

RuneQuest®

COMPANION

HISTORY, STORIES, AND PLAY-AIDS

4023



ALLAN LaVERGNE
GREG STAFFORD
BILL JOHNSON
JIM McCORMICK
RON NANCE
SANDY PETERSEN

CHARLIE KRANK
SHERMAN KAHN
LYNN WILLIS

RICK BECKER
WILLIAM CHURCH
GENE DAY
STEVE OLIFF
KEVIN RAMOS
STEVE SWENSON

RuneQuest® is Chaosium Inc.'s registered trademark for its fantasy role-playing game; all rights reserved.

Becker

RuneQuest[®]

COMPANION

CREDITS

editor, maps, layout & production

Charlie Krank

cover layout and additional editing

Lynn Willis

artists

Rick Becker, William Church, Gene Day, Kevin Ramos, Steve Swenston

authors

Bill Johnson, Sherman Kahn, Alan LaVergne, Jim McCormick,
Ron Nance, Sandy Petersen, Greg Stafford

proofreading

Sherman Kahn

A **CHAOSIUM** Publication



RuneQuest[®] is Chaosium Inc.'s registered name for its fantasy role-playing game.

This PDF prepared by a Sword of Humakt

This file is for illustration and discussion only.

**If you do not already own The Runequest Companion, please
erase this file immediately.**

RUNEQUEST® COMPANION

Copyright ©1983 by Chaosium Inc.

This book may not be reproduced whole by any means without permission from Chaosium Inc. Portions of this book may be reproduced for private use only for purposes of illustration or discussion during RuneQuest games.

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

contents

- WELCOME TO THE
RUNEQUEST COMPANION** 5
- AN EXPANDED
CULT COMPATIBILITY CHART** ... 6
This revised chart contains listings for all of the cults published by Chaosium.
- AN INDEX TO RUNEQUEST CULTS** 7
This alphabetical listing of cults is divided into two categories: Glorantha and Non-Glorantha cults.
- THE JONSTOWN COMPENDIUM** 8
A glimpse into the workings of the Lhankor Mhy knowledge-storage systems.
- THE HARLOT OF ALONE** 10
A touching fragment translated from the diary of an unknown soldier.
- THE MAZE OF SHAXRY OBOROK** 11
A RuneQuest solo adventure! The wily magician Shaxry Oborok has fashioned this maze to challenge the most experienced adventurers. Dare you pit your skills and magics against his?
- WALKTAPUS COOKING** 14
From Beat Pot Alewrin's very own cookbook. Now you, too, can enjoy these savory delicacies favored by Lunar citizenry.
- THE HOLY COUNTRY** 16
The mythos and history of the magical land located to the south of Dragon Pass.
- A SPECIES SPOTLIGHT: UNICORNS** .. 26
An intriguing study of these often misunderstood creatures.
- THE DISPATCH OF FADABIUS** 29
A translation of a letter from a loyal scribe, Fadabius Sunneil, to a friend in Furthest. It provides insight into the troubles in the Dragon Pass region during the Hero Wars.
- ILLUSION MAGIC** 30
For the first time, illusion theory and spells for use in RuneQuest.
- SKULLBUSH** 32
A look at the only food crop unique to the Praxian environment. This article also includes a price list of oilseed-derivative products.
- PRINCE ARGRATH'S ENTRY
INTO BOLDHOME** 33
An eyewitness account of the Liberator's triumphant entrance into the beleaguered Sartar capital.
- THE SMELL OF A RAT** 34
A tongue-in-cheek investigation starring the greatest detective in all Glorantha.
- AN ILLUSTRATION OF CAD GODDEU,
THE BATTLE FOR THE TREES** .. 36
Drawn from the Red Book of Hergest, the late Gene Day illustrated this conflict of ancient legend.
- MORE ON TROLLS** 46
Sandy Petersen reviews his treatment of trolls in Trollpak and provides new information.
- A HISTORY OF MY
BLACK HORSE TROOP** 54
Wisdom from one of Glorantha's greatest heros, Ethilrist. In this fragment, he recounts his battle with the monstrous Hungry Jack.
- THE IVORY PLINTH** 59
Originally a chant of the Tusk Riders, this is the only portion uttered by Ydom-Yee, famous traveller.
- RUNEQUEST ERRATA** 60
This is the final presentation of these corrections and additions to the RuneQuest rules.
- COMPANION QUESTIONNAIRE** 72

contents

[0001] This is a document of Lhankor Mhy,
Lord of the Light of Inspiration,
who seeks and finds knowledge
from beyond the ken of the gods.
Brain Flayers protect this document
haunting any who profane, misuse,
or steal from it without
true value paid.

Welcome to the

COMPANION

Nine months ago we ceased publication of *Wyrms Footnotes*, a semi-regular magazine that provided readers with new *RuneQuest* and Glorantha information, rules, and personalities. Since its demise, we have received many letters from readers begging us to continue with *WF* publication. Unfortunately, it costs too much money. During those nine months we have not ignored our faithful *RuneQuest* players, for we have published several major *RQ* supplements; including *Borderlands*, *Questworld*, *Trollpak*, plus a line of solo adventures (*SoloQuest*, *Scorpion Hall*, and *The Snow King's Bride*). *RuneQuest* players have had plenty of material to explore through adventuring.

However, we still received letters requesting a new *RuneQuest* publication, and we had many ideas on how to fill such a product. The result is the *RuneQuest Companion*.

The *Companion* is not a magazine. It will not follow a publishing schedule, and we will not accept subscriptions to it. Instead, we will continually search for quality *RuneQuest* material to fill its pages. Whenever we have accumulated 64-96 pages of top-notch articles we will publish a new volume of the *Companion*. This means that it probably will appear once or twice per year.

Articles appearing in the *Companion* come from many sources. First, we peruse extinct *Wyrms Footnotes* issues looking for articles which are still relevant. These are re-edited. An example of this type of article is "A History of My Black Horse Troop." Sometimes articles are portions of other projects which had to be cut due to space limitations ("Skullbush," "Unicorns"). Other articles are created from whole cloth — whenever someone here gets a brilliant idea and has the energy and time to fully work it out. Finally, some of the articles appearing in

the *Companion* are created by outside sources such as you readers. We encourage outside submissions, but we do not guarantee that anything submitted will be published.

On the last page of this book is a questionnaire. On it we have listed many of the topics we would like to cover in future issues of the *Companion*. Let us know what you think. Check-off a couple of boxes on this form and return it to us. Many of these topics will be covered, many will never be, but your opinions are greatly valuable to us. We want to know what you want to see.

So, welcome to the *RuneQuest Companion*. Take your time looking through it. This book will provide you with many ideas that can be incorporated into your own *RuneQuest* campaign.

CHARLIZ

ON THE NEXT PAGE: The following page contains an expanded Cult Compatibility Chart listing all of the cults that have appeared in Chaosium products. You will recognize it from similar charts that have appeared in *Cults of Prax* and *Cults of Terror*. This chart supercedes those previous charts. Corrections and additions have been included here. It is important to note that this is not a mirror-image chart. One cult may not have the same attitude that another cult holds for it, even among associated cults.

The left-hand column of cult names indicates the active party — the cult whose attitudes are in question. Along the top the subject cults are listed. Attitudes are rated on a 0-4 scale. '0' indicates enemy cults; '1' indicates hostility; '2' stands for neutrality; '3' shows friendly cults; and '4' indicates Associated status, where cults trade spells and skills.

Collected by Sherman Kahn

An Index to RUNEQUEST Cults

The following is a listing of all Gloranthan and Questworld/non-Gloranthan cults that have been published in Chaosium products. This listing does not include cults published in non-Chaosium products. In cases where cults appear in multiple publications, the most up-to-date and complete presentation is listed first.

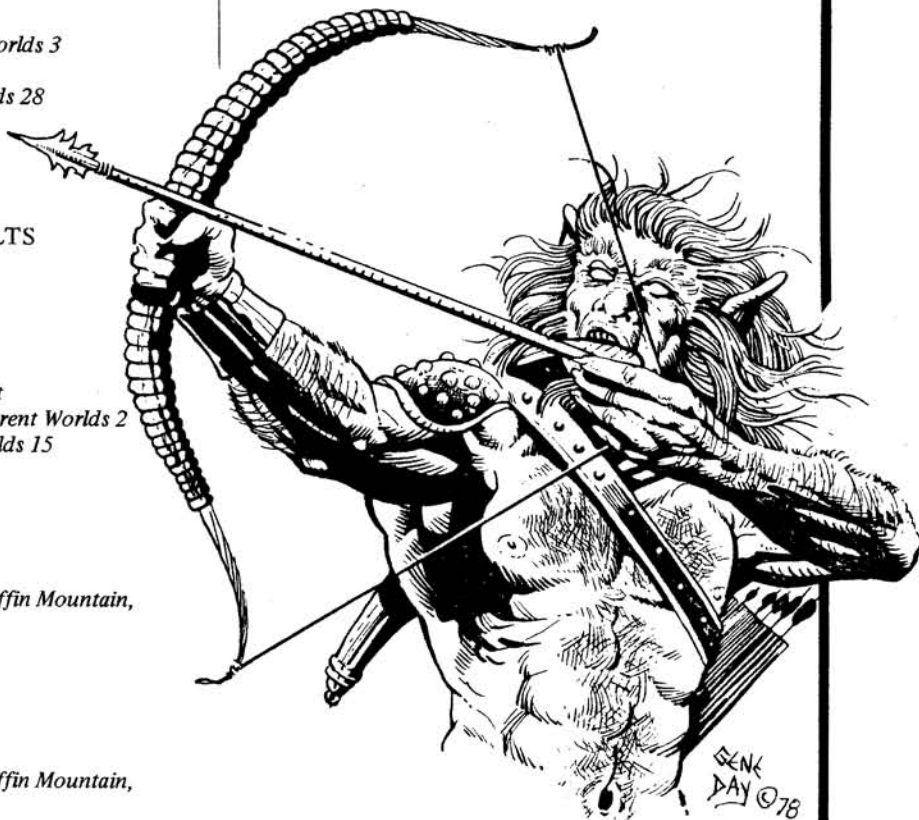
QUESTWORLD/NON-GLORANTHAN CULTS

Apollo— *Different Worlds 5*
 Dionysus— *Different Worlds 22*
 Eruk Manamee— *Different Worlds 17*
 Erlin the Harper— *Different Worlds 13*
 Gestetner— *Different Worlds 6*
 Indlas Somer— *Different Worlds 16*
 Kali— *Different Worlds 11*
 Nik-El— *Questworld*
 Odin— *Different Worlds 26*
 Panash— *Questworld*
 Three Feathered Rivals— *Different Worlds 3*
 Tiger— *Different Worlds 9*
 Taigaluk the Hunter— *Different Worlds 28*
 Vrang 2jhomang— *Questworld*
 Zelan the Beast— *Different Worlds 8*

GLORANTHAN CULTS

Aldrya— *Cults of Prax*
 Aranea— *Trollpak*
 Argan Argar— *Trollpak*
 Bagog— *Cults of Terror*
 Black Fang Brotherhood— *RuneQuest*
 Cacodemon— *Griffin Mountain, Different Worlds 2*
 Caladra and Aurelion— *Different Worlds 15*
 Chalana Arroy— *Cults of Prax*
 Crimson Bat— *Cults of Terror*
 Daka Fal— *Cults of Prax*
 Eiritha— *Cults of Prax*
 Flintnail— *Pavis*
 Found Child (Hunter)— *Trollpak, Griffin Mountain, Different Worlds 7*
 Frog Woman— *Borderlands*
 Gbaji— *Cults of Terror*
 Geo— *Different Worlds 1*
 Gorakiki (4 subcults)— *Trollpak*
 Humakt— *Cults of Prax*
 Hunter (Found Child)— *Trollpak, Griffin Mountain, Different Worlds 7*

Issaries— *Cults of Prax*
 Krarsht— *Cults of Terror*
 Kyger Litor— *Trollpak, Cults of Prax, RuneQuest*
 Lanbril— *Pavis*
 Lhankor Mhy— *Cults of Prax*
 Mallia— *Cults of Terror*
 Nysalor— *Cults of Terror*
 Orlanth— *Cults of Prax, RuneQuest*
 Pavis— *Pavis, Cults of Prax*
 Primal Chaos— *Cults of Terror*
 River Horse— *Borderlands*
 Seven Mothers— *Cults of Prax*
 Spirit Cults— *Borderlands*
 Storm Bull— *Cults of Prax*
 Sun Dragon— *The Big Rubble*
 Thanatar— *Cults of Terror*
 Thed— *Cults of Terror*
 Vivamort— *Cults of Terror*
 Waha— *Cults of Prax*
 Xiola Umbar— *Trollpak*
 Yelmalio— *Cults of Prax*
 Yelorna— *The Big Rubble*
 Zorak Zoran— *Trollpak, Cults of Prax*
 Zola Fel— *Pavis*



A PORTION OF THE

Jonestown Compendium

By Greg Stafford

The *Jonestown Compendium* is a series of books kept in the Lhankor Mhy temple in Jonstown, Sartar. It consists of scraps of material which various scribes have thought worth recording over the ages. These scraps have been culled from the minds of great philosophers, collected from the fantastic memories of tribal storytellers, and transcribed from various odd scrolls and ancient parchments. Each entry was gathered and listed, one after the other, without order or meaning or editorial labor.

Each entry begins with a number which is bracketed in our translation. Sometimes this is followed by a title of sorts, wherein the author or redactor lists himself. Then follows the entry. Individual entries may be of any length. One entire volume of the *Compendium* contains only a single entry 250 pages in length, though most volumes list hundreds of pieces of information.

The portion of the *Compendium* presented here was chosen because it contains a large amount of information with a minimum of dross.

Scattered throughout the rest of this book are other interesting tidbits drawn from the *Compendium*.

... from the ravages of disease. [1459] Never kid a king about his happiness; a sorcerer about his soul; a priest about his callouses; a warrior about his lifespan; a peasant about his holidays. No man likes jokes about what is not. [1460] Solothi cites these as the ancient rulers of Peloria: 1- Yelm the Emperor, who has no shadow; 2- Oslir the Traveller, whose crown is a boat; 3- Orlanth the King of Warriors; 4- Ernalda the Mistress, Queen of the Gnomes; 5- Argan Argar the Conquerer, like a troll; 6- Ornyx the Invisible, Monarch of Mystery. [1461] Widow Maethae willed her daughter all her family's lands and the enameled brooch which cannot be stolen. [1462] The following herbs are useful against the acid itch plague and are found in Dragon Pass: red clover, missile roots, iron-tree pine nuts squeezed of oil, kokolonnii. It is easier to import the dried cactus which the nomads call the inithi maforosa, or goodwill plant. [1463] Love without reserve, Enjoy without restraint, Live without dead-time - a goddess' prayer. [1464] Here are the heroquests of Harmast Barefoot, a peasant who rose to duty: 1. To gain awakening; 2. To gain the blessing of King Heort and Orlanth Adventurous; 3. To scout the path to the Hidden Gate; 4. To arm himself, wherein he gained his sword, shield, and boots; 5. To ambush Jajamokki; 6. Upon the Lightbringer's path to the land of the Dead he discovered Arkat and freed him; 7. To regain his plow and sow from Jajamokki; 8. Upon the Lightbringer's path again he was wounded but returned with the keys of Kartolin to aid Talor, whom the Westerners called the Laughing Warrior; 9. The Sky Giant's Castle; 10. The return from the Court of Silence. [1465] An old curse heard by Nonino: "Oh, Orani Mor / Never need us, never meet us / These we send you for eternal feed / These we send you for eternal need / Forget my name, forget my fame / Find the one called (insert name), your food / Find the one called (insert name), your lover / Find the one called (insert name), your target." [1466] A brew of watercress is useful to reduce nicotine from lungs. [1467] I think, when grown to a maturity equivalent to our adulthood, that this child will be some 150 meters tall. [1468] Green Age Notes as recorded by Cincub Berrybrewer. In 1446 a green man appeared at this shrine and described the Green Age to me. His point of view is rather odd, but it seems to be that of some elf-type which rooted, blossomed, and then died amid many other races which are now extinct. His words: "I was Eran, a seventh generation Klor who loved and tended a nation of seedlings. I inherited them from Bozz [the marsh grass]. They ran up the seashores, along the rivers, and then, for a time of seven kings, along all of the lands to the mountains. The rivers ran deeper then, and the Klor spread their realm with the waters. My flower was pink and four-petaled, with scented yellow stamen and a long slender stem. Each drang which flew into sight was prey and every kaarg or chak which rumbled by was a destroyer. Have no doubt: I sided with Magasta in the Gods War. With Magasta, my lord, I lost to the tumbling storm when the world froze. No flowers dot the ice. No chaks eat my leaves. No tendrils grip lizard scales. No kings measure the harvests. No mothers bind the world. I was cursed, left to be an extinct spirit fool, sent to a place of torment to me until someone else called me forth. Are you a plant, beloved of Aldrya? You have called me forth from my agony into the world of the free once again. Are you green, bearing seeds? I have come forth to perform my job again. Are you rooted, leaved, or filled with chlorophyll? I must kill any not of Aldrya and eat their souls for the Mother. If you are not plant then you are hostile. Stand there calmly, let me touch your spirit . . ." [1469] The Eastern Dynasty of Light. These are the rulers of the land which we call the Kingdom of Splendor: (1) Aether, the immutable unity of all existence, Keeper of the Whole. He thought several sons and peoples into existence, then retired behind the sky. (2) Yelm, emperor of the Cosmos and God of All Fire. His rule was the Golden Age of the world when all was perfect and grand. All of existence was his realm, and he organized the world into its parts. (3) Metsyla, the Light of Enlightenment. When Yelm was young and making his first journey around the Wheel of Life, he met an eagle phoenix at this spot which taught him the secrets and wonders of Enlightenment. From his learning Yelm made Metsyla to teach others and serve as a living example of the Light of Enlightenment. Metsyla never ventured from this spot and took the region under his influence. He constructed the magnificent Palace of Eastern Light which served to attract and educate gods and spirits and people as long as it existed. The problem with this emperor is that he only knew a small portion of the lessons of the Wheel of Life. Thus he was always clear-sighted in his enlightenment, but he never learned to be close to things, or to be wise, or to search his inner feelings for their truths. This problem was common even to the simpler peoples' beliefs and would plague the region for all of its history. (4) Shavaya, the Emperor of Splendor. The reign of the emperor Shavaya is one of parable wherein the Enlightened One and his saintly followers are beset by the (short-sighted) temptations of the Beasts and the (self-indulgent) temptations of the Kingdom of Ignorance. Shavaya is regarded as the ideal ruler even by some peoples outside of his cult. He invented measuring tools, and his daughter discovered rice. (5) Daruda, the Dragon Emperor. He was a princely son of Shavaya's who traveled the great Circle of Life during the troubled times of the Storm Age. Since his father was also the Emperor of Animals, Daruda went to Hykim, Dragon-father of Beasts, to study. Later he also studied and consulted with the Ancestral Dragons and learned the methods of attaining the harmony called the Dragon Power. When Daruda became emperor he maintained the measures of his ancestors, but modified the Circle of Life, transforming it into the Circle of Dragonpower. He made a magic circle of dragonspawn in his land.

This attracted many dragonewts from the west to live there. Soon dragons guarded the Light of the East. It is said that in his elder life Daruda witnessed the slaying of the Mover of Heavens and the sorrowful event caused him to retire from active life. He passed beyond the world in peaceful meditation. The other kings who followed him were known as the Dragon Emperors. (6) Thalurzni, Balancer of the Elements. This emperor traveled about adjusting the four corners of the realm, confronting angry spirits in each. All statues of him were always made of many metals, though there is no set order or given quantity for any metal to appear: his wife's images were always made to include wood, stone, earth, and water, also without order or quantity. Thalurzni discovered the Pill of Immortality and gave it to his wife. She ate it and retired to the Islands of the East, a paradisiacal site reserved for virtuous initiates of their cult between incarnations. Thalurzni quietly faded from the world on the trail of his ancestors. (7) Mikaday, Watcher of the Populace. This emperor, Mikaday, was well known for disguising himself and wandering among the peoples, occasionally even venturing outside of his own flock. He rewarded the blessed and virtuous and punished the wicked. He made the first set of written laws and had them erected in great stelae in city squares. He also established the examinations for applicants joining the celestial and mundane administrations. (8) Vayobi, this king's name tingles the tongue. As king, he was known for . . . [1470] A story or parable told in 1447 by Nikiabrik the Fool. "There is a great fortress far to the north amidst the wastes of Hykim and Valind; a giant valley with a humid, warm climate. Trees grow in profusion there, and flowering plants sprout amidst pleasant, warmly-watered meadows. All around this wondrous haven tower the cliffs of the glaciers, and they have brooded there since Valind first howled out of the north. But the ice demons never invade the valley. The beetling mountains of ice and their howling winds form merely an appealing contrast to the perfection of the valley. The inhabitants of this paradise live without want, hunger, or pain, spending their lives in ceaseless wonder and joy. But all these happy inhabitants are brood." [1471] A traditional Earth temple cant from the Holy Country. "The number of the true Earth goddesses is six. First are the sisters, Ty Kora Tek and Asrelia. Ty Kora Tek was grim and grasping, and was barren. Asrelia was generous and rich, and had two daughters. Asrelia's daughters were Maran Gor and Ernaldia. Maran Gor was cold and frightful, and was barren. Ernaldia was warm and fertile and had two daughters. Ernaldia's daughters were Babeester Gor and Voria. Babeester Gor was daubed in gore and slaughter, and was barren. Voria was loving and good, but the Gods War came and ended the theogony." [1472] The stars exist for different purposes, and not one but has a story behind it. This is a brief explanation of their varied functions. The most prominent star is that which is called the Eye of Dayzatar, once located directly above the former location of the Great World Mountain (= Spike but now shifted south. From there, Dayzatar looks upon the world from his heavenly throne. Clustered about Dayzatar are a group of stars, the heavenly form of his angelic warriors. These vary in size and brightness, but altogether form a general brightness about Dayzatar's Eye. The Sun people claim that the Eye is not really Dayzatar's eye, but that of his bravest warrior, Pole Star, who guards the throne room. Many other stars are the heavenly forms of the deified heroes who have taken their abode in the sky. These vary in size and color, depending upon the actions of the hero during his lifetime. Among these stars are Malkion, Arkat, Talor, Snodal, Jonat, Avlor, Dromal, and Siglat, to name a few. Followers of great importance sometimes appear among the lesser lights clustered about their leader. Thus, about Snodal are Svenlos and Arthen. Other gods have heavenly abodes, and these are discernible in the stars. Constellations visible plainly to the untrained naked eye are present in the sky, each commemorating some special object or animal which helped some deity. [1473] The City of the Gods (Hrelar Amali) is located on the Crimson Plains between Ralios and Seshneg. It is the spot where Flamal, beloved of Ernaldia, fell at the hands of Zorak Zoran during the great War. For this reason, it is one of the most sacred spots in all Genertela. At Flamal's death, the Hsunchen, beast-people, built a temple to him, and added a temple to Ernaldia herself and one to Xentha, who carried off Flamal's body, as appeasement. When the Seshnegi captured the land around the area, they added temples to Orlanth and Magasta. Later temples to all the greater deities were added, as well as many to lesser gods. The priests lived there, as well as visitants, but no regular living quarters could be built. To guarantee the place's sanctity, the priest's never worked, and were given food and other necessities by the gods themselves. The place's sacred quality was also maintained by oaths which protected any pilgrims and priests while there or on the way so long as they wore the yellow robes. There is always a mouthpiece for the temple, who acts for any god who is in charge at the time. He is called chief of the Court, and was created by the rulers of the Spike itself from their blood. [1474] There are several classes of gods. Some gods have an importance so great that to eliminate them from the universe would strain it, possibly even destroying all of Glorantha. Other gods are of lesser import. The Great Gods of the universe are: Kyger Litor, Magasta, Ernaldia, Orlanth, Yelm, Aldrya, Hykim, Daka Fal, the Horned God, the Cosmic Dragon, Malkion, Humakt, Uleria, Mostal, Chalana Arroy, Eurmal, Dayzatar, and Arachne Solare. Wakboth the Evil is also included in this group, not because his elimination could destroy the world, but because if he were allowed freedom, his presence would destroy it. [1475] The Sun folk have strict and peculiar beliefs, which carry over to their souls' status. Upon the death of a worshiper of one of the lesser sun gods, such as Yelmalo, Dara Happa, Yelorna, or Dendara, the spirit is adjudged. If worthy, the character is reborn as a Yelm worshiper. This is why no man may join the cult of Yelm save he be born into it. Great Yelm worshipers after death are born as priests of Dayzatar. The priests of Dayzatar upon their death go to the heavens to dwell eternally. Such is the faith of the Sun folk. [1476] Hykim is god of all animals and Dragon Lord. His children are called Hykimi in dragon form. Golod is father of fish. Jrimak is father of birds. Palar is father of newts and frogs. Jaskal is father of reptiles. Gorakiki is father of insects. Rathor is father of bears. Telmor is father of wolves. Basmol is father of lions. Molokka is father of clams and snails. Swems is father of worms and leeches. Hippogriff is father of horses. Damal is father of deer. Mralot is father of pigs. Maran Gor eventually spawned many of the great earth-shaking reptiles — the dinosaurs. [1477] An exposition by Giddin Lankom. It is a great error to class all Aldryami into the same class as "elves." The Aldryami are plant-people, and differ species from species as greatly as one type of tree differs from another. There are four great races of elves in Genertela: brown, green, yellow, and black. The black elves differ greatly from all the rest, and worship their own gods, such as Mee Vorala, goddess of fungus. The history of the Green Age is sketchy, but seems to imply that the green elves spawned the yellow and the brown. This would make the yellow and brown elves younger races, and the green elves an older, more basic type. The yellow elves are greatly different in habits and society from the brown and green elves, possibly due merely to their living habitations in tropical jungle. The green elves differ physically from the brown elves, and also in their society. Brown elves, most capable of interacting with humans, are perhaps the pleasantest of the Aldryami. In the lands to the south [Pamaltela] there live many yellow elves, and a few brown and green. Pamaltela owns two swamps, one to the far south and west, and one to the far south and east, separated by a great gap of desert. These swamps are inhabited by two races of red elves, the western race and the eastern race. Neither race is humanoid, and the eastern race is even aggressive and monstrous. Blue elves live in the ocean and in a few lakes and rivers. The races of the ocean and those of the landlocked waters differ from one another as greatly as do the red elves from the green. More types of elves dwelt in the Green Age and later, but all were abased by the Gods War. Alas, no longer do white elves stride the world. [1478] Along the northern plains of the region called Fronela creeps the winter ice. There is a hardy type of nomad called the Neechen who thrives from a life in the cold. Travelers in the northlands claim that these people fashion the ice into great monoliths towering toward the heavens. No one has yet explained the purpose of these monoliths. [1479] I met a man named Xeotam, and he appeared to be quite insane. He babbled stories of great imagination. He claimed to have been held captive for 424 days in a crystal tower while all about him flashed the secrets of the world within great slabs of daamon d. A voice within his head rambled at great length about all subjects — from the why and wherefore of dragons to the reason of the sky-bowl. The voice called itself Azabur. In a Wyrms Frinds document that also mentioned an Azabur. Supposedly he was a wizard from the west of great power who

The Harlot of Alone

Translated by Ron Nance



SWENSTON

77

... rakehell though he might be, no man or prince has the right to such arrogance. All this because I recognized a carving in his hall! It seems that he does not like to be reminded of the origins of his treasure. But that was how I came to be in the employ of another army, the third now, and how I came to be in Alone. It is alone, and by the time you get here you feel alone. So I went to the harlot on Solitude, a long street running through the heart of Alone. She took me into a room full of anenome incense. She was dark, from some far-off land I know not. We knew but one tongue in common, and that badly, but it sufficed. When we had concluded most of our business we labored through our misunderstandings to talk. She told me that she had been educated for a position in service to some princess she would not name, and that she now sold her body to support a child, an aged mother, and a sister she wished to spare a similar fate. She spoke not of a man, the child's father, but I imagine that he was taken in war like so many others. Certainly her story was old centuries before I heard it from her scented lips, but it was not to wheedle an extra coin that she told it and I chose to believe her. I wonder if she would choose to believe my story? When I woke this morning the fragrance of incense had been stripped away by the stink of burning wood from beyond the city walls. That is why I have chosen to write now, after so long a time. In sleep there is something about the harlot of Alone that reminds me of my own lost Ginevra, whose man was taken by the war. Has the war now come for me again? I do not know...

The MAZE of Shaxry Oborok

The existence of this maze is a poorly kept secret. In bars and temples and marketplaces, you have heard rumors and legends of a secret place of magic and danger, of treasure and entrapment. If you attract more than ordinary attention, you found the stories becoming more explicit and alluring. A place of puzzle and peril: it must be somewhere among the mountains of the far cold lands. Beyond that the tales of temperate climes can tell you little.

As you head south, the stories approach consistency. You hear of an isolated valley high in the mountains, where there is an entrance to a large honeycomb of rooms hollowed out of the rocks. However, nobody seems to have definite directions to this mysterious Maze.

In Valhalavahalla and Vitfjord, Farsund and Morby, in many towns scattered along the rocky southern coast, you listen to merchants, scholars, and strangers in bars and wild fishermen of the high rivers, with accounts of hard adventurers who went looking for the Maze. Some came back.

A few of the stories include geographical hints. You follow a couple of particularly plausible ones, and spend fruitless weeks exploring icy canyons and valleys strewn with glacier-plowed rubble.

If you feel tough and lucky, you do not give up. Returning to Valhalavahalla, you sift through more tales and tantalizing clues, looking for a convincing direction.

A SOLO ADVENTURE FOR RUNEQUEST

by Alan LaVergne



You push back into the mountains, up the Sprogstal and across the Axthelvald, a barren waste of long-dead frozen skeletal trees. If you are tough enough, and lucky enough, you press on further into country which none of the tales described: a land of vertical sheets of ice; horizontal spires of blazing red rock; and caverns that rise into ominous looming overhangs. You crisscross this motionless geological inferno with growing despair, seeking but never finding, just about ready to give up and turn back for the safety of the coast.

Finally, trudging down a narrow crevasse that you have already traversed several times you come around a sharp bend and come face to face with a chubby man who greets you by name. He is bundled up against the cold, and his breath hangs frozen in the air as he speaks. He tells you that he is a servant of Shaxry Oborok, and that he will lead you to the Maze. The man steps back, and sure enough, just a few meters away, is a door in the rock, seemingly in plain sight all this time. How could you have missed it?

You are ushered into a comfortable warm room and beckoned to an inviting chair. Appetizing food waits on steaming platters. As you eat, the man explains the nature of the Maze.

It is a challenge few strong adventurers can resist, he tells you. All the rooms of the maze will be something like this: square, with one or more doors in the walls. By magic, they are illuminated. The doors are not at all conventional. You simply step through them, but you cannot see through them or cast spells through them; Detect spells will not pass the doors and each door takes one melee round to traverse. You cannot go back through a door until the next melee round.

Some of the rooms are empty, some have hidden items of value, and others have dangers. Except for you, me, and Shaxry, the man tells you, no living being can pass through the doors, nor can any disincorporate spirit or elemental. If you have an allied spirit it must be bound into an inanimate object. The same is true of bound spirits. Since the doors will not pass other living beings your familiars must remain outside.

The object of the Maze is to locate Shaxry. Once you are in the Maze, only he can let you out. You will have to en-

gage him in a contest to win your release. In this contest you will have to risk something other than your life.

Apart from your own Divine Intervention, there is no resurrection if you die in the Maze. Your body will probably be eaten by one of the denizens. If you are merely incapacitated, someone will come looking for you in 24 hours. You will be rescued, and will lose any magic items or other valuables you entered the Maze with (such as Rune metals), and you may suffer other penalties as well. In any event, you will not be allowed to bring any food or drink into the maze with you, and 24 hours is all you will be allowed. If you take longer, you will be brought out unconscious, have your magic and valuables removed and then released otherwise unharmed.

Shaxry's powers are not unlimited. You can Divine Intervention out of the Maze, taking your magic with you. Once you have left or been removed from the Maze, no Divine Intervention will recover your magic or valuables for you.

The man points to a door in the corner of this room. When you are ready, he says, merely go through that door. That is the entry to the Maze. If you wish to keep track of directions, it is the northeast corner of this room. Once you enter that door, only Shaxry can let you out. On the other hand, if you feel you are not ready yet for this venture, you are free to walk right back out into the valley from this room. Whatever your choice, good luck!

With that, the man begins to swell. He gets fatter and fatter and taller and taller, but as he does so his outlines blur and his body becomes more and more tenuous. In two seconds, you are inside the body but can feel nothing, and then the entire effect is gone. You are alone.

On the door are these Runes:



OTHER NOTES:

The Maze can also be played with two players: one acting as referee, and the other running a player-character. In that case, the above warning about confusing geometry should not be given to the player by the referee. When the player protests about the outcome of passing through one of the doors, the referee can simply assure him that what happened happened.

Running two PCs through the Maze simultaneously is discouraged: it is too easy for them to get separated.

There is no way a solitaire scenario can allow for all the possible strategies and spells a character might use, not if it hopes to be shorter than *War and Peace*. Therefore, the player is going to have to do a certain amount of improvisation. An indispensable aid in this process is to simply role-play the NPCs. What would you do in *their* place? One example is the reaction to your Lightwall. Most PCs charge through Lightwalls in refereed scenarios; therefore NPCs will, too. It's actually the most sensible course of action in the majority of situations, unless somebody has *Dispel Magic 4*. The only real alternative is flight. A plausible penalty for running through the blind side

of a Lightwall is that such a character gets no attack that round, and parries at half chance. Of course, a Lightwall prevents missile fire. A Darkwall has the above effects on both sides.

Inevitably, the player is going to have to make decisions for the NPCs. To Heal or not, and if so, when? Getting involved in role-playing the NPCs is a good way to elevate the scenario above mere die-rolling.

Finally, once you have found treasure or a hidden item in a room and removed it, it will no longer be there, so you cannot find it again if you re-enter the room.

Good Luck!

start here



1
This room has three doors. One is in the SW corner, and leads to the lobby. If you try going through this door, you will find that it does not pass you. As you were told, once you are in the Maze, you cannot get out except by seeing Shaxry Oborok, or by Divine Intervention. There is a couch along the W wall. Above a door in the N wall are the same three Runes as in the lobby; Truth, Mobility, and Fire. There is also a door in the E wall. Otherwise the room is empty. Do you wish to go through the N door (which takes you to 21), or the E door (going to 3)?

2
Did you Spot Trap? If you were successful, you noticed a camouflaged pit in the floor. If not, you fell into said pit. You may try to climb out. Decide what your next course of action will be and then go to 4. If you didn't fall into the pit, decide your next step, and then go to 5.

3
This room has three doors, in the W, N, and E walls. The walls are red. The room is empty. Which door do you take? The W goes to 8, the N to 6, and the E to 7.

4
Did you make a successful Spot Hidden while you were in the pit? If so, you found 1D6 Wheels. When you eventually climb out of the pit, you may leave by any of the three doors. The N door goes to 9, the E to 10 and the S to 11.

5
Did you make a successful Spot Hidden while peering into the pit? You only had half your normal chances for success. If you made half your normal chance or less, you saw a Wheel. If you go down after it, it turns out to be 1D6 Wheels. Whether or not you went down after it, you will eventually want to leave this room. The N door leads to 9, the E to 10, and the S to 11.

6
You enter a room with only two doors, and mottled gray walls. The room is quite empty. Do you leave by the W door (go to 12) or by the south door (13)?

7
This room has three doors, in the N, W, and E walls. On the S wall is an elaborate and powerful mosaic showing cities, forests, fields, and boats, all engulfed in ravenous flames. Behind them glowing mountains spew forth rivers of fiery lava. However, your immediate attention is captured by the salamander which is moving towards you in the room. First; did you enter this room by its W door (this would mean that you left the last room by the E door)? If so, as you passed through the door, a Binding spell was cast at you with sufficient POW behind it to overcome any Countermagic or Shield you might have up. The POW of the caster is 10. Determine if the spell succeeded.

Now, if you wish to leave this room by a door other than the one you have just entered by, or if the Binding spell was successful on you, you must fight the salamander for at least one round. If you want to duck back out the same door you came in

through, and you were not overcome by the Binding, you may do so without being engulfed by the salamander.

