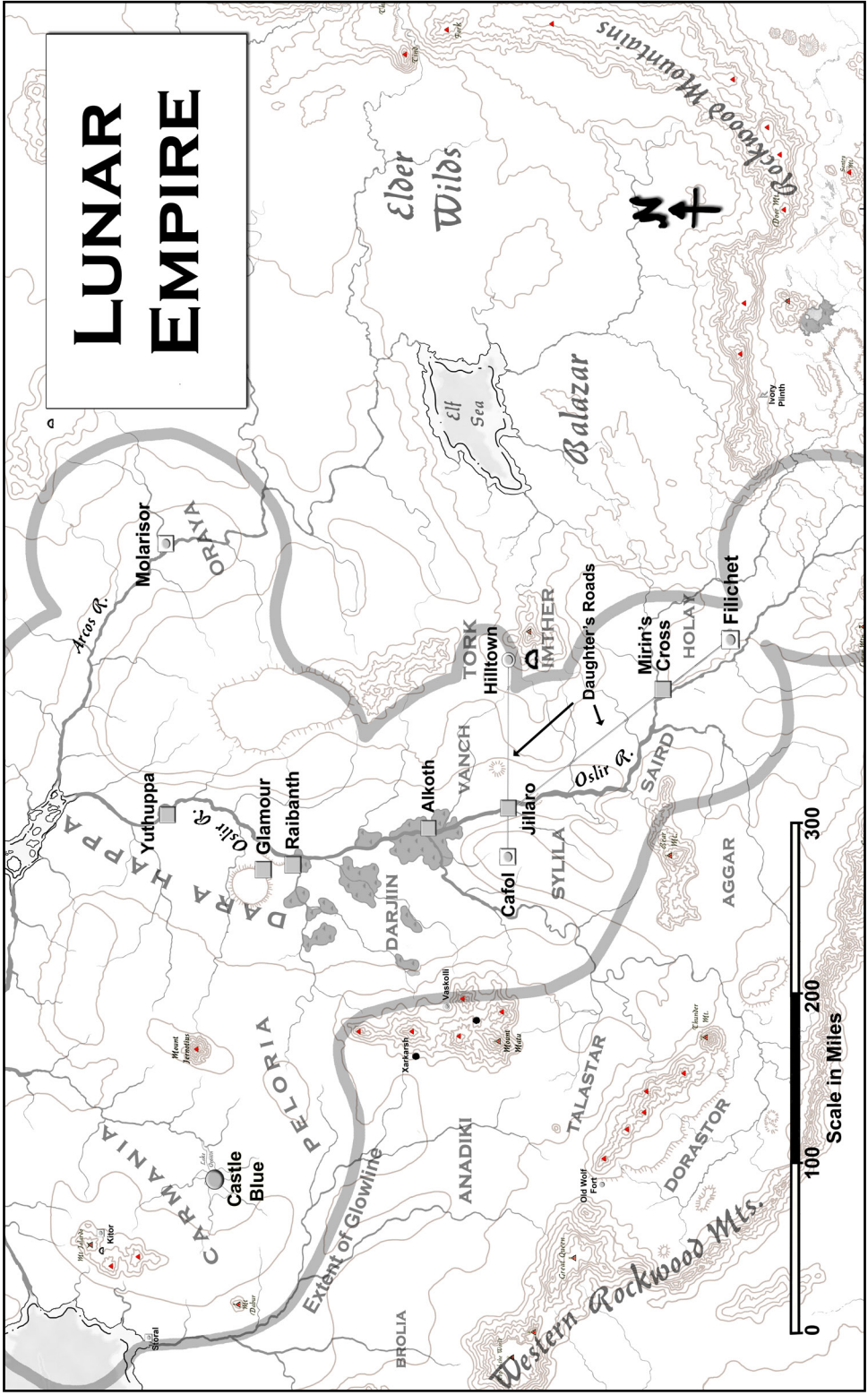
LEGAL STATUS

Membership in society is a prerequisite to obtaining its benefits. If someone is “one of us” then they are expected to believe what we believe, and to operate by *our* laws and customs.

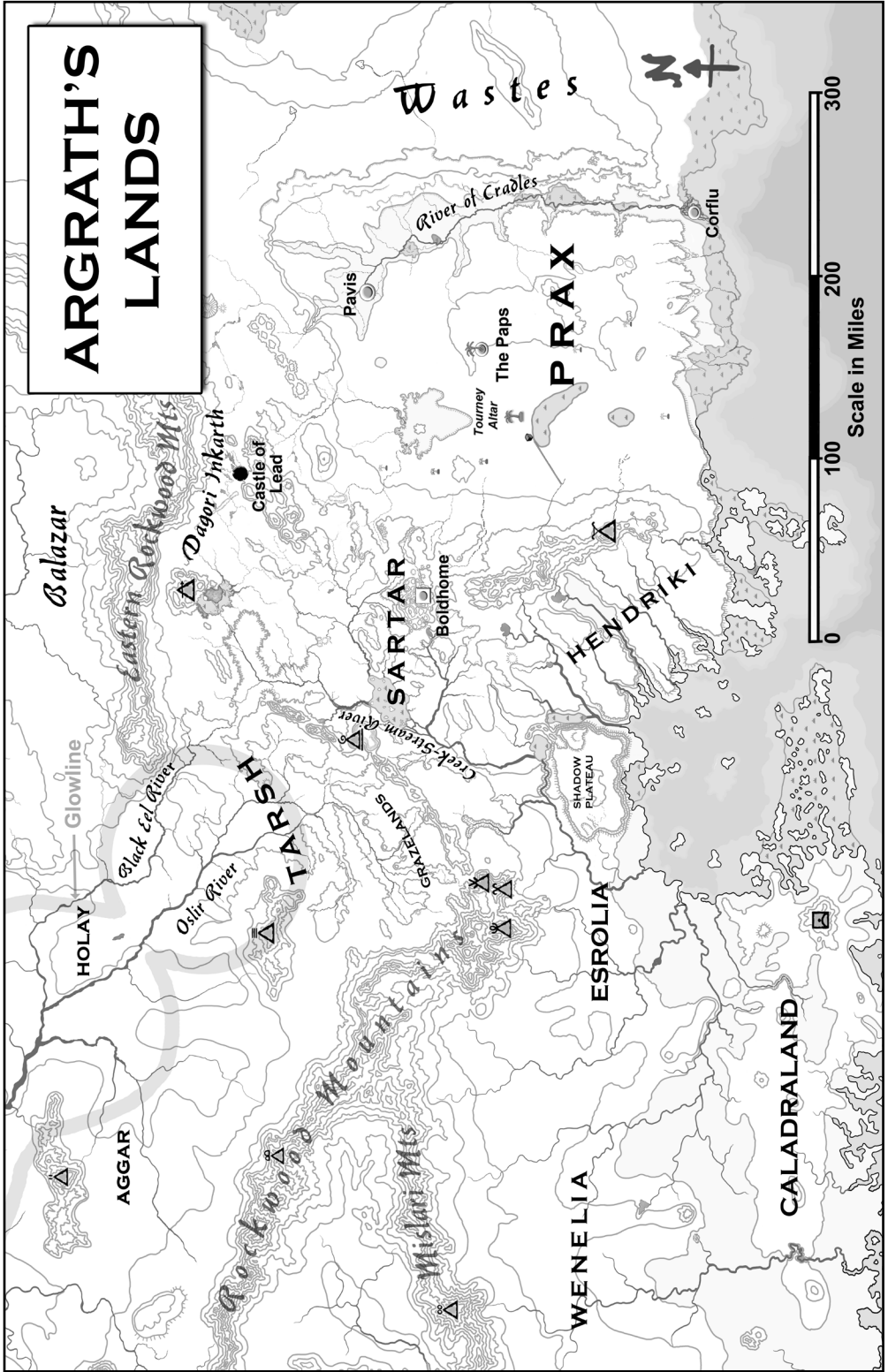
The Orlanthe recognize different levels of status within the clan, each with its own qualities of life. This status is conferred by the clan upon someone. It is not determined by the personal property which an individual or his family/bloodline has (though such things are influential.)

Nobles are the highest rank. They are leaders. Several ranks of noble exist. The lowest is that of Clan Chief. Ranked above that is Tribal King. In a normal clan, only two noble families probably exist: the clan chieftain, and the high priestess.

LUNAR EMPIRE



ARGRATH'S LANDS



Thanes are the next rank. They are tribe folk who have leadership roles, secular, military, or sacred, and have undertaken unusual responsibilities. They are the heads of households, the godi who lead sacred functions, leading merchants or craftspeople, bodyguard housecarls for the chief, and members of the clan council. They receive, for their troubles, increased status and wealth from the clan. An older version of their name means “horse men,” denoting their status.

Carls are next, the free class of farmers. Carls have the widest range of legal rights and responsibilities. This rank is sometimes called a “Cattle man.” To qualify, a man must have a whole ox-team and a plow, and he receives as much land as he can plow in two seasons: about 80 acres total. Carls are also expected to own a minimal set of military equipment, and use it to defend the community whenever the chief says to.

Cottars, also called “Sheep men,” are the next class. They are the people who live in cottages, and/or make much of their livelihood from sheep herds and garden plots.

(There is a half-carl, but there’s no point in going into that here. They must own “a half-team [four oxen] or a whole plow.” They generally receive 27 acres of plow land which they work with other people’s oxen and plow.)