This salamander is a small one, 3x3x3 meters in volume. It has a POW of 3D6+6 and 2D6+12 hit points. Do not roll its hit points until you are in melee with it, and do not roll its POW until you have actually cast a spell at it and rolled for your success.

If you are not leaving the room, you have time to cast a defensive spell on yourself before it engulfs you. Decide what you are doing and then go to 14.

8
You have returned to the First Room. Go back to 1 with the same options as before.

9
This room looks empty, but has only three walls instead of four. Instead of a N wall there is a two-meter wide chasm, on the other side of which is another room with three walls. You can see no doors in the walls of that room, but the one you are in has two, in the S and E walls. If you look into the chasm, you can see no bottom. However, at a depth of about 4m, the chasm curves gently away from you, indicating that should you drop into it, you would be able to catch yourself – maybe. Say, this room isn't quite empty after all! There is a little pile of pebbles not far from the chasm. If you drop a pebble into the gulf, you hear it rattling down the side. The noise fades, but never comes to a clearcut end, and the echo carries back for almost a minute. All right, what are you going to do? Make up your mind, then go to 15.

If you try to toss a grappling hook across the chasm, you will find there is nothing for it to catch onto, and it will slide back to you across the floor. In other words, unless you brought along a 2½ meter plank, you can't get across without jumping.

10
There is a small fountain in the middle of this room and doors in the W and S walls. It's a small fountain with water rising about a foot and then falling into a pool about a meter wide. There are no carvings or decorations at all. If you put your hand in the water it feels just like ordinary water and nothing ghastly happens to your hand. If you drink any of the water, go to 131. Otherwise, you may leave by either door: S goes to 16, W to 17.

11
You have returned to the First Room. Go back to 1, with the same options as before.

12
As you pass through the door, a sheet of pain howls through your body. Roll your CONx3 or less on D100. If you fail the roll, you pass out from the agony. If you 'fumble' the roll, you will remain unconscious for 24 hours and then awaken outside the Maze, missing all your magic items. If you didn't fumble, but did fail, you can try again to make your roll again each hour. You cannot 'fumble' again after your first try. Unless it has been Extended, any Rune or battle magic you had in effect before you passed out will expire. Whether you faint or not, you find yourself in a room with two doors, one in the E wall (the one you just came in through) and the other in the S

(continued on page 62)

*From Beat Pot's own cookbook!
Now the secrets of walktacooking are
revealed. Share in these delicacies
formerly reserved only for Lunar citizenry.*

Walktapus Cooking

Translated by Bill Johnson

The earliest mention of walktapus preparation was a clay tablet found buried in a river bed near Queen's Post. It records a bacchanalia held by trolls to celebrate a rather obscure victory during the Empire Wars. The method of cooking was a crude but effective parboil, the accidental result of the walktapus having been caught swimming in Jaldon's Wrong River as the Pillar of Fire crisped an enemy regiment nearby. As for the particular cuts of meat used, trolls are not known for particularity, and they undoubtedly left less waste than politeness allows us to recount. The feast was washed down with a record amount of ale, conveniently looted from the burnt regiment's supply train. The unusual quantity of ale drunk is probably a reflection of the extreme brackishness of walktapus, even in its cleaner states.

For the coronation of Sartar's grandson, a great walktapie was assembled by the dragonewts, then sent to Boldhome as a gift upon a three-wheeled wagon drawn by seventeen demi-birds. The report we have on the dinner is from the hand of the High Provisioner's Second Secretary, translated with some less interesting material regarding the Royal Household's upkeep (Roundtree Tassel, "Brief Reflections of an Early Culture," *The Jonstown Compendium*, Vol. III, pp 381-387).

Due to the mixed nature of the audience, its main ingredient was kept a state secret. The suckers were carefully removed to prevent diner anxiety, and we can safely assume that the poison was removed beforehand. (Death records for that day in Boldhome blandly report: "Two serving wenches, Aorine Tor and Naeemi Arilar, split open from too much happiness imbibed; Isilip Gangle, from Alone, neck broken from too much drink on a rooftop; 674 nameless slaves to the Gobbler's sister-in-law, who was angry for some reason.")

Bushels of foolstoe, whole potatoes, and wild blue parsnips were joined to make a pungent and savory gravy whose major component was wine from the winter grapes of Starfire Ridge.

The most explicit instructions we have come from the early diary of Beat-pot Aelwrin. These writings were translated after his conversion to Imperial thought by Jar-eel the Razoress. They quickly became the height of popularity among the highly literate Lunar citizenry. It is a compli-

ment to the Empire that they allowed the famous "Aelwrin's Complaint: the Slave Spitting on his Master" to be published at all, though not terribly unusual in that it appeared in a cookbook. It is mostly untranslatable in a magazine of this sort, but it contains references to walktapus cooking, telling bitterly of how the boy's friends were killed after being chosen to clean out poison sacs. It is not unreasonable to assume that a good portion of Aelwrin's desire to become a great chef was due to his wish to avoid such a task in his own future.

The scale of measurements used in Aelwrin's recipe may seem outlandish to us until we recall that he was keeping notes for feeding the Imperial Bodyguard. It is recommended that this recipe be cut by 20:1 for those lately fashionable family gatherings. This excerpt is from the chapter "Cooking with Variety Meats."

We would begin with the cleaned carcasses of fourty of the hideous beasts. The various parts are hacked off and sorted. In this endeavor several yoke of oxen are helpful, but more important is the use of the "Fire and Powder" separation method. [See page 47 of this cookbook.]

The gonads are beaten to a pulp and mixed with the ground livers of the walktapus's, or of other beasts. This combination makes an excellent appetizer when served in cups made from the steamed sucker discs, cut into rosettes. The remaining portions are best left in nets submerged in a rapid river for several hours or days to remove the excessive salt. Be sure that no living creature drinks from the river closer than a hundred paces downstream, as the salt will be enough to drive them to the proverbial "eight days of madness, or death, whichever comes first."

The briskets are braised and require a long simmering time, but will keep well afterwards with no other preparations. Kidney and hearts are saved for baking in a thin bread shell, in the manner used among the Western Peoples. [See page 19 of this cookbook.]

CREAMED BRAINS

*40 sets of walktapus brains
80 lbs. chopped onions
2 kegs goat's butter
6 cauldrons mushroom soup [see page 7]
60 bay leaves
40 garlic cloves
40 sprigs spiceroot
No salt needed
Pepper to taste
Dry bread crumbs (hardtack preferred)*

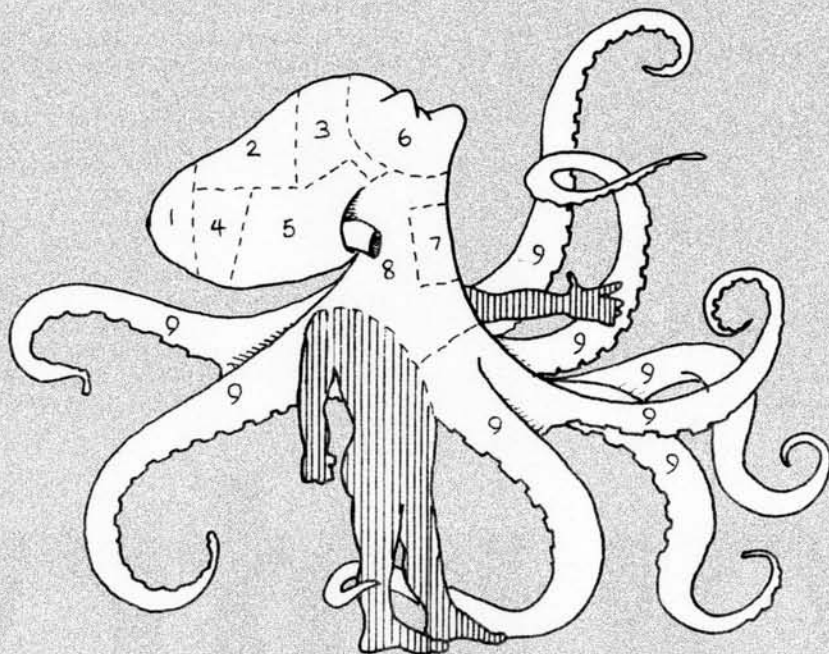
Remove membranes from brains. Parboil in fresh water 1 hour, remove, cut into small (fist-sized) pieces. Saute onions and crushed garlic cloves in butter until they are transparent. Add brains, spices, and soup. Stir and pepper. Put into individual ramekins, sprinkle heavily with crumbs. Bake in copper-bowl ovens for ½ hour or until brown on top. Makes 280-320 servings.

Other mouth-watering recipes follow the sample given above: including the ever-popular deviled liver loaf, kidneys in buttermilk, and Beat-pot's specialty; broiled tentacle fillet in a brown sugar glaze.

Carving Instructions

- 1) **Gonads** – Sometimes called the Slayer's Portion, it is often beaten and served raw to the survivor of the expedition hunting the beasts. It is the only part of the animal, except for the liver, which may be safely eaten without preparation.
- 2) **Stomach/Liver** – Use the liver for patés and sausages. Due to the unsavory contents, the stomach is not only useless, but vile as well.
- 3) **Poison Glands** – Remove and discard with utmost care, as the merest touch of the concentrated poison will send a man into screaming death fits within an hour. If fresh and properly prepared, these may be sold to the Assassin's Guild or similarly-oriented cults for a good profit. If this part has been damaged in capture, discard entire animal, as it may be contaminated.
- 4) **Kidney/Hearts** – Can be included in pies, can be sautéed, or braised. Provincial custom does not allow these portions to be eaten by any but nobility, but this barbaric custom seems based on superstition.
- 5) **Gills** – Excellent for soup, unless they have been unusually polluted. Then, they are useful for feeding slaves and pigs. If spread into a fan shape and dried under direct sunlight, the gills are useful as strainers. Savages from the Rockwood Mountains dry the gills and paint them in secret colors. They decorate their huts with them as signs of great prestige and luck.
- 6) **Brains** – Cream, boil, or jelly. The small amount of this portion, combined with the delicate flavor, makes it among the greater delicacies available.
- 7) **Brisket** – Prepare corned or braised.
- 8) **Tentacle ganglia and muscles** – Make excellent steaks or fillets. It must be noted that meat from this portion will taste like burnt hair if basted with ordinary butter. Great care must be taken in butchering this section of the walktapus, lest part of the human half of the walktapus is accidentally included, and served to unsuspecting diners.
- 9) **Tentacles** – Round roasts, pot roasts, or bottom round (braise, and cook in own liquid). Strands of tendon in the tentacles make passable stew meat if allowed to simmer for four or more days.

Walktapus, Cuts of



William

Holy

Far to the south of Dragon Pass lies a magical land whose ruler swam ashore from the forbidden oceans. Many cultures exist in harmony in this land, drawing on the ancient knowledge of the west, east, north, and from far beneath the earth.

By Greg Stafford

HISTORY OF THE HOLY COUNTRY

- 1313 – Belintar the Stranger swims ashore.
- 1318 – Belintar becomes Pharoah and names his land the Holy Country.
- 1325 – Scouts from the Holy Country enter Dragon Pass and find Ironhoof and his human allies (the Grazelanders) there.
- 1330 – Foundation of Kingdom of Tarsh.
- 1490 – Fall of Tarsh to the Lunar Empire.
- 1492 – Foundation of Sartar.
- 1580 – Dormal the Sailor opens the seas and begins his famous voyage westward.
- 1582 – Naval battle with Alatan: a defeat for the Holy Country.
- 1585 – Alatan unity destroyed by Pasos and the Holy Country.
- 1586 – Holy Country expedition reaches Teshnos, and opens the port of Dosakayo.
- 1587 – Holy Country fleet destroyed by the Kralori.
- 1602 – Fall of Sartar to the Lunar armies.
- 1605 – Building Wall Battle.
- 1606 – Major pirate battle.
- 1610 – Holy Country invasion of Ditali.
- 1611 – Second invasion of the Ditali, victory for the Pharoah.
- 1614 – Greymane's first raid.
- 1616 – Nimistor pirate navy defeats pharoanic fleet. The pharoanic army is defeated by a combined Ditali/Solanti army.
- 1618 – Greymane's second "Great" raid.
- 1619 – Invasion of Heortland by the Lunars.

MYTHOS

In the earliest remembered stories this land was simply part of the cold earth. When the Earth Mother warmed with life, it was Esrola who occupied this soil. Esrola lay at the base of the Spike, where dwelt the Celestial Court and Elder Gods. This placed her on the path where trod the mighty, such as the Blue Dragon who led the Osllir Sea.

When the Gods War began, Esrola was deep in love with her spouse, the sea god named Faralinthor. But the cruel god Umath caught them together and slew both at once with his terrible strength. The mother of the newlings and many others were slain there too.

The place where the lovers were destroyed can still be seen beneath the Mirrorsea on certain days, and ever since the Pharoah brought back their memories from the darkness there are spirits in those ruins. The arms of the goddess and her husband are still visible as the marshy archipelagos which reach out to the sea.

When darkness overpowered the world, the legions of Night came to surround the Spike. Argan Argar himself set up a camp atop Esrola, and the goddess went to him to plead mercy. Argan Argar told her to stand proud, for he would rather have her friendship than her fear. He became her lover and protector, and their child was the Only Old One, who was made king of the land.

Lodril was a spiteful and powerful god, and he attacked this place of darkness, but he was captured and subdued by Argan Argar and forced to work for that god of night. Lodril was forced to build the great Palace of Black Glass, wherein lived the Only Old One and his minions. It was a huge metropolis with tall slender spirals rising over spiked turrets of sharp obsidian. Its basement reached the Underworld, and its tallest tower reached to

Country

the sky's zenith until it was broken by the Sun at the Dawning.

Another event which shaped the land occurred when Storm Bull wrestled with a mountain god, twisted him into a corkscrew shape, and stuck him into the ground. This was the origin of Stormwalk Mountain where sky-bull herds are kept by Baskelos and his magic dog.

When Chaos came into the world, Larnste, the Walker, saw a squirming thing twisting its way through the world. He tried to stamp it out, making a great dent in the earth. The impact of his stamp raised the Storm Mountains, yet he did not kill the chaos thing. Instead, it bit and wounded Larnste. Poisoned ichor dripped to earth and left oozing sores hurting all life within it. Larnste howled and limped off.

A god looked down and saw the writhing horror, and he took Lodril's Spear and struck it. The spear drove the monster deep into the earth where Lodril was freed from the spear and fought it. In exultant victory, Lodril burst forth again, spreading molten earth and rocks all about and raising a huge pall of ash which poisoned the air.

From within the footprint of Larnste grew a foul mess of chaos, slowly seeping and filling the deep print with vile unlife. An air god bent his attention toward the print, and blew ash and rock down upon the evil mass. It had no effect on those places already polluted, but it covered all the living woods and creatures with ash. The god then used powerful magic to turn them all to stone. Thus the Footprint now has a terrible chaos nest at one end, but its spread is halted by the fossilized forest formed by Lodril and the air god. This petrified forest has the stone-like qualities of Law to aid in containing the seepage of the wound.

When the hordes of chaos swept over the world during the Darkness, many gods fought back. The Only Old One was one, and he sheltered nay who would obey him within his castle. He also joined the Council of Friends which fought the Unity Battle and defeated Chaos. When the Dawn came the Only Old One found himself leader of a great nation.

HISTORY

Kethaela is the ancient name for the region now called the Holy Country. The land was named for the goddess Kethaa, the wife of Entru and mother of Entruli, who came from this region. There are many myths of this area and its creation. These myths include the making of the Mirrorsea, the Footprint, Stormwalk Mountain, the Palace of Black Glass, Shadow Plateau, the Vent, and many other minor places.

The history of the region boasts a period known as the Silver Age. During this period many heroes interacted to form a wondrous organization sporting a host of names: the Dawn Council; the First Council; or the World Council of Friends.

At the Dawn, the primary Silver Age heroes still commanded their ancient properties, but eventually they died

or otherwise retired from life. Their disappearance corresponds with the weakening of the unity of the area, but at first even the Elder Races cooperated with each other, as they had in the Unity Battle.

The dwarfs of Gemborg were the first group to dissent, uniquely while their ancient Silver Age hero was still alive. He and the Only Old One fought hand to hand, and the Only Old One proved he was no troll, for iron did not burn him. But the dwarf lord still rebelled, and his human followers used volcanic powers from their area to drive off troll armies in 123 S.T.

Despite such occasional setbacks, the Dawn Council sent many missionaries and peoples out into the world to free them from the fear and ignorance which spread throughout the world during the Darkness. Parties from Kethaela set off westward into the lands of the Entruli and the Pralori with mixed success. These peoples were famed for their hatred and warfare. It was only when King Lalmor set off with his tribe, the Vathmai, and reached Slontos in 115 that the Lightbringers' knowledge was firmly entrenched into the culture of the region.

The Waertagi were the dominant boat people on the sea, and found eager allies in the Mirrorsea. The Triolini there preferred their watery cousins (the Waertagi) to the Only Old One, a male demi-god who was a son of Argan Argar. The Only Old One thereby lost a valuable subject kingdom, but gained a loyal ally. The Waertagi asked to set up some trading ports in the area which were graciously allowed.

The area called Kethaela was more commonly known as Uzland or the Shadowlands. The Only Old One preferred to surround himself with trolls, who loved him most dearly. So, trolls seemed to rule this land. Merchants rarely penetrated inland past the coastal cities whose Goldentongue merchants spun haunting tales of Dragon Pass, deeper in the mountains. In the contemporary maps made by sea-goers, all the areas beyond Dragon Pass are labelled "Krijalki," a word meaning "chaos monster" or "demon." The map makers never visited there, but heard only stories of Lightbringers, who hated the distant Pelorians.

When the trolls left the Dawn Council at the creation of Gbaji, it became the Broken Council. The Only Old One remained loyal to the trolls, and armies from Kethaela were among those which opposed Gbaji and were destroyed. Kethaela was conquered by the Broken Council's forces and was placed under the command of Palangio the Vrok, a cruel warrior backed by dwarf magic. He plotted mightily, but he never succeeded in destroying the Castle of Black Glass. Though there were some bandit groups, such as the legendary Hendriki, who evaded capture, the rule of Palangio the Vrok was nonetheless complete and peaceable. Great caravans and armies marched from Kethaela to bring the bright word of chaos to Slontos and beyond.

The strength of the iron Vrok lord weakened somewhat when distant Slontos fell to the approaching army of Arkat Chaosfoe. The Waertagi had been raiding sporadical-

ly throughout the period, but now the raids were bolder and came more often.

When Arkat and his main army landed to liberate Kethaela, he was opposed by a great force, though less than Palangio had hoped. Many of his subjects stayed away, such as the volcano priests of Caladraland; or were occupied by other foes such as the Hendriki in the Storm Hills, the Slontos army to the west, or the trolls who seemed to be everywhere. Arkat's landing was successful, the dwarfs retreated to Gemborg, and Palangio was forced north toward Dragon Pass.

Arkat the Heroquester had taken great pains to make his landing successful. He had mastered the heroquesting art and demonstrated his great courage by undertaking the tasks again and again. He often visited the Other Side to speak to or return with the spirits and heroes of old. In the Holy Country, for instance, he summoned forth King Heort, Vogarth the Strong Man, and Tessele the True, all Silver Age heroes who had vanished from life centuries before.

By Heroquesting Arkat assured himself of superior knowledge, surprise and regenerate strength for each step of his increasingly difficult campaign. To enter Dragon

Pass, he mustered ancient allies of his Unbreakable Sword, and later he called forth all the troll heroes he could remember.

Arkat was no conquerer and tried to leave behind a stable government everywhere he went, to ensure continued cooperation in wiping out the last dregs of chaos inevitably remaining. The Only Old One was reinstated as ruler of his land and it was again called the Shadowlands.

The Shadowlands continued their political existence through the next five centuries as the world changed all about them. The Waertagi were driven from the sea by the navies of the Jrusteli priest-magicians. The Empire of the Wyrms' Friends formed to the north, in Dragon Pass. Both of these organizations were coexistent with a philosophy of magico-religious scientism wherein bands of heroquesters consciously penetrated the Other Side to serve their own ends. In the Shadowlands these needs were filled sufficiently by the ways of Argan Argar, whose castle is ever open to those who dare to enter. Discontents went to greater centers of experimental learning. In the Shadowlands, the ancient powers and heroes remained strong.

Both the Jrusteli and the Empire of the Wyrms' Friends sought to maintain a loyal power base in this area. It is, after all, the crossroads of the continent, and though every power lusted for it and occasionally made a military or magical bid for it, none wished to close or ruin it. Thus, the Shadowlands filled political, religious, and mythical needs and remained intact.

During the disintegration of the great experimental empires, the Shadowlands grew stronger as the Only Old One played upon their weaknesses and needs. The Only Old One turned to destroy those foes of his gods who lived nearest to him. These were the cities of Jador and Lylket, both of which fell to local forces, and the Clanking City, source of so many legends.

The Clanking City was built at the tip of an island by the inheritors of Jrusteli knowledge and magic. There, the residents put their minds and ideas together and discovered some wondrous properties. They devised a process to mass-manufacture magical items for mortal use, and were close to being able to reproduce some supposedly one-of-a-kind items. All the ancient gods howled against this outrage, and thus began the final downfall of the Jrusteli as all of their foes allied for this one purpose. Many peoples, human and otherwise, came to tear down the city, and for years the city successfully resisted all attacks. Its final destruction is the inspiration for epic literature.

In 1042 the Empire of the Wyrms' Friends destroyed itself. The Only Old One supported the remaining peoples and gave particular aid to the liberated Beast Peoples. He extended his protection far into the lands to the north and west as well. He shortly launched a frightening armada of pitch-black ships crewed entirely by trolls.

Many humans fled to the land of Kethaela when the Invincible Golden Horde approached from the north. They found homes, but were never able to achieve any

CHORALINTHOR

Choralinthor is both the name of a god and of the waters he rules: the Choralinthor Sea is also commonly called the Mirrorsea Bay and is located on the south coast of Gener-tela in the region called Kethaela or the Holy Country.

In the war of the gods there were many occasions when sea flooded earth or the earth struck out at the sea, both with intent to do harm. Yet there were also many occasions when the meetings were not terrible, and even some times when loved moved between the water and earth rather than hate.

Esrola is the name of an earth goddess, daughter of Genert and Ernalda. Her body was the earth which lay to the north of the Cosmic Spike, and she was sacred and beloved. The Blue Dragon once traversed her and a grand forest of Yellow Elves sprang across her land. Later, Togaro, the Ocean of Terror, sent his destroying son, the Raging Sea, to cover the northern lands with his waters. Esrola was flooded by the slaying waters, but not before she had met one of the sea gods in love.

Faralinthor was a bright spirit; calm, kind, and quite an unsuitable fellow to be part of an army following the Raging Sea. But such is the nature of water; peaceful calm following unending turmoil, and Faralinthor dawdled about in the wake of the army. At the bottom of the sea Faralinthor met with Esrola. They performed a dance which many in those days knew, and there was formed a fine child whom they called Choralinthor.

The troubles of the gods age worsened, and it grew harder for the god and goddess to meet in peace. Yet they did so despite anger from all sides, and so the area remained long under the salty sea. Eventually Umath, a hateful god spied them together and used his great force to destroy both at once as they lay locked in sweet embrace.

political integration and disappeared from history. After the Dragonkill War of 1100, the Only Old One proved himself to be a troll in magical contest with Kajak-ab Brain Eater and so shared rule of Dragon Pass with the leaders in Dagori Inkarth. This led eventually to the first troll civil war in Dragon Pass which weakened the Shadowland trolls greatly. Then, the terrible curse of the Closing swept upon the ocean and destroyed the black fleet. The westerners called upon Lightbringer worshipers to free them from the Shadowlands and again the troll region declined in size.

With both the seas and Dragon Pass closed to all useful trade, Kethaela was surrounded by poor kingdoms whose residents viewed the Shadowlands as rich prey. Though most of the former richness was gone with the absence of trade, much of value was carried off in plunder during these years. Yet no one invasion was as catastrophic as the appearance of a single, lone stranger.

Belintar was a human being who swam ashore from the deadly sea one bright morning in the year 1313. He had great bearing and power and quickly proved he was no mere pauper washed ashore. He undertook great trials and travels, and he made important friends quickly. His true identity was never learned, though all hell knows that the Only Old One tried.

Belintar revealed that he had come to depose the Only Old One and liberate the land from darkness. He did this through the process of mustering ancient allies on Heroquests and opposing the magical forces which aided the Only Old One. Belintar called forth many of the Silver Age heroes, plus others of a more recent or a different origin. The process was long and difficult. At one point Belintar was slain and completely devoured. But in the end he succeeded. He met the Only Old One himself in combat and cast him down and cut him into pieces. Then he pulverized the Castle of Black Glass, covering all of Shadow Plateau with a dense, heavy black sand which smothered most life. He made other changes in the land too: raising Loon Island and fabricating the City of Wonders in the center of the Mirrorsea. He then took the title of Pharoah and began his rule.

The ascension of the Pharoah in 1318 also marks the beginning use of the term *Holy Country* to describe this place. The Pharoah first used it in his proclamation of rule and the barbarians all about echoed it, for the land was kept holy by its residents through rites arranged by the Pharoah. It prospered internally, and cowed all who might think to invade it. It sent messengers and merchants outward to the west, through Nimistor to Ralios and beyond.

Dragon Pass had been closed to all humans by a powerful Draconic curse in 1100, and since that time only non-humans had lived there. The Beast People, a polyphyletic people, were allies to the Only Old One and fought for him against the usurper, Belintar. When Belintar won and became Pharoah, the Beast People, like some others, chose to withdraw and observe from the safety of the curse in Dragon Pass.

What is interesting is that their hero, Ironhoof the centaur, had already allowed some humans to dwell within their area. He had dubbed them Grazelanders, and they were a peaceful people who loved horses above all else in the world. Whether this was known to the Only Old One is not known, but the Pharoah's scouts who entered the land in 1325 were quite surprised. Ironhoof claimed that the human presence was an example of his personal magic, and that the Pharoah would do well to stay out of Dragon Pass. The Pharoah agreed, and the Stone Cross was erected to mark the boundary. Ironhoof was very proud and gained much fame for this, but the Pharoah never exhibited any territorial aggression and was pleased to have the Grazelanders and the Beast People as his allies to the north.

Dragon Pass was eventually filled by other people, migrating from the north. They founded the kingdom of Tarsh in 1330 and fought a famous war against the growing Lunar Empire. During this time the Pharoah resisted several invasions, and proved the immense power of his land. He insisted upon strict neutrality in all things. Tarsh agreed, and so the Holy Country became a tacit ally.

The place where he struck them dried up and was covered with a great plain of salt. It is still visible under the water.

Choralinthor, an innocent godling, lay where he had been sleeping when his protecting parents were struck down. Silent, the tiny puddle lay quietly as the armies of chaos swept past. Helpless and alone, Choralinthor waited.

Godriver was the first of the freshwater streams to wash down from the sky. He was a heroic god, combating chaos when he was untimely struck down. Thus from the sky fell water, collecting first upon the hilltops before gathering together to rush downslope. There the army often met other water, stagnant and dying, but ready to live with their touch. Choralinthor was one of those stagnant pools, and his gratitude swelled the mighty River into something more. The river was now an ocean, and the waters again began to fill up the world.

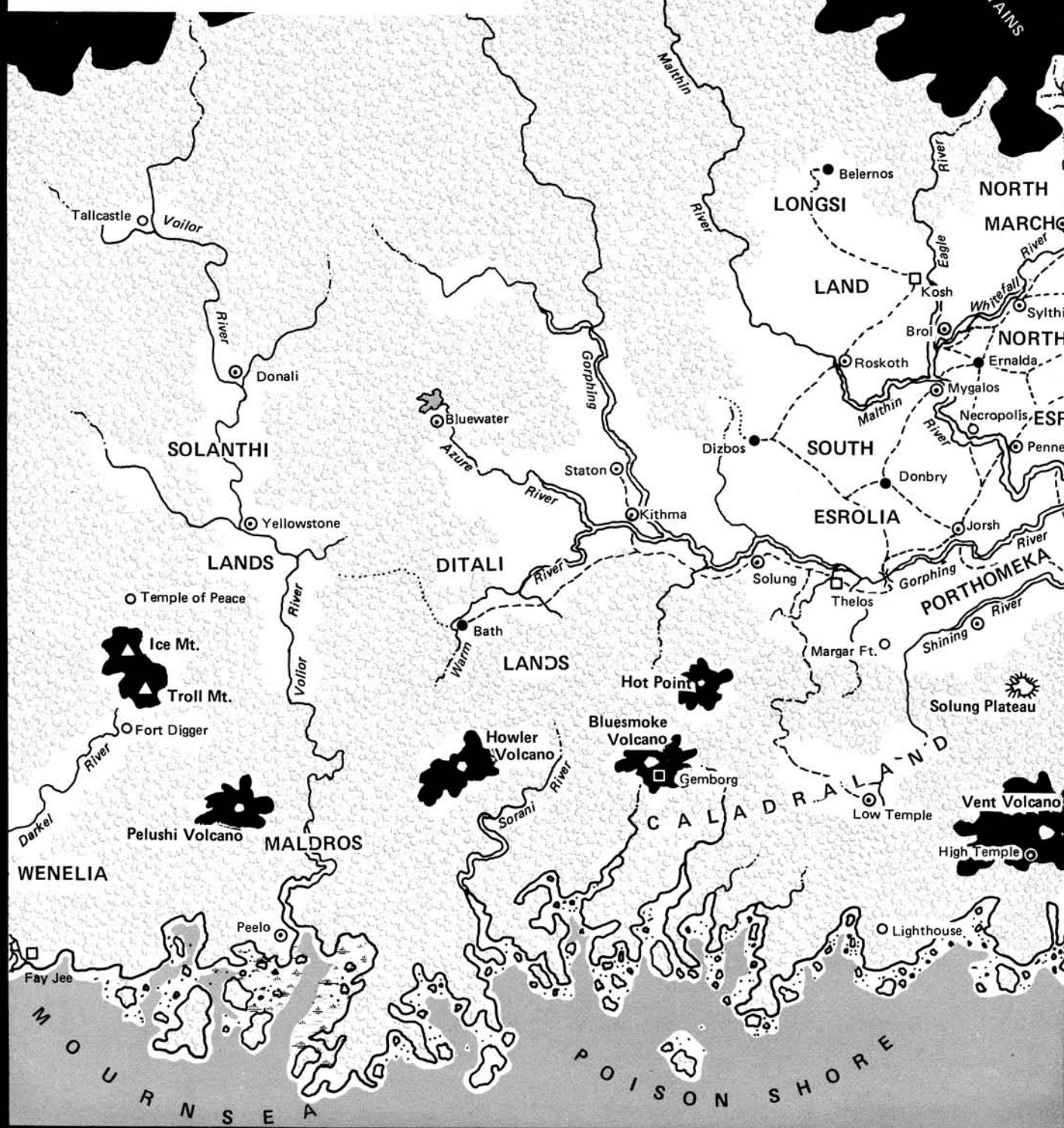
Then disaster struck the world and broke it into pieces when the Cosmic Spike exploded. Magasta, King of the Sea, was the leader in filling the void caused by the explosion. All the seas sprang to help, Choralinthor among them. In this way, all the waters once again became one, and they helped to preserve the broken pieces of the world.

Choralinthor was well-known, but hardly a huge god compared to the mightier waters. He preferred to keep to the place where he had spent his youth, dwelling among the remains of his parents. He kept watch there, calm and sedate, and the bones of his mother broke the rage of the sea. In this way, people learned to call him the Mirrorsea, so calm was he.

When the dawn came, Choralinthor was worshiped by all the Triolini along his coast and he was quick to befriend the related Waertagi who now sailed on the waters. Flesiska, protectress of amphibians, and Pelaskos, God of Fishermen, were also worshiped by the humans who went out in their little boats, as was Diros, the Boat God himself.

Holy Country

- less than 1000
- 1100 - 2500
- ⊙ 2501 - 7500
- ◻ 7501 - 12500
- ◼ 12501 - 50000+
- forest
- elevations above 4000'
- navigable river
- stream
- seasonal stream
- regular road
- trail
- water



SKYREACH
MOUNTAINS

NORTH
MARCH

LONGSI
LAND

SOLANTHI

SOUTH
ESROLIA

LANDS

DITALI
LANDS

PORTHOMEKA

Ice Mt.
Troll Mt.

Hot Point

Solung Plateau

Pelushi Volcano
MALDROS

Howler
Volcano

Bluesmoke
Volcano

CALADRALAND

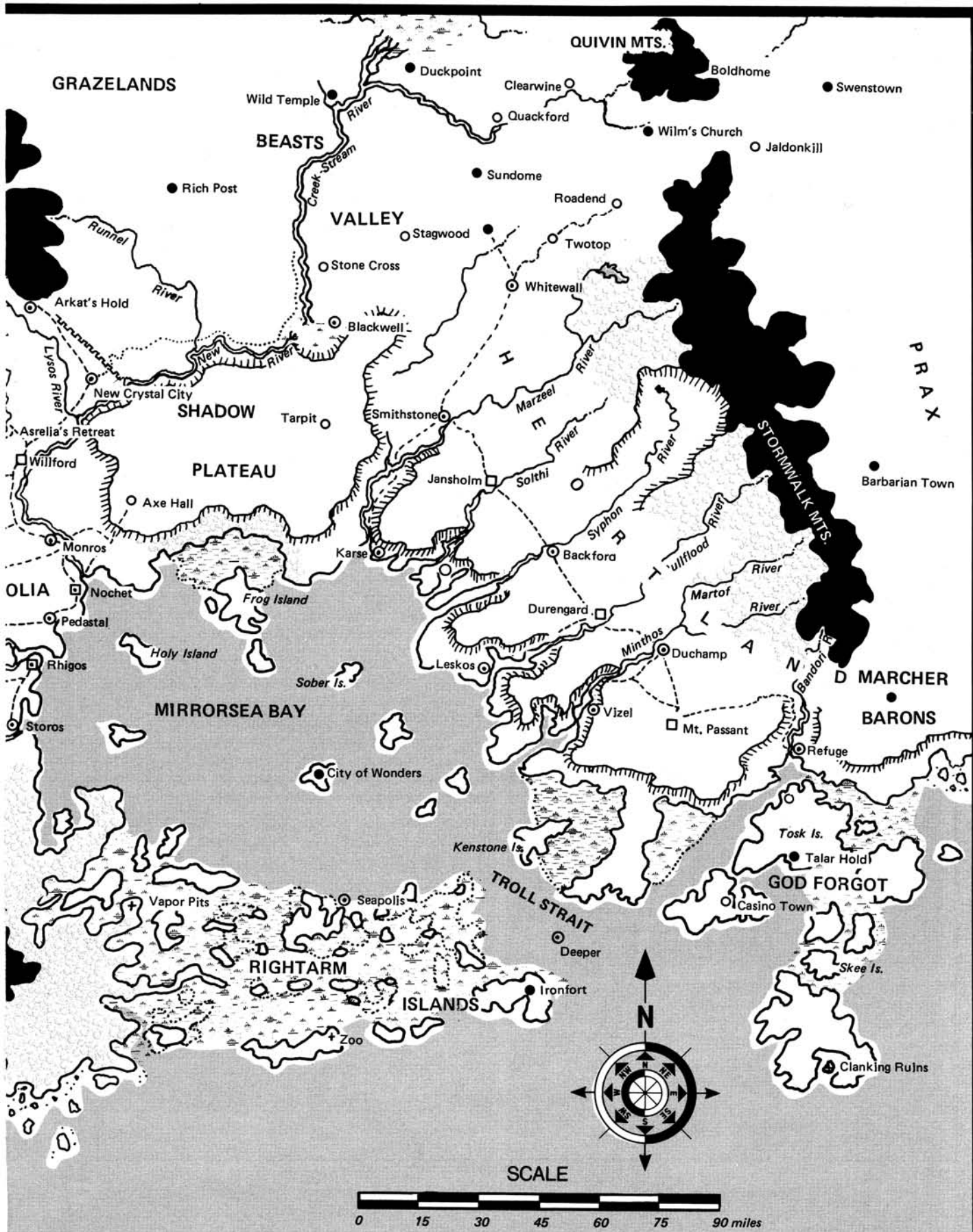
Vent Volcano

WENELIA

High Temple

MOURNSEA

POISON SHORE



Other kingdoms rose and resisted the Lunar Empire for a time, but Tarsh fell in 1490, and Sartar fell in 1602. So the neutrality of the Holy Country came, once again, into question. But this time there was a new factor, for the seas were now open.

The Holy Country contained many old secrets which people sought. The investigations of the Jrusteli and Wyrms' Frienders had unleashed terrible powers which changed the face of the world. Heroquesting had explored and released many ancient things which were blamed for the terrible state of life in the era between 1100 and 1600. Thus people shied from investigation and heroquesting. Yet such forces cannot be suppressed by official decree nor unnatural fear once they are remembered, and folk across the continent again used them, carefully.

Dormal the Sailor was one such, fostered by the benevolence of the Pharoah's land. Upon the researches of others, he finally dared to brave the hostile seas. Others had tried often, and failed, before him. Many methods had been tested. Dormal, with the guidance of his friends and the divine guidance of his heart, finally succeeded.

Dormal maintained that his success was built upon a few simple factors, and as long as they were maintained then other men could sail as he did. These factors include: ship design, a practical stout ship with sails; propitiatory worship, especially to the water gods; and formal cooperation among the crew. Dormal drilled these things into his followers and, in 1580, sailed out of the City of Wonders west to the city of Handra, went across the ocean to the Three Step Isles, and navigated back to the Holy Country. A second fleet was built, and the hero went again to Handra to teach them his secrets. From there he sailed further westward, and Dormal the Opener

spread his knowledge along the coast. His secrets were quickly institutionalized to become the Dormal cult, and the hero sailed westward into the sunset and legend. His followers continued onward, often with less pure motivations than their founder, and human navies once again roamed the waters of Glorantha.

The original fleet built by Dormal remained in the Holy Country. When Dormal left Handra, the Holy Country Fleet sailed in, proclaimed the laws of the sea as determined by their fleet and magic, and proceeded to stake claim to the waterways of the area. Their claim extended westward and south to the coasts of Ramalia and the Three Step Isles and whatever eastward lands their exploratory vessels discovered.

GEOGRAPHY

The region of Kethaela is comprised of the lands which surround the body of water called Choralinthor Bay, after its god, or Mirrorsea, after its nature. The bay is about 100 miles wide and relatively shallow throughout, providing great quantities of warm, well-lit water for life to live and grow in.

By pharaonic decree, the several nations and peoples of the Holy Country maintain their ancient individuality, thereby retaining their unique abilities (gained throughout history) for the service of the whole land.

There are six major nations or groupings in the Holy Country, plus several smaller ones of less significance. Each of these six sends its leader to the Pharoah's Full Council which meets each Sacred Time, and the group is commonly called simply The Six. As a result of this, each of the major provinces is sometimes called a Sixth of

The Opening of the Oceans

The exact nature of the curse which cleared the oceans of surface vessels is not known, nor is the reason for its ending. Dormal never claimed to have broken the curse, just to have sidestepped it. But it was broken, and it has not returned, yet.

Dormal's native land of the Holy Country was the first place to make a large fleet. As Dormal sailed westward, teaching others of his craft, the Holy Country fleet went all about the Mournful Sea area making alliances with the Triolini and suppressing the ships made by the resourceful city of Handra. In 1582 the first naval battles since the Second Age occurred.

Alatan's ruler quickly made many ships like Dormal's. He sent them to carry soldiers to the coast where they seized ports and riches, and then they began to raid the other islands thereabouts. The Mournful Sea Triolini sent to the Holy Country for aid, and in the summer of 1582 fifty ships from Alatan destroyed forty-two from the Holy Country. Many of the islanders paid tribute to the King of Alatan after that.

A number of places quickly built fleets for trade and protection. Those of major note include the Holy Country, Alatan, Pasos, the Vadeli, Arolanit, and Loskalm. Each of these nations had a healthy number of ocean-going vessels afloat by 1583 and each dominated their region of the shore.

The Vadeli had few natural resources to trade and immediately turned toward carrying others' goods for profit. They also suppressed all shipping which sought to cross the Brown Sea towards the Jrusteli Isles. Instead, they outfitted a magnificent fleet and went there, claiming to be messengers of the god Dormal sent to rule them and save them from the sins of their ancestors. This lasted about eight years before other outsiders reached the islands and fomented rebellion.

The Vadeli sailors, though, did not stop in the Jrusteli isles. They crossed the Dashomo to the remnants of the cities in Vralos and Enkloso on the southern continent. These people resisted more stoutly, but fell to the warriors from the north.

The troubles which the Vadeli had in Enkloso gave enough time for the coastal sailors of Pamaltela to prepare themselves. A strong naval tradition had remained in the enclosed Maslo Sea. The ruler there saw his opportunity for commercial splendor, outfitted a large fleet, and sailed westward. Most of the coastal region of the Mathino Sea succumbed to his rule. In 1594 he fought a naval battle against the Vadeli. The Maslo fleet was tired and far from home and took many losses, but when they finally retreated, the Vadeli fleet was wrecked on rocks. The Maslo ruler attempted to maintain his control of the coast, but many of the local ports sought independence and succeeded. He continued to domin-

the Holy Country, even though population and territory does not compose exactly a sixth per province.

The Sixths are the provinces of: Caladraland, Esrolia, Shadow Plateau, Heortland, God Forgot, and the Islands.

The total population of this region (as of approximately 1615 S.T.) is 3,107,000 individuals. These are divided among the countries as follows:

<i>Nation</i>	<i>Population</i>
Caladraland	450,000
Esrolia	1,930,000
Shadowlands	41,000
Heortland	502,000
God Forgot	50,000
Islands	31,000 human 33,000 mermen

CALADRALAND

Caladraland is usually counted first among the Sixths. This land was the earliest nation to befriend the Pharoah, and he originally climbed from the ocean upon its dangerous shores.

Caladraland consists of the volcanic hills and peaks which cover the shore region and penetrate inland for about 160 km (100 miles). The great rainfall of this region has washed away the oldest volcanic cones and left spectacular plateaus standing forth, such as the Solung Plateau. There are less ancient volcanoes, still long dead, such as Hot Point and Lighthouse, and there are living volcanoes strung in line along the coast which regularly smoke, belch lava, and act as spectacular landmarks for coastal naviga-

tion. The most impressive of these is the Vent, a cone rising 2100 meters (7,000 feet) into the sky and is visible through the whole of the area.

The volcanic soil has made this area so rich and thick in its natural growth that it is a jungle teeming with life of many sorts. The natives here have no need to plow, for they are simple horticulturists who use slash-and-burn methods of planting. They do not tend their fields after sowing, but wander off to other tasks.

A major religion here is that of Caladra and Aurelion, civilized deities who tamed the volcano and teach men to live in harmony with it. The priests of this cult advise the people where volcanic pressures must soon be released, and so they can avoid volcanic disasters. The priests of Lodril, another important god (though not so widely worshiped as the Volcano Twins, Caladra and Aurelion), know every underground stream of lava and they are quick to use it in military defense of their homelands. When an enemy invades, the people take to the woods and fight a guerrilla war until they can maneuver a large part of the foe's forces below a live volcano or above a hot spot which the priests will then cause to erupt.

The natives dislike cities, preferring their own clan organization instead. Yet commerce and modern civilization have forced the growth of some population centers in Vinavale, and history has left Caladraland holding the lowland area called Porthomeka, a place of foreign culture.

The western end of the volcano chain is not directly under the rule of the masters of Caladraland, but maintains its own small tribes centered about their own volcanoes. The priesthood here still obeys the high priests of the Vent, but the corporal leadership of this area does not

ate the eastern coast of the land, at least for shipping and trading rights.

A journey to Teleos was difficult and dangerous. The Togaro Current was fierce and unpredictable, and many feared even to try. The first who attempted the trip did not return, but by 1598 ships had gone there and back, using the circuitous routes necessary. The East Isles had also been reached, and the Haragalan Fleet established itself there.

The fleet of Dormal's homeland, the Holy Country, engaged in a difficult war with the Alatan pirates. In 1585 Alatan was attacked by the Pasos fleet, but the pirates sailed west and left the island to be sacked. The Holy Country fleet combed the Mournful Isles for them. With help from merman allies, they found and destroyed the pirates in a battle. A treaty was made with Pasos to suppress all ships in the Alatan area, which promptly transformed into a number of pirate communities rather than a single nation.

In 1586 the first formal expedition set sail eastward from the Holy Country and, after several mishaps, reached Teshnos. Their reception was mixed. The admiral carried favor, made friends, and established a port called Dosakayo. Explorations through Fethlon encountered many small-boat fleets of pirates, including many Yellow Elves. Treaties, force, and judicious evasion into deep waters gained passage. The next year the fleet sailed into Kralori waters, hoping for the best. Instead, they met the inland fleet and were destroyed.

Report of this reached the Holy Country in the next year (1588). The Pharoah decided to consolidate the trade in Dosakayo and leave the Kralori to themselves.

The Kralori empire built a navy, but they were content to patrol their own regions and left the rest of the world in peace. However, their intrepid merchants went forth, trading with Teshnos and exploring the fabled Eastern Isles. Trade from there began to trickle into the Kralori lands about 1589.

The East Isles are of all sizes, and hold a hundred wonders. No one knows where these marvelous lands end and the fabled Lands of the Dawn begin. One important island is called Haragal, and from that place came new rulers who fortified their island and wrought a fleet to defend themselves. The Haragalan fleet paid no attention to Dormal but said their own version of his prayers.

Haragalan and Kralori ships reached Teleos about the year 1595. They made to attempt to cross the treacherous Togaro Ocean, but were pleased to meet the Maslo sailors who did so in c. 1598.

Thus, by 1598 all of the seas of mankind had been opened. The curse of four centuries had been broken in less than 20 years. Each region had troubles, systems breaking down as local navies and leaders established themselves. The Triolini, unused to ships, also caused problems in spots, but by 1600 the seas of the world were fully navigable.

obey the government of Caladraland nor of the Pharaoh. These folk are called the Western Allies.

Caladraland's government is headed by a president who serves a term of six years. This president is elected by the clan leaders from among their number. Each president may serve but one term at a stretch, nor may any kinsman of a president succeed to the position next, either. The priesthood and the populace must approve the presidential choice after the clan leaders have decided.

Caladraland has a thin population in comparison with the lowlands, and so the hill barbarians to the west often prefer to raid this hilly area which is similar to their own territory. Years of this have resulted in the seizure of the state called Thonble, which has remained a troubled region, but now all fighting occurs there instead of within Caladraland proper.

ESROLIA

Esrolia is a densely populated matriarchal country which occupies the northwestern portion of the Holy Country between Mirrorsea Bay and the Old Woods, where elves still dwell. It consists of several rich valleys and rolling lands between them, broken only by two significant rises: Thorab and Willford Hills.

The residents here are mostly farmers worshipping Barntar the Plowman and his parent, Ernalda the Earth Mother. The Mother here has many husbands. Among them are Orlanth, Yelm, and Argan Argar, all considered associate cults to Ernalda, and inferior to her.

The population is dense, "too dense" say many. The people are considered to be oppressed peasants by outsiders, and have been so since the middle of the First Age. It has many towns and cities including Nochet, one of the biggest cities in all Glorantha with a population of about 100,000 people.

The government of Esrolia consists of several ruling families of women who vie for dominance over the others and who usually maintain an uneasy but peaceful alliance. At times this system has broken down to civil war, but the Pharaoh's rule prevents much of that.

SHADOW PLATEAU

This is a great ancient plateau raised by the god Lodril during the Gods War, who then refined a portion of it to form the City of Black Glass. That magical edifice remained inviolate for centuries until it was broken by the Pharaoh. All that now remains is a land of ghosts, black sand swirling about the top of the plateau, and a great bubbling tarpit where the center of the palace once stood.

At the north end of the area lies the Lead Hills, the skeleton of a monster slain by the Pharaoh. This creature did much to change the land in its death, damming the Creekstream River and forcing the Pharaoh to dig the New River to compensate. This left the Styx Grotto, an immense complex of underground caves, high and dry and accessible to the bold and/or the foolish.

Trolls live in this land. Nothing else could survive. They are concentrated in the Styx Grotto, whose deeper recesses are quite unknown to humankind, and in the city of Blackwell, where they serve out the Pharaoh's command to keep all away from the mystic well at the center.

The Tangle is an area so overgrown that it is difficult for anyone to pass through. It lies between the plateau and the bay and drifts off imperceptibly into the Bottomland Marsh.

HEORTLAND

This is a high plateau occupying most of the eastern part of land around the Mirrorsea Bay. There is a narrow coastal strip which quickly gives way to three hundred meter cliffs ending atop a plateau. Five rivers have cut gouges from the plateau top to the sea and these form the only normal access from shore to the upland farms. Only in the northern part, around the Marzeel River, does the land sink into the Volsaxi Valley.

The people here are mostly farmers of Barntar's cult. They worship Orlanth as king of the gods, and Ernalda as his wife. Their culture is labelled Orlanthi, and follows the pattern of typical hill barbarians who worship the Light-bringers. The civilizing influence of the country has turned the tribal and clan organization into a more cohesive whole reflecting the feudal nature of the Hendriki tribe which inherited the rule of the land from Arkat the Conqueror hundreds of years ago.

East of the farmlands rise low wooded hills, then a steep mountain range called the Storm Mountains. Most prominent among them is Stormwalk, where the Storm Bull supposedly resides at times. The rugged nature of this land prevents passage between Heortland and Prax, which lies on the far side of the Storm Mountains.

GOD FORGOT

God Forgot is the name of the islands also known as the Left Arm or Lesser Archipelago. Its name comes from the wail of its inhabitants at the Dawn, who long bemoaned the loss of their favorite deity. They did not understand the nature of the disaster which beset them and developed instead a rabid atheistic belief. When the Jrusteli culture touched them, they bloomed with the new mysteries unveiled before them. These atheist scientists developed radical machines never before seen or imagined. Among their creations were kite parachutes, pedalled helicopters, hot air balloons, one-man submarines, and a mobile fortress.

The nature and bent of these people incurred the jealousy of the Mostali, a spiteful and vindictive race which plotted and worked all the world into a war to destroy their foes. This resulted in one of the more colorful epics of the end of the Second Age, wherein many forces joined to throw down the Clanking City. After years of war and death the task was completed. All that was left behind were cursed ruins set with traps, disease, and ghosts.

The people who survive in God Forgot retain their individual nature and are considered weirdly different by

others in the world. But they are a small population and considered less harmful than they used to be.

These folk are ruled by ancients using the Brithini forms of life and government. Their ruler is called the Talar, and he is advised by wizards, guarded by staunch soldiers, and supported by loyal farmers.

THE ISLANDS

The Greater Archipelago is sometimes called the Rightarm Islands, or simply the Islands. Here are several dozen spots of land which change radically in size according to the tides. Hence, most are covered by salt marshes with twisted channels capable of changing weekly.

The residents are mostly fishermen who ply the coast and the bay for their goods. They work closely with the native Triolini, who are the larger part of the populace, but who never leave the water. To humans the sailors are the more evident, and many think of the islands as being run by the human admirals rather than by the merchief who rules from beneath Troll Channel.

Government of the dry spots (the islands) is controlled by the underwater folk. The fishermen are dependent upon the good will of the sea folk for their livelihood, and hold no grudge for this form of rulership. A single High Admiral of the Boats is appointed over all Legged Folk by the merchief, and the Pharoah has made this admiral commander of his naval fleet.

Cults worshiped throughout the islands begin with Choralinthor, who lives beneath the waters and often visits his beloved, and Magasta, greatest of all sea gods. Also worshiped are Golod, god of Fish; Diros, god of boats; and Dormal, god of ships.

Seapolis is their major settlement, numbering about 4,000 residents of mixed human and Triolini.

THE VOYAGES OF DORMAL

Dormal and his first fleet opened the oceans in 1580 by sailing to Handra and Three Step Islands, then returning to the Holy Country without mishap. This was a remarkable event, and the Pharoah immediately ordered more ships built. Dormal took some of his original ships and some of the new ships and set off westward in a voyage of exploration and liberation.

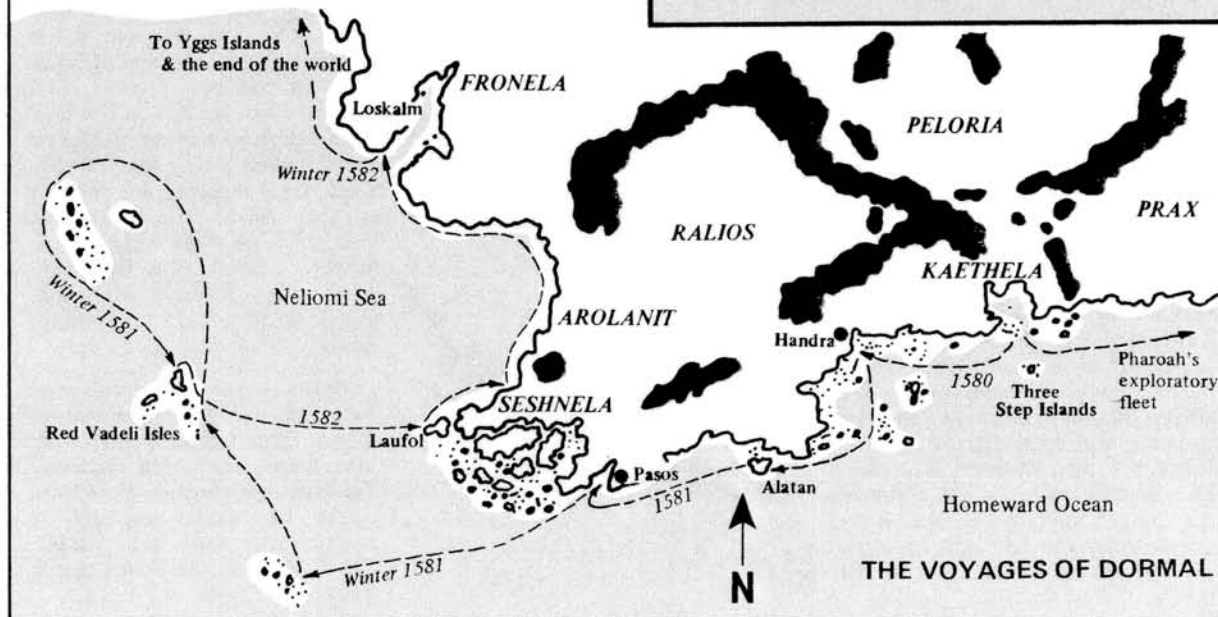
Dormal first returned to the city of Handra. The people there had wasted no time in exploiting their enlightenment, and were already building ships. A fleet of boats was busy scuttling across the Mournful Sea making friends with the many Triolini peoples who lived there. Dormal told them of his westward voyage and was joined by some people from that city as well.

Dormal set off from Handra late in the year and the growing bluster of winter forced the fleet to take refuge in Alatan. This island was ruled by a hard and cruel man named Jobar. He tried to kill Dormal and seize his ships. Instead, he was killed and another made king in his place.

During 1581 Dormal sailed to Pasos, through some of the Seshnelan Islands, then went across the sea to the Vadeli Isles, and spent the rest of the year seeking Brithos, which turned out to be no longer on this plane. Instead, Dormal was the first to discover the Red Vadeli Isles and their previously unknown inhabitants, when he spent the winter there.

In 1582, Dormal sailed to Seshnela, noting the new cities and ancient ruins of that land. He stopped in Laufol where wizards tried to detain him but failed. Then he went northward to Fronela, where the Loskalm fleet (sheltered from the Closing in the safety of their bay) came to fight this foreign invasion. Dormal defended himself and proved the worth of his ship design. Then he befriended the Loskalm king, who called all his boat builders to listen. Dormal stayed the winter in Fronela.

In 1583, Dormal sailed northward, to the glacier, and then moved west. His last known stop was Yggs Isles, where one of his ships was wrecked. Then he sailed westward to find Luathela, despite warnings from the primitive peoples on Yggs. From there, say his priests, he sailed to immortality and godhead from whence come his current powers.



SPECIES SPOTLIGHT:

Unicorns

By Sandy Petersen



Unicorns are white, horse-like animals which live in Gloranthan forests and on the plains of Prax. They possess long, tasseled, lion-like tails, tufts of hair behind each hoof, and a somewhat goat-like beard. They also have cloven hooves, which betrays the fact that unicorns are actually not closely related to horses at all, but are cousins of the antelope and deer. They are generally smaller than horses, and their long spiral horn is unique – it is hard to mistake an adult unicorn for any other animal. Their graceful movement is unmatched by any horse, though an occasional deer, bounding through the thickets, catches a bit of its beauty. Most unicorns have a short, fine coat of fur. This fur is delicate, like that of a cat, rather than coarse such as that of a horse or cow. Unicorns living in the far north, by the Maidstone mountains, are shaggy, with long fur.

Unicorns originated on the Spike, where they dwelt in the forests on that fabled mountain's slopes, in harmony with elves and goddesses alike. When the Spike was splintered by the force of the Devil, the great majority of unicorns perished. Some survived, and occasionally healed others resisting chaos. Armies that battled chaos sometimes were spotted by an occasional unicorn warrior. Unicorns were never a common race, and when the Spike was doomed, they faded into the obscurity they possess today.

Unicorns are one of the few quadrupedal intelligent species in Glorantha. They dwell in open forests throughout central and western Genertela. Comparatively large numbers of these graceful creatures exist around the fringes of the Dara Happa river valley, the Fronelan woodlands, and the northern forests of Ralios, nestled up against the Rockwood Mountains.

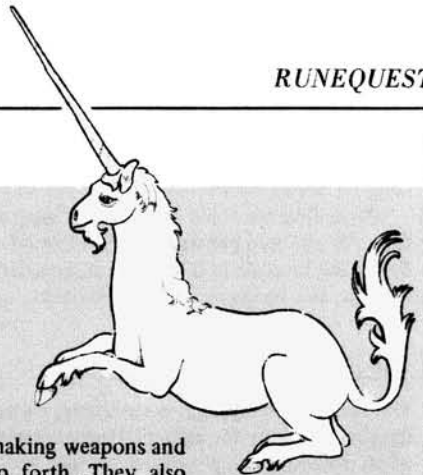
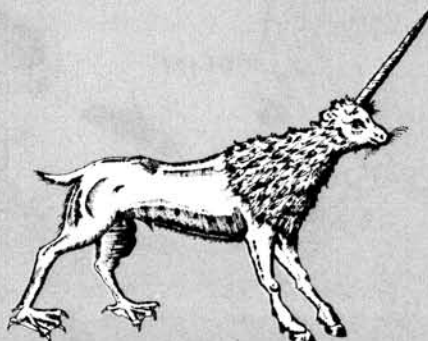
Although Prax is not at all suitable in climate or food-stuffs, a large band of unicorns survive there by dint of a symbiotic relationship with the Unicorn Women, an all-female tribe that inhabits Prax and the wastes beyond. This tribe does not subsist off of their unicorns – rather, they hunt or eat captured animals. Not all the tribe members have their own unicorns, and a shortage is felt. The Unicorn Women maintain their numbers by kidnapping babies, converts, and through the fact that some of the tribeswomen do not ride unicorns. These non-riders take care of the tribe's more mundane worries –

dividing food, making weapons and clothing, and so forth. They also mate with slave males and produce children. Non-virgin women that join the Unicorn Women must, of necessity, join this caste. Many retired Unicorn Women do the same. The unicorns from this tribe have learned to be more social than normal wild unicorns.

Unicorns are believed to be immortal. This is unproven, but it is a matter of record that no unicorn is known to have died a natural death since the beginning of Time. Perhaps unicorns are mortal, but their natural lifespan is longer than Time has lasted so far.

Unicorns are a solitary race, and may live for centuries without ever seeing another unicorn. They have no need for social contact beyond that of caring for their own sons until the unicorn foal reaches maturity. Even the unicorns of Prax, which are perforce forced into bands, do not interact with each other to any great degree. The great unicorn charges so feared by other Praxians are the result of the unicorns charging in unison with their riders, not as a result of the unicorns acting en masse. When a group of a dozen or so unicorns is left to its own in a confined area, an interesting phenomenon is seen (this can be observed in the courtyard of the Yelornan temple in the Pavis Rubble); each unicorn will wander about the courtyard engaging in activities, but they will usually completely ignore each other, their activities rarely coinciding. One may gallop gracefully around the enclosure's interior, another may arrange fallen flowers into an attractive pattern. Still another may graze thoughtfully from the boughs of a tree. Horses penned up in the same situation would demonstrate details of the equine social structure – they would nuzzle each other, gallop in groups, or eat together. But unicorns have no social structure. They can be friendly to other beings, but are always aloof and extremely reserved. This fact, combined with their beauty, has broken the hearts of unicorn lovers everywhere.

Unicorns have no native language, and are often incapable of speech. Even unicorns that have been taught use speech sparingly. The Praxian unicorns have all been taught the native language to communicate with their riders. Forest unicorns sometimes speak Aldryami, taught by elves.

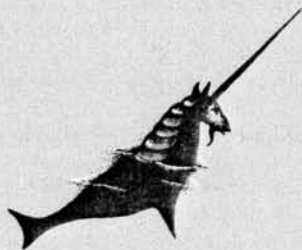


All living unicorns are male. In a sense they are a gentle counterpart to the horror of the brood. To reproduce, unicorns mate with lesser animals, including mares, does, or fine-boned hinds. A unicorn mates but once a year, and can only mate with a virgin female — hence, one can mate with a given female but once. This mating gives rise to a single offspring. If the offspring is male, it is a unicorn foal. If it is female, it is a delicate and graceful example of the mother's species. Upon maturity, unicorn-sired deer and mares are favored mates for unicorns. Unicorns sprung from such a union, in which the mother herself was sired by a unicorn,

are sometimes called "purebred." In some areas, unicorns have descended through several generations of pure-breeding. These purer unicorns have glossy, clear white coats of fur, and sometimes almost seem to glow. Less pure uni-

corns are still dazzling white, but those unicorns that have descended for some time through impure lines are sometimes merely light gray; not white at all. The Praxian unicorns are generally grayish, although some of them are still pure white, demonstrating a purer ancestry.

Unicorns do not mate with human females, except in legends, and are never overpowered by lust, unlike humans and other short-lived beings. Though they do not mate with them, unicorns are attracted to virgin females of most intelligent species, perhaps because unicorns must mate with non-sentient creatures.



Unicorn foals have no horn; just a whitish spot upon the forehead. This blossoms into a full horn within three to five years after foaling. The foal's sire will remain with its son for a decade or two, until the foal reaches maturity and moves away. A unicorn will generally raise but a single foal at a time. Near elf-forests, the elves sometimes tend unicorn foals, enjoying the animal's company until it reaches adulthood. Newly-foaled unicorns are affectionate and loving, but as they mature, they become more and more reserved and wild, until they finally depart, breaking the hearts of elven women.

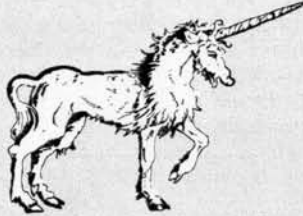
Unicorns have religious feelings, and express these through inner perfection and knowledge of nature. Some unicorns become shamans of great power. These can learn the name of every animal dwelling in their forests,

from sparrow to fish, and live at peace with their glens and trees. Elves and other wild beings sometimes attempt to seek healing or help from these powerfully magic unicorns. Other unicorns rarely seek them out.

Unicorns feed upon delicate plants, wildflowers, fruit in season, and tree leaves. They eat grasses and weeds only in times of famine, and cannot live long on such coarse fare.



[1480] Accept the universe as your confidante and listen for answers, or, failing that, find a person to love. [1481] The eastern portion of Genertela developed from a different cultural milieu than the central and western portions. The east was originally settled by men and gods during the solar Golden Age, and it never lost its original bias even after the (standard) Gloranthan Time began. Their culture, then, predates the Great Darkness. The ancient genealogies record eras which came and went before the origin of Death threatened the world. The casual entry of Yelm as one of the rulers in the dynasty denotes an entire mythological eon equivalent to over a million years, in out historical context. It takes careful reading of the official documents to find the facts of the struggle against Storm, Chaos, and Time. The ruling dynasty of god-kings maintained a rigid, though philosophical, magical attitude which gave them great personal and social strength. They confronted each issue, major or minor, as part of the same mundane fabric which they chose to see as an enemy. Thus they view Orlanth, Kajaboom, and the Seshnegi invaders of 770 [ST] as part of one problem which can be treated using the same timeless methods. The fourth ruler of the dynasty was the first person to label the political entity he ruled the Kingdom of Splendor. Before that the land was part of the Golden Empire. [1482] An ancient sailor's ditty begins with this line: "When an old-time god won't do, try a swig o' Powli brew." [1483] What Alfgar Whitecloak, chieftain of the Grey Fox of the Sambarri, heard from a man in Backford: "There is a warrior king there who wears a hart's mask and helmet. Spirits build his great hall many ages ago. He is king of a Ring of Iron, and every counselor is a heroquester or a chieftain in hiding." Why did you leave? "Me, the son of a wheelwright? I would be lucky to hold some nobleman's horse and sleep in the snow outside the Hall. I prefer this place, our world, where my own might and right can earn me some deserved recognition. I would rather be a chieftain of peasants than be a peasant chieftain among the likes of Heort's Hall." Are they dead, then? "Not now. Not all of them. But soon. How can they live up there, sitting in their ice cold hall without food or drink — nothing but prayer. How will they fight, most of them like skeletons sheathed in ice, if they live at all. It is not a place for normal men." And you saw Egil Cragbrow? "Indeed, from your description it could be none other. And upon his brow he wore a sacred crown, like the Sartar barbarian kings wear, and upon his arm was a quicksilver ring set with an obsidian stone, much like the one you wear, sir." [1484] A partial account of a study by Ocron Everseer the sage. "... In order to discover what sort of essence it was that the hated monsters drew their strength from, I imprisoned a walktapus inside a stone well and fed it on raw fish and weeds. It would not eat the weeds until they had begun to rot in the well's dampness. Once a week, I supplemented the thing's diet with a cow dead of the bloat or other carrion, and it grew steadily, if slowly. When I had the monster captured, it was of moderate size — no more than 70 Tarsh stone in weight [about 170 kg]. On the diet of ordinary carrion, the creature grew over a period of 6 years, reaching a weight of around 250 Tarsh stone [about 600 kg], before it tore itself to bits in a frenzied attempt to reproduce. I destroyed all the monster's fragments except for one tentacle, which I fed upon a diet of dead goats until it had reached a weight of 70 Tarsh stone, equal to the monster's weight when I first obtained it. The walktapus grew quickly, reaching the desired weight within a year and a half. I then fed the creature on a diet of slain dryads, dark trolls, and ghouls. On this somewhat more magical diet, the creature reached a bulk of over 300 Tarsh stone [about 750 kg] within a single year. The creature then again managed somehow to destroy itself, and dissolved into a heap of twitching chunks. I then destroyed the remainder of the walktapus pieces. I believe that the extraordinary speed of growth shown by the animal when fed magical carcasses clearly shows the source of the walktapus' nourishment, though further experiment is certainly



Unicorns do not dwell in lairs or dens, but live freely in the open. They will live near a favored spot, near some hidden pool or tree grove within the forest depths. They have no real natural enemies, and most forest creatures fawn on them. Lesser animals frequently come to a unicorn for healing, and they may even defend a unicorn if it is endangered. Many a human hunting party has encountered not only its unicorn prey, but defending bears, wolves, pumas, and stags arrayed to protect their healer.

A unicorn can, of course, defend himself; lunging and parrying with his glistening horn. The horn is sturdily reinforced at the base, where there is often a four-pointed star of shiny fur, and is difficult to snap. If the horn is broken,

much of the unicorn's spirit and verve for life departs: it may well flee in panic. The unicorn horn has powers beyond those of battling; a unicorn can heal wounds and detect poison with a touch of its horn.

In *RuneQuest* game terms, a unicorn can heal by a touch of the horn. Each point of damage healed takes a point of POW from the unicorn. This healing can even reattach a severed limb, if six or more POW points are expended on the injury. This power will also heal poison or disease damage. However, each attribute point or CON point lost through poison or disease costs the unicorn a point of permanent POW to heal, so they are reluctant to exercise this ability. A unicorn can detect poison by a touch of the horn, and always poke their food with the horn before eating. If the horn is made into a cup, it will shatter when poison is placed into it.

A unicorn horn has 30 hit points, and can both attack and parry in a round with a basic Strike Rank of 2. It cannot damage a parrying weapon (except for shields), but it can impale a target. If the horn is damaged, the unicorn will expend POW to heal it in battle; this takes no time, and the unicorn can continue to fight normally. Each point of POW expended will heal a single hit point of the horn. If the horn is actually broken, either by a single blow, or because the unicorn has run out of POW to repair it, the unicorn can only regain its horn through Rune magic or similarly powerful spells. Elves are generally glad to perform such magic for a unicorn.

Characteristics Average

STR	2D6+24	31
CON	2D6+6	13
SIZ	2D6+18	25
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	2D6+12	19
DEX	2D6+6	13
CHA	2D6	7

Move	12
Hit Point Average	18



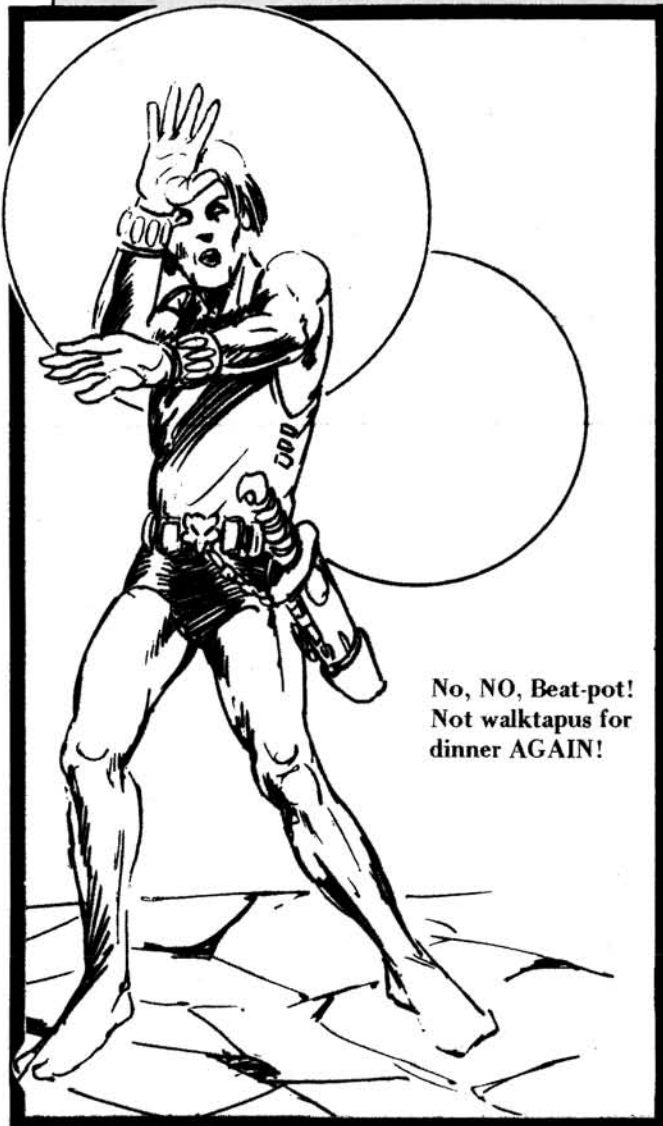
<i>Weapon</i>	<i>SR</i>	<i>Attk%</i>	<i>Damage</i>	<i>Parr%</i>	<i>Pts</i>
Gore*	4	90%	1D10+2D6	90%	30
Kick*	6	60%	1D8+2D6	—	—
Rear and* Plunge	6	60%	2D8+2D6	—	—
Trample*	6	75%	4D6 to downed foe only		

* A unicorn can attack only once in a round, and greatly prefers to gore with the horn. It may kick as it is running away, but may rear and plunge down only upon foes that are to the front. A unicorn can parry even when not attacking with the horn.

ARMOR: None

SPELLS: Unicorns usually have at least spells equal to their INT. They do not bother to learn Healing spells, for obvious reasons.

HIT LOCATION TABLE: Unicorns use the same hit location table as do horses. The horn of a unicorn cannot be specifically attacked, though it can be broken when parrying.



**No, NO, Beat-pot!
Not walktapus for
dinner AGAIN!**

THE DISPATCH OF FADABIUS

Translation by Jim McCormick

Boldhome
Eve of the Full Moon.