Thralls are the lowest class of person, mere slaves without any legal status at all. They are considered to be their owner’s property, as if an alynx, cow, or horse, but not identified as people. Among the Dragon Pass Orlanthi, the status is recognized, but has long been out of practice, especially to emphasize their love of freedom, and to differentiate themselves from the slave-owning Lunars. Most of the thralls we know about are either debt slaves or other criminals, and occasionally the recalcitrant war prisoner. Traditionally, the children of Orlanthi slaves are not slaves, and are adopted into the clan which owns the mother.

Outsiders include all people who do not belong to Orlanthi society. In other words, it is the biggest sense of *them* that a tribesman can have. Outsiders are classified in different ways, according to how far outside of Orlanthi society they are.

Guests are from someplace outside of normal society, but are temporarily protected by someone inside. A ceremony, properly witnessed, is necessary for someone to get this status. The sponsor and his kin are responsible for everything the guest does.

Strangers are people who are from outside of the immediate group (usually clan or tribe) but who are still members of Orlanthi society. They can be trusted to follow normal rules and beliefs.

Outlaws are those people who have been cast out of society, either because they have behaved without justice or honor, or have chosen to depart. Although sanctioned by the blessing of Orlanth, outlawry is a lonely, dismal, and often fatal way of life. An outlaw has been stripped of his obligatory connections to kin, chief, and tribe. He is utterly free, but has no social system to draw support from. If he is an outlaw, and hunted by enemies, he is usually doomed.

Foreigners are people who are not Orlanthi, distinguishable by their different language, traditions, religion, or other characteristic. Many people who were Orlanthi peoples in ancient times have become foreigners through the adoption of foreign ways.

Elder Races is a term which includes all of the intelligent non-humans which are not chaotic. In the Colymar tribal area live dragonewts, and the elusive dryad of Tarndisi’s Grove. Nearby live other Aldryami (Wood People), Mostali (Stone People), and Uzko (Darkness People), as well as half-beasts such as centaurs and intelligent ducks in nearby Beast Valley.

Chaos is evil. Chaos is a force which manifests in many different forms, all of which are anti-life and work to harm the Orlanthi and others. Chaos can be things, beings, forces, or actions. No compromise is allowed with any type of Chaos. Those forms of Chaos which

are most similar to Orlanthe beliefs are those which are especially abhorred; for instance, the unbridled violence of Urain is chaotic, but not the controlled violence of Urox. Likewise, *Lokamayadism* is chaotic, which is the reformation of both society and cult around an individual for his own aggrandizement, but not the "Foundation Ritual" which Orlanthe taught, and is used every time a new tribe, clan, or nation is founded.

INITIATORY STATUS

The immanence of gods and spirits in Orlanthe life makes a relationship with them essential to the tribesman. The tribe recognizes that different people have different levels of commitment, understanding, and consciousness about spiritual matters.

The highest religious status is given to people who have an intimate association with a deity, called a holy person. Holy people can be of several types, but most often found is the clan godi — normal people, except when they lead magic for the clan. A priest or priestess is also a holy person, but has a full-time occupation at leading magical activities. They often have colorful or descriptive names — "Swords," among the Humakti, and "Doctors" among the healers, for instance. Sometimes an old-fashioned spirit-master can be found, a *kolating*, with his drum and feathered alynx costume, copper bells, and death-defying leaps and fire-tricks.

Other types of non-Orlanthe holy people are the "Shadowed," who work with very powerful, personal spirits, that live outside of the Orlanthe pantheon. Another type of magician are the "Emptied," also called sorcerers and wizards. They work entirely without divine or spiritual co-operation. Those who have never been initiated into the ways of Orlanthe are called "four-ways," a derogatory term describing their normal four directions of viewing the world.

Initiates in any cult of the pantheon are the next level. This includes almost every Orlanthe adult.

More important than simply being initiated, which everyone does, is the particular deity to which a person is initiated. All of the gods of the pantheon *can be* worshipped, and most of them show up someplace in the tales, often in a somewhat rough-and-tumble way, as victims, or simply witnesses. But mainstream Orlanthe culture does not view the initiate of the god of Death in the same way that they view the initiate of the god of sheep! Because most people wish to belong to the center of society, Orlanthe and Ernalda are ordinarily the deities which are worshipped; they are the "normal" deities. People within these cults may be associated with some minor aspect, such as bringing the thunder, calling to the barley, singing away the ice, raising children, or calling in the cats, but always as Orlanthe initiates.

Initiates of the deities who are closely associated with Orlanthe or Ernalda are thought to be unusual, but totally acceptable. These include: Odayla the Hunter; Mahome the Hearth Fire; Eninta, goddess of childbirth; Minlister the Brewer, and so on.

Many other deities are known to the mythology. The bulk of Orlanthe society considers their initiates to be eccentric, strange, exotic, or dangerous. Around them normal people are at least curious, perhaps uncomfortable, if not downright frightened, depending upon the deity. Nonetheless, many of these find devout followers. These deities include: Issaries, Chalana Arroy, Lhankor Mhy, Eurmal, Yinkin, Humakt, Elmal, Kolat, Urox, Bonesmith, and others.

An observer can be admitted to some rituals. Most of the larger, social rituals allow observers. These people must be friendly, or at least open, to the proceedings. Outsiders call these people *lay members*, though the use of this term is discouraged as probably being of God-Learner origin. Though they can watch what is going on, they never participate in the magic, and never get to see anything other than the mundane results of the rites.

OCCUPATION

Occupations include all the manners of supplying oneself and family with sustenance. All occupations are, theoretically, equally worthy. But since the Orlanthi also judge a person on their wealth, and some occupations provide more income than others, certain occupations are unofficially, but *de facto*, less exalted. Further, the heroic warrior tradition of the rulers provides a further differentiation between professions.

An approximate list of occupations for most Orlanthi can be found in the story of “The First King.” It is a story about Heort, but without ever naming him. In it the King is a demigod who goes among the Second People and begets the first royal Orlanthi dynasty. Concurrently, his companions, enemies, and others create the Eighteen Occupations. The rankings in this list are commonly accepted as the highest to lowest status, although local needs determine the precise setting of the “Four Providers,” marked with an asterisk(*) below.

Listed, the Eighteen Occupations are: king (warlord), prince, noble, godi, thane, high entertainer, weaponthane, farmer*, hunter*, herder*, fisherman*, craftsperson, gardener, merchant, low crafts such as charcoal burner, low entertainer, beggar, thrall. The same list, using vulgar nicknames for each class, is given in the “Ring of Labor.”

“Our upper class is those who do special things. They are: Warlord, who leads us in battle; First, who speaks to the Outside; Leader, who stands in front; foreman, who stands among us; worshiper, who speaks to the gods; fighter, who will die for us; poet, who remembers and sings;

“We are the rivals for Voria: farmers and hunters and fishers and herders. We share dinners, and leathers, and are brothers and sisters.

“There are also the workers: Makers, who build and craft; Cabbage-folk, who scabble in gardens; Traders, who count money; Stickpickers, who gather fallen wood in the forest; jugglers, and other vulgar poets; beggars, everyone a thief if your back is turned; and slaves, animals.”

SOCIETY

“No one is more important than those with whom they live. Solitude is for the outlaw, holy person, and madman.”

— Heort’s Laws

An individual is far more important, and influential, as a member of society. Society is organized in a series of concentric rings of influence. At the center is a person and his bloodline. Around that is his household (though this is relatively insignificant in terms of involvements), then his clan, which is the largest permanent organization. Finally, most clans are part of a larger tribe, too. (In your father’s time there was also a larger Kingdom, called Sartar, but that is now a thing of the past.)

BENEFITS

“We provide Recognition, Participation, Protection, Direction, Justice, and Revenge.”

— Heort’s Laws

Members of Orlanthi society receive many benefits.

RECOGNITION

Individuals have an officially defined, divinely sanctioned place in the universe, and everyone acknowledges it. Each person is guaranteed a place in society as him or her self. Further, that place in society can change, and is expected to change. Those who are willing and able to take on larger responsibilities have the community vehicle to assist them, and to participate as followers, and to admire or begrudge the leadership.

PARTICIPATION

Each person is guaranteed a part in the daily work of survival, and also guaranteed a return of sustenance for their work. This provides guidelines for behavior in the larger society.

PROTECTION

Everyone needs protection in the troubled world of raw Nature, recently polluted by the presence of the imperial army. By working together, everyone can use their particular skills to help protect others. Thus, the clan is protected from the Seven Dangers: strangers, foreigners, enemies, hostile gods and spirits, disease, hunger, chaos.

DIRECTION

The world is always changing, and no guarantee of much is given. But membership in the Orlanthi society will always provide a possible way out for its members. It allows a person to maintain a harmony with the changing seasons, the moving herds, the rush and rage of battle, and the rotated fields of grain.

JUSTICE

Justice is a virtue of Orlanth. It provides the process through which individuals in conflict can achieve a fair and nonviolent settlement. Since violence is always a possibility among the volatile Orlanthi, this is the primary method used to maintain peace in a clan, and (when possible) among clans.

REVENGE

Revenge is what Orlanthi can resort to if Justice fails, or if they disagree with someone outside of their society. Individual tactics vary. "Violence is always an alternative," says an Orlanthi proverb. Some say this proverb justifies violence, while other say it elevates revenge into a type of divine justice, while others say it is just a simple statement of obvious fact.

RESPONSIBILITIES

"Among us, we must always hold true to the Six Social Virtues: Honor, Provision, Defense, Obedience, Justice, and Hospitality."