To Vail-ja of Cimon-al-Rah in the company of Wemyss,
commander of the Blue Dragoons at Furthest

From Fadabius Sunncil of Nasmer
in the company of the Royal Librarian

Greetings, old friend:

Deregos led me to believe there was yet a chance for communication, despite these tense days. I shall be brief, for our friendship demands it and time is short.

News from the lowlands, confused, sparse, and delayed as it is, confirms our worst fears. Wintertop is rising. Several days have passed since the Lord of Roven fled to Sartar patrols from his farms along the Bush Range. Most of the blood-kin escaped though Darisyn was raped and slain. All serfs and cattle were pressed into the service of dragonewt pirates. His houses and stores were burnt.

Sarn swore the Unnatural One has gained an alliance with both the Grazeland peoples and the murderers of Darisyn. This is a formidable threat to both the Lunar Imperium & Sartar. The west wind brings the stink of a blight that spreads across our borders. Androgeus is stronger than either empire already; once she grows fat on the blood of our borderlands, our doom is sealed.

Whatever great anger Argrath & Jar-eel feel each for the other, one mutual purpose must prevail before these pretty duels can proceed: the destruction of Tarsh.

Naltain assures me that even Harrek urges alliance with Furthest against Tarsh, but time is short. Brigandry reduces the Lunar temple in Bagtop to rubble, where Tarsh bandits freely wench and defile the goddess.

I urge you to use your influence with Baldric – there is no time to leave this in the hands of poltroons and the jackassery of ministers which plague the capitals of our empires. If he could drop a word to Aelwrin at the matches there could be hope.

May I assure the Librarian? Must yet another lineage feed the crow?

May the gods grant you & Sartu good health,

For years players have been asking about how illusions can be manufactured using the *RuneQuest* rules and how they operate in Glorantha. Well, after much discussion and deliberation, here are the official *RuneQuest* rules on illusions – their theory and manufacture.

ILLUSION MAGIC

by Greg Stafford



Illusion is the source of the universe, claims Eurmál, and every one of his worshipers knows this to be true. Eurmál has proved it many times for he can perform the impossible. He can make reality – a fact proved impossible by *RuneQuest*. It is not always permanent reality, of course, since it is so hard to keep it inside Time, but even the priests of this strange god can perform the feat using Rune magic. Since these powers come from Eurmál, who is the ruler of the Illusion Rune, these are called spells of illusion. Do *not* think that illusion is not real! Once an illusion has been created, it becomes a part of reality, however temporary. Illusions cannot be “disbelieved.” An illusion with substance can even do damage and be damaged.

FRAME: 1-point spell, duration 15 minutes, range touch, reusable, non-stackable

This spell provides a foundation for other illusion spells to be cast upon. Illusion spells can be cast on pre-existing objects, thus negating any need for this spell. Any number of illusion spells can be stacked upon a Frame. They are then freed of any telltale underlying substance, such as a rock or tree. A Frame may be cast upon a pre-existing illusion. For example, if an illusion were upon a pile of gold to make it look like dead leaves, if the gold were moved, the leaf illusion would move with it. However, if a Frame were cast upon the illusion, the gold could be moved, and the leaf illusion would stay behind. The Motion spell may only be cast upon a Frame.

MOTION: 1-point spell, duration 15 minutes, range 160m, reusable, stackable

This spell must be cast upon a Frame. It will allow the Frame to move around according to the desires of the caster within the range of the spell. It does not animate the illusion, which must be done by using a Harmonize spell. The caster must maintain concentration to keep the frame moving. He may concentrate on both the Motion spell and on Harmonizing the Frame. For each point in the spell, the Frame may move at a speed of 3m/melee round, which is equal to a speed of 1.

ODOR: 1-point spell, duration 15 minutes, range touch, reusable, stackable

This spell will reproduce a single odor from the caster's memory. Odor is the same for all species and can be used to fool other creatures. One point of this spell will create an odor about as intense as that of a normal pan of frying onions. Unpleasant odors of three times this intensity (3 points of the spell) will force those smelling to make a roll matching their CON vs. the odor intensity. Failure results in nausea. If the odor is six times normal intensity, demoralization can also result.

TASTE: 1-point spell, duration 15 minutes, range touch, reusable, stackable

This illusion creates a single taste to cover 1 SIZ point of area. The taste must usually be known by the caster, and

the item will taste in the way that he is familiar. If he lacks taste buds, the item is tasteless, and this spell is useless. Interspecies taste is not the same, and it is impossible to reproduce known tastes for other creatures with this spell. If the caster were to cast the taste of beer onto a canteen, and a troll were to drink of it, the liquid in the canteen would taste like beer tastes to a human — not a troll.

SIGHT: 1-point spell, duration 15 minutes, range touch, reusable, stackable

This spell creates a visual illusion which will register upon light-sensitive organs. Each point of the spell will cover a volume of SIZ 3. To cover a child, for example, will cost 1 point, but the illusion could be of anything desired with a SIZ of 3. If a 1-point illusion of armor plating were placed on a SIZ 6 object, the armor would cover only a part of the item and it would be visibly deficient. Of course, an illusion could be cast to cover only the head or other portion of a target. Sight illusions are not detectable by troll or dwarf darksense.

SOUND: 1-point spell, duration 15 minutes, range touch, reusable, stackable

This spell will make sound equal in din to one man's normal speaking voice or loud tread. The sound must be specified as to nature, duration, and intent at its casting. The referee should rely upon the player's stated intent, instead of specified noises. If the character wishes to change the sound he must spend a full melee round concentrating on the change. Once a sound is began, it may run the duration of the spell without attention from the caster. Any sound created must normally be audible to the caster. For

example, a human could not reproduce the ultrasonic sounds produced by hunting trolls.

SUBSTANCE: 1-point spell, duration 15 minutes, range touch, reusable, stackable

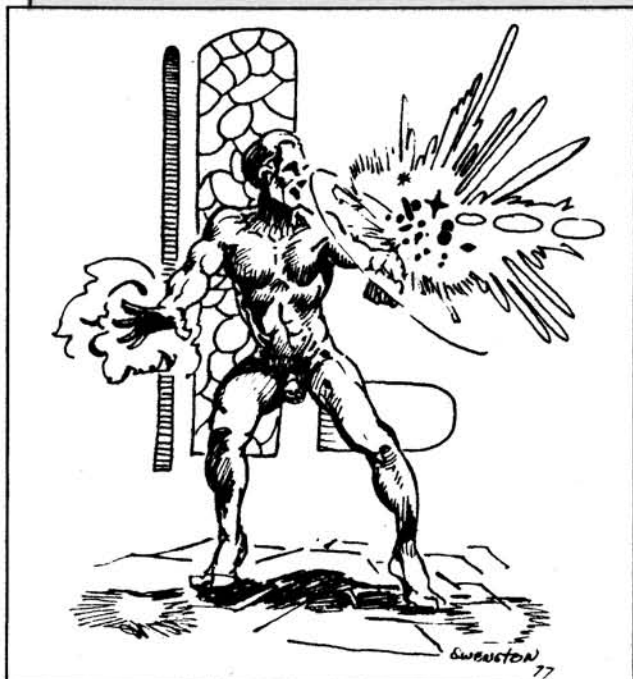
This spell adds 1 SIZ point of solid matter onto a frame or onto an item. Additional spells stacked together will add to the total Size. For purposes of combat, 1 SIZ = 1 Hit Point for an illusion.

An illusion with substance can do damage. 1 SIZ of illusion can do 1D2 points of damage, 2 SIZ illusions can do 1D3 points, and 3 SIZ can do 1D6 points. Each additional 3 points of SIZ will add an additional 1D6 to the damage done. For an illusion Frame to cause damage, the victim must either strike himself into it (such as walking through an illusory fire or jumping onto illusory spikes) or a Motion must be cast upon the Frame. Of course, if the Substance is cast upon an object, the object may be wielded to do damage (as in the case of casting Substance 3 upon a reed, making it act like a sword, and then striking one's foes).

More on Illusions:

Other illusion spells certainly exist, and are available from Eurmial, but they are seldom used by most worshippers. Every sense used by any organism on Glorantha can be fooled by an illusion spell, or by two or more such spells used together. For example, the Substance spell acts to reproduce the sense of touch, and can be varied in texture. In order for an illusion to reflect sound, and thus fool a troll's darksense, it must have Substance. To fool a dwarf's motion sense, it must have both Substance and Motion, in order to create an air current. If the Substance created is combined with Taste, and formed into the form of an edible object, it will attract the hunger sense of a krashtkid.

If an illusion is thrown upon a moving object, it will move with the object. An illusion cast upon a target will mask contradicting noises, odors, sights, or tastes produced by the target. For example, if a Sound illusion of a pig squealing were thrown upon an honest burgher of Jonstown, whenever the burgher were to attempt to speak, the sound of a pig's grunts would be heard instead of his voice. If the illusion were a 1-point Sound, the victim could shout loudly, and partially drown out the pig-noises, though they would still be audible. A 2 or 3 point Sound would render the victim incapable of making any sound audible to others for the spell's duration (except for the magical oinking). However, the victim's voice still exists; it is just masked by the spell. If he were to sing a magical song, the magic inherent in the song would occur, but the singing would sound like a pig. If a taste illusion were cast upon some food, the illusion would need to be strong enough to mask the underlying taste. For most food, a Taste 1 or 2 is enough. Odors may be masked similarly. Unless an individual is extremely rank, or drenched in perfume, an Odor 1 will be enough for human senses. An Odor 2 or more may be needed to fool a dog, or other keen-nosed creature.





SKULLBUSH



By Sandy Petersen

The skullbush is the source of oilseed, the only food crop unique to Prax and its environs. The skullbush is a low shrub with a thick trunk and branches. It is found growing in oases and river bottoms, as well as the Sacred Ground. It needs more water than most Praxian vegetation, and is never found in the open wastes. The skullbush's leaves are thick and fleshy; shiny green in color, and with a thin layer of wax coating the surface for protection against desiccation. The skullbush grows only slowly, and rarely reaches a height of more than 3 or 4 meters. Its wood is dense and finely grained, and sometimes used for small and valuable gewgaws — weapon hilts, small chests, and the like. The wood is resinous, and must be well-cured before it is suitable for carving; hence, the nomads only rarely carve it themselves, but depend on the stable cultures of the oases and the Sacred Ground for objects made of it. Skullbush wood burns well, even when fresh, and makes fine coals and hot fires, but few people are extravagant enough to use so costly a wood for mere heating or cooking.

After reaching a height of 1½ to 2 meters tall — a process usually taking 3 to 5 years — the skullbush will begin to bear flowers. Every night throughout Seaseason the plant will put out clusters of large, white, fleshy flowers at the ends of sturdy stalks. These flowers emit a strong, musty but fragrant odor. At the base of each flower is a gram or more of mustily flavored nectar, sometimes used for a flavoring in nomad kvass and beer. The clusters are nearly spherical, and only appear at night — when the sun goes down, the bush seems to slowly transform into a white, lumpy ball dotted with black, which explains the plant's name.

Skullbushes are pollinated by bats which fly out of their lurking places each night, seek out the skullbush, and land on their flower clusters. The bats which pollinate the skullbush are found solely in the moister areas of Prax and Genert's Wastes. Several attempts by the Holy Country and the Lunar Empire to cultivate the skullbush commercially in their respective countries have failed, due to the lack of this bat in those nations. This particular bat is called the skullbat by the nomads. The cult of Eiritha declares that it is taboo to slay a skullbat during Seaseason, when they are most vulnerable, and some clans use this strange animal for their totem. Of the many types of bats over this region, the

skullbat and one other (the deathbat) are the only bats with such a taboo.

At the end of Seaseason, the flowers close and wither up. The skullbats seek new food, and the plant, which during Seaseason may have been covered by a fluttering blanket of chirping and squeaking bats, now seems abandoned. But at the base of each flower, a swelling begins to form. By early Earthseason, each flower remnant has given rise to three large oval seeds, clad in a thick green coat. The nomads harvest these seeds, peel them and feed the green resinous coat to their herdbeasts. Each seed, known as oilseed, is about the size of a man's thumbjoint. They are extremely oily, and this oil is rendered up by the nomads and oasis-dwellers for use in cooking, preserving objects, waterproofing, and similar projects. It is the only source of vegetable oil which the Prax inhabitants possess. The seeds themselves are edible when roasted in their own oil. The seeds are occasionally sold as a confection in the streets of Pavis, roasted and dusted with spiceroot, salt, or coated with sweet syrup. Bags of oilseed are also available for normal provender, or high-quality food for a riding beast. There are several groves of oilseed-producing skullbushes in and around Pavis.

PAVIS PRICES FOR SKULLBUSH DERIVATIVE PRODUCTS

- husk fodder — 5 c./bushel (better than dried grass but not quite as nutritious as alfalfa)
- oilseed/date mush — 1 c. per large serving (wholesome though bland. eaten warm or cold, with milk)
- dried seed snacks — 1 c. per handful (perfect for traveling the plains)
- candied seeds — 5 c. per handful (popular among city-dwellers as gifts and treats)
- kvass flavoring — 8 L. for 1 cask worth (has a distinctive, musty aroma)
- uncured wood — 200 L. per cord (an excellent, though expensive, firewood)
- cured wood — 500 L. per cord (carved for hilts, statuettes, necklace beads)
- wood resin — 10 L. per liter (dries to a hard finish. used as a wood finish, picture preserver, for parchment-and-resin windows)
- seed flour — 1L. 5 c. per liter (used to make grits, flatbreads)
- seed oil — 1 L. per liter (high quality and clean tasting)
- seeds for planting — 4 L. per bushel

Prince Argrath's Entry Into Boldhome

Translated by Ron Nance

"The dark procession passed through narrow streets lined with the people of the city. It was night. The only light came from an occasional torch that left details lost in darkness. The bright stars were obscured by smoke.

"Grim Argrath came first, on horseback. His sword was in his hand, held like a torch. He was followed by his host of armed men. It was difficult to tell, at first, if they followed him or forced him forward. Sometimes he was cheered, and within him a triumphant mood nearly arose, but always it faltered. It occurred to me that he must be exhausted after the battle outside the walls.

"Three times figures hurled themselves at Argrath from the pressing crowd, but each was stopped by outthrust spears and swords. Once Argrath's own blade cut down an assassin who dropped from a dark rooftop. The fanatical attacks only added to the confusion which sometimes made it impossible to see the Prince, save for the glow of his armor and the flash of his sword.

"The emotional blank left by the fierceness of the battle was now filled with the townsfolk's fear and awe, seeing in their familiar streets either the advent of the darkest villain or the greatest hero. Only time will tell. That night Prince Argrath's entry sparked the city's most agonizing night. The people knew war and death. They had never dared wish for a return of hope itself."



[1485] When Yelm ascended to become Emperor of the Universe there were only three opponents against him. First was Basko, a discontent light god noted only for his ugliness who presented only comic opposition. Molandro was next. He presented serious opposition as the Guardian of the Earthly Powers who ruled before Yelm. All the monstrous aspects of cthonian powers were manifest in this creature, and he was aided by other gods and spirits of the earth. Yelm had some trouble but he overcame this foe alone, though he used some magical instruments. Jokbazi was the third. It was a hostile thing from beyond the touch of all gods of the world. It was a monster mutable in its monstrosity and accompanied by lesser creatures of horror. To combat it, Yelm summoned all of the celestial hosts and fiery powers. The battle was fought at the Fields of Destiny and the forces of chaos were overthrown. Afterwards there was no trouble from chaos in Yelm's realm. [1486] Here is something that Ratslaff did: he showed everyone their shadow. It was in the Golden Age and the gods of light were spreading their cheer among all of the world. Everyone basked in the divine warmth and faced the gods that were its source. Ratslaff, god of Disorder, stumbled upon such a meeting. Because of his nature, he looked behind him as well as before. Because he liked to do so, Ratslaff spoke aloud and interrupted everyone's reverie. "I see something no one else sees," he said, "And it is something that bright Dayzatar yonder shall never know, wise though he claims to be. This makes me more powerful and greater than those Lords-hurt-my-eyes. Everyone! Look at me instead!" Some gods did. Others who knew of Ratslaff tried not to do so. A few went and asked Ratslaff what it was he could see. Ratslaff showed them. They looked behind themselves and saw their shadows. Many were amazed; some were outraged; and some were frightened. That moment, when Shadow appeared on Giorantha the goddess shivered as a chill came over the world. Ratslaff laughed and asked the Gods of Light if they cared to look too. Only one of the brothers, Lodril, was curious. This is why Lodril later was touched by Disorder.

The Smell of a Rat



Alan LaVergne

O

on't worry, I never miss."

Zero was just about to say, "Since when?" but was forestalled by the crack of a whip. The noise filled the small windowless room. It ricocheted off the single, ill-fitted door, and thrashed into the cluttered corners. The only light in the room came from a decrepit lantern. In its tired glow Zero saw the smooth, black leather arc upward. He felt the hard, knotted tip racing toward the quill pen held upright amid his thick fingers. He jerked his hand away, as the whip cracked on the rickety table, sending the inkbottle spinning inartistically to the floor.

"You flinched," said the small dark man in riding breeches.

"I carefully considered the alternatives. It seemed the best thing to do."

The small man, Klaus, watched the pool of ink spread toward his foot. A drop had just missed his polished black leather boots. He stepped back as the ink absorbed the drop, like marching ants overtaking a scout. "You have to admit I've got style."

"Aim wouldn't hurt." Zero gestured smugly with the pen. "You might mop up the ink, with your own special flair."

"Menial tasks, Zero, and for menial beings. I have an image to think of."

Zero picked up a black-stained rag, leaned ponderously over, and swabbed at the spilled liquid. "I think of it too, at moments like these. Would you like to know the specifics?"

Klaus self-consciously stroked his unusually black goatee. "You're just out of sorts."

Zero sighed. "I can't remember the last time I was *in* sorts. You certainly don't bring any around." He made a few, mostly ineffectual, passes with the rag at the remains of the puddle on the floor. The chair creaked as his weight shifted again.

"I bring cheer and happenstance into your otherwise drab, dreary, pointless existence. That should be enough. It is enough for my friends at the Equestrian Elite Club."

"I didn't know you rode."

"I don't," said Klaus, with a mournful expression. "I'm allergic to horsehair. It's hard to keep the proper elan when you're sneezing uncontrollably."

"Then why bother with the outfit? You're supposed to be a scholar, not a dandy. What's wrong with being a librarian?"

"Just because we worship Lhankor Mhy doesn't mean we have to be stodgy and dull." Klaus looked around the cramped room, as if comparing it against his words. A disorderly pile of scrolls hunkered stodgily on one side of the table at which Zero was sitting. The rest of the room made an effort to be dull.

There was a muffled shout from beneath them. "I think," said Zero mildly, "that the ink has soaked through the floor into the rhetoric training room downstairs. No doubt we will soon have a visit from Aramis Blustermaster, the Eurmal initiate. I suspect he didn't appreciate your little gift of ... happenstance."

"In that case," said Klaus, with fretful concern, "I had better get this over with. I don't relish encounters with that man. His manners are atrocious ..."

More shouts ensued, some of which resolved into half-intelligible curses "...And they are rapidly deteriorating from there." Zero folded his hands over his paunch, as if preparing for stormy weather. "So tell me. If it isn't generosity, what is it that brings you here to screw up my otherwise peaceful day?"

"Asmodea wants to see you."

"Oh yes? What about?"

"It seems her enchanted matrix for Glue is missing."

"So what?" Zero scratched a rib indifferently.

"So you claim to be the greatest detective in all of Glorantha. So you are going to find it for her."

"Tell her Lost and Found is downstairs, just off the refectory. I'm a detective, not a maid. I have no intention of scrabbling around under beds and in dusty closets in pursuit of her absent bauble." Zero permitted himself a mild sneer. "If she wants a Glue matrix, she should just have Daddy make her another."

Klaus grinned at him. "That's a lot of hot air, and you know it. When a priest commands, even a junior item like Asmodea, a subordinate obeys! Even if he does bill himself as some kind of junior sleuth. Besides, it will give you an excuse to get out of here before Aramis arrives."

Zero sighed. "What's so important about this matrix anyway? How powerful was it?"

"I gather it was just a minimal Glue-creating spell. Daddy gave it to her when she was about 16, so I guess it holds a certain sentimental value. The idea was that if she

ever got into an awkward situation with a man, not being too improbable with her being reasonably attractive in a temple full of horny men, she could just use the matrix to, uh, glue the gentleman's clothes together, or to glue them to what he was sitting on at the time. That was the theory, at least."

"Did it work?"

"Yes." Klauss looked glum.

"She must be getting close to thirty by now, though. I presume she no longer has need of such contrivances to protect her virtue. whatever may be left of it."

Klauss went to the door and listened. "Look," he said impatiently, "I'm just bringing the message. You ought to leap at the chance to do a favor for a damsel in distress. Particularly Old Jethro's daughter. A little friendly interaction with Asmodea couldn't do anything to hurt your standing with the Boss."

Zero tried to look dignified. The effort was not a complete success. "I'm thirty-eight years old! At my age, I don't need to go chasing after every superannuated debutante who needs a housekeeper."

Klauss swished the end of his whip along the floor being careful to avoid the ink-stained portions even though the puddle was almost dry. "May I remind you of three things. First, you worship a deity of Truth. Second, I am the deputy Supreme Librarian, and have access to *all* the vital statistics records, including the ages of *all* the personnel of this temple."

"All right, so who counts? So I'm forty. Big deal."

"Forty-two." Zero scowled. There was a calendar on his desk. A birthday was circled for next week. Time for a different subject. "And third," continued Klauss, "Asmodea's Daddy is boss of this place. If she asks you for something and you don't deliver you'll be out of this place so fast you'll leave a streak behind you. You'll wind up on the Farm, wheezing out your days scraping sheepskin to make parchment."

"I didn't say I wouldn't do it." said Zero mildly. "I was just pointing out the disproportion between the task and my talents."

"Speaking of your talents," put in Klauss in a confidential tone, "Maybe you can find out something for me while you are working with her. I have been wondering about it for two years. You remember that she went on a pilgrimage to the Block several years back? Just after she made priest. Lots of Lhankor Mhy people do that. As you may recall, however, *she* was gone a whole year. I'd like to know where she was all that time. It certainly doesn't take a year to make it to the Block and back. I figure that Daddy sent her on some kind of special mission, and there are a couple of us around here who want to know just what it was."

Zero looked at Klauss with distaste. "I'm a detective, not a snoop. If you want to know where she went, ask her."

Klauss sniffled, and looked at the black stain on the floor. He waved without rancor at Zero. "I think I hear the footsteps of an irate someone approaching. It is a very propitious moment for me to seek another outlet for my wit

and charm. I'm sure you can handle Aramis. Meanwhile, if you find out anything, let me know." He paused, smiling ingratiatingly. "For an old friend."

"Well," said Zero reflectively, "I can tell you one thing already."

"What's that?"

"The chair you were sitting in is stuffed with horsehair."

Klauss sneezed violently. "I diddet deed a detegdiv to tell be dat!"

A small, red-faced man then flung open the door, which rocked precariously on its flimsy hinges, and charged into the room. "Hello dere, Arabis. Hey, I like dat blag splodge id da biddle of your white hair. Bery becomig." Klauss exploded again, this time on Aramis, and tottered out of the room.

Zero pushed himself up out of his chair. "You need this?" he asked, smiling innocently, holding the inky rag out toward Aramis.



When Zero entered, the pretty young woman was tugging at her false beard. Irritably she pushed at the strap, which was caught in her hair. When she saw Zero, she gave it a final exasperated pull, and then smoothed her face into a more serene expression.

"You took your time getting here," she snapped mildly.

"Sorry, Asmodea. I was, um, unavoidably detained. Is that a new beard? I don't believe I've seen it before." The beard was steely gray, with flecks of black. He thought it very charming.

"No, it's a couple years old," she said. "But I reserve it for confidential discussions."

"I'm more accustomed to the reddish-brown one with golden streaks."

"That's for dignified supervision of underlings. I tend to wear it a lot. Even more than the blue-gray pastel, which is for unqualified devotion to scholarship."

"Underlings?"

"Excuse me, 'apprentices.' Those two words are very similar in Tarshite. A natural mistake." She smiled.

"I was going to ask why we were speaking Tarshite. Nochet city is rather a long way from the Tarsh border."

Asmodea smoothed the fabric of her tawny brown robe, which reached almost to her lithe ankles. "It will help to keep this meeting a little less accessible. How's your Dark-tongue?"

Zero thought it over. "Not good enough, I'm afraid. I miss the subtleties. At least I assume trolls have to grapple with subtle ideas. With them, it's hard to tell."

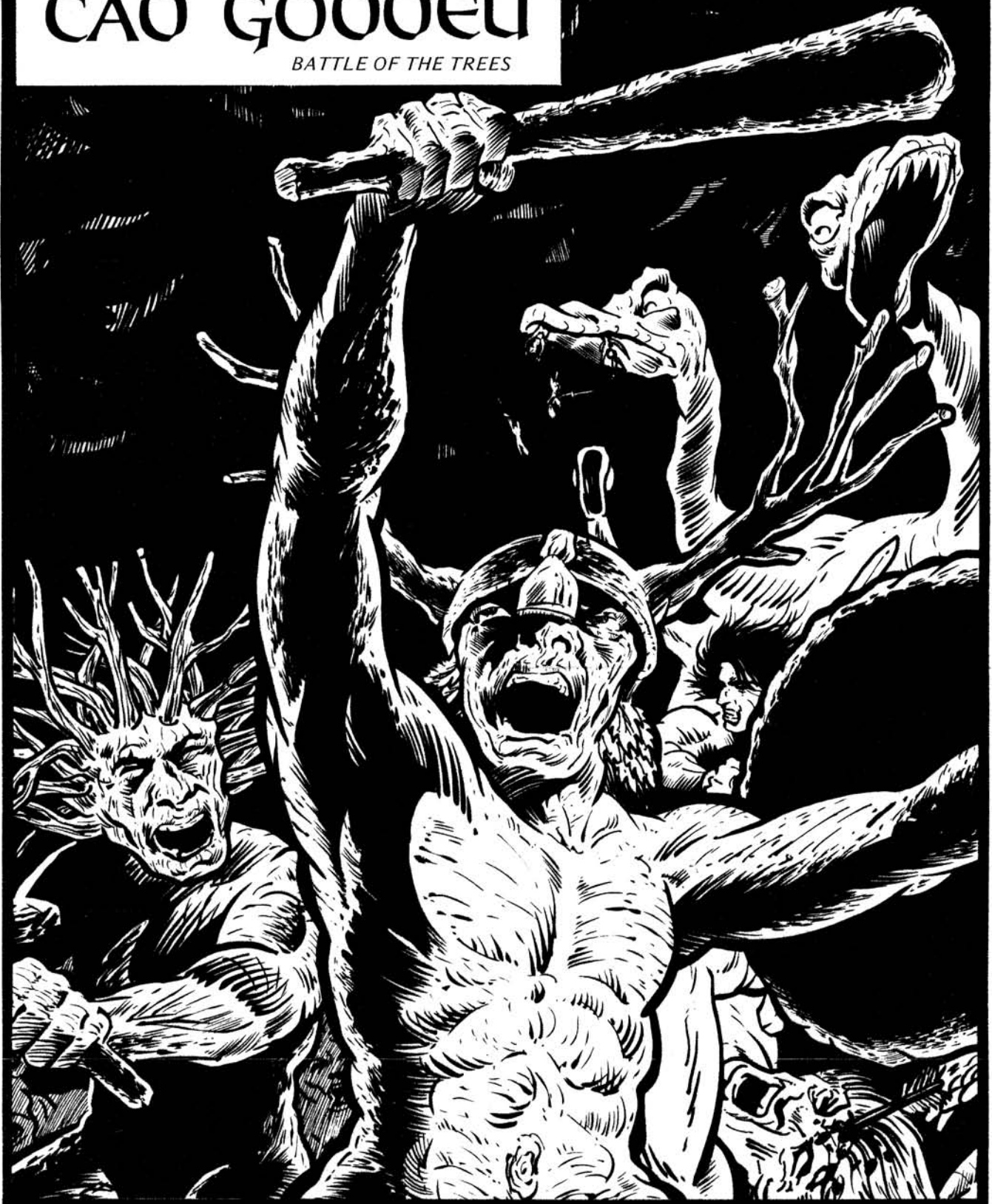
Asmodea smiled again, though not without malice. "Yes, they're as obtuse as certain members of this temple. But let's get down to business."

"Klauss already told me. You have lost a Glue spell-casting matrix; a memento dear to your heart. And I have

(continued in two pages)

CAD GODDEU

BATTLE OF THE TREES





*The black cherry-tree was pursuing,
The oak-tree swiftly moving,
Before him tremble heaven and earth.
A monstrous beast, like a curtain,
With a hundred heads,
And a greivous battalion*

*At the root of its tongue,
And another battalion there is
At the back of its head.*

in memoriam:
Gene Day 1957-1982

the honor of turning the temple upside down looking for it."

"And you bought that story?" She slapped the top of her desk lightly, and looked intently at him, eyes flashing. "If you did, I overestimated you."

Zero flushed slightly under her gaze. "Well, I did wonder why you didn't simply work a spell to detect magic." That spell was not one of Zero's favorite information spells; it informed the caster of any enchanted or inherently magical items within the range of the spell but it also made them glow for a few seconds. He preferred to keep his detections a little less obtrusive. "As long as you know approximately where it is," he went on, "an enchantment like a matrix is pretty hard to lose, assuming you know the spell to detect magic. And in a temple of Lhankor Mhy, which knows all such detection spells, everybody knows the basic ones!"

She scratched her chin through the beard. "It's a safe assumption that I know such a spell."

"I'll cast it for you. I know all the detection spells." Smugly, Zero patted his stomach.

"No kidding? Even the one to detect detection?"

"Even that. Maybe I will try to detect magic after all. Perhaps it just didn't occur to you. There might be," he added with a meaningful pause, "other interesting information to be gained from it."

"No no!" she said hastily, but it was too late. Zero had already performed the short formula. In several nearby rooms magical crystals and matrixes glowed, and Zero could feel their presence. Seven magic items, he counted, two or three priests worth. But he wasn't really paying attention. In front of him, Asmodea was haloed with a pale luminescence.

"Very interesting indeed," he said slowly. As the glow faded, her face turned very red. "I presume you are not intrinsically magical," he continued. "Consequently, you cast a spell on yourself. It could hardly be a defensive spell, to protect yourself from my lethal sneer, so it must be something else. Something like ... the charismatic spell of Glamour? To overawe an impressionable ... underling."

Asmodea flushed even deeper. "Don't try any more of your detective tricks in here. Not if you don't want to spend the rest of your life in the ink factory." She glared at his bland face until she regained her composure. Then she stood up and opened a small cupboard behind her. It contained about twenty false beards. Selecting one, black with orange highlights, she removed the silvery one from her chin.

"You look much prettier without your beard," observed Zero.

"Cut the sweet talk," she returned sharply. She fastened the black one behind her neck and adjusted the strap. "This promotes frank but not necessarily cordial exchange of ideas."

"So the story about the matrix was just a fabrication? I'm really disillusioned, this being a cult of Truth after all."

Asmodea snickered. "How old are you, Zero? Thirty-eight? I heard all about that. So let's not have any more self-righteous talk about Truth. Anyhow, the matrix was

really lost. I just found it again, but I wasn't going to tell Klaus that. Anything you tell Klaus is known to the whole temple in two hours. For example, I got a gleeful account of your run-in with Aramis."

"Yes, he berated me in eight languages, and I could only placate him in five, so I think I lost."

Asmodea grinned. "I'm sorry I missed it. But now to work." She picked up a small stack of ragged sheets of parchment. "A sword priest of Humakt named Galarad has applied to become an associate priest of Lhankor Mhy. Galarad is master of four abilities associated with knowledge and wisdom, although one of them, first aid, is not usually recognized as qualification for Lhankor Mhy priesthood. In the limited free time available to him, he does appear to be a serious scholar, and his studies are even encouraged by his cult, in spite of its warlike nature. Consequently, the examiners are inclined to admit him to the priesthood, on an associate basis. However ..." She paused.

"There is something suspicious about him?" prompted Zero. Why would a warrior priest of Humakt want to join Lhankor Mhy?

"No, nothing," she replied slowly. She stroked the black beard. "This one is a lot more comfortable than Confidential Discussion. The strap fits right, and the whiskers don't scratch. Too bad it's a little garish, but I digress." She crossed her legs, which slid the robe a little higher on the calf. Her upper leg swung idly, almost hypnotically. "We've gotten stung a couple of times recently, by priests wanting to join Lhankor Mhy for less than completely idealistic reasons. For instance, there was a sun priest, Gelbauch, who just wanted access to our dwarf-compiled maps of lost gold mines. And there was Lassivirus, the Issaries merchant, who wanted to study Oratory in order to seduce girls. He wanted a new one in every town he traveled through. We've gotten to be very concerned about the motives of people applying for associate priesthood."

"I never heard about this," remarked Zero.

"It's not for general distribution," replied Asmodea ominously. "You repeat a word of that and you'll be doing all your detecting down in the lead mines."

"Everybody keeps threatening me today," complained Zero.

"I'm not threatening you," said Asmodea sweetly. "That's a different beard altogether. Anyhow, we want a discreet investigation of this Galarad. Find out his background, his real interests and activities, that kind of thing. We need some tangible information before we admit him."

Zero nodded. "I have a couple of reliable apprentices I can assign to the investigation, I guess. If it's really important."

"It is really important, Zero." She stood up and came over to his chair, looming over him. "And one other thing. No apprentices. You do it all yourself."

"Now wait a minute," he protested. "My talent is ratiocination. Anybody can go through the grubby business of acquiring evidence. It takes my superb intellect to inveigle the truth from the tangled mass of data. Besides," he ob-

jected grumpily, "my collection of carnivorous plants needs constant attention."

"You'll have to get somebody else to take care of them," retorted Asmodea unsympathetically. She put a heavy hand on his shoulder. "You are going to do all this yourself. Confidentiality, that's why. You are not going to discuss this with anybody but me."

He twisted away from her hand. "And if I refuse? I don't really think you can get me sent to a lead mine."

"You could be right," she reflected. "On the other hand . . . what if the temple learns what really happened to that missing case of Pelorian champagne which mysteriously vanished from the wine cellar last year?"

"How did you find out about . . . I mean, what makes you think I had anything to do with that?" Zero squirmed uncomfortably.

"You aren't the only detective around here, chum. We are in agreement, then? You will do this little job for me, no complaints?"

"I admit nothing," muttered Zero. "But for the good of the temple and for the honor of Lhankor Mhy . . ."

"That's the spirit," encouraged Asmodea. She walked back around the desk, staring thoughtfully at the cupboard.

"Stick with the one you've got," urged Zero. "We have already had enough moods for one meeting." He scratched his chin. "Perhaps you should ask Lhankor Mhy for real whiskers. They make a much more solid impression."

"You call that stubble of yours 'real whiskers'?" returned Asmodea scornfully. "Anyhow, I've got a lead for you. Somebody to talk to, in order to get the investigation started. Our contact in the temple of Humakt suggests that another sword priest, named Hook, is knowledgeable about Galarad's habits and background. So he's the one to talk to first."

"Hook, huh? Is he missing a hand, or does he have a bowling problem?"

"Neither, to the best of my knowledge. He's one of the Hoos."

"Whose?"

"No. Hoos. H-O-O-S. Don't you know about them?"

Zero gazed innocently at her.

"And you call yourself a great detective," she observed derisively.

"The greatest living detective in Glorantha, in fact."

"Then you should know things like this."

"A detective is not an encyclopedia," Zero straightened haughtily in his chair. "That's what apprentices are for; to get the information that a detective needs. They go out into the fields and do the brute harvesting work. I separate the wheat from the chaff and turn it into . . . croissants, strudel, piroshki." He ran his tongue over dry lips.

"You are certainly no slouch at self-congratulation. As for the Hoos . . . By the way, how much of our general information course have you taken?"

"Just the first year."

"That explains it. The Hoos are covered in the second year. They are a small sect which denies the existence of the gods. Instead, this oddball Hooish religion insists that there are only two deities, goddesses actually, and that the world is in a perpetual state of conflict between these two principles: Smutch, the goddess of grime, and Bryllo, the goddess of rinsing. Unlike other gods, Bryllo and Smutch don't give Rune magic, intervene for their worshipers, permit divination, nor give spirits to their priests. In fact, there are no tangible manifestations of Bryllo or Smutch at all. The Hoos don't consider this to be a problem. According to them, it is much more virtuous to accept a deity simply on faith, with no physical evidence whatsoever, rather than to believe in a god who plops down in front of you, so to speak, and says 'Here I am! Worship me!' What we call the *tangible manifestations* the Hoos dismiss as collective delusion or mere conjuror's tricks. Anyhow, with this doctrine, the Hoos are, as you can imagine, not very popular. Some of their children desert to other religions, and that is what Hook did. His Hooish name was Hokum, which is an ancient and honorable name among his people, but not likely to win him much respect here in Esrolia. So he changed it. He thought the name Hook sounded dangerous and martial. The thought processes of Humakti are not always easy to follow."

"Grime and rinsing, huh?" Zero shook his head. "Sounds like something got lost in translation."

"Here? In the bastion of scholarship? Are you kidding?"

Zero shrugged. "So I go to this Hook, who doesn't know me from Zorak Zoran, and he pours out everything he knows about a fellow Humakti to me. Is that how it works?"

Asmodea ran the feather of a quill pen lightly across the back of her hand. Not looking at Zero, she remarked, "You need to practice your most ingratiating manner. Do you have one? If not, you will need some, ah, leverage. Detectives are supposed to be good at digging up that sort of thing."

Zero said gloomily, "I don't suppose I can use any assistants in that investigation either."

"See? You have produced a prodigy of deduction already. I am sure this little assignment will prove no obstacle to your gargantuan talents."

Zero rose heavily. "I am flattered by your confidence. And you certainly have a way with words."



ello old fellow! What can I do for you?"

Zero turned toward the speaker, a young woman with bright red hair. She was sitting with a broadsword across her knees, sharpening its glittering edge with a whetstone. Other warriors, cool and distant with Runes sewn upon their cloaks and tabards, passed him without a glance; perhaps she was the official greeter for today.

"I'm not old," he protested. "I'm only thir . . . forty or so. I have just acquired maturity."

"And girth," observed the tactless wench. "But I did not intend to employ the term 'old' in any pejorative sense. Are you sensitive about your age?"

"Just wait," said Zero with a tight smile. "I'll come back and ask you that question in fifteen years." He put his hand on the hilt of the practice sword, which hung in the scabbard at his side. "What I came here for is a little sword practice. I've gotten rusty, so I could use a few hours of work with a good teacher."

"A few hours? It takes more than that to improve sword technique," she smiled condescendingly.

"I'm aware of that," replied Zero a little huffily. "But my duties allow me only small periods of practice at a time, and the sword master at our temple is otherwise occupied this week. So I figured I would come over here. There could hardly be a shortage of qualified teachers at a temple of the god of war."

"You're right there," she assured him. "We've got Halverupp Hackslash, Belinda the Brutal, Galarad Grimblade ..."
"Grimblade?"

"Oh, that's just his battle-name. He's really a very nice man." She stretched, rubbing her shoulders at the base of her neck. Unlike Zero, she wasn't wearing armor. It made a pleasant effect. Seeing his gaze, she explained, "Sword sharpening is really hard on the shoulders, especially since all they have around here are benches. I ask you, would chairs with backs be inconsistent with the dignity of a Humakti?" She looked around a little nervously, then returned to her task. "I like to talk, and sometimes it gets me into trouble. Lucky that Humakt didn't request me to abstain from talking on Clayday or something when I joined. If he had, Humakt's spirit of retribution and I would be old friends. Now where was I? Oh, that's right, Galarad. He's very handsome, though I suppose you'd probably not consider that a major qualification for a good instructor. Do you want me to see if Galarad is free?"

"No, actually ..."

"That's just as well, because he's usually booked at least a week in advance. He's very popular with the female initiates." She tried to look objective. "But the Grimblade is just his professional name. That's important to a mercenary. One of our greatest Swords was Warren Widowsfriend. He had lots of trouble getting jobs commensurate with his skills. Potential employers would ask, 'I'm sure he's a nice man, but can he fight?' So he earned the new name of Warren Wolfsbane, and overnight becomes our highest-priced fighter."

Zero adjusted his chainmail hauberk over his stomach. "I notice a certain trend towards alliteration in the selection of names."

"Oh, yes," she said, shaking her head. "That's the latest fashion. It was different fifteen years ago. Then it was all hyperbole. Names like Ragnar Demonslicer and Coriander Before Whom Even The Crimson Bat Trembles."

"Good old Coriander. He must have loved giving autographs. Whatever happened to him?"

"As soon as the Crimson Bat got close, when the Lunar Empire conquered Sartar, he moved to Prax. He figured that the Bat would stop trembling once it had eaten him."

"Very good judgment, I would say. But ..."

"Actually," she said in a confidential tone, "the latest trend is synecdoche. You know, representing the whole by the part, or the other way around. Like Berengar Swiftheels and Morrawyn Piercpoint. They aren't swordmasters yet, though, so you won't be wanting them."

"That's right, it's important that he be a master of the weapon. The one I had in mind ..."

"To tell you the truth, I'm in kind of a quandary about my own name. What do you think? Which is more impressive: Zelyda Zephyr's-blade or Zelyda the Absolutely Indomitable?"

"I don't know," said Zero dubiously. "I've been kind of fond of the Z sound myself. How about Zelyda Blazetop?"

"You are making fun of my hair," she said, frowning.

"On the contrary, I find it very attractive."

"Really? I hope you aren't just saying that. The color red isn't very popular these days, what with its association with the Lunar Empire and all. I ask you: how can there be any political implications to the color of your hair? It's not as if I had any choice."

"Not only is it a very appealing shade," Zero assured her, "anyone with a modicum of taste can tell that it is not at all the same hue as the Lunar scarlet." He lowered his voice. "Your hair makes the Red Goddess pale and watery by comparison."

Zelyda laughed. "You're just flattering me, but that's all right. I like that once in a while. Around here you get a hundred bashes for each compliment."

"Speaking of bashing ..."

"Of course. You were looking for an instructor. How about Belinda? She's very competent, and doesn't have that many students. I mean, just because she's a woman ..."

"Well, if I hadn't gotten another recommendation ... You see, a friend of mine told me to insist on an instructor named Hook. He's supposed to be very good."

"Hook? Are you sure you got that right?"

Zero nodded.

"I mean, being a priest and all, he's usually teaching spells, although I know he does do a little sword training once in a while." She leaned closer and dropped her voice to a whisper. "He's very intolerant of students' mistakes, you know. He's got such a sharp tongue, he should have to register it as a Humakti weapon. Are you positive this is the one you want?"

"Positive," said Zero. "I'm accustomed to verbal abuse. Sage priests have to take special courses in vilification of subordinates and apprentices. A large vocabulary does wonders for their powers of denigration."

"It's not just words," she warned. "He hits hard, even in practice."

"I'll be careful," he said, smiling. "Could you see if he's available?"

"Sure thing," she said, standing up. She gave him a friendly punch on the arm. "Watch out for his backhand uppercut. It's wicked." She stopped. "One more thing. With Hook, it's cash in advance."

"I'm not surprised," said Zero.



Zero looked at his opponent through narrowed eyes. He was not reassured by Hook's manner. "I wonder if I should detect for enemies?" he muttered. He was also not reassured by the look of Hook's weapon. It was the sharpest blunt sword he had ever seen. Selecting a few choice remarks for Asmodea and her assignments, he moved forward.

There were three other pairs of fighters working out on the practice field today. He had particularly noticed the blond man talking to a statuesque young woman with a greatsword. The two of them had removed their helmets and were conversing intently. Judging from their attitudes, the discourse was not about weapons, at least not those of war. Hook had confirmed that the man was indeed Galarad. "Why do you want to know?" he had asked.

Hook hit first. Zero saw that, as expected, Hook was considerably more agile than he, but the blow was tentative, and he had no trouble blocking it. For a minute they circled, probing for openings, and gradually increasing the strength and assurance of their hits. Hook got a wide swing around Zero's parry, but the force of the blow was so attenuated that it bounced harmless off Zero's braces. He hardly felt the impact. Using his greater size, Zero leaned forward upon Hook, who backed slightly, shoving at Zero with his shield. This gave Zero an opening, and he brought his sword down hard with a roundhouse swing. Hook barely got his shield up in time, and the impact slammed the shield back into his helmet. Hook leapt backward, and it seemed to Zero that there was a new wariness in his opponent's stance. After two more unsuccessful strokes, Hook tried a thrust across the shield at Zero's head. Zero rammed his own shield forward, catching the tip of Hook's sword and jamming it again into Hook's helmet. "Hold!" Hook shouted, while Zero's sword banded down on Hook's head.

Blood was running into Hook's eyes as Zero asked. "Are you all right?" He knew it was a stupid question.

"A flesh wound," muttered Hook angrily. Then he recited the formula for the healing spell. He wiped the blood from his forehead, and glared darkly at Zero.

"Just a lucky blow," shrugged Zero.

Hook moved in again, and this time his swordstrokes were more determined. Another minute of hit-and-parry went by, and Zero felt himself tiring. "Get it up," he repeatedly commanded his shield arm, but it grew more and more reluctant to obey. With the hard-won experience of his old combat days, Zero knew that Hook was aware of his fatigue, and soon would move to exploit it. The Humakti

took two shots at his legs, both of which were parried, then fainted and came in over the top. Zero urged his shield arm up, but he could see he was too slow. The sword slammed down on his helmet.



Four scorpion men were dancing on his head, many more than usual. They did intricate steps with their six legs and clapped their hands in a syncopated rhythm. Two of the, he noticed, were actually scorpion women. They were singing popular songs in high-pitched, reedy voices. The males kept time by slamming their tails against his throbbing scalp. This was an excellent opportunity to study scorpion person anatomy, he realized. The closer he looked, though, the fuzzier they got.

He settled for an examination of their cultural traditions, trying to record their dance steps for future documentation. Just as he finished memorizing one of their routines, they all leaped into the air and disappeared, to be replaced by the enormous, grinning, more-or-less human, face of Hook staring down at him.

"Finally coming around, I see," it boomed.

"I might have preferred the scorpion people," said Zero to himself. "To be perfectly honest," Zero began aloud. "It was not just for a demonstration of your martial prowess that I wanted to see you. There is also another matter that requires a consultation with a knowledgeable and responsible priest of Humakt."

They were sitting on a bench off to one side of the practice field, at least twenty meters from any of the others. His wound had been healed, and the pain receded to a mere throbbing. He reminded himself to offer Asmodea a demonstration.

"I see," said Hook in a non-committal tone.

Play on his vanity, Asmodea had advised. He's got enough for an entire temple. Well, he had given it his best shot; and let Hook get in his, too. What now?

He watched Galarad and the statuesque brunette swing greatswords at one another. "Either they aren't trying very hard, or Galarad isn't nearly as good as you," observed Zero.

"Galarad is master of the shortsword," said Hook drily. "He's got a long way to go with heavier weapons."

"From what I hear, he's pretty good with even shorter implements," said Zero, trying hard to leer.

"According to some," was all Hook would say.

"Well, this other matter I had to see you about deals with Galarad, in fact. An old friend of his died childless and has bequeathed a substantial amount of money to him. However, this friend has funny ideas about things, and insisted that any beneficiaries of his must live up to those standards." This account sounded awfully flimsy to Zero; he just wasn't experienced in such fabrications. Half-truth and distortion were perfectly all right for apprentices, but to him they did not come easily. And as for outright invention ...

He continued. "The executor has commissioned me to do an investigation of Galarad's character. I'm sure it's just a formality, since Humakti are expected to be of upright character."

"I can assure you," said Hook blandly. "that Galarad is just as upright a Humakti as any."

"I'm pleased to hear that, believe me," said Zero uncomfortably. "But, in order to convince the executor, I must bring back specifics about his activities."

"I'm afraid I cannot help you there."

"Surely you can tell me a few things. After all, it's for his benefit. He cannot obtain the legacy without a report."

"That would be very unfortunate, I'm sure," said Hook with no sign of regret.

"We could of course have asked someone else, but I was told you had the most insight and perspective of any here. If there were anyone in Nochet who could provide a deep understanding of Galarad, it would be you." Hook did not react, continuing to gaze expressionlessly at the other fighters on the field. Zero waited a minute, then went on. "Besides, there *will* be a substantial fee for anyone assisting me in these efforts."

"I was sure there would be," said Hook with a thin-lipped smile. "The more I hear, the less convincing your story becomes." He turned and stared suspiciously.

"You forget," said Zero, offended. "I am an initiate of Lankhor Mhy, god of wisdom and truth."

"Truth is important to Humakt as well," said Hook with a humorless grin. "Do you believe everything a Humakti tells you?"

Zero took a deep breath. "Frankly, I had hoped for more cooperation. After all, as one Hoo to another..."

"What?"

"No, Hoo." Zero paused, but Hook's blank look did not change. "I too was brought up in a Hooish family. My given name was Hasueros." Zero had been doing his homework. "Since I believed in the joys of scholarship, and they believed in dishpan hands, I left my family at fifteen to become an apprentice to a Lhankor Mhy sage. I had to sweep floors for a year before I was old enough to be admitted. That's when I changed my name to Zero. At the time, it seemed like an improvement."

Hook smiled unpleasantly, "A sentimental tale, no doubt, What does it have to do with me?"

Zero gave Hook his best interrogatory glare, without effect. He shrugged and stood. "Well, thanks for the lesson. Sorry to have wasted your time. See you around, Hokum."

Hook sat up sharply. "What did you call me?"

"Oops, sorry. It just slipped out." Zero tried to look contrite.

"I'm sure it did." Hook sighed. "All right, siddown. What is it you want to know?"

Zero favored him with a grateful smile. "First it would be nice to know if he's got any family. Do you know where his parents live? Or if they're still alive?"

"No," said Hook thoughtfully. "I don't believe anyone has ever mentioned meeting any of his family. Unless," he added scornfully, "you count his girlfriends as family."

"I gather Galarad is somewhat generous with his attentions."

"That's one way of putting it," said Hook, warming to the subject. "As far as I can tell, he's got two hobbies, and one is getting laid with as much variety and as little repetition as possible."

"And the other?"

"Ratfighting, of course."

"Huh?"

"Where have you been? Galarad owns the northern Esrolit mixed-pair, tag-team rubble-runner wrestling champions, Wanda and the Destroyer."

"Rubble runner wrestling?" Zero was taken aback.

"Yeah, you know, giant rats as long as your arm. Big mouth and teeth. You see 'em in ruins, and slums. Only now, they're training them to fight other rubble runners, and there is a lot of money riding on those contests. They fight to the death, and Galarad's team has whupped all comers for the last six seasons."

"Wanda doesn't sound too terrifying, but the Destroyer must put a proper fright into his opponents."

"That shows how much you know," said Hook sarcastically. "It's *her* opponents. The Destroyer is the female."

"Perhaps it's meant as a message," said Zero. "Anyhow, when's the next fight?"

"I tell you what, I'll put you in touch with a guy I used to know, who can fill you in on the whole ratfight scene. His name is Bama Zak. There is one thing more." Hook paused a moment, obviously weighing his next words with ominous pleasure and appreciation. "How's your objectivity about Chaos?"

"Chaos?"

"Bama Zak is a werewolf."

Zero watched as Galarad put his arm over the tall woman's shoulders, and the two of them walked through the small whitewashed stone door into the temple interior. "I feel a twinge of envy," he murmured.

"Don't blame you," said Hook.

Zero chose his words carefully. "Normally, I guess, there's no compromise with chaos in any of its forms. Not for any Lightbringer, like Lhankor Mhy. Still, werewolves ... It's not as if he were a loathsome creature like a broo or scorpion man, or an insidious enemy like a human-appearing ogre. Werewolves are well understood by Lhankor Mhy research. For instance ..."

Hook was finally enjoying himself. "This is truly an inspirational experience for me. Your cult is known to excel in furious rationalization, but I'd never seen it in action before."

Zero scowled ineffectively. "You confuse analysis with rationalization. That's why you are a simple warrior and I am a detec ... scholar. As I was explaining, werewolves are a rather mild form of chaos. For example, they do not

gain unpredictable properties known popularly, by the ignorant, as chaotic features."

Hook sighted along the blade of his sword. "Ignorant, huh? You had better explain that. I call them chaotic features."

"Only a chaotic being can have such a feature, true. In fact, having one *makes* a being chaotic. However, most chaotic beings don't have one. It is also not widely known that many of these features are actually deleterious."

"Well, that doesn't apply to werewolves. I wouldn't mind being invulnerable to normal weapons."

"Even if you had to be in wolf form to get the immunity?"

"It would be nice to have the option."

Zero looked at the overcast sky. Clouds were pursuing each other like predators and prey. "Except when the moon is full." The small victim clouds skittered away, just out of reach of the monsters trying to gain on them. "When the moon was full, you wouldn't have any choice."

"Full moon," said Hook contemptuously. "Halverupp should be here. He's got the best spit in the temple. Just mention the moon, and Halverupp parks a perfect scornful gob on the other side of the room. I think it's a reflex. Doesn't make him popular at parties, though. And if we're talking about the Lunars, he gets dehydrated in a hurry."

Zero brightened. "I've got it! I'll *coerce* the information out of him. That ought to satisfy cult dogma."

"Sure," said Hook ironically. "What will you threaten him with? Your most excruciating three-hour lecture?"

"I'll think of something," replied Zero with more confidence than he felt.

"You realize," said Hook slowly. "that I will have to tell Galarad you've been asking about him."

Zero thought it over. "Naturally. Sooner or later."

Hook nodded slowly. "I suppose there's no hurry."

"Well, thanks for all your help," said Zero rising. "I really appreciate your cooperation."

"Don't mention it," said Hook. "I mean it."



hey! Zero! Wait up!"

He turned and saw Zelyda running toward him through the almost-empty courtyard of the temple. Her red hair was flying, and her sandals flapped on the flagstones as she hurried up to him, out of breath. Lack of air proved no impediment to speech.

"Gosh, I hear you really stopped Hook's clock," she burst out. "You must be tougher than you look."

Zero looked around with a little embarrassment, to see if anybody had heard. Nobody was looking at them. The only other person in earshot was a small brown-haired woman with an arrogant gait, smiling icily at a private joke.

"Well, that wasn't exactly how it happened," he admitted. "I did get in one good shot, but ..."

"You're just being modest," she said, taking his arm. "It'll be years before I can slug it out with someone like him. Maybe all that avoirdupois is really muscle, huh?"

Zero tried to bring his front profile closer to the vertical. They walked through the wide stone gate and stood on the edge of the muddy street. "Uh, actually ..."

"Listen, I'm still having trouble deciding on a fitting name. What do you think of Zelyda Fireblade? An allusion to my hair, you understand, but not as bald as Blazetop; although I guess bald isn't exactly the right word. Not that there's anything wrong with Blazetop," she added hastily, "it's just that it doesn't quite capture the essential .. uh, essence of me."

Zero pulled uncertainly at his ear. "I don't know. Choosing a name isn't something you want to do in a hurry, without considering all the alternatives." He looked at her obliquely. "Why don't you come over to the Lhankor Mhy temple for dinner tomorrow and maybe we can discuss the entire question in more detail?"

"Terrific!" said Zelyda. "They say your temple has the best food in town. Lots better than the field rations we usually get." Her face fell. "Oh oh. Uh, Zero? Could we make that the day after tomorrow?"

"Sure. Any particular reason?"

"Yeah," she said, smiling ruefully. "Tomorrow's Clayday, and I can't eat any meat on Clayday. It's the restrictive geas I received when I was initiated into the Humakt cult. And Lhankor Mhy lamb is supposed to be the best by the bay. I'd hate to miss a chance to have some."

"That's right. We always have lamb on Windsday. We raise all those sheep for parchment. Whatever other stories you may have heard are absolutely untrue."

"It would probably toughen the meat too much, anyway. What time shall I be there?"

"Well, I could come to get you." Zero drew a circle in the mud with his foot. "About sunset?"

She laughed a little mockingly. "Are you going to protect me?"

He was not offended. "Or vice versa."

"In that case, maybe I ought to wear some armor."

"Don't," said Zero.



Uery impressive," said Zero, watching the wolf turn back into a human. Heavy black fur faded to a glimmer and vanished. The snout retracted, the teeth flattening into grinders. Claws shortened and blunted, and legs straightened and lengthened. The naked man stretched, scratched, and turned around to pick up a short robe. "By rights," Zero told him, "I should carve you up into lots of little vulpine steaks."

The wolfman yawned. "Oh yeah? You and whose militia, bub? Besides, the word is lupine, not vulpine. Vulpine is foxes, not wolves. *Werefoxes* eat mice."

"Death is too good for you, despicable monster of chaos," said Zero in a neutral tone as he sat down. Bama Zak picked up a reed pipe from a clutter of similar instruments resting on a rough oak table, and began to play a jig Zero recognized as a troll dance.

"There isn't a whole lot you can do to me," said the werewolf, "All you've got there are standard bronze weapons, and I'll bet an ivory-tower type like you doesn't know any weapon-enhancing enchantments I'd be vulnerable to. So how can you hurt me, bub? Flunk me?"

There was a loud crash outside the hut. Bama Zak didn't even look up. "That'll be the pigs, breaking out again. They pen them up right next to the slaughterhouse. Pigs are mean, but not dumb. It gets to be pretty obvious what's in store for them. Those guys haven't yet built a fence that will hold a bunch of pigs with a self-preservation telling them to knock it down."

"I don't like pork," said Zero. "Too much fat."

"Ha, ha," said Bama Zak, not laughing. "Ha, ha. That's the cudgel calling the mace dull."

"I could disrupt you."

"That so, bub? You got lots of power to cast the spells?"

"Enough."

"That I doubt."

There were more loud splintering noises outside, accompanied by angry voices. The wall shuddered slightly under the impact of a heavy body, and a small bronze pot fell from its hook. Curses mingled with grunts. It seemed the grunts were winning. Flakes of dried mud drifted from the cracks in the wattle side of the cramped shack.

Zero's eyes narrowed. "I think you're afraid of me."

"Absolutely, bub. That's why you notice me in head-long relaxation. Just paralyzed."

"I could get some heavy magic, you know. Turn you into a very durable rug."

"First you have to find me." Bama Zak smiled humorlessly, looking around at the dreary dwelling. "Nothing here I'm too attached to. But you're just going through the motions. What's wrong, bub? Wife want a maid? In hock up to your ears? Missing your deadlines? Writer's cramp? Getting old?"

"I'm still young!"

"I'm not. Getting old wasn't part of my plans. It just happened. There's the expression: the years creep up on you. Not only did I get crept up on, I got mugged."

Another crunch came from outside, followed by a triumphant "Got him!" The forces of law and order were regaining control.

"Time goes by," observed Zero sagely.

"I really appreciate your coming all this way here into the sludgepit of Nochet to tell me that. Are you having a good time? I've had better ones watching cockroaches."

"Spawn of hell, you certainly have a winning manner. Maybe I'll disrupt you after all," said Zero without emotion;

"Don't count on it. Being a gambling sort of fellow, I'll be glad to bet on the outcome: my fangs versus your dinky

magic. It takes six or seven successful disruptions to conk your average werewolf, and one successful throat gash to put your average overweight scholar out of action. Let's make it three-to-one on the werewolf. Where will you put your money, chump?"

Zero's shield was leaning against the side of the bench he was sitting on. He did not reach for it. As if weighing alternatives, he continued, "I will agree to spare you if you give me the information I need."

"What's in it for me?"

A heavy form lunged against the door.

Bama Zak's brow furrowed. "That was no pig."

Another lunge struck the door, which crumpled inward, sending up a billow of dirt. A rosy-faced young man in armor trod over the door into the room, wrinkling his nose. He looked back and forth between the two opponents.

"Sheesh, they didn't tell me about all the pig muck all over the ground out there. Wherever you step, there's another steaming pile. Swine architecture at its most prolific. At least they finally got the last of those silly behemoths back in the pen, though how they expect it to hold them is beyond me. Which one of you is the werewolf?"

There was a brief silence. "He is," said Bama Zak.

"Who are you?" said Zero haughtily.

"I am Oswald the smiter, follower of Orlanth Adventurous, and implacable foe of all chaos. Foul slime, curse of existence, begone! Turn your back and ... uh, ..."

"Flee from me," supplied Bama Zak, helpfully.

"Hey, thanks," said Oswald. "Memorizing poetry never was my best skill. Let's see, where was I?"

"Turn your back and flee from me."

"You're all right. What are you doing, hanging around with this known werewolf, anyhow?"

"I'm not a werewolf," said Zero disgustedly, trying to reach inconspicuously for his shield.

"That's what they all say," observed Bama Zak.

"I will kill you, you are evil," continued Oswald cheerfully. "Lie and snivel ..."

"Whimper." corrected Bama Zak.

"Huh? I would have sworn it was snivel. Sounds more craven, you know?"

"Sorry. But it's still whimper."

"Well, like I said, this poetry stuff is too heavy for me. If you say it's whimper, whimper it is. So here goes; Lie and whimper before me." He looked expectantly at Zero.

"My name is Zero. You must have heard of me. I am the most famous detective in all of Glorantha. And far from being a werewolf, I worship Lhankor Mhy."

"Nice try," said Oswald with a friendly smile. "But I don't have a lot of time. The sooner I can wipe this pig crap off my boots, the better. So why don't you just snivel like a good boy..."

"Whimper, remember?" said Zero drily.

"Whatever," said Oswald, a little impatiently. "Pick the one you want. Then I kill you and everything's settled."

"Hold on a second," said Zero. "I just remembered something. Let's see. 'Good greetings in ill times, Friends! No person can risk' ..."

"Hold on a second," interrupted Oswald angrily. "How come both of you know Orlanthi poetry? Maybe both of you are werewolves."

"I keep telling you," said Zero firmly. "I am Zero, a very famous detective. It is a sign of your own educational deficiencies that you do not recognize me immediately. This man is my prisoner and I am interrogating him. I must ask that you cease interfering with this investigation."

"Damn!" Oswald stamped vexedly on the remains of the door. "It seemed so simple. All I had to do was come down here and do my Smite number on some old werewolf. I didn't plan to wade through oceans of pig slop. And nobody mentioned anything about there being two of you."

"Let's be reasonable," said Zero with forced patience. He was fairly certain he could subdue this stripling, but fighting fellow Lightbringers brought one into bad odor at the temple. "Didn't you get a description of the one you were supposed to slay? Surely you didn't come here merely to slaughter whomever you found in this house?"

"That's right!" said Oswald, snapping his fingers. "Stay right there," he warned Bama Zak, who was edging toward the door opening. "Let's see," he said, ticking the items off on his fingers, "black fur one broken fang, four short legs, longish snout ..."

Zero wiped his forehead. "That's the wolf, young man. Didn't you find out about the man?"

Oswald's forehead wrinkled with mental effort. "They said he was old, I remember." He looked at Zero, then Bama Zak. "That doesn't help."

"He's old," huffed Zero. "I'm mature."

"You both look old to me."

Zero pulled his shield in front of his knees, and rested his hands on it. Oswald's eyes followed the motion, and his hand went to the hilt of his sword, lifting it easily from the scabbard. Bama Zak backed away from the point. Zero saw Oswald's lips move, reviewing the incantations for his spells.

"Say," said Zero after a moment, to break Oswald's concentration. "He's skinny, for instance. Didn't you hear anything about skinny?"

"Not that I can recall," said Oswald, frowning. Then he brightened. "But they didn't say anything about gross obesity, either. Surely, if you were the one, someone would have mentioned your fat."

"Watch your tongue, young man. I am not fat, I am heavy-set."

Oswald giggled. "If you are heavy-set, giants are tall. And dragons are old. And death is unfortunate. And broos are ..."

"That's enough," snapped Zero, standing up abruptly, and lifting his shield into position on his left arm. "You are obstructing a most important interrogation. Please leave."

For the first time, the length of the scabbard at Zero's belt and the size of Zero's arm, and the ease with which Zero raised the heavy shield registered with Oswald. He flinched slightly, and smiled apologetically. "No need to get all excited," he said placatingly. "Are you sure you don't need any help with the questioning? And I could kill him after you milked him dry."

"I don't need any help at all," said Zero. He pointed at Bama Zak and mentally went through the short formula. There was a sharp crackle, and a faint streak of illumination flashed from his finger to Bama Zak's abdomen. The wolf-man doubled over, clutching his belly. "See? He knows what will happen if he doesn't cooperate."

"I guess so," nodded Oswald. He put his sword away with a disappointed gesture. "A few more of those, and he'll be the soul of compliance. But I sure wish I could help. He would be my first slaying of chaos."

"You know how it is," said Zero with mock sympathy. "He'll talk more freely, with less people around."

"I suppose you're right." Oswald clapped him on the elbow. "Well, show him no mercy, Ziggy."

"Zero," said Zero to the empty doorway. He turned back to Bama Zak. "Foul fiend of evil, certainly you're not hurt?"

The werewolf was curled up on the floor. With a sigh of relief he stood up. He showed no sign of discomfort.

"Of course not. It seemed like the judicious thing to do. Your spell failed against me. I think you'd better give up the Disruption strategy."

Zero sat down again, easily. "The next one might work. Or I could call Oswald back. He seemed eager to fight a werewolf."

"Come on, come on. You came here for information, not for mayhem. So knock off the tough talk and ask some questions. If you're polite, maybe I'll even answer one or two."

"Ugh. I'm not even polite to my mother. Don't I have another choice?"

"Why don't I just pretend I'm intimidated?"

"Why don't you just pretend you're grateful?"

"You mean, for rescuing me from Oswald? Well, all right boss. I'll tell you where the buried treasure is. Jes' don't hurt me please, boss?"

"The wind made clapping noises on the outside of the hut, and Zero wrinkled his nose at the stench that it carried. "Nice neighborhood," he remarked.

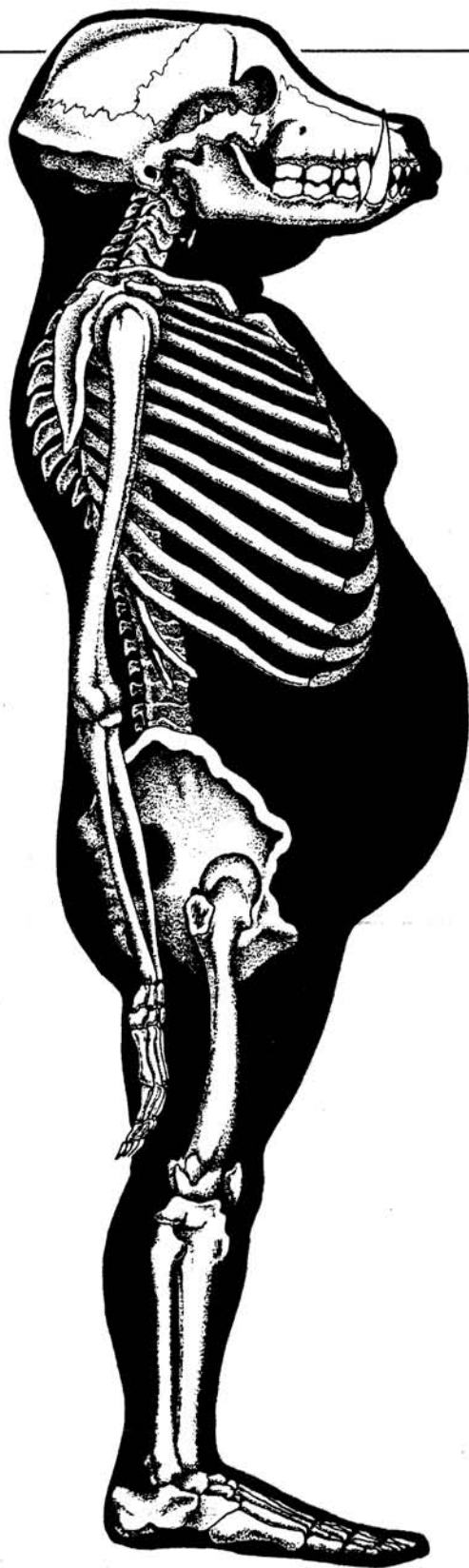
"Yassir boss, but it's home."

"All right, knock it off. Satisfy my curiosity instead. Where does the hair go? When you metamorphose, I mean? Where do you keep it when you're in human form?"

Bama Zak shrugged, "Beats me. It doesn't retract into my skin or anything. When I change, it just appears. Starts out wispy, like spiderthread, then it's fur. The whole process only takes a few seconds."

"Asmodea should have a beard like that. It would be

(continued in two pages)



MORE ON TROLLS

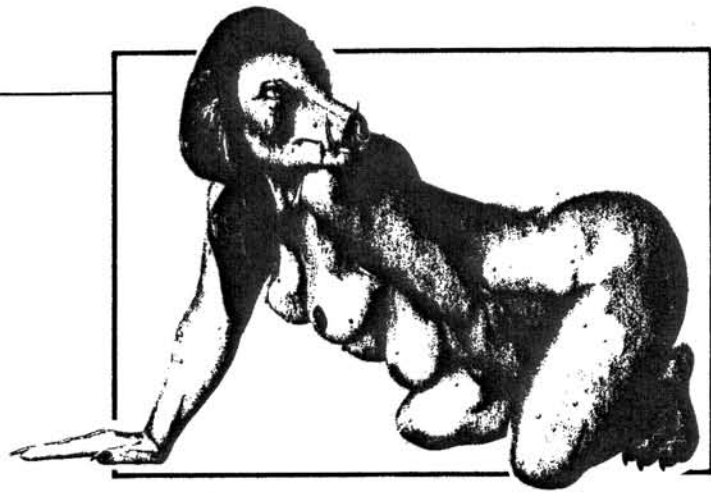
By Sandy Petersen

Recently, *Trollpak*, the most extensive and complete volume of troll lore ever released, was published by Chaosium, Inc. It was impossible to catalog all the features, faults, powers, and virtues of that entire intelligent race, so many facts of troll existence were skimmed over. Some of those facts are given here.

The illustrations of *Trollpak* were accurate, but portrayed only the more palatable trolls. Many trolls have far larger tusks, for example, than those pictured. The silhouette given here shows the outline of a typical male dark troll. Note the disproportionately long arms and large skull. The monster's obesity is also obvious in this view. Some sages believe that troll females have but two breasts. This is true for many, but many more (especially among those females descended recently from the mistress race or from great troll sires), have six breasts. This portrait is of Xenoma, a popular female dark troll who worked as a sacred prostitute in the Furthest temple of Uleria. She catered mainly to the human trade, so kept herself slimmer than the troll ideal of beauty. Note the six breasts and her somewhat long snout. Xenoma grows her hair long and thick, unusual among trolls. Even among those trolls capable of such a lush growth of hair, many follow the common troll custom of shaving the skull.

The mistress race's skin is velvety black, sometimes showing dark grey spots or patches. Dark trolls have a dark to light gray skin. Dark troll skin often shows a mottling in a different shade of gray, such as orange-gray, or blue-gray. Great trolls' skin is colored similarly to that of dark trolls, while trollkin hide varies tremendously, though it is generally much lighter than an adult dark troll's. Sea trolls are black-blue dorsally, lighter blue underneath; and cave trolls tend towards a bleached green or gray washed over a dull black base.

Most troll cities have their own leadsmiths and bronze-workers. These troll smiths are worshipers of the subterranean god Lodril, deity of volcanoes and gloomy heat; and the deity Gustbran, deity of smithing and bonfires. Many such smiths possess magic spells and songs capable of



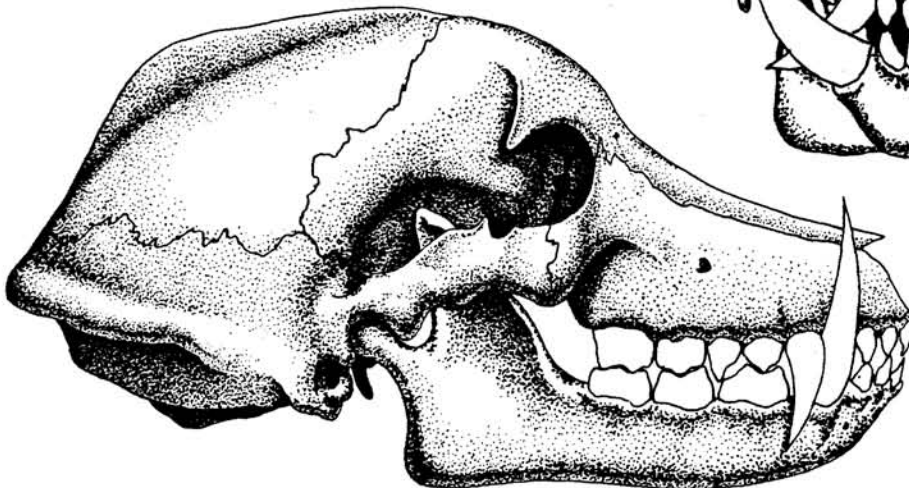
softening and smelting metal without fire or light. Some of the master troll smiths even build small forges with blazing coals. Less audacious troll smiths beat out their metal with brute strength alone, ignoring the need for heat at all. All troll smiths are considered magicians by common trolls, and they are frequently villains in troll stories.