— Heort's Laws

In return for the many benefits of membership in society, the Orlanthi way of life makes certain demands upon its members.

HONOR

Members must be honorable with each other. This means to be honest, to keep one's word (whether under oath or not), and be willing to keep the laws of Orlanth with each other.

Lack of honor means one is untrustworthy. This is a realm where mutual assurances are necessary for survival. If someone is personally unreliable, society does not want them in it.

FEEDING AND DEFENSE

Everyone must contribute to the welfare of the clan, to the best of their abilities. Methods of doing this are three: nurture, leadership, and defense. Far more people are committed to occupations which nurture than to leadership or defense. In proverbial terms, “We are all farmers, each of us with other skills.”

OBEY CHOSEN LEADERS

All Orlanthe (except thralls) have a voice in their local government, and are expected to participate to the fullest. One of the responsibilities of members is to select their leaders. Anyone is theoretically eligible for office, although in practical terms leadership has often devolved to certain self-perpetuating bloodlines. But everyone is obliged to obey their chosen leaders in all community affairs, once the selection is done. Protests can be lodged in just ways, but it is shameful to endanger the community with inappropriate conflict over leadership once a decision has been made.

An amusing example of this virtue in action is in the story called “Karallan’s Plight.” In it Karallan cannot decide on “something-right-and-wrong.” He asks his father, who gives him an order, and sends him to the clan chief. The clan chief countermands his father’s order, and sends the lad on, through a series of important people. He carries the message to, and gets conflicting orders from, the clan high priestess, the berserker, the champion, a thief, an ancestor, and finally from Orlanthe himself. He solves it by deciding which people were his chosen leaders, and settling with the obvious compromise between them.

SUPPORT JUSTICE

Membership in the community assumes that members will obey its laws, and do what is required to help justice succeed. Many things are done without really noticing: new livestock must be left in the village common for a week before it can be brought home, with local jurors as witness to ownership claims. When a criminal is sought, most people work to hound him out.

HOSPITALITY

Rules of hospitality originate with Orlanthe himself. They help provide guidelines for personal interactions. They provide a way for people to meet, and rules of behavior in the house of another. The Meeting Formula gives a prescribed way for strangers to determine each other’s commitment to nonviolence. Once at ease, the rules of guesting provide the framework to prevent inadvertent insults which might bring shame to either the host or guest.

BLOODLINE, FAMILY, HOUSEHOLD

“Everyone should know their father, and respect the head of their hearth.”

— Heort’s Laws

Each person has a bloodline. It is the smallest social unit which can be isolated in terms of law, custom, and tradition. Bloodlines are exogamous, which means that members of the same bloodline can never marry or have sex with each other.

Most Orlanthi clans are patriarchal clans, and trace their bloodlines through the male side. Each Bloodline has a Founder, and the paternal genealogies start with him, and continue on to all descendant members of the clan. Membership in a bloodline is, in fact, normally determined by descent from the founder. The variety of marriage arrangements offers many exceptions.

Family is an informal (non-legal, but practical) term which includes the immediate relatives of an individual. It always includes his wife, parents, siblings, and children. It often includes any uncles, aunts, or first cousins who live within the same stead. Families have no official legal standing, and are a matter of biology and affection rather than law and custom.

A household is a settlement which often includes members of more than one bloodline. The families live co-operatively, each receiving their official allotted part of the stead from the clan, and with daily management handled by the local household head.

THE CLAN

“Orlanth had the first clan. We will have clans, like Orlanth.”

— Heort's Laws

The clan is the basic operative social unit. Smaller units, whether bloodlines or households, and larger units, whether tribes or kingdoms, all come and go. But the clan is steadfast. It may prosper or diminish, but it does not change its requirements and definitions.

The clan is the “overfamily” of several bloodlines which trace their origins to a common founding event, spirit, or other occasion which forged the clan. The clan shares responsibility for a traditional geographic region. The clan is also responsible for overseeing marriages within its bloodlines, justice among them, and distributing the land commonly held by them all.

A clan ranges in size between 500 and 2000 people. It is organized by bloodlines, with decision-making centered in the *Clan Ring*, a council of 20-30 members, seven of whom serve as officers, or the *inner ring*. The council has a permanent structure, and its positions are filled by members as the need arises. The precise structure of any clan council varies in the number of members, precise function and duties of members, and its own history. Nonetheless, great similarities exist and can be noted.

The clan council is responsible for maintaining justice among its members. It is also responsible for negotiating with people who are outside of the clan in such matters as justice, trade, war, and obtaining wives for marriage.

A clan has a small army. The hardy members of a clan form the basic Orlanthi military unit. In case of local disaster any and all able-bodied men and women can turn out and fight, but such emergencies are avoided if at all possible. Most of the time, about half of the male population is considered to be available for local defense. From a typical 1200-person clan, 250 or so are adults (85% males and 15% females) who are ready for a fight. The same pool can be drawn upon to raid neighbors, though only rarely would all the able-bodied fighters of a clan go raiding at once.

In reality, the good fighters, equipped and trained, are far fewer. First, and most splendidly outfitted, is the clan chief. Always near him in battle are his ten loyal housecarls, ready to defend the chief or die. They are most likely to be well equipped and efficient.

Clans are the owners of herds, and the caretakers of territory. Each clan territory is divided into fields, grazing lands, and wild lands whose usage is assigned by the leader each winter as part of the Sacred Time celebrations. Most of the time, each area in a region has

its traditional allotment of animals which go along with it. Reallocation of fields and grazing grounds is the way that the chieftain honors a bloodline and increases their standard of living.

The home territory of a clan is its *tula*. Within the tula are always several places. These include a meeting place where the clan moot meets, a market center, and both a public sacred area and at least one secret site for men, another for women.

THE CHIEFTAIN

The chieftain is the leader of the clan. He has the responsibility of being spokesperson and decision-maker for all members, especially in times of emergency. His success as community leader depends upon the support of the council and the folk, both of whom have separate methods of removing him from office, should the need arise.

The violent ethic of the Orlanthei lifestyle makes the chieftain *de facto* a warrior. He must also be just, to balance the many needs of his people; and strong, to represent them to the outside world.

According to “Andrin’s Words,” a chieftain must meet certain requirements:

“He must be initiated into the clan secrets of Orlanthe, and have participated in the Four Yearly Rites, and the Lightbringers’ Quest in Sacred Time. He must be healthy and spontaneous, just and hospitable. He must have two good horses, a metal helmet and byrnie, two good swords, and six spears. He must know the name of his ally, and know men’s magic, and have a magical item of his own. Furthermore, three clan folk vouch for him, and relate deeds of honor, judgment, and courage which they have seen. Finally, he must prove his skills against all other candidates for the office in the Chief Tests.”

As long as someone meets those requirements he (or less often, she) may vie for the position when it is available. It may be available when the chieftain retires, dies, is killed, or is removed by either the council or the folk.

All candidates give their speech and after everyone has been examined, a general election is held. All adult members of the clan have a single vote, regardless of their other rank. Usually the candidates are brought forward, starting with the youngest, and a voice vote is taken. If a verbal vote is not sufficient to differentiate the winner, an election is taken with each person placing a spear head into the ceremonial election basket of their favored candidate.

The winner must have a plurality of votes. After a single candidate has been chosen, he is acclaimed by a *weapontake* — all members shout and bang their weapons on their shields with as much noise as possible. After this acclamation, the priests and priestesses obtain a vow, then bless him. Then all retire for a great feast of celebration.

DUTIES OF THE CHIEFTAIN

The clan chieftain must know and recite the laws of the clan, or know someone who can. He must work with the council for the good of the clan. He must know all customs of giving and gifting to members of the clan. He delivers all gifts from the clan to the tribal king. He must lead the defense of the clan against any foe. He must schedule, open, and oversee all clan markets, celebrations, battles, sacrifices, and movements. He must oversee food harvest, storage, and distribution. He must interact with all strangers and foreigners who enter clan lands. He must adopt all minor orphans of the clan, and assign them as appropriate.

PRIVILEGES OF THE CHIEFTAIN

The chieftain of the clan receives all gifts from the king, or other outsiders, to keep or to redistribute. He receives one part in 20 of all grain harvests as his own. Of all triplets born, animal or human, he receives the third for his own fold or household. He receives the usual gifts for leading sacrifices and ceremonies. He receives the prestige, status, and glory of being the representative of his clan to the world.

THE CLAN COUNCIL

The clan council has two parts. The Outer Ring is large and, except when it meets, vague about membership. It might be, at one time, all the thanes of the clan; at another, the 25 heads of households of any rank. (Under other circumstances, the Outer Ring members are often addressed, ceremonially, as the Thunder Brothers.)

The Inner Ring, usually seven or so, are officers chosen by the Chieftain from among the Outer Ring. They are the decision-making and advisory body of the clan. They wield authority, borne in some sacred clan object, often a scepter, sometime a crown. They lead in peace and war, act as judges, and perform any other political functions needed.

The officers' positions are likely to follow one of three models: Traditional, Lightbringer, or Local.

TRADITIONAL

Council members occupy positions of power which relate to various deities of importance. Orlanth the Chief heads the traditional clan pantheon supported by other life-providing deities, and so the council is a mirror of that.

Traditional councils usually have seven members: Orlanth the Chief, plus three gods and three goddesses. Typically, these are: Barntar the Plowman, Voriof the Shepherd, and Odayla the Hunter; and Ernalda the Earth Goddess, Eiritha the Cow Mother, and Esrola the Grain Goddess. They could also include Heler the Rain God, Humakt the War God, Urox the Storm Bull, Harst the Merchant, Yinkin the Alynx, or others.