A common troll magic item is the Stone-to-Kill-Chaos. These small irregular stones are each endowed with a single magical ability which may be used once. They are thrown at their target and take effect if they hit. The stones come in different colors, and the effect varies with the color. Black stones cancel out a chaos feature of the struck target for several hours. Blue stones drain 1D10 points of the target's Power. Green stones, uniquely, are thrown at friends, and heal 1D6 points of damage caused by a chaotic attack. Yellow stones do 1D10 points of damage to the target monster, passing by all armor. Yellow stones cannot be thrown by a troll, though they can be made by one. Sometimes trolls will make a quantity of these yellow stones and blackmail humans into using them on the trolls' behalf. Brown stones break any chaos monster struck into 1D4 pieces; this is especially effective, except against gorp.

There are other colors of stones known as well. All of these Stones-to-Kill-Chaos come in varying potency: more powerful green stones will heal 2D6 or more points of damage, stronger blue stones will drain 2D10 or even 3D10 points of Power from their target, and so forth. The easiest stones for the trolls to make are black and green. Only powerful troll queens, shamans, and priestesses are able to create even these stones. Another frequently-met troll item is the foe-cursor. This is a log set upright near a troll village with a skull placed on the top. If the skull is a troll-skull, the log acts as a Detect Enemy matrix – when an enemy passes within 40 meters of it, the spell goes off, and the village is alerted. Other types of skulls are also seen on these log poles: fish skulls, amphibians, reptiles, hoofed mammals, and carnivores. These other skull types throw curses upon those foolhardy enough to brave their threat. The curse varies with the variety of skull and the power of the troll magician who emplaced the pole.



J. Kevin Ramos
© 1982



convenient for romantic encounters. Presto, and she's a girl again."

"She wouldn't like the rest of it," said Bama Zak bitterly. "Once every seven days, whether I like it or not, I turn into this animal. Maybe I want to stay home and play the flute, or have a drink with a ladyfriend, or make a bet on an important match. Do I get a choice? No sir. I get to be a wolf. Not only that, but the changeover *hurts!* And in the morning I come home all covered with lice and ticks and burrs and forty-three other kinds of disgusting crap. And that's not the worst of it. Every so often some would-be hero, like that Oswald, decides he's going to make a name for himself by beating up on some real fearsome Chaos. Does he go out and tackle broos or dragonsnails? Not a chance. He looks for some old flea-bitten werewolf, who just wants to be left alone to do a little gambling and take care of his pipe and flute collection. Why do you think I live in this dump, right next to the stockyards and the tanneries? Because even heroes have delicate noses. While I stay down here, they've usually been willing to leave me be. Only one thing saves my skin when one of them does catch up with me: the first thing they usually do is lapse into that poetry that they love so much. The hero doesn't even get out his first 'foul slime of chaos' and baby, I'm *gone.*"

"Tough life," said Zero unsympathetically. "Enough chit-chat. Tell me about Galarad."

"You mean tell you about Wanda and the Destroyer. Galarad just stands there and watches them chew up the opposition. Wanda is fast and the Destroyer is violent. Wanda's got the legs, Galarad likes to say, and Destroyer's got the teeth. There's no denying that pair is good. How good is hard to tell, though, because it almost seems like they hex their opposite numbers. People used to think that maybe Galarad was using magic, but there's just too many ways of catching that. But still, it was occasionally hard to believe that the other side hadn't been spelled. For instance, sometimes one of the other rubble runners would slow way down, as if it had been magically bound in some way. A couple of other times, a rubble runner would weaken, or start to blister as if a wound had suddenly appeared, as if it had been disrupted. And one time, a very ordinary head bite went through one of them rats like cheese, as if the Destroyer's bite damage had been enhanced with an Ironhand spell while the rats were waiting in the chute. So naturally we all have wondered whether Galarad was doing something sneaky. But in any big-money fight, there's somebody around casting Detect Magic at random times, to make sure none of the rats have any protective spells on them."

"There is such a thing as a detection blank," said Zero distastefully. "Repellent as the concept is, it has to be recognized that there is a spell which will thwart detection spells."

"True," acknowledged Bama Zak, "but a couple times one of the trainers brought in a real heavyweight, a merchant priest with lots of stored power like servant spirits, energy storage crystals, and so forth. This guy cranked out a couple of heavy-duty Detect Magics. Spent half a minute just stoking up the energy for each one. I don't care who you are, unless you're some kind of blinkin' superhero, you don't have that much Detection Blank. And superheroes don't mess with small stuff like rubble runner rumbles."

"Hmm. Galarad is a priest, remember. Lots of priests get spirits from their god, to cast spells and supply magical power for him. Where's his? It's got to be bound into something, and it could be an animal. Could he have his allied spirit bound into either Wanda or the Destroyer?"

Bama Zak shook his head. "We thought of that, too. The trouble is that a foreign spirit in an animal's body just can't handle it as well as the animal's own spirit can. It's a matter of reflexes and instinct. Unless Galarad worshiped the god of rubble runners, he couldn't get an appropriate spirit for his animals. Anyway, there's a simple test, and believe me it's been done. To check for bound spirits in familiars, just toss a befuddling spell at it, or some other spell which only works on intelligent life. If the spell overcomes the creature's power, but there is no change in the animal's actions or behavior, then it doesn't have a spirit in it. Furthermore, the spell will affect the priest as well, through his magical link to his familiar. So at least some of the time, if Wanda or the Destroyer had been a familiar, Galarad should have been standing around stupefied, since you can't put up spell defenses along that link between you and your ally."

"Eventually we gave up and decided that Galarad's rats were fighting fair and square. For one thing, they always obey the tag-team rules, and only one of them was fighting at once. Most other teams don't have that kind of discipline, not because they can't have it, because rubble runners are real easy to train, but because the owners figure the referees usually can't do anything about violations like that before it's too late."

"So Galarad always sticks to the rules."

"As much as anyone does — he's no flagrant violator, anyway. He just stands there and smiles and smiles, while his furry friends chew up the other side."

"Detect Magic won't pick up everything. For instance, magic healing is instantaneous, so it won't show up on Detect Magic. Could he be healing them somehow?"

"Not a chance. that spell is real obvious. Wounds sealing over and like that. Besides, you have to touch them to heal them. There's no inconspicuous way to magically heal."

"If they think Galarad is pulling a fast one involving magic, why don't his opponents cast a countermagic on their own rats, to keep any outside spells from working. That would nullify any possible tricks like ... Oh, I see."

"Right. Countermagic is magic, too. You can see the owner cast the spell, and the rats will glow if they are hit with a magic detection spell. But you can't tell *what* spells are being cast on the animals, so there isn't any way to prevent trainers from casting other spells, such as Ironhand, on their pets, under cover of a countermagic spell."

Zero nodded his head. "Once they allowed one spell they would open the gates for them all."

"If there were any easy way to thwart Galarad, people would have done it by now."

Zero pondered a minute. "Can you get me a seat for the next fight? A good close seat?"

"I can get you a good close stand. This isn't a harp concert — you watch on your feet or knees." Bama Zak closed one eye, picked out a flute, and tried a mournful tune. "Sure," he

said at last. "I can get you in. All you have to do for it is say, 'Werewolves are all right.'"

The pudgy detective stood up and looked through the racks of pipes and recorders of all sizes. "Quite a collection you've got here."

"The best," said Bama Zak proudly. "You blow it, I've got it. Pipes of every nationality, flutes for every orifice of every kind of body in Glorantha: Esrolian mouth organs; Fronelan harmonicas; Pelorian bat horns; every regimental bugle since the Dawn Ages; musical maces from Dagori Inkarth; ... you get the idea."

"Hold on a second. All at once ... I think I remember you. Didn't you used to have a touring band of some sort? You had a big black wolf's head you wore while conducting. One of the eyes was always winking."

"That's right," said Bama Zak, pleased. "I made it out of lots of little bits of fabric pasted together. We were called Wolfman Zak and the Ladykillers." He rubbed his nose reminiscently. "I needed the wolf's head while I was on tour just in case there were any accidental sightings, you understand. That way I would have an explanation." He sighed regretfully. "But even with the wink, it just didn't go over. So much for my big leap into show business."

Zero looked around at the shabby room and the old werewolf. He smelled the powerful odors of human and animal excrement and just about everything imaginable decayed and rotting. "Did the Ladykillers ever kill any ladies?"

"We were tempted. Our audiences were mostly old men and women, who poked at us with their canes and wanted us to play forty-year-old tunes. Not," he added wistfully, "like Amanita and the Flitwood Oaks. They always had hot young broads hanging around. Lutists always get the good ones."

"Listen. About the fight ..."

"Don't worry. I'll get you in."

"Thanks, unofficially."



he two rats glared and snapped at each other. There was bright blood showing on the fur of the smaller one, just above the right foreleg. The trainers yelled encouragement, while a pair of bored guards tried to keep them from leaning on the wooden sides of the pit. Most of the crowd was chattering or looking around for celebrities.

"These two palookas don't amount to a hill of droppings," said Bama Zak indifferently. "Even for junior welterweights, they're inept. The winner of this match is in line for a title shot, but whichever one wins, the Swenstown Kid will eat him alive."

Galarad wasn't watching the fight. His eyes were on the tall, heavy-bosomed blonde Zero had seen him with earlier that week on the practice field. At his feet was a large cage, containing a pair of very large rubble runners. The two animals turned round and round in their narrow enclosure and snarled at everybody who came too close.

"Roar of the crowd," said Bama Zak.

"What?" said Zero.

"Some trainers like to keep their rats isolated before the match. Galarad and many others prefer to bring them into the arena, to let the noise and tension in the spectators, and the smell of blood from the losers, get to their fighters. It gets that lust to kill under their animal's skin." Looking at Galarad across the room, he continued, "It also demonstrates that no funny business is being undertaken. With an animal brought in just before the fight, there is always that possibility. They always wait a couple of minutes before the start of the fight though, after the animals are at pitside, so that any battle magic spells which might have been cast on them will expire."

A rotund man in tan-and-green motley was pushing his way through the crowd, clutching a rectangular tray. "Souvenir teeth!" he bellowed, "from past cham-peens and top con-tenders. Get 'em here! In-cisors and bi-cuspidis in perfect condition. All fully au-thenticated! Sugar-Rat Pestifer! Hairy Babe Mel-issa! The Ir-rippi Ripper! Toothsome Twosome! All the greats!" A woman in a faded blue dress stopped him to ask something. He mumbled a reply, and she shook her head. He moved on. A few obvious newcomers bought.

"If all the teeth which have been sold as Sugar Rat's incisors were really his," remarked Zak drily, "he would have weighed six hundred pounds. It would have taken a winch to lift his jaw."

"You are implying that those artifacts are fake, then?"

"Of course not," said Zak sarcastically. "All the other twenty-five hundred teeth were phonies. These teeth tonight, on the other hand, they'll be the real things. After all, you heard him. They're 'fully authenticated.'"

"Documentation?"

"Each tooth bears the facsimile of Sugar Rat's pawprint itself. Do you need further convincing?"

A cadaverous man in a dirty white houppelande was selling dried rubble-runner's tails. "Tails from legendary fighters of the past!" he cried. "Only the best preserved caudal extremities!" A pretty young woman in a skimpy orange dress was selling children's mittens made of rubble runner fur. "Keep your precious little ones warm this storm season," she urged.

Only the young woman was doing any real business.

"I'm surprised there isn't anyone selling pickled rubble runner eyes, and rubble runner liver extract," observed Zero.

"Just wait," said Zak.

A fiftyish man with white hair, in a loose white shirt and baggy pants, was watching the fight intently. Every so often, he turned and, with a kindly expression, made a comment to a younger man next to him.

"Oh ho," said Zak.

"Yes?"

"That must be the latest ploy of the guys trying to figure out how Galarad does it. I bet he was hired by Hrogish — he owns the pair challenging Galarad's team tonight. That white-haired gent is Parlous Merkin, one of Sartar's leading authorities on animal behavior. He raises horses and mules for a living, but every year he takes one or two seasons off to trek to Prax or Beast Valley or someplace like that to snoop into the private lives of animals there. You got a question about how animals act in the wild or captivity, Merkin's the one to ask." Zak ran a hand across his thinning hair. As a wolf his fur was thick and

healthy, but as a man he had hardly any left. "I figure his presence might be one of the conditions for the fight. Galarad might be having trouble finding opponents by now. I wonder if Merkin has the authority to stop the fight if he spots anything fishy."

"Maybe I'll ask him," said Zero. He started to move away through the crowd, then turned back to the haggard werewolf. "Uh, thanks." He scratched the side of his head in embarrassment. "Hey, for foul slime you're not so bad."

"Same to you, bub."



Excuse me," said Zero to the mitten salesgirl as he squeezed his way through the spectators. "Not today, I'm afraid," he said, declining an offer to provide for his ungloved offspring. The junior welterweight contest was over, and the body of the loser was being hauled away by its despondent trainer. The tooth salesman spoke to him briefly, and was answered by an angry shake of the head. There was a desultory exchange of silver guilders as the gamblers paid off the small bets that had been staked on the outcome. Nobody but the sour-faced trainer appeared particularly unhappy about the result of the match.

A small group of green-coated Esrolit soldiers blocked his way. He didn't attempt to circle them, because he was standing behind Galarad. He and his companion were sitting on two light wooden chairs with brown cushions, close to one end of the pit. Only a few other spectators were provided with seats; the others milled around behind the chairs.

"I'm really not enjoying this much," objected the tall woman. "What do you see in it?"

"It's life and death, my dear," said Galarad in a musical voice. "Humanity's struggles in microcosm, two beings in the desperate, ultimate agony of survival or defeat. It's a way of appreciating that absolute moment without the bitterness of a human death." He turned to her with a slight winning smile. "And, of course, there's the money."

"That's not what I saw," said the woman, watching the winning trainer heal his panting blood-mouthed beast. "I just saw two rats chewing on each other. It wasn't my idea of entertainment."

"What is?" asked Galarad, putting a hand on her bare thigh, against the hem of her short dress.

"Why don't we leave, and I'll show you," urged the brunette. "It will be a lot more amusing than this, I can assure you."

"Sorry, my dear, but you know I can't leave. The tag-team match is the last of the night, and I have to be here when Wanda and the Destroyer fight."

"Some fun," grumbled the woman.

Galarad's face was momentarily hard. "Don't worry; I will make sure that you don't regret being with me this evening." With that, he bent down towards his animals, hissing encouragement.

The Esrolit soldiers moved back toward the pit as the next pair of fighters, a couple of heavy-set females, were brought in.

Zero stepped behind them and moved up to stand beside the white-haired man.

"Overstarved," said Parlous Merkin.

"Excuse me," said Zero, surprised.

"Overstarved, sport," he repeated. "The trainer of that grey one hasn't fed his animal recently enough. Oh sure, you can't see the ribs or anything obvious like that, but look at the way she waggles her head. At that stage, she wants food more than a fight. She's no longer at full strength. The black one will win easily."

"Are you going to bet on her?" asked Zero.

"Not a bit of it, sport," said Merkin, amused. "It would make it a trifle difficult for me to convince these folks here of my impartiality, now, wouldn't it? Besides, it would be like cheating a barbarian: it's too easy to be any fun, and it gives you another enemy for too small a profit."

"An illuminating viewpoint."

Merkin frowned slightly. "Watch your choice of words, sport."

"Excuse me. Shall we say astute, instead? At any rate, may I deduce that you are here in an official capacity?"

"Right you are. I'm supposed to keep an eye on these critics, make sure they're acting within the limits of their natural behavior and scrutinize their fighting for any sign of herbal or magical tampering."

As he spoke, the black rat dashed forward, seized her grey opponent by the neck, and gave a furious wrench. The grey's head immediately went slack, but the black continued to work her jaws deeper into her victim's flesh. There was a murmur of disappointment from the crowd at the quick end of the match.

"Congratulations," said Zero to Merkin.

"No tampering there," said Merkin. "Just stupidity."

"Well, that gets all the shabby preliminaries out of the way," said the young man on the other side of Merkin.

Galarad released his rubble runners into a small alcove in the corner of the pit nearest him. Zero remembered Bama Zak's words: Wanda's got the feet and Destroyer's got the teeth. Perhaps the fight would show him the difference; both rats seemed to have their ample share of each type of equipment.

On the other side of the pit, a sandy-haired young man with a worried expression was muttering aggressive imprecations to his own runners. One of them yawned with a sort of rodent anticipation.

"That's Primrose," said Merkin. "The yawn shows she's in top condition for the fight. The gesture is a male territorial challenge, and getting a female to do it is the peak of combat training."

"Do they usually send their male or their female in first?"

"Speed, not gender," said Merkin. "They send in their fastest one first. The one best able to avoid the primary disaster in this type of match — getting caught in the opponent's corner."

"You seem to know a lot about these matches," observed Zero.

"I should sport. Seen enough of them. Not just rubble runners, either. Birds, cats, foxes, bears, anything that can be trained to fight, somebody will do it and gamble on the outcome. Trollball games are considered barbaric by humans, but trolls hardly have a corner on crudity." Merkin wiped his cheek on his shirtsleeve. "I've seen people gambling at trollball games, too."

Wanda advanced toward the pit's center, where another rubble runner awaited him. It was the one which had yawned. "Kill him, Primrose!" yelled the sandy-haired man. The cry was taken up by many of the spectators. "Butcher him, sweetheart!" yelled a portly man to Zero's left. "Disembowel the bitch, Wanda!" shouted somebody else directly behind Zero. The noise and emotion was in stark contrast to the apathy during the previous bouts.

Despite the bloodcurdling admonitions, the runners contented themselves with a minute and a half of maneuvering, each trying to stay away from the other's corner. Then Wanda retreated to the Destroyer and brushed her shoulder. Meanwhile Primrose was backing into her corner for a rest as well.

"Eviscerate her!" shouted one man.

"No more vacillation!" added another.

"A large woman contributed, "Annihilation impends!"

"Overawe them, Runkle!"

"There appears," noted Zero, "to be a sudden increase in the intellectual level of the exhortations."

"That's always the case at one of these top matches," replied the portly man on his left. "The high-rollers feel it helps to remove some of the stigma from wagering on animal fights if their rallying cries are highly articulate. However, no study has ever shown that rubble runners respond favorably to elevated rhetoric."

"Gut the sucker!" screamed a florid man near the back.

"Not everyone rises to the occasion," remarked Merkin drily.

Runkle had gotten his center of gravity below the Destroyer's, and was pushing her towards his corner. Zero shot a glance at Galarad, who was watching the match impassively. Runkle's left leg buckled momentarily, and the Destroyer tipped him over and darted for her corner. Runkle scrambled for his corner too, but not fast enough; Wanda tagged the Destroyer on the snout and was on the crooked leg in a flash, tearing with his teeth.

Zero turned away, saw Galarad still watching, with the faintest wisp of satisfaction on his face.

"Well," said Zero, not looking back at the pit. "Was that disruption? Was that binding?"

"Could've been, right enough," assented Merkin darkly. Then he gave an uneasy shake of the head. "Never prove it though. The light flickers too much in the pit to see a spell-cast. It all happened too fast."

The sandy-haired man's face was white as he pulled Runkle's body out of the pit. A few sour-faced patrons wandered down with handfuls of coins to drop in Galarad's held-open purse. Galarad's companion sat uncomfortably with her eyes on the ground.

Merkin was down talking to the loser, shrugging. The sandy-haired man was gesticulating angrily, stabbing his palm with an

irate finger. Merkin shrugged again, pulled out a coin pouch, dropped it in the other's flat hand, and walked away.

"I gave him back his money," he said to Zero. "I shouldn't accept it if I couldn't protect him. Just another example of my incorrigible idealism."

A half an hour later, almost all the spectators had departed, including the incorrigible idealist. Zero was idly discussing the quality of imported West Pelorian hornbeam trivets with the portly man who was the expert on ringside oratory. Galarad had caged his rubble runners, and fed them their reward of live brown mice while his companion looked the other way. If anything, Galarad seemed to enjoy her squeamishness.

"This is disgusting," she said once.

"You're still here, aren't you?" was his reply.

With a final transient smile of enjoyment, he picked up the heavy cage easily, took the young woman by the arm, and strode to the narrow door.

"The best cheeseboards with obscene inlaid mosaics used to come from Yuthuppa," the portly man was saying, "but a friend of mine says now he has a source somewhere in Ralios, not that he'll tell me where. Of course, he's the same guy who claimed to know how he could lay his hands on the actual napkins used at the ceremony to summon, or whatever it was that they did, the Red Goddess. I mean, who would believe that? In fact ..."

"Excuse me," said Zero. "I think I just saw an old friend." He moved slowly toward the door that Galarad had taken.

Galarad was about 100 meters away, a slightly swaggering figure with the woman in one arm and the heavy caged rubble runners carried in the other. The houses were not closely packed in this part of town and the night was clear. Zero was able to keep them in view using the stars and the occasional sliver of light from an active dwelling. He could not hear their footfalls ahead of him. Perhaps that meant they couldn't hear his.

The street darkened as they entered a mercantile district. Artisans and vendors were tucked securely away in their second-story living quarters; the buildings shadowed the street and no light came from them. Zero accelerated his pace. Galarad and his companion were walking as if they feared no one. They were headed away from the Humakt temple now, probably toward Galarad's private house.

"It might be useful to know just where that is," thought Zero. "If I'm patient ..." He cast a detect detection spell on himself. If anybody cast a detection spell which picked him up, he would know about it. Detection of enemies was a specially low-priced spell for Humakti.

He thought on a variety of gruesome things for Galarad. Removing various appendages and attributes for starters. Turning him into a zombie was appealing (not that he had any way to do it). Calling him a wimp to his face ...

Zero hurried down the spongy pathway, making no attempt to be quiet. Now he was within 40 paces, so a detection spell would reach him. He redoubled the vividness of his mental images. "I do hope he's not in the mood for a fight," he muttered. "Money, girl, and rats; he shouldn't risk one. But with a Humakti, you never can tell ..."

Galarad had looked around at him twice now. Zero pulled his sword from its scabbard.

Galarad made a familiar gesture. "Detection of enemies, all right," thought Zero. He was pleased to see Galarad jerk with what looked like alarm. The detect detection warning went off in Zero's head. "So far, so good," he thought, "he's acting just as ..."

The air seemed to crackle slightly between himself and the figures ahead. He felt the power of a spell wash through him, overwhelming his Power and sweeping through his muscles.

There was more spell-casting and Galarad and the woman suddenly started racing down the street away from him at an unnaturally high rate of speed. "The Mobility spell," thought Zero. "I'm not surprised."

It was like walking through a swamp or a bog of mid-thigh high mud. Each step required a special exertion. "This is how fast I chase giants," thought Zero, "or anything else I don't really want to catch."

Still, he was capable of casting the spell; it would just take him longer. He already had it in mind. With lips that felt like slabs of stone and a tongue as agile as mock-pork sausage, he recited the simple formula of the spell.

His features curved into a slow, gradual smile.



Asmodea was wearing her balanced-condemnation-of-subordinates beard, dark yellow with streaks of crimson and bronze. It was nicely set off by the deep green of her robe. "This is very prompt," she was saying. "To be frank, I hadn't expected any result for weeks yet."

"I have adequately informed you that I am Glorantha's greatest living detective. If you persist in underestimating my abilities, it is not my fault." Zero was not feeling as petulant as his words.

"I don't think you are feeling as petulant as your words sound," she said perceptively. "In fact, you radiate smugness. Are you going to tell me why?"

"Don't rush me. This is the moment that every detective lives for, when he knows all of the facts and you don't and he can tantalize you with them. I will set my own tempo, thank you."

"Then this had better be good," warned Asmodea.

"Good isn't even in the same country. I hope that you have a beard for unreserved-accolades-for-ingenuous-and-soon-to-be-promoted-initiates."

"Damn it. I knew my collection was incomplete! I'll just have to improvise."

"Let me ask you one question first."

"Asmodea frowned. "I haven't got all day."

"For this, you do," said Zero. He gazed at the ceiling. "Was it a boy or a girl?"

"Huh?"

"I can't make the words any shorter. Shall I try hand signals?"

"I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about."

Still gazing at the ceiling, Zero locked his fingers over his stomach. "No matter. We detectives are used to that. Clients never tell us the whole truth, but when you're Glorantha's greatest, that is a minor obstacle."

Asmodea stood up, her face darkening. "Are you calling me a liar?" she demanded.

"Sit down, please. You are interfering with my dramatic presentation of the facts." He turned to her emphatically. "I know the whole truth."

She sat.

"Well," began Zero, "to start with last things first — what you really wanted to know, you're going to need that divine intervention from Lhankor Mhy."

"What?..." she said weakly.

Zero ignored the interruption.

"First, my assignment was to investigate a candidate for an associate priest of Lhankor Mhy, god of knowledge and scholarship. But according to one who knew him well, Galarad had only two hobbies, and neither of them had anything to do with books. In fact, there was not the slightest evidence whatsoever that Galarad had any interest in joining Lhankor Mhy. Therefore, it occurred to me that the explanation given to me for this assignment was probably a flimflam.

"Second, the person who gave me the assignment, and who insisted that I tell nobody else about it, was gone for a year just three years ago. What do people take a year to do?"

"I hope you really did visit the Block."

"Briefly," said Asmodea, her face stony.

"I'm really enjoying this, you know. Clients always think you are going to find out what they want to know, but that they're too clever for you to find out what they don't want you to know."

"Quit calling me you client, tubby. I'm your superior, and don't you forget."

Zero yawned. "I am impervious to rank and insult."

"Anyhow," he said, hurrying on. "We agree you had a baby. I presume you are not really ignorant of its gender. I suppose it is being raised somewhere away from the temple. That wouldn't be hard for Daddy to arrange. However, it would seem that the baby might be exhibiting one or two unusual properties. Something to suggest that there might be a speck not quite orderly in his heredity. And since *you're* clean, that leaves the father. Galarad, of course."

"The lead mines could use another slave."

"Presumably, you mean to sidetrack me from my revelations. A true detective is imperturbable at the climax of the case. I learned that from my mentor.

"But I digress. Let us instead regress to the aforementioned Galarad. What do we know about him? He's a big hit with the ladies, present company apparently included. He's got a couple of fighting rats who keep mysteriously winning, and skulduggery is suspected. Detect magic spells, even with lots of power behind them, don't reveal anything. Nobody can see Galarad casting any spells. Neither his own rats nor the opponent's are enchanted.

"Galarad is a priest, so he may have an allied spirit. It is possible to put such a spirit into the body of an animal of some kind, as a familiar. Does Galarad have a familiar? Perhaps one of the rubble runners? No, that's been checked out, too. Neither rubble runner is his familiar.

"Galarad's runners, unlike many contestants, always make a legitimate tag in the pit. Others are known to simply dash into the fighting area without delay. So why are Galarad's so scrupulous?"

Zero paused shamelessly for dramatic effect. "Quite simply, in order to pass Galarad's familiar back and forth. I haven't actually seen his familiar, of course, and it's too small to show up with a detect life spell, but I know it's there. Just as if I had seen it — I have *deduced* it!"

Asmodea looked puzzled. "What does all this have ...?"

Zero plowed on. "A flea, of course. The flea casts a protection spell on Galarad's rats, then hops to the enemy and casts disruption to cause an injury, or binding to slow it down. Since the flea is hidden in the fur, the spells are not visible to the onlookers. I don't know how long fleas live, but it's easy enough for Galarad to transfer his ally to a new flea every time the previous one gets decrepit. And he certainly doesn't have to worry about a shortage of candidates."

Asmodea scratched her ear, pulling her beard askew. "Hold on a second. I thought you said spells had been eliminated. Detect magic, remember?"

"Last night I followed Galarad. Made him believe I was a threat, implausible as that might be to anyone knowing my peaceable nature. Since he had his rats and his latest flame with him, to say nothing of his most recent profit, he chose flight over fight. To assist him in escaping, he had the flea cast a binding spell on me."

"Why the flea? Why not just cast it himself?"

"In order to maintain its own magical energy at the highest possible level, to give its spells the best possible chance of succeeding against the resistance of the enemy rats, the ally draws upon Galarad's power instead of its own. Therefore, by the end of the match, Galarad's power is much lower than the flea's. Since Galarad didn't know how magically powerful I was, he had the flea cast the binding spell to give it the best chance of overcoming me.

"Anyhow, the entire bit of playacting was just a subterfuge to get him to cast a spell on me, one that I knew worked. So there I was, magically bound, and consequently an enchanted object. That's when I cast my detect magic.

"Chaos, Asmodea, chaos! Not a timid, dingy werewolf, but probably ugly, nasty chaos. Galarad has an allied spirit whose spells are undetectable by the use of magic. I don't suppose that Galarad got it from Humakt, or if he did, it acquired its chaotic feature later, through some chaotic god or spell.

"Did you want Galarad to marry you, was that it? So you got pregnant and he just didn't care. I suppose that was about the story. I imagine he thought you would give it up or get rid of it. I guess he wants to breed as many children off of as many women as he can."

"That was the one time I should have used the Glue matrix and didn't. But how does that account for my baby's ... you

know. After all, it is his allied spirit and not himself that is tainted by chaos."

"The werewolf I talked to thinks Galarad is an ogre. Not an ill-tempered person. An ogre. Real chaos, Asmodea, capital 'O'. No wonder he's such a big star with the ladies. Maybe all the homely ogres work in the back rooms. At least, all the ones we hear about are knockouts.

"So the father of your baby is a chaotic being, striving to spread his race around more, and therefore your baby might be one too. I think it's not too late to ask Lhankor Mhy to remove the taint, or the chaotic feature, or whatever made you suspect."

"That's what I was afraid of," sighed Asmodea.

"Out of curiosity ..."

"She never ... uh, she drinks and eats, but it never, uh, comes out. The organs are there all right, but she never has to use them. I was hoping it was some great evolutionary advance in human physiology, but it was just too good to be true."

"What a temptation," mused Zero. "I'm glad I don't have the choice."

"Speaking of chaos, Zero, are you going to report that werewolf to anyone?"

"Yeah," said Zero. "Eventually."

"No hurry," agreed Asmodea. "It might slip your mind."

"I'm already having a little trouble remembering his name."

"Galarad, on the other hand ..."

"Exactly. I wonder what the Orlanthi temple leaders will do when they get wind of him?"

Asmodea sat down beside him. "You know, Zero, you really did an excellent job. I'm sorry now that I didn't confide in you completely from the very beginning." She pulled the beard over her head. "There, that wasn't very comfortable anyway. I hope you're free to spend the evening with me. After all we've been through here, I think it is definitely time for us to get better acquainted."

Zero squinted at her. "Unfortunately, I already have a previous commitment tonight, one that I've been looking forward to, but I really appreciate the offer."

"Oh, Zero, surely you don't mean that red-haired fluffy chatterbox you brought to dinner the other night. You can do much better than that." She smiled disarmingly. "I know what it is. It's that other thing three years ago. That's ancient history, Zero; you'll just have to put that right out of your mind. If you are going to be eternally jealous of Galarad, it will be highly detrimental to development of true intimacy between us."

"That's right," agreed Zero. "It does not ogre well for our relationship."



Translation of a fragment from:

Discovered by Greg Stafford

A HISTORY OF MY BLACK HORSE TROOP

"This work is the effort of a Hero," begins the preface to the *History*, "it is a monument, immortal and unique in its standing among literature."

Indeed, the multi-volume *History of My Black Horse Troop* is the only original writing from those past days which has survived to our present age. By original, we mean the exact same copy which Ethilrist himself wrote. Copies appear and vanish, yet this truly stupendous work has survived even the book-burnings of the Here-And-Nows, and the exorcisms of the lotus-crazed Holy Ones.

It is written in ink upon paper, and bound in leather. Microscopic and sub-atomic investigations have proved that the paper is from a plant which no longer exists, while the leather is from a creature whose genetic make-up is approximately 57% identical with the present-day horse. The ink was manufactured from fresh-water crayfish.

The whole work consists of twelve volumes, with an average of 324 pages per book. There is a total of 3868 pages. The language used is the "common speech" of the Colder Continent [Genertela], although the script is in Ethilrist's native West Jungle hand.

Volume I is Sir Ethilrist's genealogy, going back some fourteen generations. It is known that he was aided in his research by oracles he visited across the world, and by the ghosts of ancestors he met in Hell. There is no reason to doubt the veracity of each entry, though there are over 40,000 individuals named.

Vol. II is about his childhood, filled with pages of innocent memories. It ends with the marriage of Ethilrist's brother to the Untoothed One of the Onyx Court, followed by the suicide of their mother.

Vol. III, IV, and V are of the pre-heroic period, charting the rigors and revelations which he underwent during his years of fighting, and also detailing the formation of the White Horse Troop.

Vol. VI, the longest single volume of the series, recounts his raid against Hell, and contains a wealth of historical material learned from dead poets and royalty. It is a tremendous source of material about the Underworlds, and has served as reference material for several infernal cults. The book ends after Ethilrist emerges from Hell a god-ordained Hero, leading the rebaptised Black Horse Troop.

Volumes VII and VIII record his later deeds. They are fewer but greater, and it was rare that his soldiers rode their unearthly steeds to mingle in purely human matters.

Volume IX includes his sketches for the groundplans for Muse Roost, both the town and the palace. There are also several pages of details on the Inner Court, with notations. There follows a list of rituals and prayers he wrote before taking the ground. Most of the book, however, is an inventory of the treasures from across the world which he took into his new home.

Volume X is a census of the settlers who followed him to settle in Black Horse Country, including notes as to where particular individuals had distinguished themselves in service of the Company.

Volumes XI and XII were written by other scholars, who had been invited to Muse Roost to compile magical, scientific, and mythical data about the races and phenomena which Ethilrist had encountered over the years. This is the largest surviving catalogue of that ancient age which remains to us since the *Blue Book of Zzabur* was lost at sea.

The section translated here is taken from Volume III, pages 211 through 218. The illustrations are from a much later work by the monkish linesmiths of Wilmschurich. In this fragment the White Horse Troop, accompanied by a band of homeless Pandarians, has been driven out of the High Pools near West Jungle, and is attempting to cross the Rockwood Mountains to reach the Arrolian Properties.



A hungry army is a fragile tool. A well-fed man, seeing a gold piece hidden in the murky waters, might pass it by; a hungry one would dive down for it even if the tooth-pike were spawning there. A well-victualled army can pass through terrain without a worry, taking the time to ride around obstacles which are too powerful. A starving army is likely to take great risks upon itself, simply at the hint of food, and then die stupidly for their ill-fed eagerness.

Food, of course, is the craving of a base person. Twelve days had gone by and I let nothing but water pass my lips. I sat atop my proud Snowfly in full view of the troops and never once left their sight. I even stood in the stirrups and

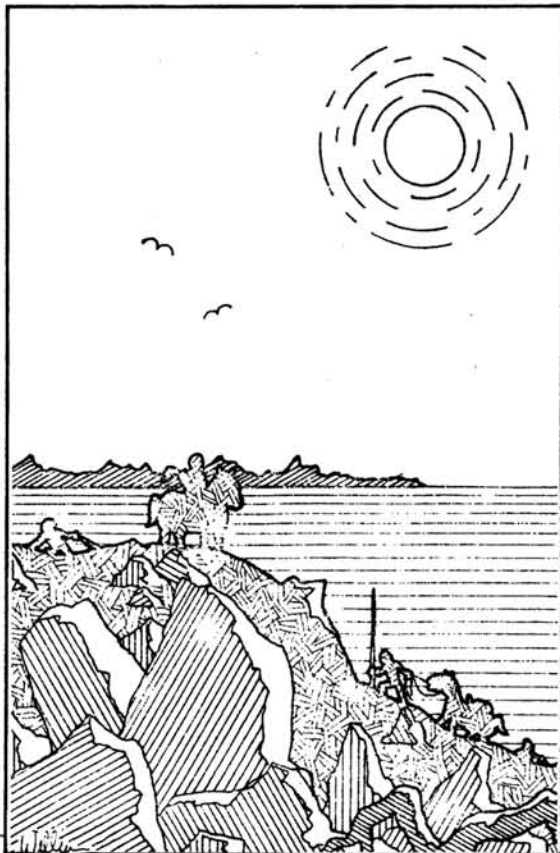
pissed from the saddle, so that none might think I snuck away for a secret bite.