Not unusually, also, Orlanth is assisted by one or more of his "sons," in various societal role positions: Adventurous, Champion, Lawspeaker, Goodvoice, or Thunderous. They are often collectively included as the Thunder Brothers.

LIGHTBRINGER

The clans which have a Lightbringer council are much less varied than the traditional clans. They have seven special officers. The heads of the households are collectively called Ginna Jar. Five of the seven officers are predetermined. They occupy the places of: Orlanth the Chief, Issaries the Guide, Lhankor Mhy the Sage, Chalana Arroy the Healer, and Euralm the Thief. The other positions have some flexibility, often being filled by the clan ancestor, who is titled Flesh Man, and Vinga the Adventuress.

LOCAL

Some clans have their own variation on the traditional council. Where the land is poor and the people few and are widely spread out, they are sometimes barely distinguishable from the primitive peoples.

THE TRIBE

“In dangerous times, obey the King of the Tribe.”

— Heort’s Laws

Tribes are federations of clans which work towards a common goal. In theory, all tribal associations are temporary and voluntary. In practice, tradition in Sartar has established tribes whose membership varies, but which are more or less stable due to geographic, historic, or mythological circumstances. Tribes provide the framework for inter-clan cooperation, especially in matters of justice, mutual defense, marriage issues, trade, and specialized cults.

The simplest tribes are those bound together in *Triaty*. This means that the three exogamous clans take wives *only* from one other clan. Thus the three clans are bound unusually tightly together by links of kinship. This is an old form which usually disintegrates under social pressure. Now considered to be an archaic form, the triaty is sometimes found within a larger tribe.

JUSTICE

Normal justice occurs within a clan, and concerns only its members. Sometimes clans clash, and rather than subjecting each other to war, seek Orlanth’s Justice. A tribe provides the vehicle through which justice can be manifested to bring about such a peace. If both clans are within the tribe, the council oversees judgment. If only one clan is within the tribe, then the tribal council negotiates with the tribal council of the opposing clan.

MUTUAL DEFENSE

Whatever can be achieved by a single clan is often easier with many clans. The violent world of the Orlanthi tribal lands makes mutual defense desirable among clans which share a geographic area.

MARRIAGE ISSUES

Clans are exogamous, and the wives must come from someplace else. Wife negotiations, blessings, and transferral of dowries are overseen by tribal officials. When a serious problem arises in divorce, tribal officials must do their best to settle it without combat.

All clans have a list of prohibited clans, with whom marriage or sex is forbidden, in order to prevent unwitting incest. Most clans have a second list of prohibited marriages, due to ancient feuds and other historical events.

Many have a select list of possible clans to marry, perhaps vague (all animal clans) or specific by clan name. Most have a traditional set of nearby clans with which they hold close connections. Some have no concrete guidelines, other than the normal prohibitions, and the clan’s collective acceptance.

TRADE

Interaction with outsiders, especially the merchants from outside the tribal area, is the prerogative of the tribal council, which provides protection to the guests in return for certain trading rights, such as first choice of the items sold.

SPECIALIZED CULTS

We know that our Gloranthan deities are reflective of their worshipers — if more initiates sacrifice at a sacred place, the god’s presence and ability there are also increased. A few

worshippers get some contact, but really huge gatherings can cascade into grandiose affairs.

Everyone judges size gatherings by comparing it to their clan. To get the best effects, clans normally direct most of their magical work to everyday tasks of survival, and so most of their godi are dedicated to gods of everyday tasks: Orlanth and Ernalda, and their household.

Some deities of the Orlanthi pantheon are important, but not important enough to be represented in a normal clan. For instance, a healer of Chalana Arroy is a great asset, able to heal wounds, cure diseases, regrow body parts, and sometimes bring the dead back to life. But for a priestess to be assured of getting her magic back by fully contacting her deity during the periodic rites, she must have the formulaic “7x7x2 participants.” Otherwise, her greater magic, which sets her apart from other godi, is not guaranteed. She must, therefore, try to go to a larger gathering of her cult whenever possible.

Tribes provide the organization through which the initiates from many clans can gather and combine their efforts. Thus the lesser deities of the pantheon receive their portion of worshippers, but a gathering nets a larger population for the meeting.

The shrines for the special deities are usually associated with a specific clan, either because their ancestor made the association, or because they are custodians of a place sacred to the deity. On Holy Days initiates from clans throughout the tribe gather there to raise the manifestation of the deity, but the clan is often the recipient of some advantage. For instance, the three Runegate clans are said to have a way with horses since they are descendants of Hyalor Horsebreaker.

The most common of these specialized deities include: Issaries, Chalana Arroy, Lhankor Mhy, Eurmal, Urox, Odayla, Yinkin, Humakt, and Elmal.

THE TRIBAL KING

The tribal king must epitomize the Orlanthi ordeals. His life should be a continual statement which imitates and communicates the great god Orlanth from his lofty heights of myth into the daily lives of the farmer and his wife. The king is presence and power, and the power he receives from the clans can be used to great ends.

According to “Andrin’s Words,” a tribal king must meet certain requirements:

“He must be initiated into the secrets of Orlanth, and into the secrets of another deity. He must succeed at a Crown Test.”

The “crown test” is a re-enactment of “How Orlanth Became King.” The expectations of the tribesmen vary according to the tenor of the times. In peaceful times, a dramatic re-enactment and symbolic combat with the local Elmal representative is sufficient. In war times, ambitious kings usually lead a raid against the enemy and let the destiny of their reign rest on the results.

Once this test was used aggressively. Among the Colymar the candidate was named Leika Ballista, and she reached far during desperate times. She undertook an old-fashioned journey to destroy Chaos in its own lair. She succeeded a harrowing invasion of a mad poet’s test, and was acclaimed Queen by her joyous people, without any preliminary legal preparation, despite the other rivals.

DUTIES

“The king must protect the weak. He must lead in dealing with all issues of justice through the force of law and arms. He must choose a tribal council. He must muster the people against enemies, and divide all plunder among the clans. He must employ a master smith and a master brewer.”

— Andrin’s Words

PRIVILEGES

“A King can stop into any household of his subject, and stay for a Day-feed. He is always welcome, with his household, in the home of any noble or full priest. He is the guest of his clan council.”

— Andrin’s Words

THE TRIBAL COUNCIL

Thirteen members usually make up a tribal council. As with most Orlanthei customs, variants are common, but usually minor.

The High Thirteen are:

1. Orlanth, the Chief; and
- 2-5. Orlanth’s kin, Humakt, Urox, Thunder Brothers (adventurer, thunderer, lightning, snow, thief);
- 6-9. his four thanes: Issaries, Lhankor Mhy, Chalana Arroy, Elmal;
10. Ernalda, his partner; and
11. her family member Asrelia,
12. her family member Voria; and
13. Eurmali, the Trickster

This flaunts the (unlucky) number of thirteen by including the Trickster aspect consciously into its membership. The inclusion of this unreliable priesthood is strictly ceremonial, as can be noted by the regular mistreatment delivered upon Tricksters at high council meetings.

No one likes or trusts Tricksters. They are regularly lynched, partly because no one trusts them, and partly because murderous idiots, who are normally restrained by law, have no law to restrain them from murdering Tricksters. Thus, Tricksters live utterly outside the law, and can do anything that they want. However, they are not protected by law at all either, and most tribes lynch anyone proven to be a Trickster.

Thanks to Orlanth’s loyalty pledge, if the Trickster will swear absolute obedience to an Orlanth initiate, then that initiate must protect the Eurmali from unjust harm. In this way some Orlanthei tame a Trickster enough to allow them into sacred ritual.

TRIBAL SPIRIT

A tribe always has a protective spiritual entity. It is a collective entity or group spirit of the type called *wyter*. The tribal wyter is analogous to the ancestral clan spirit. It is a literal *esprit de corps*. Like all spiritual entities, the health, magnificence, and power of the tribal spirit varies with the number of individuals devoted to it.

A similar type of entity is named Ginna Jar in the Lightbringers’ Quest. This name is a term of unknown derivation and impossible translation, but is apparently the Lightbringer Wyter.

SELECTING TRIBAL OFFICERS

Tribal Officers are selected by the council of clan chiefs. Usually the King presents his candidates and the chiefs approve of some of them. Then the chiefs must present their own candidates, and the final selection is made. A tribe is not such a large body that many surprises occur in these choices.

JUSTICE

Orlanthi justice is based upon a long-standing oral tradition. The most important laws are ascribed to Orlanth (who established the current state of the universe), Heort (who established the current state of the culture), and Sartar (who established the local kingdom). Lhankor Mhy, in his tribal form (Orlanth's Lawspeaker Companion) is the memory of all these laws, as well as other oral information.

When a conflict must be settled, the case is taken to court.

COURT PROCEDURE

A *plaintiff* initiates the action. He has a gripe, just like everyone. But unlike most people, he decides to make it into a legal issue.

The plaintiff takes it to his local juror, who is probably a relative of his living on the stead. The juror is usually, for practical purposes, a person knowledgeable in the traditions and laws of the people. Lhankor Mhy is the patron god of this knowledge. Larger settlements, like towns, have several jurors, while cities have many. It is an unofficial position — no one ever qualifies a person to be one. But it is one of great importance. Any honorable tribe member can be a juror, but it is usually the most responsible, intelligent, or wise person who is selected.

To be rejected by a respected juror who has heard your case is a serious rebuff. Plaintiffs should quit, and be glad they didn't make fools of themselves. Of course, there are ways to force jurors to work, and to bluff or fool them, or force them through subtle means. But those are exceptional actions, and the workings of sagas.

To begin a case the juror takes an oath which varies in precise content among different tribes, clans, and regions, but always pledges the juror's honor and soul to uphold Justice, then asks Orlanth, Lhankor Mhy, Heort, and/or Sartar to guide him. This is called the Legal Oath.

He then makes a judgment. This judgment gives the juror's opinion on the complaint, based upon the information which he knows. The results of this judgment depend on whether the recipient of this judgment, called the *defendant*, cares about it at all. Most of the time the ruling of this juror is accepted if it is close by — typically within the stead, for everyone is under the same rules there. But if it is outside the juror's sphere of influence, further steps must be taken to get a settlement.

If the defendant is outside of the juror's area, and the issue is to be pressed by the plaintiff, it goes to formal Court. The juror and plaintiff must find a juror with authority over the defendant. The juror then swears the Legal Oath again, and then states the complaint. The new juror must take his own version of the oath, then restate the complaint and ask the plaintiff if this is true. Upon hearing affirmative, the juror and plaintiff both select two more jurors each. These might come from nearby, or have come along with the plaintiff.

The six jurors, plaintiff, and defendant must then meet at the next meeting where a court of judgment has jurisdiction over both parties. In the most typical case of two feuding clans, this is usually the quarterly tribal moot if they are in the same tribe, or either the annual or the traveling royal court if they are from different tribes. But the rule is that any honorable person with access to and experience in the legal rules, cultural traditions, and native gods which are relevant, and who is mutually acceptable to both the plaintiff and defendant, can oversee the court.

At the court a judge presides, whose word will be the final statement on the issue. His job is to find as much justice for all involved parties as can be found. If his ruling is disobeyed, the judge is obliged to summon all the jurors, their kin, and his own kin to uphold it.

At the selected court, the second juror states the case. The plaintiff then tells his story. The defendant then tells his story. The judge asks for advice, usually from one or more Lhankor Mhy seers. Their job is to tell what precedents exist, the story of when the law was made, and other facts which they might know of relevance to this judgment.

The Lhankor Mhy people have magic which can tell them the truth, and they can decide whether to use it in any case they desire. Also, either the plaintiff or defendant can ask for it, at an expensive rate in cattle or trade metal. The judge can order them to do so, also, though it costs him less.

The judgment includes fines and penalties, perhaps including outlawry. Orlanthei law rarely calls for a death penalty.

Afterwards, the jurors are responsible for spreading the word on the judgment, and remembering it.

Another responsibility of the jurors is to act as witnesses for livestock exchanges, and for notable commercial transactions in general. When a person brings livestock to the town or stead, they put it in the common pasture and get the juror. The juror witnesses the ownership, and helps spread the word about it. If no one else claims it within seven days, the new owner can take it home. If anyone else claims it, then the court procedure starts.

THE COMBAT OPTION

"Violence is always an option."

— Orlanthei proverb

The Orlanthei always recognize the right to fight for what they want. But mindless violence for selfish ends is not acceptable. Orlanthei has made laws on the just use of violence.

The clan nature of the society allows a champion of the clan to do all the fighting for everyone in it. It need not always be the same person in a clan — the best candidate in a fight to the death might not be the right guy to have in a wrestling match.

If a plaintiff or a defendant wishes, they can go to their champion at any time and ask them to back up their claim.

The champion usually goes to the juror involved and asks an opinion. Other people (the clan) are also asked for advice. If everyone agrees, then the champion appears at the proceedings.

This is a significant escalation in the stakes. It automatically raises all court costs for the side with the champion.

The other party either quits, or calls their own champion for defense, which is expected. They then continue the court proceedings.

If, at any time, the plaintiff or defendant or the champion feels that dishonor or lies are prevailing in testimony, or whenever any dishonorable action is taken by anyone involved, the champion of the offended party may declare an offense, state the reason, and claim the right of combat.

At that point the presiding official, whether juror or judge, is supposed to give advice and judgment on the justice inherent in the champion's challenge. Often this formality is ignored in the heat of the moment.

This pronouncement is supposed to be the last warning, because in fact anyone who initiates unjust combat will be severely affected by Orlanthei during the subsequent fight. Unjust defenders also suffer, of course, but not as severely since they did not initiate the judicial fight. In the cases where both parties are just, no divine interference occurs.

MAKING PEACE*"There is always another way."*

— Ernaldan proverb

Alternatives to the champions killing each other are encouraged. The litigants, jurors, and champions are all supposed to ask the advice of knowledgeable people of the community. If they do not, it is sometimes possible for the community to disavow their member's foolish action (always with a hefty fine).

Outside influences are a popular way to settle disputes. The Princes of Sartar were popular because they always offered to contribute something to deadlocked cases which could be settled by someone with outside judgment and a touch of generosity.

CRIMES**BLOODLINES**

There can be no crimes against one's own kin of the bloodline. Bloodlines must maintain their own internal standards of behavior and maintain obedience to the family well being. An individual who is not an outlaw is inseparable from his family. No laws govern the treatment of an individual by his kinsmen. Common sense and good will bend the actualities towards familial kindness, but it isn't laws which determine this behavior.

Bloodlines are responsible for all their members. The group shares in the punishments incurred through the actions of its members. The group also shares in the rewards, such as judgments awarded to them.

CAPITAL CRIMES

The following are crimes for which a person can be put to death: secret murder, rape, regicide, betraying cult secrets, consorting with Chaos, desecration of Orlanthi holy places, and deliberately breeding disease.

CONCLUSIONS

WHO WAS ARGRATH?

Any amount of speculation is possible. Unless ancient documents are entered as evidence, the boundaries have no end. I will stick only to ONE FACT which binds critical portions of this story together. I quote the words of Argrath Himself. First, from *Argrath's Saga*. He speaks once in the whole saga.

"This is how to deal with assassins without respect for life," he said. They cut the body into parts, the way that trolls do, and took them into the enchanted gardens and hid them forever^A.

I believe that these are the Only Words in *Argrath's Saga* that we can be certain were spoken by Argrath. Any quotes of his which are later than this can be attributed only if there is an ancient source as well.

We find nearly the same words spoken by the fatherless Argrath in Pavis, shortly after his life of petty crime has turned around to make him a revolutionary leader.

4 *Argrath's Saga*, End of "Part 1."

One day Argrath discovered a traitor among his confederates. It was Hardros Naddarsson, a famous mercenary captain. They argued, and Argrath killed him in self-defense in a fight which ruined their secret lair. Argrath won, and before the rest of his ring he said, "This is how we deal with spies and assassins who have no respect for life."⁵

I believe that the similarity between the statements is because they are his words — probably his Only Words of which we can be sure. Although the precise circumstances of both events are different, there are many similarities. Both are in Pavis, and both are the ONLY WORDS spoken by Argrath in either document.

A third quote is almost the same. This is a fragment which is obviously an early part of the Argrath liturgy, and this is (perhaps not surprisingly) similar to the last part of *Argrath's Saga*.

Then, like a giant himself he came forth to fight with the dragon. He said, "We must accept our portion of Life, and slay all who would murder us." And he killed the serpent which had wrapped itself about him and wounded him, and gave parts of the body away to his allies as gifts⁶.

Note that here, as in *Argrath's Saga* the revealed assassin is dismembered. In "*Argrath of Pavis*" only the Ring was broken, but note that all three of the deaths were followed by an act of creation by Argrath.

RECONCILING DIFFERENCES

Unlike other possibilities, this solution offers no appreciable conflicts, and certainly none which can not be reconciled within reasonable limits of the information we have.

This also solves the long-standing question of Argrath's true parentage. We take the information right from the sources themselves:

Argrath was a son of Brenna, the daughter of Verlain, the son of Dorasar and a slave woman⁷.

He has no father, in that document, nor is any clan given. Both assure that he is clearly outside of the normal society from the start, perhaps even being the son of a slave (or prostitute), as the tone of the narrator seems to indicate.

However, his mother Brenna is the granddaughter of the city founder, Dorasar, who is himself of the Royal Sartar clan. They never had a clan designation, being a bloodline without a clan. This *could* explain the lack of a clan. However, having a royal bloodline was probably not high in Argrath's identity at first, since Argrath was ignored in the sweep for rebels by the occupying troops.

As for his father, *Argrath's Saga* says:

Argrath was the son of Maniski Two-sight, a weaponthane of the Karandoli Clan of the Colymar Tribe. Maniski was killed when Argrath was three.

Argrath's mother was called the Triceratops Queen because once she commanded a herd of those thunderbeasts. She was killed when he was seven⁸.

So I say that Prince Argrath, who ascended to the Throne of Heaven and set the skies again into order, was the son of Brenna Verlainsdotter, of the Bloodline of High King Sartar; and of Maniski (whose parentage is of less importance right now.)

Note, too, that this is almost in agreement with the *The Composite History of Dragon Pass*, though with an extra generation unaccounted for.

5 "Argrath of Pavis," *The Argrath Book*.

6 "Orlanth Argrathi," *Jalk's Book*.

7 *Argrath's Book*, "Argrath of Pavis."

8 *Argrath's Saga*, "Part 1."