The troop was hungry. Their rations had been divided into twelve day's worth after we turned from the High Pools. Each man had a pint of wine, three fingers of jerky, and two hands of corn per day. They did not complain, even though they had to walk across the broken ground, often carrying their wounded fellows upon their shoulders. Even the supplies that Nose-broke guarded so carefully had to be hand-carried. Every horse but Snowfly needed to be led.

Often the dai-ichi ambushed us. Horses died, though men were only wounded by the irritating sprites.

On the evening of the eleventh day, Nose-broke divided the rations again, making one day's portion into twelve. The Veteran's Company stopped eating then, knowing that it was wiser to try to match their smaller souls to mine. The pitiful amounts of food which the others ate were more harmful than good. My own stomach twisted and knotted into a piece of iron, hard enough to turn a foe's spearpoint. The thought of food was some passing dream, left behind in green and gay places where children still play.

We stopped to rest within sight of a broken throne carved atop some nameless and forgotten mountain. A left-over from the Gods' War, without a doubt. It was shattered on one side, and the deep inlay of gold had melted and puddled around a huge, twisted crown that lay upon the seat. That the treasure lay untaken, even after all these centuries,



hinted to me that we were entering the dread Convergences, where gods hold no power, and lesser beings are left to their own pitiful skills. My suspicions were strengthened by the reports from Keener Than, my best scout, when he returned to camp.

"A foul area," he said, "Cracked and littered with remains of the gods. To the right, pieces of a river god are twisted about the skeleton of a star. To the left, by the throne, is the debris of some god's ruptured belly, seething with rank walktapuses."

At this, the cook, Thrinaldi, mentioned that he could properly carve a walktapus, so that we need not be contaminated by the human parts. But I knew the cook had never fought one, with its odd powers. Some of the men cursed me when I refused that source of food.

"Why?" questioned Keener Than. "These men are not fanatics or demi-gods, as you fancy yourself. *They* need food. You will kill us all." I could see that these sentiments were not his alone, especially among the Pandarians. Of the regulars, I knew I could rely only upon the Veterans' Troop for full, unquestioning support.

"There is something else," I said, "More important than the path to our bellies. Were we to attack those things they would lie directly in our path. You follow your stomachs. I follow my soul. Something brought me, and all of you, this way. When the Young Troop ran from battle at the High Pools," and they all hung their heads, avoiding my glance, "there was a reason! It was not all their fault. They were as drawn this way by their infant sensibilities as I was by my superior ones."

"Let us eat walktapus, then go on."

"Go if you like," I said. "I cannot wait. There is a reason to even the smallest urge, and it is a hero who follows his hidden senses truly."

"You are no Hero," said Keener Than. "Have you begun beguiling even yourself?"

"I shall be one." I said. Then I rose and motioned the Troop forward. Nose-broke led the veterans. The cook argued with Keener Than for a few minutes, then followed with his Young Troop. The Pandarians, after little hesitation, went to the sulking scout, and were making their own plans when we left their sight among the rocks.

I knew that Keener Than would return. He was a follower, and always faithful in his own way. At last, near nightfall, he reappeared beside me strolling, as he does, upon air. I did not need to ask the fate of the Pandarians, which was written in the lines across his pale face.

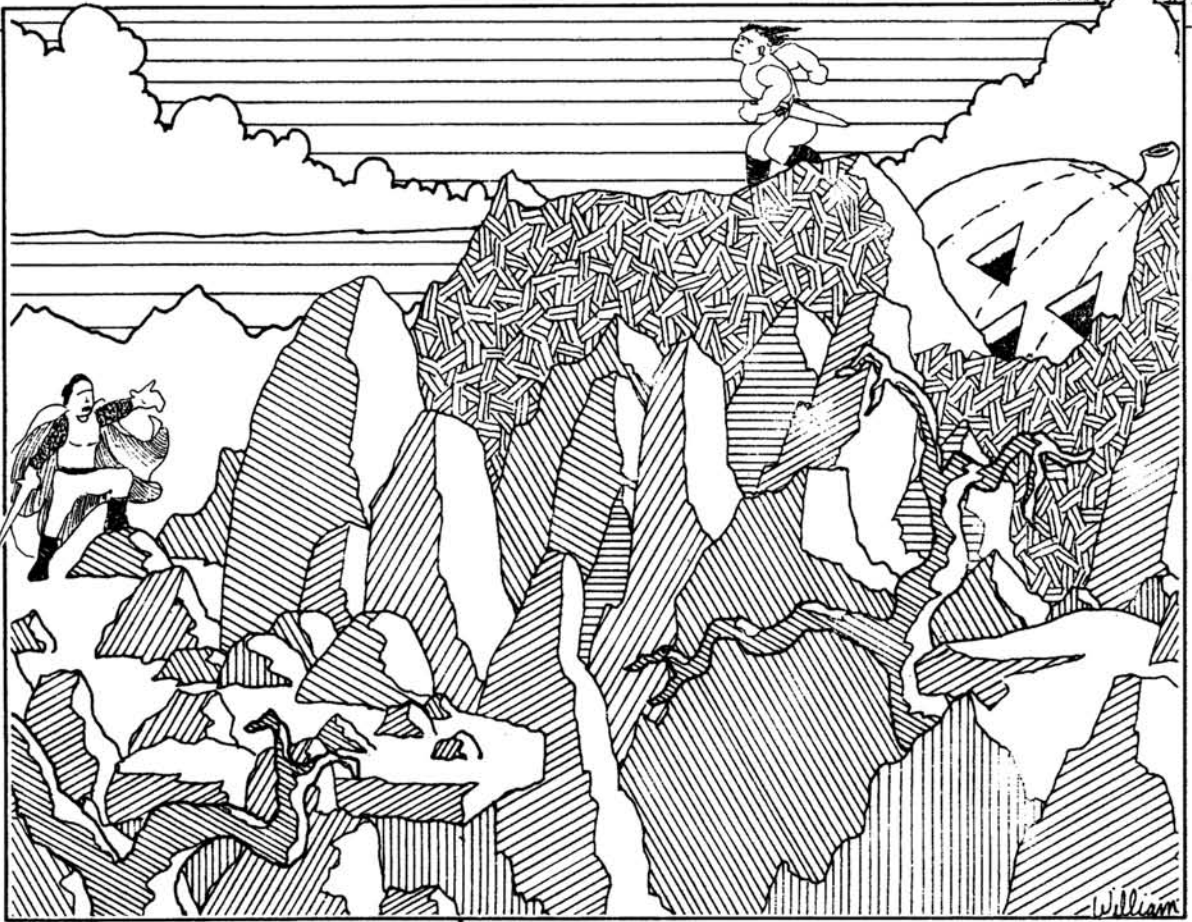
"The most valuable thing around," he began abruptly, "Is the melted crown. Its two remaining jewels ..."

"Are of no interest to me," I said, "My destiny lies straight ahead."

"You would be better off to join the Pandarians," he said. "Ahead lies a baleful foe, and one which even immortals would be wise to avoid. All about it lie the inedible pieces of forgotten deities. It may even be the source of these damned Convergences."

"What is it?"

"I don't know," he said. "But it looks like a giant pumpkin."



"Did you look close? Has it any features?"

"None which I saw, but I dared not get *too* close. There were remnants of gods all about, and I found myself attracted by a frightening sense of morbid curiosity. I had a hard time breaking away."

"You were afraid," I said softly, "You should have gone on. You will never be a Hero that way."

"Nor will I die too young. Some things are more sacred than your arrogant quest!"

"Such wisdom! Perhaps we should query the Pandarians for suitable thoughts concerning your leadership."

Keener Than scowled, as was his habit, but then leapt up and spat upon me. "You are no friend," he said. "Nor much of a human for that matter. Arrogant and pompous, wishing that everyone could try your feats and fail to make you look the better. You forget your past. Where went the boy I stole apples with as a prank?"

"You've still got some growing up to do," I said softly. "I am only trying to help you."

"You'll help me to my grave," he said. "Have you forgotten what friendship and sorrow are? You are no longer worth my services. Yet, I will help you one more time, and wonder afterwards if you learned anything from it." And with that he took a great leap and disappeared into the night.

The men spent that night in exhausted sleep. I sat awake, entranced with the knowledge of what lay ahead. A thing beyond godliness. Surely a Hero's destiny lay in conquering it.

The next day the men wearily led their lame horses over the broken ground. We stopped about noon, estimating the time, for the sun-god is hard to see in the Convergences. I sighted Keener Than far ahead, sitting upon an outcropping of rock. His glance was divided between us and the area past the cliff ahead. Seeing that I watched him, he rose and walked high into the air, then stood there with his arms akimbo and his feet wide apart like an inn-keeper happily looking upon his satisfied crowd.

Slowly, he began to drift towards his left, towards the area beyond the cliff. He took some small sidesteps to remain in position. Even so, he still drifted leftward and downward. His slide grew noticeably faster and his struggles grew more desperate. At last he was running, but moving backward.

I knew this backward running was impossible. Yet it was. I realized that Keener Than was using himself to show me the inexorableness of what lay ahead. At last he dipped from view, and moments later a strangled scream met my ears.

"Are we going there?" asked the cook.

"I am." I said. Then to Nose-broke I said, "Either come after me at sunup tomorrow, or go your way." Then I left them, and rode as quickly as possible towards the thing.

I thought, for a moment, of Keener Than. With him gone there was no one now among my troop that I knew from childhood. He had died trying to teach me something. I would miss his unexcelled scouting ability. Yet, he had gone as a man, and I admired that. My thoughts were cut off as the monster drew into sight.

It was, indeed, like a huge pumpkin. It sat in a tiny valley, half-filled with inorganic refuse. In time, if enough creatures blundered here and were killed, the thing would fill the valley, and then be loose upon the world.

Viewing it closer, I saw that it had crude features, as if carved by a giant's knife: triangular eyes and nose, with a grinning, gaping mouth.

Amazingly enough, Keener Than was also there, plastered against its face. He had all the appearance of being drawn down towards the mouth, and if the thing had a tongue, it could easily have slurped him in. But the toe of one boot was hooked over the rim of the nose, giving my friend ample time to meditate upon the noble death of a heroic person. Instead, I could hear him weeping over the distance.

In the clarity that had surrounded me since my fast began I could finally interpret the force that I found so compelling. It was subtler than the crude forces which attracted Keener Than, yet no less attracting.

It was like the thin edge of music, wafting upon an invisible breeze, promising all the things I'd forgotten or denied.

It wanted to eat me. I realized that, and Keener Than's weeping ruptured my thoughts. For a moment, all desires to be a hero vanished in my fear and realization of being mortal. I abruptly saw that, without realizing it, I had moved closer to the thing. I fought the singing force, but moved closer anyway.

Nothing escapes the Convergences. It is a place where all opposites meet and clash, turning upon themselves and inside-out to become something which is not anything, yet will contain All. Nothing is alien to its appetites. It is there because it does not exist.

This obscene pumpkin was the epitome of the place. Everything which entered its attention was trapped into the pattern. To enter the pattern was to be absorbed, and to die.

Perhaps this was worse than death, I realized. Dissolution, disintegration, soullessness beyond non-existence.

Too late I realized what Keener Than had tried to teach me. I must escape, I knew, but how? I was already taking halting strides towards it.

I knew the answer lay in the problem itself. As with most any magical trap, the escape is inherent in its creation. Even a thing of Chaos, forced into this world, must needs fall to this law.

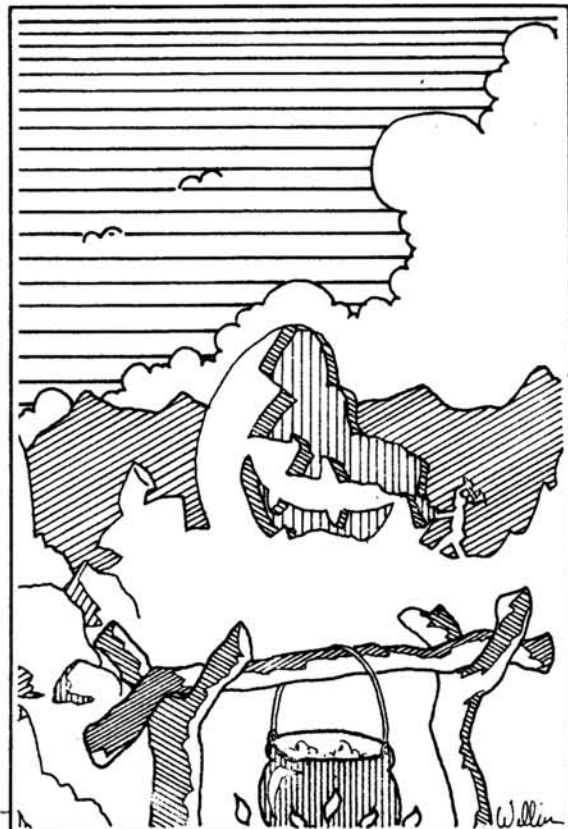
The convergences work by turning a thing into its opposite, thus negating and destroying it. I saw my solution, I thought, and steeled myself with resolve.

I stopped fighting it, and fairly ran towards the gaping maw. I had a chance to shout to Keener Than, but he did not answer, weeping.

I never wept. I, the brave man, plucked the cowardly follower from the face and cradled him in my arms. Keener Than whimpered as I laughed, He squirmed, trying to free himself, yet I held him tighter and leapt into the mouth.

Goosey strands engulfed us, burning with acid, yet I felt no pain. Keener Than writhed in agony, finally slipping away when my arms dissolved. I felt my armor stripped from my body and spat out. Then I was gibbering and screaming in the arms of a powerful Keener Than. No, my arms held him again. Again the dissolution began, then the changed. Again I returned to my place and Keener Than to his. Again. And again.

We were spinning, and the strands grew tighter, fighting my mind and trying to remove control of what I knew I was. It tried to make my life into death, yet I cared now for neither and there was no hold on me. It tried to turn physical matter into energy, yet my mind shone clear and I cared for neither form. I knew my best points and hugged them close to my mind until the thing grabbed them and turned them inside out to become Keener Than. He, likewise, was turned into me. We spun faster, tighter, and were at last thrown forcibly against the inner wall of the pumpkin. I ripped off the strands, looking around. A shudder passed through the monster, and a gaping crack appeared where we had struck. It died. I picked the strands off of my scout's body.



My strength had prevailed. Only a Hero could have slain the thing. I looked for the sign. It did not appear, for this was the Convergences where no god may bless. I knew that, despite all, I was still but a man.

Viewed from the outside the thing was a parody of reality. Something which should not, and no longer did, exist. A big hollow hulk, sounding empty like any vegetable does when I thumped it.

By the time Keener Than awoke I had brought the troop up, and the cook had proved that the monster was nothing but an oversized plant after all. I brought Keener Than some food.

We ate in silence, sitting close together. I thought there was nothing that need be said. As I should have expected, Keener Than found plenty to say after we were done eating.

"You are still a man," he said. "Not like me at all, but still a man. This fact heartens me, as if some part of you rubbed off on me in there. Are you afraid now? Maybe a little?"

I nodded, slowly. I sought to answer him better, yet I found that I could not tell him what I felt. He sat staring into my eyes for the first time, as if waiting for more.

"You are an odd man," he said at last, "And I am no longer sure I still know you. You saved my soul, though I gave it to warn you away. I am not sure what I feel for this. Are you?" I could not answer. He rose, as if uneasy, and kicked the dirt as he spoke again.

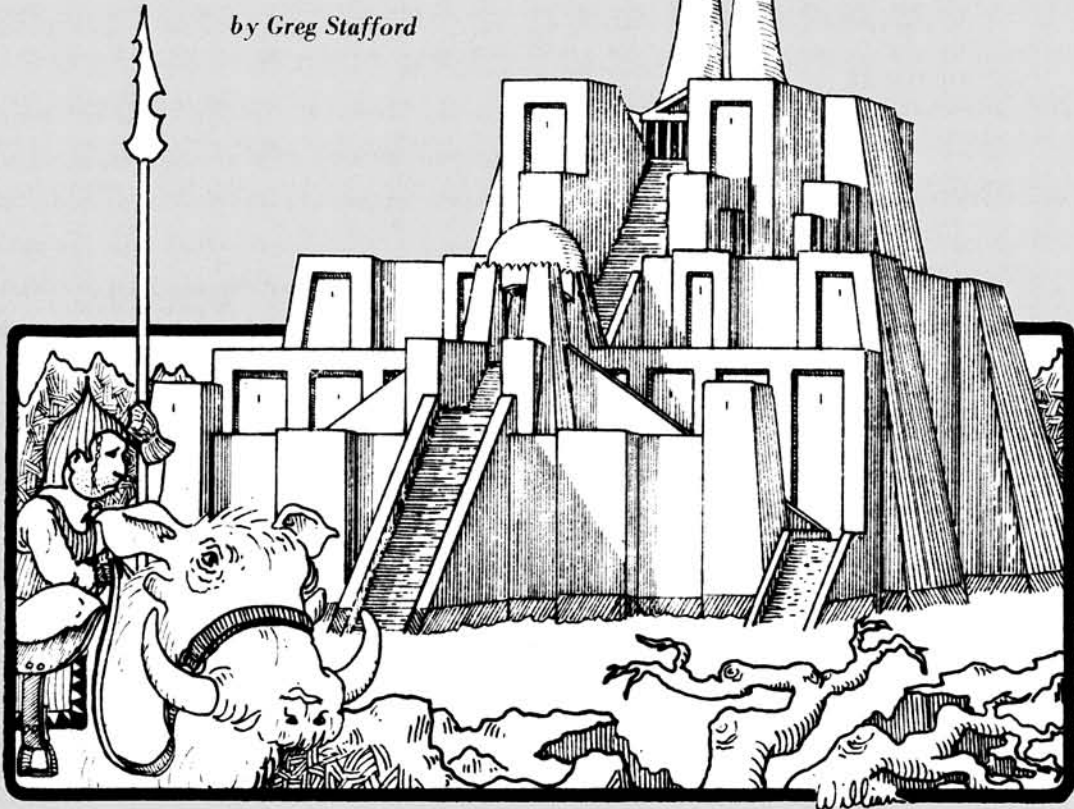
"Though heartened, and maybe even a bit braver now, I am uncomfortable to be with you, old friend. I scorn you now, as you always did me. There is more, but I cannot quite name my feelings. Yet, as the thing attracted me before, I now feel compelled to go. Perhaps we shall meet again. I do not know." And then, with a great leap, he disappeared into the night.

As the men slept, I sat alone on the rock where I first saw my friend that morning, and quietly, for the first time, wept silently to myself.

[1487] A story about the Black Sun, written by Yorkil Cleensheet. When Yelm ascended to become Emperor of the universe there were only three opponents against him. One was Basko, an ugly relative of Yelm's. He said that he, not Yelm should rule, and swore to oppose the ascension. Basko dressed for battle in a costume familiar from imperial rituals. He armed himself with: "A rock and a stick and a leather sack. For armor he tied dried, rotten, or living fish by their tails onto his body. His black peasant's hat was on backwards." As Yelm approached from a distance Basko grew so frightened that he soiled himself and fell into a heap, sobbing and whimpering for mercy. Yelm never saw his foe, for in the radiance of the approaching emperor, Basko was only a shadow with no place to hide. In the brilliance of Yelm Basko dried out to become a seed which was buried in the Fields of Doubt. It failed to sprout for the whole of the Golden Age and was often touted as proof of his [Basko's] perfection. After Yelm died all shadows grew, and Basko was no exception. He was well placed, too, for the Fields of Doubt became one of the exit points for trolls to the upper world. When the trolls first walked the fields, a silent, dark form awaited them. There was a debate among the trolls about whether to follow this strange entity. A segment decided to test their luck on the surface world and accompany Basko, who became the Black Sun. The trolls became overlords in the Kingdom of Ignorance. [1488] The Kingdom of Ignorance is a name used to describe a portion of the East. The culture of the region occasionally changed completely. The gods worshiped there changed frequently, though the religion which spanned the area's title was continuous. An ancient prophet, his name now lost, was cursed with foresight. He related his visions of woe to any who listened to him, but few ever did. One group listened and became followers of this prophet. Their original name for themselves is also now lost. However, they built huge monuments and statues to their god and to gods to come. Using picture-writing on and within massive pyramids they documented the world to come and prescribed elementary methods of survival. Early forms of their religion was based upon the belief that their god, who was ultimately a sun god, would undergo transformations and that differing methods of worship would be best suited to each form that he would take. The early forms which were worshiped are: (1) The Early Light; (2) The Rising Orb; (3) The Victorious Zenith; (4) The Solar Storm. This last form was the god-king living in the land during the reign of Shavaya, the Emperor of Splendor, a mythical king of good and plenty. Shavaya's legends list several encounters with the violent Solar Storm god of the north. In a final encounter Shavaya finally opens the blinded third [inner] eye of the ferocious Solar Storm and brings him to peaceful enlightenment. The tales of the mystics of the Dragon Emperor don't finish the story, though. The epic continued after this defeat. The army which had accompanied the Solar Storm's latest invasion slunk home, thoroughly confused and demoralized. There then came among them a being who called himself Shadow of the Storm. He claimed he was another prophet of the land. Shadow of the Storm revealed the lessons which Solar Storm had learned while enlightened. He called them the Suns to Come. He interpreted the ancient pyramid picture-writings anew, then disappeared. The lessons revealed to the people of the land in the Suns to Come reduced the whole populace to a great malaise infecting the entire land. They thus chose ignorance rather than splendor and turned from the light to the darkness. This land of spiritual darkness was called the Kingdom of Ignorance. In the War of the Gods there were sometimes monsters which flew from it to bother the world. Jorazzi Redhand was another prophet who rose to enliven his countrymen by instituting blood sacrifice to strengthen their god. They called this new aspect the Blood Sun and believed the god would stay strong as long as he received fresh blood. In an amoral way, this was acceptable before Death entered the world. When the blood victims no longer rose and regrew their ripped bodies, though, the worshippers of the Blood Sun grew worried. Their god was blood and blood was life. They saw their own end if Death were allowed to gain the upper hand against Blood. They entered into a frenzy of self-consumption that sapped the land of life. Some time later a great dark horde led by a howling black fire approached the exhausted lands. The wretched survivors recognized the fire as their prophesied Black Sun, and took it as their god. The black horde was made of swarming trolls, fresh from climbing for generations to reach this world. Black Sun had been waiting for them at the exit from below. They happily occupied the ancient ruins of the Kingdom of Ignorance, and made themselves the rulers and priests over the wretched, but now grateful, humans. Being wise, the leader trolls reinstated a limited and controlled blood sacrifice to pacify the downtrodden peasants and to provide regular, high-quality food for the rulers. To entertain outsiders they also began a famous gladiatorial contest. This latest manifestation of a misguided deity, even though led by trolls, was just another phase of the Kingdom of Ignorance as far as the rest of the world was con-

The Ivory Plinth

by Greg Stafford



I am the War-teeth of Gouger, sacred god-child of Earth.
Two cities I've smashed, leaving rubble for my children.
Two peoples I've destroyed, flooding the Earth with blood.
Mine was the mission to destroy, for the glory of Earth.

I am the trophy of Aram, the victor of the Battle of Larassa.
Aram is he who fought me, led me wild over the hills here.
Aram is he who tricked me, lured me to the arms of the demon.
Aram is he who wrenched me from my jawbone in my dying agony.

I am the axis for the Riders, temple pillars and sacred home.
Sacrifices gather to feed me, ripe grain and fresh fruits.
Sacrifices offered to appease me, hot blood and quick deaths.
Rich gifts sanctify me, and my children are deeply rewarded.

RQ2

CHANGES & ADDITIONS

CHAPTER ONE

PAGE 3: Dice — RuneQuest no longer uses 1D12. Where it appears substitute 2D6.

CHAPTER THREE

PAGE 14: Scenario Movement — double all scenario movement speeds.

PAGE 17: Notes on damage results — the first line should read, *1. Points equalled or exceeded in any one hit location.*

CHAPTER FIVE

General note — every reference to Rune Mage should be read as Rune Priest.

PAGE 33: Did the Spell Work? — Any character may choose to receive a spell, and the caster will not have to overcome the resistance of a willing target. Conversely, a spell being cast at a conscious but unaware target, such as casting Strength on a companion who does not expect it, must overcome the target's Power.

PAGE 33: Other Properties of Spells — 6. Only one spell may be cast in one meleé

round unless the caster is under the influence of the Rune magic spell Multispell. See Chapter Seven.

PAGE 34: Increasing POW — In the 4th paragraph, the first sentence should read, *To see if the POW increase is successful, subtract the character's current POW from his racial maximum and multiply the result by 5.*

PAGE 38: Firearrow — An impaling blow with a Firebladed weapon does the full damage of the weapon (11 points for a 2H spear, for instance) plus the normal 3D6 of the Fireblade spell.

The damage from a Fireblade only replaces the normal damage of the weapon. If the character using the weapon has a damage bonus, that damage bonus is still effective. If the weapon impales, slashes, or crushes, the damage is based on the Fireblade damage, not the weapon's regular damage.

PAGE 38: Harmonize — This spell can be used on humanoids of the same basic shape. A wind child could use it on a gargoyle, for instance.

PAGE 38: Healing — If a Healing spell is applied directly after another Healing spell, the greater spell's effect will take place. Thus, if a Healing 2 is placed on a wound, then a Healing 5 immediately thereafter, the character will be healed of 5 points, not 7.

PAGE 39: Multimissile — The magically-produced missile(s) can not impale, but they can critical.

The arrows created by this spell are effectively solidified air. They are not magic in themselves and will not affect such creatures as lycanthropes.

PAGE 39: Repair — A Repair spell will fix up to 20 points of damage per use.

PAGE 39: Shimmer — This defense acts against all who attack the user, not just one. Thus, if the character had a Defense of 15% and a Shimmer 3 going, he could defend against one foe at 30% and all others at 15%.

PAGE 40: Spirit Combat — Sometimes the only way to get rid of a spirit is to kill the shaman who controls it or to run far away from the attacking spirit or ghost. To do so, the character must ignore the Spirit Attack. This has two effects: (1) The spirit will be able to take POW from the character every time it overcomes the character's resistance with no danger to itself and the character can not use his POW for powering spells; (2) the character can continue to move and perform physical and intellectual activity as if he were not in spirit combat.

PAGE 41: Binding Spirits — A character fighting a spirit gets a POW gain roll if, at some time during the struggle, he overcomes the POW of the spirit when the spirit's POW is the same as or greater than the character's POW.

PAGE 42: A shaman's bound spirits are bound to him until he cannot heal his body sufficiently to resurrect himself. If the shaman can not heal himself, the bound spirits

CHAPTER FOUR

Page 28

Shield Statistics Table— Add a new column headed 'basic chance.'

small	05%
medium	10%
large	20%

Page 29

Armor Statistics Table—

area	type	material	absorbs	ENC	cost	silent
protected						
legs	greaves	leather	1	(2)*		
abdomen & legs	pants/trews	leather	1	(2)*		
abdomen	skirts	leather	1	(2)*		
		linen	3	1	20	-05
		chainmail		2		
chest & abdomen	hauberk	leather	1	(2)*		
chest	byrnie	leather	1	(2)*		
	cuirass	linen				25

Page 30

Helmet Statistics Table—

type	ENC
hood	(2)*
cap	(2)*
composite helm	(2)*

ASTERISKS IN THE ABOVE TABLES MEAN— All ENC shown in parentheses indicate the number of items necessary to equal one ENC point. Thus, four daggers equal one ENC point, 2 light cesti equal one ENC point, 2 layers of 1 point leather equal one ENC point, etc. These fractional ENC points add to one another, so that a character with hood and composite helm, two daggers, 1 dart, and a pair of light cesti would have a total ENC of 3 from these objects.

Page 25

Weapon Statistics Table—

type	name	DEX	ENC
Axe, 1H	hatchet	7	
Axe, 2H	battle axe	7	
	great axe	7	
	pole axe	9	
	rhomphia	9	
Dagger	dagger		(4)*
Fist	light cestus		(2)*
mace, 1H	single stick		(2)*

Page 27

Missile Statistics Table—

type	name	DEX	ENC
Axe, Throwing	throwing axe	9	
Bow	composite bow	9	
Crossbow	arbalest	7	
	heavy crossbow	7	
	light crossbow	7	
Dagger, Throw.	throwing dagger	9	(4)*
Javelin	dart		(2)*
	javelin		1
Rock	rock		(4)*
Sling	sling	9	
Staff Sling	staff sling	9	

are freed, just as they are when any other binder dies.

CHAPTER SIX

Page 47: Final Notes on Potions — 3. Magical potions have a 10% chance of spoiling if left unused for two years, and a further, cumulative, 10% chance every two years after that. This gives a 99.9% chance of spoilage after 132 years. Poisons and antidotes will decrease in potency by 10% every two years.

PAGE 48: Alternate System for Learning Languages — To learn by this system, the character must already have an 11% or better skill in the language, and his maximum increase is limited to his INTx5%.

Every two weeks the character must make an experience roll or he will not go up 5%. The time and money increases to 4 weeks and 400 L. for each 5% increment (or attempt at same) between 26% and 50%, and 8 weeks and 800 L. for each 5% between 51% and 75%.

PAGE 52: Riding — A character falling off of a horse will take 1D4 damage (all armor and protective magic counts) unless he is taken totally by surprise, and the player cannot make a roll of the character's POWx5 as a luck roll. If the roll is not made, then the damage shown in the rules applies.

CHAPTER SEVEN

PAGE 62: Mind Link — Mind-affecting spells, such as Befuddle or Fanaticism, are transferred through Mind Link, but Harmonize, which affects the body, is not. This flow only affects people directly in Mind Link with the target. If a Rune Priest is affected by an attack on someone he is in Mind Link with, his allied spirit will not be and can get him out of it with a Dispel Magic.

PAGE 62: Multispell — This spell affects all spells cast by the recipient over the 15 minute duration. Thus, every melee round he can throw two spells. The spells may be different each round.

PAGE 64: Warding — A sufficiently powerful Detection Blank will allow a character to walk untouched through a Warding spell because the Detection Blank will foil the Detect Enemies component of the Warding.

The caster may use this spell to protect an area or an object rather than himself. The Detect Enemies component will then detect anyone wishing to assault the area, steal the object, or whatever is appropriate to the manner of casting the spell.

PAGE 69: Telekinesis — The first paragraph should read, *The caster may transport any one object weighing no more than SIZ 20 (about 160 kilos) through the air for up to 15 minutes. In this situation, 3 points of ENC equals 1 point of SIZ. The caster must overcome the POW of any resisting creature or thing with POW that he attempts to lift.*

CHAPTER EIGHT

PAGE 74: Because of their magical nature, one lycanthrope can wound another lycanthrope with its natural weapons.

PAGE 76: Broos — There is a 50% chance that a broo will carry a random disease on his body, armor, or weapons.

PAGE 78: Dragonsnails — These creatures will have 1D3 chaotic features.

PAGE 80: Elves — An Elf Bow can absorb up to 10 points of damage if used to parry. Unlike other bows, a Repair spell will not work to fix an Elf Bow. The user must use a Xenohaling spell instead.

PAGE 81: Giants — Giants are actually of the Disorder rune, not Chaos. Many people, including giants, can not tell the difference.

PAGE 81: Ghouls — The howl of a ghoul actually matches the POW of the ghoul versus the INT of the victim. It has the same effects as a Demoralize spell, but it is strictly not magic and is not affected by Shield, Countermagic or Dispel Magic spells. When a party of ghouls attacks a party of adventurers, compare the POW of the most powerful ghoul against the INTs of every adventurer every round. If a party member resists the howl for five consecutive rounds, he will be immune to a ghoul's howl until a full week has passed without hearing it.

PAGE 82: Warhorses — Warhorses without riders have a natural attack of 25% with bite, kick, and trample. However, they only have a 5% chance with these skills when working in coordination with a rider. They must be trained to use these skills when ridden.

PAGE 83: Jack O'Bears — These creatures attack with both claws at the same strike rank.

PAGE 83: Minotaurs — The minotaur uses the great axe, damage 2D6+2+2D6.

PAGE 86: Skeletons — A blow which destroys the head will deprogram a skeleton and cause it to fall apart.

PAGE 90: Wolfbrothers — To determine if a wolfbrother knocks down his opponent, roll his DEXx5 or less on D100 (minus any Defense the foe is putting against the attack) to see if it succeeded in hitting the target. If so, compare the SIZs on the resistance table. If the roll is successful, the target is knocked over. A critical hit on the knockover roll means that the target took 1D6 damage directly to a hit location (roll randomly) with no armor to protect it.

If the target successfully parries the leap with a shield, the wolfbrother has only half the normal chance of knocking him over. Only a critical parry with a weapon or a shield will keep the target from getting knocked down. If the wolfbrother misses the leap, a successful parry will hit him, doing whatever

damage the weapon can do against a wolfbrother. This process also applies to any other animal, such as a normal wolf, using this form of attack.

CHAPTER NINE

PAGE 94: Scrolls — A scroll may be written in any of the languages mentioned in Chapter Ten. A character's chance of reading a scroll is rolled only once. If that roll is a failure he may try again when he has gotten another 5% in that language. The character also has his reading/writing skill as his chance of copying the scroll out for someone else, and must make the roll for each copy attempted. A Fumble on a skill increase roll will teach the wrong things to the reader, making him decrease an appropriate amount in the skill.

CHAPTER TEN

PAGE 101: Falling — Damage from a fall is increased for every three meters a character falls. The following table shows the result:

fall	damage to hit location
0.1-1.0 meters	no effect
1.1-3.0 meters	1D6
3.1-6.0 meters	2D6
6.1-9.0 meters	3D6
9.1-12.0 meters	4D6
etc.	etc.

PAGE 101: Dropped Objects — A large object will hit several hit locations at once, doing full damage rolled to each location. This will result in a greater total amount of damage to be done to the victim.

PAGE 106: Mercenaries, Miscellaneous — (6) For a character to join the mercenaries (which also can be understood to be the national army of his nation), the player must roll the sum of the character's characteristics or less on D100. Thus Rurik with STR 12, CON 16, SIZ 12, INT 16, POW 12, DEX 6, and CHA 10 has a total of 84, and therefore an 84% chance of being accepted. Gamemasters might want to add modifiers to social status.

PAGE 106: Disease — Resistance to disease is based on hit points unless the current CON of the character is less than his hit points. If the Con is lower, use it as the measure of the character's resistance.

If you have further questions on Rune-Quest, please send them to Rurik, c/o Chaosium Inc., Box 6302-RQC, Albany, CA 94706-0302. Please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you wish a reply.

(continued from page 13)

wall. Do you wish to go back through the Door of Pain (go to 28)? Or would you prefer the S door (go to 19)?

13

This room has a large hole in the floor, and doors in the N, W, and S walls. From the ceiling a rope hangs down into the hole. The hole is jagged in outline, and looks broken, not constructed. Looking down into the hole you can see that it ends just above what appears to be a deep pool in a room below the one you are in. It looks as if one might be able to slide down the rope, hang above the pool, and swing out onto the floor beside the pool. However, the rope looks and feels pretty slippery. You may go through the N door (18), the W door (19), the S door (20), or try to climb down the rope (41).

14

All right, were you ducking back out? If so, go to the appropriate area, depending on what door you came through — the W door takes you to 22, the N to 23, and the E to 24. Remember that if you, for example, went through the E door in the last room you were in, you would now be going back through the W door of this room.

If, willingly or otherwise, you are staying to play with fire, it goes like this:

Round 0: This is the remainder of the round in which you entered this room. You may cast that defensive spell. Shield and Protection are good vs. salamanders, but not Countermagic or Shimmer.

Every subsequent round:

- 1) The first thing that happens is the salamander's heat attack. Roll 3D6. Match this number on the Resistance table vs. your character's CON. If the attack is successful, subtract the whole amount from your CON (after reducing the damage by the amount of Protection or Shield you had up). If the attack is unsuccessful, subtract half the amount, rounding down, from your CON (after reducing the damage, again, by any Protection or Shield — possibly reducing it to nothing).
- 2) Now roll your attack or attacks. After the first attack, roll 2D6+12 to determine the salamander's hit points. All damage goes directly to its hit points. When its hit points reach zero it vanishes, and next round you will receive no more heat damage.
- 3) You may change your mind about this whole affair, and try to duck out of the room by the door you entered. If you attacked this round, you must roll DEX x 2 or less to escape. If you were not attacking this round, giving up all chance of damaging the salamander, you may escape by the door you entered through: W leads to 22, N leads to 23, and E to 24.