THE LOST AGE AND RECENT HISTORY

1800

1843 - End Reign of Inkarne

1900

1920 - Last Known Writing

"Reasoned" List
43 names since Inkarne
x 19 years per name
= 817 years

2000

"Traditional" List
49 names since Inkarne
x 19 years per name
= 931 years

2100

"Silence" 2252

2200

2300

"Illiteracy Era"

2400

2500

2600

2700

c. 2685 - *Ur-Argrath Saga*
c. 2700 - *Northern and Southern Argrath Sagas*
c. 2750 - *Argrath Saga* Written

Date(s) of Zin
Letter 1

2660

2800

"Recovery Era"

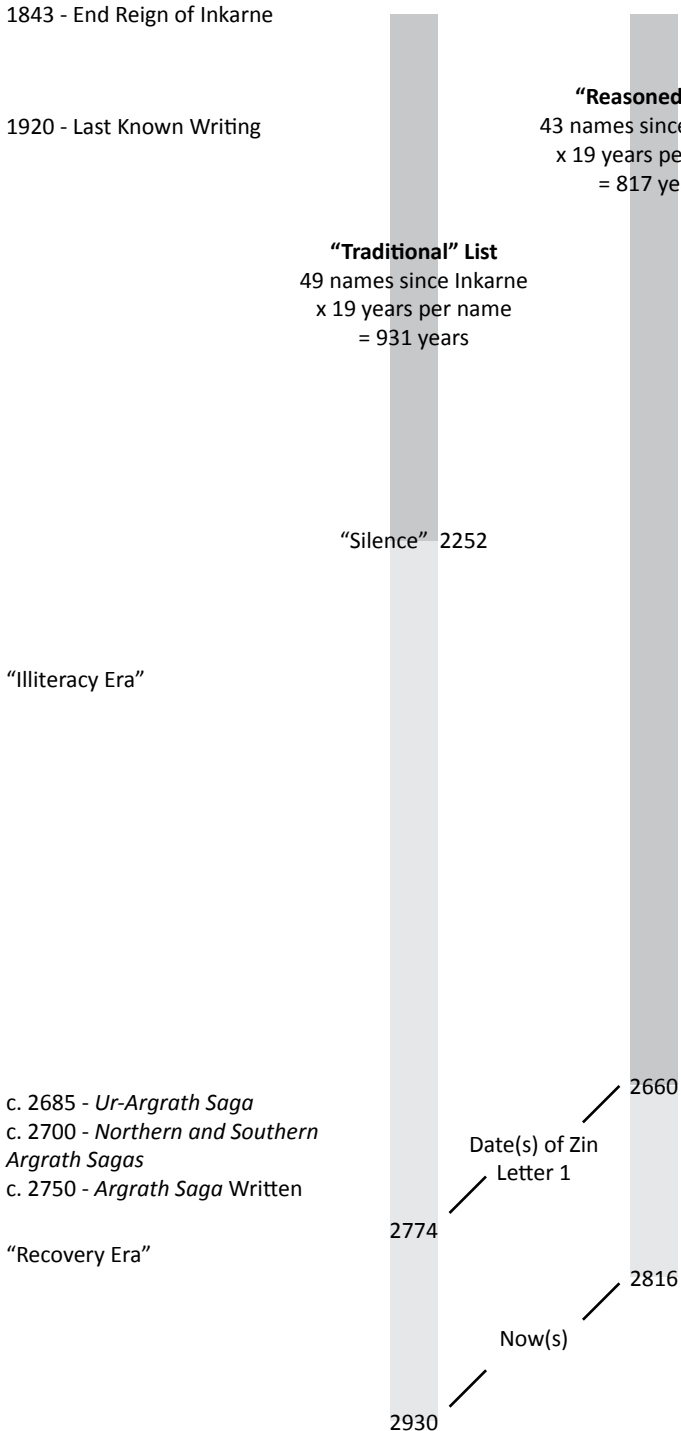
2774

Now(s)

2816

2900

2930



REASSESSING THE ZIN LIST

A HOBBY

Among many of us scholars is a hobby, which consists of debating upon such trifles as the number of names on the Zin List. This is in no way reflective of any reality in the world, but simply for mental exercise among old people. We are fortunate that the wisdom of Harshax III did not blind his dynasty to such a trivial matter.

HOW MANY NAMES?

The Reasoners propose 48, as outlined here. Also, Zin's punctuation (as well as spelling, and certainly math) is always questionable. This list can be translated in many ways. Zin says there were 55 names so we'll presume that is correct *as he (or she) heard and interpreted it*.

Note, first, that none of the people have titles, except the two which Zin knew of. Those, Hestendax and Inkarne, both receive their proper and traditional titles.

But we note that combining names 51+52 and 55+56 give us Enjeem the Leopard and Mularik Ironeye, names familiar from *The Composite History of Dragon Pass*. In the "Sacred Kings" chapter of the *Composite History* we find Mularik Ironeye. The same document has Enjeem the Leopard, right before Inkarne Long-lived. We seem safe to assume that this is an honest error on Zin's part, who obviously had documents inferior to our own resources.

156 years have passed since the institution of the New Time by the imperial and wise Harshax.

THE TRADITIONAL ZIN LIST

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Harshax | 29. Vostena |
| 2. Henzeen | 30. Enstalos |
| 3. Gartandel | 31. Vostenuv |
| 4. the two Yenns | 32. Erland |
| 5. Ornastor | 33. Dastiny |
| 6. Uvarbar | 34. Ugoros |
| 7. Penela | 35. Venanxa |
| 8. Hestendax the Magnificent | 36. Dastiny |
| 9. Enderos | 37. Boranthos and Jerinthos |
| 10. Kendorl | 38. Forstal |
| 11. the Daga | 39. Kandorin |
| 12. Yemkathos | 40. Palanki |
| 13. Duhu *barf* | 41. Nastakos |
| 14. Unkastanzo | 42. Indalfi |
| 15. Grasnola | 43. Orlanti |
| 16. Elen | 44. Jarstan |
| 17. Arantranth | 45. Forstan |
| 18. Marka | 46. Narndal |
| 19. Stolby | 47. Hunarana |
| 20. Kostalgor | 48. Joristans |
| 21. Frozen Woman | 49. Instad |
| 22. Punaplio | 50. Inkarne Long-lived |

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| 23. Andstandex | 51. Enjeem |
| 24. the Ferret | 52. the Leopard |
| 25. Handi | 53. Maroflo |
| 26. Handili | 54. Haliftoor |
| *sneeze* | 55. Mularik |
| 27. Handilia | 56. Ironeye. |
| 28. <u>Silence</u> | |

THE REASONERS' LIST

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Harshax | 27. Vostenuv of Erland |
| 2. Henzeen | 28. Dastiny |
| 3. Gartandel | 29. Urgoros |
| 4. the two Yenns | 30. Venanxa |
| 5. Ornastor the Uvarbar | 31. Dastiny |
| 6. Penela | 32. Boranthos and Jerinthos |
| 7. Hestendax the Magnificent | 33. Forstal |
| 8. Enderos | 34. Kandorin |
| 9. Kendorl the Daga | 35. Palanki |
| 10. Yemkathos | 36. Nastakos |
| 11. Duhu *barf* | 37. Indalfi |
| 12. Unkastanzo | 38. Orlanti |
| 13. Grasnola | 39. Jarstan |
| 14. Elen | 40. Forstan |
| 15. Arantranth | 41. Narndal |
| 16. Marka | 42. Hunarana |
| 17. Stolby | 43. Joristans |
| 18. Kostalgor Frozen Woman | 44. Instad |
| 19. Punaplio | 45. Inkarne Long-lived |
| 20. Andstandex the Ferret | 46. Enjeem the Leopard |
| 21. Handi | 47. Maroflo |
| 22. Handili | 48. Haliftoor |
| 23. Handilia | 49. Mularik Ironeye. |
| 24. <u>Silence</u> | |
| 25. Vostena | |
| 26. Enstalos | |

THE CHANGES

Zin says: “everyone knows of Hestendax the Piper, who ruled for seven years and overcame a curse every New Year Moment for six of them. We all know of Inkarne Long-lived, who ruled for the last happy century.”

Today, we do not know of Hestendax, except for what Zin told us. Inkarne is still, of course, a great favorite of everyone. But by emulating Zin's example in combining to make the “right” names, we have permission to reinterpret the list according to logic. The result is the Reasoners' List, of 48 names. Those which change:

Ornastor the Uvarbar, we know from inscriptions.

Kendorl, Kostalgor, Andstandex and Vostenuv are re-fitted with their titles, as we did with Enjeem and Mularik, and as Zin had already done with Hestendax.

Silence is a candidate for omission by some, who think that poor old Dag was catching his breath after vomiting cheap whiskey. Only its being singled out for mention by Zin keeps it in.

REASSESSING THE “SACRED KINGS” DATES

Authorities have accepted ancient statements as facts since the oldest documents were unearthed. I wish to break with that opinion and suggest a simpler answer, supported by the facts within the documents themselves⁹.

Zin assumes 19 years is the reign of a sacred king. When “The Sacred Kings” was translated it implicitly agreed with this: the given reigns for rulers after Inkarne Long-lived are all 19 years. It is close to heresy to disagree with Jain and her mother’s authority, but I truly believe that one of them knew something about rulers, but the other did not know much at all about dates. Jain’s infatuation with a reign of nineteen years is based on no known documentation, and in fact goes against what we do know. I do not believe 19 is the correct number to be used here.

Nineteen does not even fit within Jain’s list, since she must leave disloyal King Pertrad without any allotted time. I dare not speculate why she loved the number so much.

Every other source within the materials available to us indicates that the seven year sacred cycle was normal, sacred, and permanent throughout the area. Within this document, I refer you to the reigns of the Illaro Dynasty of Tarsh (See *The Composite History of Dragon Pass*).

More important is the list of “Sacred Kings” itself where the hapless Haliftoor, the first victim, gets seven years. Maroflo, the next ruler, gets a triple reign by twice avoiding Death.

Finally, even Zin goes against his own assumption of 19 years in *both* cases which he knows. “Everyone knows” that Inkarne ruled for 100 years, and that epitome of cleverness, Hestendax the Piper, ruled for seven.

ONE SURE DATE

One sure date exists in the “Sacred Kings” list, since Jain assures us she did not alter the text, and it is a very neat and accurate copy. That appears to note Inkarne’s marriage in “43.” Naturally, everyone has agreed that this is 1743, as Jain told us. I believe that Jain has erred, and that the correct date is 1643, and that Inkarne was the wife of King Argrath.

THE GRAND WEDDING

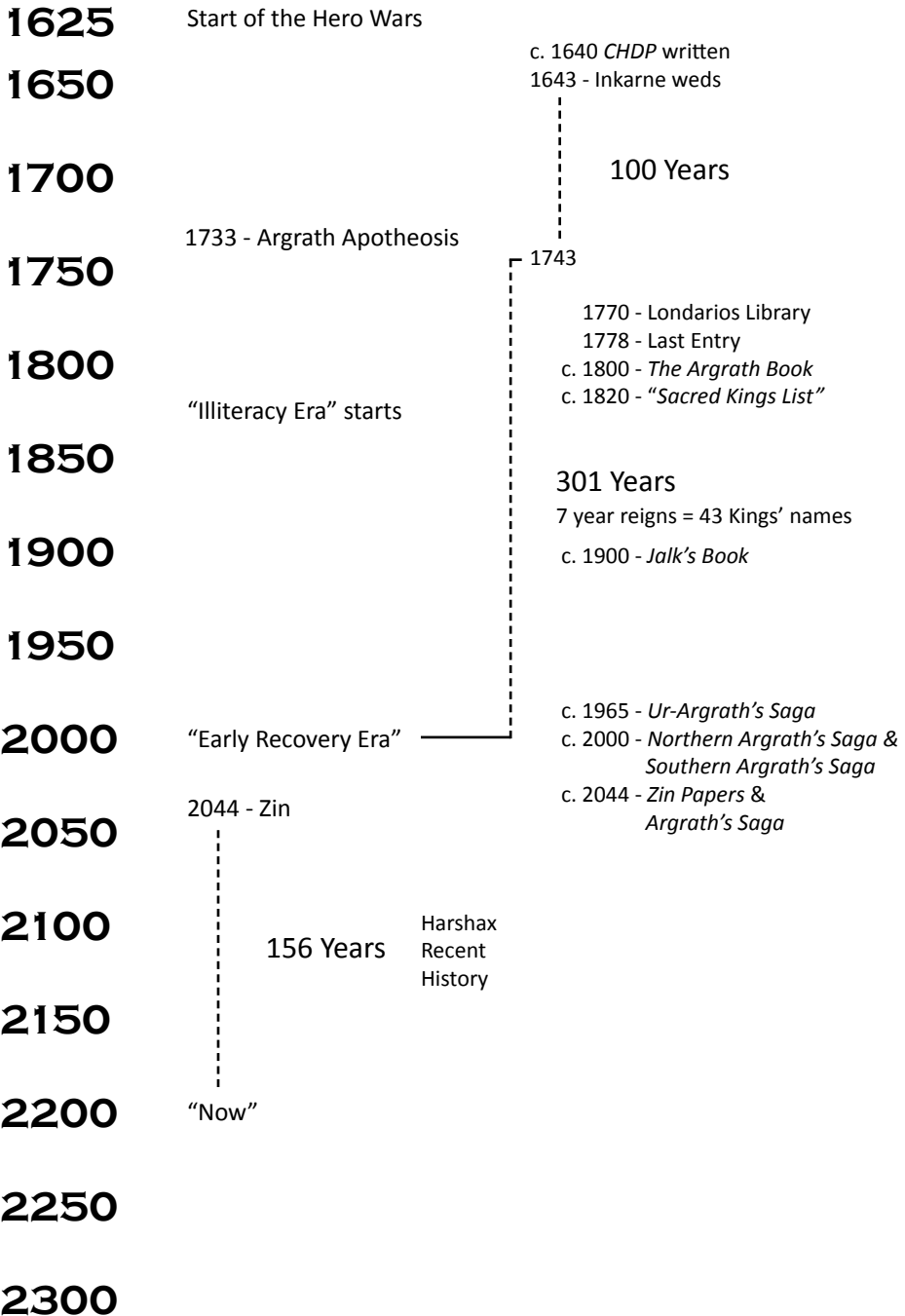
A wealth of internal information causes me to think that we have relied too much on young Jain’s whimsy than our own perceptions. I believe that Inkarne’s wedding date was 1643, and that her groom was Prince Argrath of Sartar, conqueror of Tarsh and Kethaela; and that she was the Queen of Holay.

This raises the question of bigamy on Argrath’s part, as he is already married to the Feathered Horse Queen according to the saga. The author of the *Argrath’s Saga* goes into a frenzy of weak justification (“the Esrolians would have...”) to explain the apparent bigamy of the High King. Did Argrath have a stable of wives, like a Lunar potentate, or was this just another sign of the High King’s arrogance and destructive nature?

But, as the author of “The Feathered Horse Queens” says of a previous Queen, “as everyone knows, both bigamy and polyandry are impossible among us, and even her great

9 I hasten to point out that it has never been assumed to be infallible: the math proves that. Nor is its authority absolute, since it’s been questioned already on such issues as the actual number of rulers, or whether “Silence” really is the start of Illiteracy.

MY NEW DATING



power could not change that.”¹⁰

Nor, of course, could Argrath’s great power do it. It would be easy to say his wives died, and that he married two Feathered Horse Queens in a row. It is simpler to just admit that the two early mentions of his marriage to her are polite lies; just blunt attempts to give him the title of King rather than Prince. The author knew of the connection between the Queen and the King, but did not know when it began. He was probably confused by his sources.

What evidence do we have for concluding that Inkarne was the Queen of Holay? The first comes right from the “Sacred Kings” text about the Queen herself. Her reign, with its great events each foiled by a new hero, is a miniaturized version of King Argrath’s own mythical 100-year reign. When her “ice came” is Argrath’s Winter Year, before he fought Sheng Seleris. Her “smoke storms” are less specific, but her “monster time” falls into a pattern with Argrath’s fighting the Monster Empire.

It seems Argrath did get married about this time. The *Argrath’s Saga* says that he got married soon after the Dwernapple Battle, which is in 1640 or so, according to most sources, including the *Composite History*. The great marriage is also mentioned in “The Feathered Horse Queens.”¹¹

The next, called “Reaches All,” was High Queen of all Dragon Pass, for she chose her husband wisely. The ceremony of celebration was the grandest known to mankind, and the guests devoured the whole of Voriof’s Herd when he brought it and all the ale from the Giant’s Cauldron.

Moving the rest of the “dynasty” backwards does no violence to what we know of Argrath. Maroflo’s Red Tide years could be in the troubles before or during Argrath’s Lightbringers’ Quest. Enjeem’s years cover events in Dragon Pass, while the great war occurs far to the north with Argrath.

Even Unstey, who has been thought to have contributed to bringing down the Moon, could have danced in 1625, to open the Hero Wars with a bite of the Lunar Empire.

If we accept the entry about Haliftoor, then we also have the name or, more likely, another title, of Argrath’s wife: Sorana Tor. Thus we can conclude that Inkarne Long-lived, Queen of Holay, Feathered Horse Queen, Sorana Tor, was the wife of Argrath.

REASSESSING OUR TIME

Both of the above propositions offer us information upon which to re-evaluate our current HOBBY YEAR of Solar Time, as in the ignorant days before the Harshax.

ADJUSTED WEDDING DATE

Since Inkarne, (Sorana Tor, the Feathered Horse Queen) is probably Argrath’s wife, we must move the whole calendar back one hundred years from its current estimate.

SEVEN YEAR CYCLE

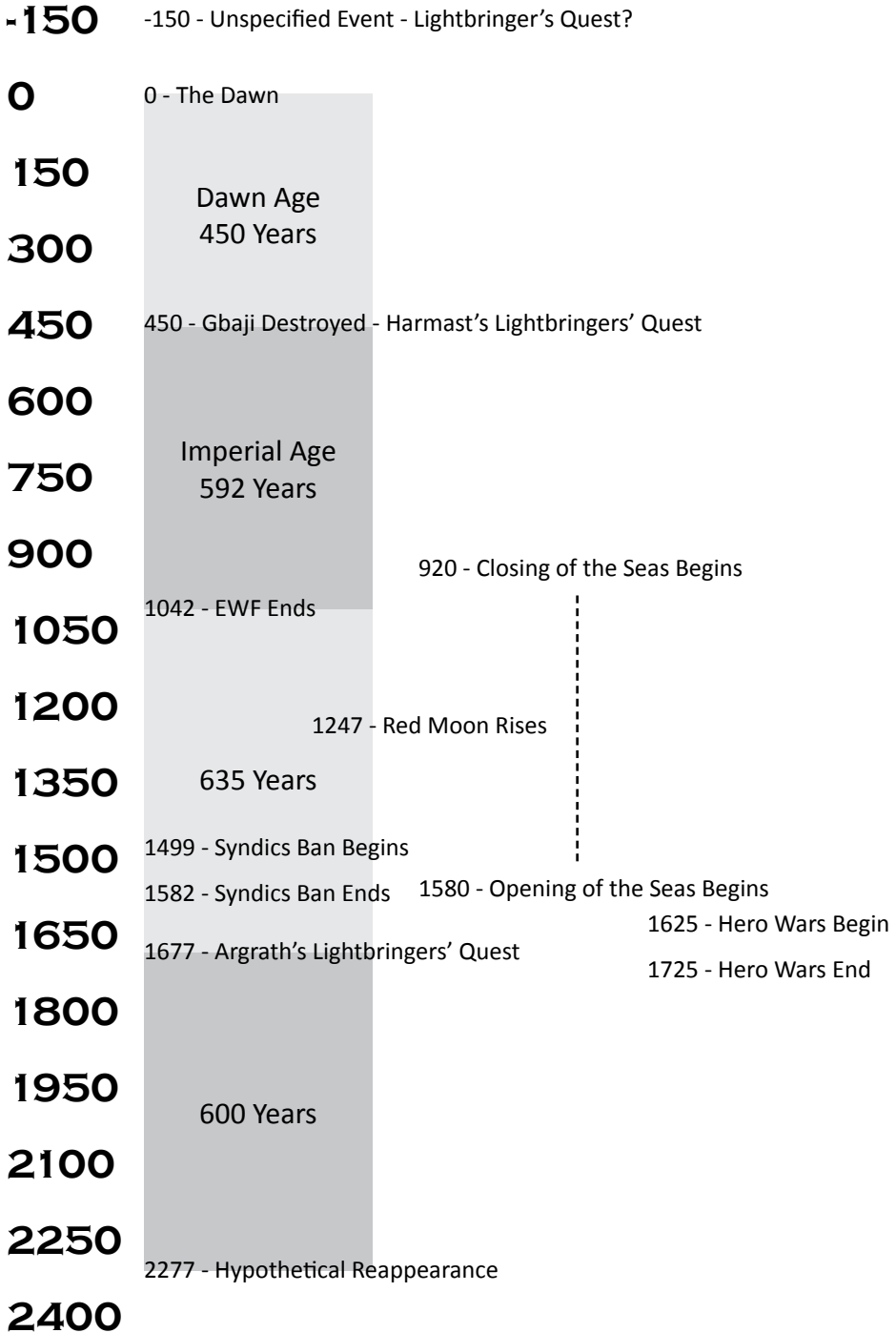
The implications of this are that the “dead time” of the “Zin dynasties” is not nearly as vast as has been assumed. The significant number here is the 43 names from the end of the reign of Inkarne to Zin. Under the older systems it was 48 or 43 names, times 19 years, giving +912 years (Traditional) or +817 years (Reasoners’). I reject the ridiculous Traditional List, and embrace the Reasoners’ List. Instead, with the correct 7-year term for kings, the Illiteracy Era is only 301 years.

10 *Jalk’s Book.*

11 *Jalk’s Book*

THE DEVIL'S CYCLE

AND OTHER DISASTERS EVERY 600 YEARS



TOGETHER

Subtracting 100 years for Inkarne is easy. Her reign ended in 1743, not the traditional 1843. Between her reign and us are the “Zin dynasties” and recent time. We believe the 43 names on the Reasoners’ Zin list between Zin and Inkarne. At 7 years per reign, we get the end of the “Zin dynasties” at 2044.

This Year is Harshax 156. (Hail Harshax!) Add the 156 years of true and just rule in the new world under the peace of the Harshax. For fun, in our hobby, I say it is now 2200, *Solar Temporis*.

IN CLOSING

I must end this document by drawing attention to one of the three documents which contain the true word of Argrath. I refer in particular to a quote from, “Argrath and the Devil,” in another one of his few attributed quotations.

“Every 600 years you have come,” says Argrath...

Since this statement occurs in one of the three documents which agree upon the other things which we know Argrath said, we are obliged to also take this statement very seriously. After all, it is Argrath’s prophecy about the return of the Devil.

We must assume that the event related in the tale occurred during Argrath’s Lightbringers’ Quest, during the confrontation in Hell which the other Lightbringers had to undergo. It might be elsewhere or elsewhen, such as the very era which it says it is in. That is during the otherwise relatively empty 53 years when Argrath fights the Monster Empire. It might even be at the end of his reign, in 1725, when the Red Moon was torn down. But, according to the normal Orlanthi pattern of stories (and even the Argrath stories) Argrath probably confronted the Devil during his Lightbringers’ Quest.

This is traditionally dated as 1677 +/-3 years. This denotes the seven years which the “Sartar King List” gives as Argrath’s absence. The revisionist historians claim an earlier date of 1645 for Argrath’s Lightbringers’ Quest.

So, some time close to 1677 ST King Argrath confronted the Devil. It was, by Argrath’s own words, a repeat appearance. Since its last appearance was in 1677, we should expect (or have already had) the next appearance of the Devil in 2277.

I am willing to acknowledge the variable range of years in any of these figures. I do not expect every ruler to actually have ruled seven years (though I do have faith that, on the average, over time, it would come out to be close to seven years).

In that light, I think it far more likely, as I have attempted to prove to you, that we are more likely in the era right around 2200 Solar Temporis, right now.

As mentioned above, the next expected appearance of the Devil is in 2277. That is only 77 years away from us now, and with a margin for error, possibly within our lifetimes. What will we do, if it is true, when our children are adults and we have done nothing to prepare them, and theirs after?

This is not something I would ask the Harshax to help us with. So I encourage each person to turn to that inner dragon, and cut it out with the broken sword, if need be, and arm each other for the return.

— Day 88, Harshax year 156.

Hail Harshax!

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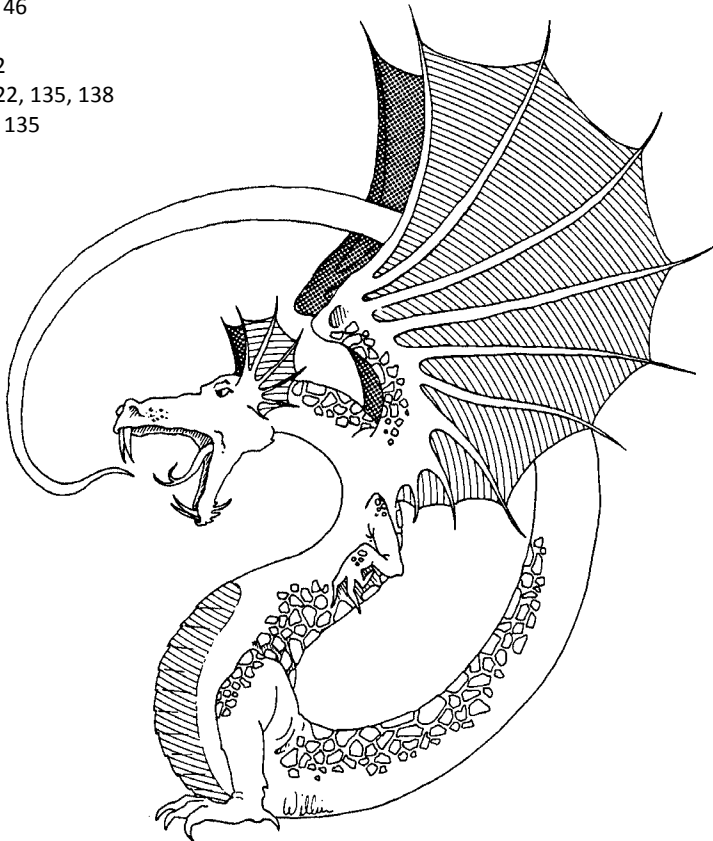
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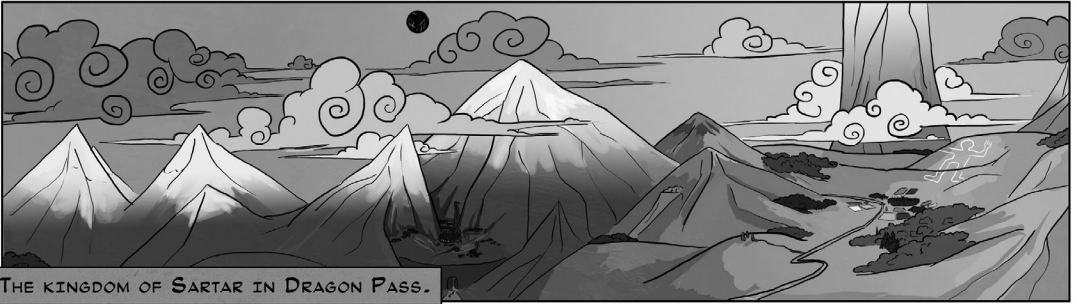
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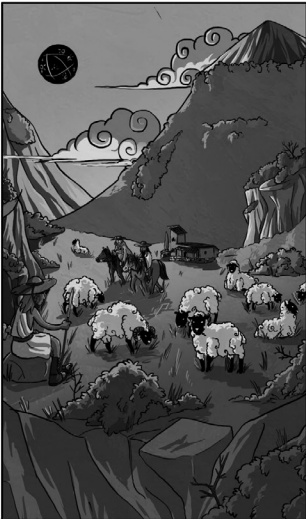


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