In round 0 you could have been clever and thrown a missile at the salamander. This is the right way to attack elementals, from a distance, trying to kill them before they get to you.

If you survived the salamander and don't have enough POW to heal all the damage you took, you will have to recalculate all your hit points per location and your hit points, since the salamander does generalized damage. Of course, a normal Healing spell will heal this heat damage.

If you 'kill' the salamander, you may leave by any exit you wish. The doors are W (go to 22), N (23), and E (24).

15

All right, did you try to jump the chasm? If so, go to 25. Otherwise, there is the E door (leads to 26) and the S door (27).

16

This room has three doors, in the N, W, and S walls. The walls are painted red. The room seems empty. Which door do you take? W goes to 8, E to 7, and N to 6.

17

You returned to the room you left earlier. Go back to 2, enter-

ing from the E. You remember about the pit and can avoid it automatically.

18

Go to 6.

19

This room has three doors, W, N, and E, but they aren't all that easy to see. The walls, all four of them, are covered with wavy lines and hypnotic patterns. You are feeling very drowsy all at once. Try to roll your CONx5 or less on D100. If you fail, you collapse in a heap on the floor, asleep. Go to 132. If you make the CON roll, you make make a dash for one of the doors: W (leading to 26), N (37), or E (38).

20

There are three doors in this room, and a large sign on the doorless wall — the E wall. It is in very many languages, at least all the languages you read, and a dozen more besides. Try to read one of the inscriptions. If you succeed, (you get one try for each language you can read) go to 31. If you fail to read any of them, you still have three doors you could try. N goes to 52, W to 53, and S to 54. If you have been in this room before, and you failed to read the inscriptions, you do not get more tries on your subsequent entries.

21

If you are not an initiate of a Truth, Fire, or Mobility Rune cult, the door will not pass you. Go back to 1. Otherwise, you enter a room with elaborate painted designs all over the walls, floor, and ceiling. The designs are very abstract and don't seem to make any sense at all. There are three doors in the room, barely visible among the riot of decoration. They are on the N, S and E walls. Decide what you want to do, and then go to 2.

22

Go to 3. You are entering from the E.

23

This is one of the least interesting room you have ever been in. There are two doors, S and E. Otherwise, the room looks empty. What do you do? Make up your mind and them go to 30.

24

This room has two doors, N and W. There is a cabinet in the SE corner with a bowl of soapy water on the top. The water must be pretty hot, judging by the mist rising from it. What are you going to do? Decide, then go to 33.

25

OK, you tried to jump. Did you make your jumping roll? If so, go to 34. If not, go to 55. If you fumbled, go to 139.

26

As you come through the door, you find yourself on the lip of an enormous pit, occupying almost the whole room. Try to roll your DEXx5 or less on D100. If you fail the roll, you fall into the pit. Go to 56. If you make the roll, you are perched on the brink of the pit. There are three doors in this room, W, N, and E. The doors can be reached by edging around the pit, if you're careful. There is a skeleton in the pit, holding a spear and looking (with its eyesockets; how well do they see?) in your direction. The pit is about 3m deep, and has a hard dirt floor. Decide what you are doing, then go to 36.

27

Go to 21, but ignore the statement about Runes. You are entering from the N. If you have been in this room before, you will be aware of its nature.

28

As you pass through the door, you are assaulted by a wave of pain. Roll D100. If you roll higher than your CONx3, you pass out from the pain, but you can try again to wake up each hour by making the CONx3 roll. Unless they are Extended, all your

spells in effect when you faint will lapse. If you 'fumbled' your initial roll, you collapse and lay unconscious for 24 hours. When you awaken, you are outside the Maze, minus your magic items.

When you wake up (unless you 'fumbled' your initial CON roll), or if you made your roll, you will find yourself in a small room with gray mottled walls. The W door leads to 12, the S to 13. There are no other doors.

29

You fell into the pool. The "water" is a low-grade systemic poison. Try to make a Swim roll. You will take 1 point of CON damage each time you fail. You may keep trying until you succeed. If you ever fumble a Swim roll, you get a lungful of water, sink to the bottom, and drown. If and when you do make your Swim roll, go to 46.

30

Did you try a Spot Hidden? Sorry, waste of time. Nothing to find. The S door leads to 39, the E to 40.

31

The sign says:

*For big ones have I made this rhyme.
It's right to just drop in some time.
You small ones shouldn't give up hope.
You are left with a clever rope.*

Roll D100. If you miss your INT roll, you thought it was a nice poem. Go back to 20.

32

Both of Mongo Dragonsnail's heads hit at SR 8. They do 5D6 damage, and each has an 85% chance to hit. The snail has a 29 point skin, and a POW of 33. In addition to its other attacks, the snail casts a 6-point Dispel Magic each round, without depleting its POW. It dispels Rune magic first, then battle magic. If you are still capable after the first round, you may retreat through the W door (122). Its bite is poisonous. If you take damage from the snail, go to 135. The snail has 47 hit points. If you manage to damage it, getting through its disgustingly thick skin, go to 140.

33

Did you try a Spot Trap? If you did, and succeeded, you saw the concealed trapdoor in the floor. If not, you stepped on it, and must go to 42. If you saw it and decided to step on it anyway, out of perversity, you can go to 42 anyway. Otherwise, you can leave through either the N door (go to 20) or the W door (go to 50).

34

You make it to the other side of the chasm. The room has rubbish scattered around the floor, lots of fragments of fabric and parchment, as well as lots of dirt. If you have gone to all the trouble of getting over here, I suppose you will look around. You found a little jar with two pills in it. Make a note: if you ever decide to take one of the pills, or succeed at Taste Analysis, or if you cast an Analyze Magic at it, refer to 133 for the pill's effects. Remember, take only one potion every two hours, or you're in trouble. Now you must get back over the chasm. There doesn't appear to be any other exit from this little alcove. Go ahead, you might as well jump. If you succeed, you return to 15, except that you have just jumped back over the chasm. If you miss (shudder), you must go to 15.

35

The walls of this room are smeared with dried blood. There are gnawed bones and body parts lying about the floor in various stages of decomposition. You also find a jewel on the floor. Roll a D6 for its quality. Try an Evaluate Treasure, too. If your Evaluate Treasure roll succeeds, you may eventually sell it for its true worth, listed under column I, below. If your roll was a failure, you will only be able to obtain the reduced price in column II.

1D6 Roll	Col. I	Col. II
1	100	80
2	200	150
3	300	200
4	400	250
5	500	280
6	600	300

All prices are given in lunars. As indicated previously, your exits are N (go to 58), S (59), or E (60).

36

Did you throw or shoot a missile at the skeleton? If so, go to 49. Did you cast a spell at it? Go to 117. Did you throw a Detect Undead spell? Go to 72. Did you go out one of the doors? The W goes to 9, the E to 19, and the N to 44. If, for reasons of your own, you jumped into the pit, go to 56.

37

This room has two doors, S (leading to 29), and E (leading to 28). The walls are white.

38

Go to 13.

39

Return to 7, except that you enter the room from the N and this door does not cast Binding on you as you pass through it.

40

Go to 20.

41

When last we heard, you were trying to climb down a slippery rope. What is your SIZ? If it is 12 or more, you couldn't get a good enough grip on the rope to support your weight. Whiz, splash! You are in the pool.

Try a Swim roll. The "water" is low-grade systemic poison. You will take a point of damage directly to your CON every round you fail your Swim roll in. You may try again and again until you make your Swim roll. If you fail your Swim roll, you inhale a tremendous swallow of water, cough and choke incapacitatingly, and drown. CON damage from the water will heal normally with time. Drowning won't.

If your SIZ is 11 or less, try to make your Climb roll. If you make it, go to 46. If you fail, you get a chance at a Jump roll, to land on the floor beside the pool (you are slipping down the rope, but aren't totally out of control), at normal chance. If that Jump succeeds, go to 46. Otherwise, you're in the soup, just like your heavier brethren, except that if you are wearing no more than 2 ENC points of metal armor you may add 15% to your Swim chance. The penalty for failure and fumble are the same as in the previous paragraph. By the way, if you fumbled your Climb roll, you don't get a chance at a Jump roll.

If you land in the pool, but eventually make a Swim roll (and don't swallow enough poison to kill yourself), you can go to 46.

42

What is your SIZ? If it is 11 or less, nothing happened. You may leave by either of the doors: N leads to 49, and W to 50. You may also wash your hands first. If your SIZ is 12 or more, the springs of the trapdoor gave way and you plummet into ... go to 48 and find out.

43

There is a door at the end of the passage. As you step through it you feel a rush of vertigo, then oblivion. Well, you don't actually feel oblivion, but at this point you aren't making those sorts of distinctions. An hour later you wake up lying on a couch in a fairly normal-looking room. Go to 78.

44

This room has stacks and stacks of scrolls and books. The scrolls are very heavy. Most have the Truth, Fire, and Mobility Runes

engraved on their cases. What do you do? If you succeed in a Spot Hidden you find a loose scrap of paper. Try your Map Making roll. If you make it, you recognize the fragment as a scrap of a map. Go to 134 for the map, but only if you found it; if you made your Map Making roll you are free to interpret it as best you can. If you did not make the Map Making roll, you should not go to 134. However, if you retain the fragment, you may try another Map Making roll every three new rooms you enter, hoping for a burst of inspiration. If you make one of these subsequent rolls, go to 134 and you may try to decipher the map.

When you leave this room (by the only door – it is to the S), go back to 26 except that you are now prepared for the pit (if you hadn't forgotten about it). If you remember about the pit, you only fall into it if you make a roll of 96-00 on D100.

45

You have five rounds before the skeleton attacks. Each Spot Hidden attempt, each climbing attempt, and each spell cast consumes one of those rounds. Make up your mind as to what you will be doing for each of the next five rounds or until you climb out, whichever comes first. Decide how many rounds you will attempt to Spot Hidden (and whether you will continue to try if you do find something), how many rounds you will try to climb, and on what rounds, if any, you will cast spells. Write down all of your attempts, then go to 85.

46

This room has a pool in the middle of it and a jagged hole in the ceiling. A rope is hanging down through the hole. The end of the rope is about a foot above the water level in the pool, and about two feet from its edge. The pool is circular. You could reach the rope and get a reasonable grasp on it, but it feels quite slippery. If you want to try to climb up the rope, go to 29. The walls of the room look like stone and the entire room is quite damp. There are three doors here. If you decide to leave through the N door, go to 61, the W door goes to 62, and leaving through the S door takes you to 57.

47

What are you doing here? There is no 47.

48

This room is HOT! Are you wearing any metal armor? If so, you must take one point of damage to each hit location that is covered by metal armor, and that does not have at least one point of padding or leather beneath. You want out of this room. Your armor is getting very uncomfortable, and your padding is starting to smoke. Next round you will, if still in this room, take a point of damage in every location having metal armor, whether or not it is padded. Since the armor itself is doing the damage, Protection and Shield will not help. This damage adds up very fast. Move! If you aren't wearing metal armor, you have three rounds before you start to take damage to every hit location. (If you are wearing metal armor over only part of your body, after three rounds even the unarmored parts of you will start to take damage each round. There are three doors in the room, W (leads to 51), N (leads to 57), and E (leads to 97). The E door is marked, "OUT.")

49

If you threw a missile, it missed. Return to 36 and choose again.

50

Return to 7, except that you enter the room from the E, and this door will not cast Binding at you as you pass through it.

51

This room has three doors, W, N, and E. However, a more urgent concern bedevils you. There are three ghouls in the room; each one facing one of the doors. As you enter, the one facing you begins to howl. Are you wearing a certain death-rune amulet found in this Maze? If so, go to 109. Otherwise, continue: the

POW of the ghoul facing you is 12. Subtract your INT from 21. This is your Stolidity. These ghouls attack with their POW vs. your Stolidity. The higher your INT (and thus, the lower your Stolidity), the more vivid your imagination, the more effectively your shuddering wails prey upon all the horrors hidden deep in your subconscious. If the ghoul's howl attack succeeds, you are Demoralized for the next melee round. The ghouls may be enough to demoralize you anyhow, just by their repulsive appearance. You can try to duck out through the door you just entered. Of course, if you are a Humakti, or such, you have an obligation to fight undead, demoralized or not.

Have you fought these ghouls before? If so, go to 114.

If you decide to duck back out, the doors lead to; W(58), N(59), or E(60). Remember, you may only go back out through the door you just entered through.

If you are not retreating through the door you just entered, you will have to fight the ghouls. One will attack you this round. It looks like another will reach you the round after that, and the third will reach you the round after that. Binding spells will delay a ghoul by one melee round, but you must be undemoralized to cast it. If you decide to fight them, go to 94.

52

Go to 13.

53

Go to 23.

54

Go to 24.

55

You have fallen into the chasm. It is slanted but apparently bottomless. You have managed to catch yourself on the slanted south face of the chasm, about 4m from the top.

Climbing out works as follows: every time you make a successful climbing roll, you gain 2m. Each time you fail a roll, you lose 1m. If you roll 20% or less of your usual chance to climb, you gain 4m, and if you make a critical roll on your attempt, you gain 8m. If you fumble your roll, you slip and fall, faster and faster, into an abyss without end! Go to 139 in that case.

You must continue the climbing rolls until you get out or fumble. If you succeed in getting out, you are on the south side of the chasm. Remember that you start out 4m from the top, and will be climbing up (or slipping down) from there. Return to 15 once you escape.

56

All right, you fell, jumped, or were pushed into the pit. There is a large skeleton in the pit, in metal armor with spear and shield.

If you threw (or shot) a missile at it from above, or cast a spell at it, it will attack you immediately. Go to 64.

Otherwise, a spell is cast at you with a POW of 18. Roll the attack. If you have any Countermagic or Shield up, the spell will not penetrate (it is a one-point spell) although it will knock down one or two points of Countermagic. If the spell succeeds, go to 136.

If the spell fails, you feel it bounce off. The skeleton is not immediately attacking you. Go to 73.

Incidentally, the skeleton does not consider Detect Undead to be a spell cast "at" it.

It will take one successful climbing roll to get out of the pit.

57

This room has three doors, N, W, and S. It also has a very large gargoyle. Pieces of shattered statues are lying around on the floor. The fragments are mostly unrecognizable, but a few seem to be from many different races: ducks, humans, trolls, dwarfs, elves, and more.

The gargoyle looks about SIZ 18-21 and it's definitely going to attack. You can duck out the door you entered, or you can

fight it. If you duck back out through the entryway, the N door goes to 65, the W to 59, and the S to 67. Otherwise, cross your fingers and go to 76 to fight the gargoyle. Before you go, decide if you are going to cast a spell this round.

If you have been in this room before, go to 138.

58
This room is lined with empty shelves. There are two doors, one E and one N. What do you do? Make up your mind and go to 77.

59
This room has a one-headed dragonsnail and three doors. When you have time for the doors, you may notice that they lead N, E, and S. For the moment, there is the matter of this nasty creature heading slimily toward you with nothing pleasant in its intentions. Its splotchy green head bends forward, and its beak yawns hungrily. It appears to be about the size of a horse - SIZ 24-28. (If you have been in this room before, go to 129.) You can either duck back out the door you entered, or you can fight the dragonsnail. Which is it? If it is retreating, you must go through W (leads to 68), N (69), E(70), or S (71). If fighting appeals to you, go to 84.

60
Go to 48.

61
This room has three doors, in the N, E, and S walls. You entered through the S door. The walls are red. You think the room looks vaguely familiar. Which door do you take? N (goes to 80), E (81), or S (82)?

62
This is a very choosy door. It will not pass you if you are a Rune level in any cult, if you have a bound spirit, if you are a master (90%+) of any weapon, if you have an attuned crystal, or if you have a characteristic POW of 18+. If any of these describe you, go to 46. Otherwise, you make it through the door. Go to 69.

63
The exits are N (go to 46), W (59), and S (67). Searching this room is not worth the trouble.

64
You are now in melee with the skeleton. Remember that it can parry. If the skeleton wins, it will not stop beating on you until long after you are dead. If you win, you will probably give the pit a thorough evaluation. You find 61 clacks, 34 lunars, 2 Wheels, three decent-looking gems, and a potion. The gems are worth 360L, 10L, and 0L. If you make your Evaluate Treasure roll for any gem, you will get full value for it when you sell it. If you miss your rolls, you will think that the gems are worth 100L, 0L, and 100L, respectively. If you are convincing enough, you will be able to sell the third gem (if you failed your Evaluate Treasure roll) for 50L - try an Oratory roll.

Also in this room, behind the skeleton's post, you found a camouflaged door which you could not get to without first

destroying the skeleton. You may either go through it (go to 75) or try to climb out of the pit. When you eventually succeed in the latter, go to 100. But for now, fight the skeleton.

65
There is a huge two-headed dragonsnail in this room. Foul and loathesome, it reeks of chaos. Bones are scattered over the floor glistening with yellow slime. The dragonsnail's heads seek you eagerly, and when its beaks open you can see purple bleeding sores inside. Its skin looks mottled, diseased, and gangrenous. However, between the heads is what looks to be an extremely valuable gem or crystal. Do you wish to fight (32), or head back through the door you entered (122)?

66
Did you Spot Hidden in the passage? If you made the roll, you found an amulet with a neck chain. The amulet bears a Death Rune. Do you put it on or leave it behind? Decide, then go to 43.

67
Go to 48.

68
There was no west door in that room. Go back to 59 and do it right.

69
This is a very creepy room. The walls are painted black. A ghastly moan reaches your ears as you enter it. You can barely make out the four doors, one in each wall.

An instant later, you are engaged in spirit combat. You are attacked by a spirit with a POW of 3D6+6. If you have an allied spirit, it too is attacked, by another spirit. Likewise for any bound spirits you might have. The POW of the attacking spirits are all 3D6+6 (roll separately for each spirit). The spirits will continue to attack each round you are in the room. If one of them falls to POW 5 or less, it will be replaced with another spirit of 3D6+6 POW.

Each round you are in the room, you have two choices: you may counterattack the spirit (though you will probably realize it is a losing proposition when you whittle one down and it is replaced by a fresh, undiminished spirit). Alternatively, you may give up your counterattack that round and run for one of the doors. It will take you only one round to reach any of the other doors (or to back out through the door you entered by). The doors lead, respectively to; W (78), N (79), E (74), and S (83). You should make your decision in a hurry, because you don't have much time to think things over - time costs Power.

If your bound spirit is attacked by a spirit with a POW greater than your spirit's current POW, and it succeeds in taking some POW from its attacker, it will get a 05% chance for a POW gain. Your spirits can counterattack even if you are just running for one of the doors, because they have nothing better to do. If your bound spirit does get a POW gain, you will have to rebind it, and it may escape. Remember that you cannot cast spells while in spirit combat. These spirits are ghosts, so you cannot Bind them.

HEAVY-DUTY SKELETON

STR	19	Weapon	SR	Attack	Damage	Parry	Pts
SIZ	18	1-H long spear	3	70%	1D8+1+1D6	70%	15
POW	1	Large Shield	-	-	-	70%	16
DEX	18						

Defense: 05%

Special: Disruption does not work against this skeleton. It also carries an extra spear on its back, in case the first is broken.

Heavy-duty Skeleton Hit Location

Location	1D20	Armor/Pts
R Leg	01-04	7/0
L Leg	05-08	7/0
Abdomen	09-11	7/0
Chest	12	7/0
R Arm	13-15	7/0
L Arm	16-18	7/0
Head	19-20	7/0

70
Go to 57.

71
Go to 51.

72
The Detect Undead spell presumably responds to Rune magic animating undead. (Vampire rebirths are a form of Vivamort Divine Intervention — sort of.) Your spell tells you that a lot of Rune magic has been expended on this particular skeleton. There are no other undead in the room. Go back to 36.

73
Looking at the skeleton, you believe it is probably going to attack you if you do not get out of the pit within a specified time. In fact, it will attack you some time within the next three minutes. Therefore, make up your mind what you will be doing for the next fifteen melee rounds, assuming that the skeleton allows you to do it. Each climbing attempt, each Spot Hidden, and each spell cast takes one melee round. Decide how many rounds you will try a Spot Hidden, how many rounds you will climb, and so on. Once you have completed your statements of intent for the next 15 rounds, go to 85.

74
Is your POW currently 6 or less? If so, go to 46. If your POW is 7 or more, this door will not pass you. You must spend another round in this room, so return to 69.

75
You pass through the door. If you turn around after doing so, and attempt to go back, you will find that the door does not pass you. You are in a very dark tunnel. There is only a little light, from a door at the end of the tunnel about 40m away. The light is sufficient to make out the wall decorations; a sculpted relief of skulls alternating with Death Runes. Decide what to do, and go to 66.

76
This gargoyle will cast Countermagic on itself as soon as you enter. If you blow it down (remember, you aren't really supposed to know how many points of it he's got, or even if he has it at all) he will not recast it, and save the Power for Healing instead. However, if you don't blow it down, he will recast it when it expires.

In any round, you may forego all attacks and attempt to duck out the door you entered by. If you want to leave by one of the other doors, though, you must fight it (or Befuddle it).

When you have successfully reached that door or have killed or deactivated (remember, it has Healing) the gargoyle, go to 63.

77
Did you try to Spot Hidden? If you successfully rolled half of

your normal Spot Hidden chance or less, you found a concealed niche behind one of the shelves. In the niche is a scroll written in Old Pavic. If you ever manage to read it, it will reveal a secret technique for increasing your skill at throwing an axe by 15%, to a maximum of 75%. If that doesn't thrill you, the scroll still might have some value as an item of treasure. Try to Evaluate Treasure. If you succeed go to 137 to determine its value and then return here. If you fail, it will not occur to you to try to sell it. In either case, you must decide whether or not you will carry it with you; it is one point of ENC. The N door leads to 86 and the E to 87. There are no other doors.

78
A round bed occupies the middle of the room. Perhaps you are feeling tired. In each corner of the room is a shelf with various bottles and jars — yellow, green, dark red, and brown. The jars are dusty. Some of the jars contain pills, some contain powders, and still others have crusts on the bottom as if the liquid evaporated leaving a residue. Some of the bottles contain broken and half-crumbled tablets and pills. The entire impression is one of age and neglect.

If you know Detect Magic and cast it, you will see a bottle glow. This bottle was hidden behind several large jars — you would never have noticed it without the spell. This bottle contains two small pills. On the bottle, and on the pills themselves, appear a sequence of five Runes. Some of them are recognizable and others are weirdly distorted. The middle Rune is clearly the Truth Rune. The fifth is a Magic Rune. The fourth is a Mastery Rune on its side, while the first two Runes look like alien parodies of the Fertility and Dragonewt Runes.

There was nothing particular to distinguish this bottle from the others; they are all marked in more or less indistinct fashion. Only if you have Detect Magic in mind and throw it will you discover. If you ever take one of the pills, or cast Analyze Magic, or succeed at Taste Analysis, refer to 127 for the nature of the pills. Remember, more than one potion in a two-hour period is heap bad medicine.

When you decide to leave the room, there are four doors to choose between. W leads to 88, N to 89, E to 90, and S to 86.

79
You enter a room with only two doors. The walls are a drab uneven gray. The room is quite empty. Do you leave by the W door (go to 92) or the S door (99)?

80
Surprise! You are back in the First Room, the room you started the Maze in. Moreover, you entered through what you thought just now was the S door, but according to your orientation when you began the Maze, it was the E door of this room. Reset your directions and return to 1.

81
You enter this room through the W door. There is one other

MEET THE GARGOYLE!

STR 37	Weapon	SR	Attack	Damage
CON 12	Right Claw	7	50%	1D6+2D6
SIZ 19	Left Claw	7	45%	1D6+2D6
INT 6				
POW 18	Spells: Countermagic 4, Healing 2			
DEX 15	Notes: The gargoyle will attack with both claws simultaneously. This particular gargoyle has 10-point skin. Do not forget his Healing spell. Damage to his wing cannot incapacitate him, but such damage will count against his total hit points.			

Meet The Gargoyle! Hit Location

Location	1D20	Armor/Pts
R Leg	01-03	10/5
L Leg	04-06	10/5
Abdomen	07-09	10/5
Chest	10	10/6
R Wing	11-12	10/4
L Wing	13-14	10/4
R Arm	15-16	10/4
L Arm	17-18	10/4
Head	19-20	10/5

Hit Points: 15

door, on the N wall of this room. The walls are ordinary drab gray, somewhat mottled. The N door leads to 105, the W to 106.

82

This may not come as news to you, but there is a salamander in this Maze. Have you encountered it yet? If so, go to 118. If not, go to 98.

83

Go to 59.

84

You are fighting a dragonsnail. In any round you are still capable of movement, you may try to escape through the door you entered by, forgoing any attacks. If your legs have taken damage, this requires a successful DEX roll. If you have fallen to the ground, it takes two rounds.

If you kill the dragonsnail, go to 91. If you duck out, the N door goes to 69, the E to 70, and the S to 71.

you may cast one spell before you are engulfed by what you correctly guess to be a shade. It is a small one.

There are three doors in this room. Are you running away? The W goes to 101, the S to 102, and the E to 103. Or are you fighting? If so, go to 104.

90

Go to 69

91

So you killed the dragonsnail. Wonderful. You now have one-point skin: a kind of crust has formed over your entire body. Unfortunately, it makes you a little awkward: subtract a point from your DEX, and reduce your Defense to 00%. This may or may not please you, but these features will go away when you leave the Maze. If you already had 1-point or more skin you just got the DEX penalty without the benefits. If you are a chaotic being, the above effects are *permanent*.

This room has three doors; N leads to 69, E to 70, and S to 71.

THE DRAGONSNAIL

STR 26	Weapon	SR	Attack	Damage
CON 11	Bite	9	60%	1D6+2D6
SIZ 25				
POW 5	Defense: 30%			
DEX 10				

Chaotic Features: 1) 30% Defense. Its appearance is not confusing; it's just very elusive. 2) 10-point skin on head. 3) Cannot be killed or disabled until total hit points are reduced to 0. This includes being able to continue attacks whether or not the head is reduced to 0 hit points. 4) Reflects all spells, of any Power.

Dragonsnail Hit Location

Location	1D20	Armor/Pts
Shell	01-08	8/7
Forebody	09-14	4/6
Head	15-20	10/6

Hit Points: 15

85

You have five rounds before you are attacked. If you succeed at Spot Hidden, go to 96. If you do not succeed, but you do make your Climb, go to 100. If you succeed at neither before your five rounds are up, go to 64 when the skeleton attacks. If your intent was to cast a spell at the skeleton, go to 64 immediately. The spell did not work. If you decided to attack the skeleton anyway (HUMAAAKT!), go to 64.

86

This room is open to the sky. Far above you there are wind children (fragile winged humans) swooping and playing in the air. They ignore you if you call to them. The walls of the room look climbable, but it would take at least 20 attempts and just one fumble, after you were partway up, and Splat!

Little dust devils play around the floor of this room. There are three doors; one leading to the W (go to 93), one to the N (95), and one to the S (58).

87

Go to 51. You enter from the W.

88

Go to 51. You enter from the E. This is probably not where you wanted to be.

89

You hear sweet, lilting melodies, accompanied by some sort of stringed instrument and a drum tapping out an infectious Fron-elian beat. It would make you feel extraordinarily cheerful were it not for the grim, dark figure standing in the center of the room, wrapped in an almost impenetrable blackness. The walls are painted with joyful scenes of troll festivities, but you are in no mood to appreciate the artistry because the blackness is moving toward you very quickly. If you make a DEX roll, you may duck out through the door you entered through. Otherwise,

92

Go to 12.

93.

Are you an initiate of a Mobility Rune cult, such as Issaries or Orlanth? If not, the door does not pass you, and you must go back to 86. If you are, go to 116.

94

You are now fighting three ghouls. When all attack you at once, you may circle the group, endeavoring to prevent the ghoul furthest from you from attacking you. You succeed in this if you make a DEX roll that round and attack only the ghoul nearest you, *and* if the ghoul furthest away doesn't make *his* DEX roll.

You have heard about the ghouls' paralyzing poison. Once the poison has been injected you may try to escape from the room if you are near a door. Determine the door as follows. If the melee has lasted four rounds or less, you are by the door you entered by (and must go through that door to escape). Otherwise, roll 1D4:

1D4	Result
1	W door
2	N door
3	E door
4	door of your choice.

You have two rounds to try to escape through that door, as long as you renounce all attacks, try only to parry, and roll your DEX+CON times 2 or less on D100. If the poison attack succeeds against your CON and you have no antidote, go to 113.

Otherwise, if you manage to get out of the room alive, there are three doors. The W door leads to 58, the N to 59, and E to 60.

If you have destroyed the ghouls, and really want to stay here and look around, go to 35.

All three ghouls are identical.

(turn to the next page)

THE GHOULS

	Weapon	SR	Attack	Damage
STR 14	Right Claw	8	50%	1D6+1D4
CON 10	Left Claw	8	50%	1D6+1D4
SIZ 11	Bite	8	50%	1D6+1D4
INT 7				+poison
POW 12				
DEX 14				

Notes: The ghouls will attack with a claw and the bite simultaneously at SR 8. If one claw is disabled, they will use the other. They wear ragged cuirboilli over their bodies.

Ghouls Hit Location

Location	1D20	Ghoul 1 Armor/Pts	Ghoul 2 Armor/Pts	Ghoul 3 Armor/Pts
R Leg	01-04	3/4	3/4	3/4
L Leg	05-08	3/4	3/4	3/4
Abdomen	09-11	3/4	3/4	3/4
Chest	12	3/5	3/5	3/5
R Arm	13-15	3/3	3/3	3/3
L Arm	16-18	3/3	3/3	3/3
Head	19-20	0/4	0/4	0/4
Hit Points:		10	10	10



Melee Sequence:

- 1) Roll the ghouls' demoralizing howl to see if you are Demoralized this round. Remember, it tries to overcome your Stolidity (21 minus your INT).
- 2) Make your statement of intent: spells, attacks, parries, and specify which ghoul(s) you are applying your defense against. If you are parrying, remember to specify which attack (claw or bite, and which ghoul) you are parrying. If you are demoralized, you may only cast defensive spells.
- 3) If you are trying to circle around (when attacked by all three) try your DEX roll, and if you succeed, the ghoul's DEX roll in order to determine whether the third ghoul gets to attack you this round. The third ghoul must make a DEXx1% roll instead of a normal roll. His DEX is 14.
- 4) Resolve the attacks. If you knock a ghoul down you may assume that you can stay out of its reach so that it cannot attack you. However, if you lop off an arm it will hardly notice and will continue to attack you with the bite and other claw. They do fall down and "die" if their total hit points are exceeded.
- 5) If you were bitten and took damage the round before last, match the potency of the ghoul's poison against your CON. The potency of these particular ghouls' poison is only 10. This roll must be made separately for each time you are bitten.

95
Go to 78.

96
You see a camouflaged door behind the skeleton. You can't get to it without fighting the skeleton. You may either continue with your original intents or fight the skeleton. If you climb out of the pit by the end of round 5, go to 100. Otherwise go to 64 and fight the skeleton.

97
A cruel jest! It is locked, and barred on the outside. Go back to 48, and note that you have spent one more round inside the room, doubtless taking damage.

98
Go to 7, and observe that your directions have become dis-oriented. You enter through the W door of the room (and have Binding cast at you).

99
You left the ghost room, entered a gray uninteresting room, and then went back through the same door. However, you do not return to the ghost room. Instead, you have entered a room with a large hole in the floor. You have probably been in this room before. Go to 13.

100

You are back on the lip of the pit. You may work your way around it to any of the three doors; W (leads to 9), N (to 44), or E (to 19).

101

The walls of this room are of bare stone, pitted and corroded, and the reason is sitting right in the middle of the floor; a gorp. It is an uncomfortable room anyway, dank and cold, and the gorp doesn't make it any cheerier.

The doors lead E and S. There is plenty of time to go back through the door you entered by. If you wish to leave by the other door, it will take you three melee rounds. Each round you must roll your DEXx5 or less on D100 to elude the gorp. If you miss, you will take damage to a random location (8 points per round, armor will absorb till it is eaten away). If you miss a DEX roll, and then miss again the next round, the damage will all go to the same hit location. However, if you break free of the gorp (by making a DEX roll) after being hit once, and then are caught again later, the new damage will be in a random, possibly different, hit location.

Once you have been in the room three rounds, you may leave by either door in any round that you make your DEX roll. If you attack the gorp with either weapon or spell, refer to 110 for its stats. The E door goes to 89, and the S door to 108.

102

Go to 78.

103

Are you an initiate of Humakt, Lhankor Mhy, or Yelmalo? If so, go to 128. If not, go to 65.

104

The shade will attack with fearshock on the first round it engulfs you. Countermagic 1 or 2 will protect you for one round. Unless it is intercepted by Countermagic, the shade will attack with its POW vs. your current CON. If the shade's attack is successful, roll for the result on the following table. If the attack fails, roll on the table anyway, but add 50% to the result. Results of 101-150 mean, "no effect." This table is not identical with that in *RuneQuest*, but has been adapted for the present circumstances.

D100 Result

01-05 You die of fear.

06-35 You collapse for 20-CON full turns. You must roll your CONx5 or less on D100 or die of fear. Dead or alive, your body is dumped in a disposal chute in the NW corner of the room by the shade. If you are still alive, you will eventually wake up outside the Maze, minus all your valuables and magic items.

36-65 You collapse but don't faint. You are incapable of casting spells, attacking, or crawling off, but you can parry. This effect lasts for 10 melee rounds. The shade will attack you with a 40% chance to hit each round (20% base +20% because you are on the floor). It will do 1D6 points of damage if it hits. You have no Defense, and you can only parry once per round.

66-95 You have been demoralized for 10 melee rounds. You cannot cast any offensive spells, nor any weapon-enhancing spells. Your chance to hit is halved, but you parry normally. The shade will attack you each round with a 20% chance to hit, and you have no Defense, because you are inside it. It hits on SR 1.

96-00 You run away. Roll 1D6 for the door you escape through: 1-2 = W, 3-4 = S, 5-6 = E. After you pass through the door, your panic vanishes.

The shade has a POW of 15, 12 hit points, and a movement of 12.

When you do leave the room, the W door leads to 101, the S to 102, and the E to 103.

105

Go to 12, and notice that your directions appear to have become disoriented.

106

Go to 99, and notice that your directions appear to have become disoriented.

107

There is an unpleasant surprise for you. This time the salamander is a medium elemental. If you come back into the room a third time, you will expect (and encounter) a large one. You don't really want to find out what it would be the fourth time, do you? Go back to 7, entering through the W (Binding) door.

108

You came into a room with two doors, N and S. The floor is littered with weapons and shields. There are broadswords, poleaxes, spears, clubs, flails, axes, crossbows, and daggers. Many arrows are scattered across the floor. Most of the weapons are old and corroded, completely useless. They are all bronze, no Rune metals at all. If you spend some time searching through all the junk you will eventually give up, concluding that none of the pieces are worth anything. There remain the two doors; N leading to 111, and S to 115.

109

The ghouls are howling, but you hear nothing. You are not demoralized, and you may ignore the references to the demoralization attack in the ghoulish combat. In fact, you think they look a bit comical in a gruesome sort of way, mouths open and no sound coming out. Go back to 51.

110

The first time you enter the room, the gorp has a POW of 11 and 7 hit points. Each subsequent time you enter that room, the gorp's POW and hit points both increase by 3.

111

Go to 101, entering from the S.

112

Go to 86.

113

In 94, you were bitten by a ghoulish and managed to make it through one of the doors in that room. Here are the results, depending upon which door you took:

WEST: Safe. After collapsing, you are rescued, but lose all magic items. You are then dumped outside the Maze.

NORTH: You are eaten by a dragonsnail. If it's any consolation, the dragonsnail isn't immune to the ghoulish venom either.

EAST: You die of heat prostration and burns.

114

Even if you destroyed the ghouls during your previous visit to this room, no matter how briefly you were out of this room, you find that the ghouls have reassembled and reanimated in your absence. If you wish to do anything besides duck out the door you just entered, you will have to fight them again. Return to 51.

115

You enter the room from the N. There is a man standing in front of a door in the S wall. There is also a door in the E wall. You find that you are no longer in possession of any of your weapons. Swords and daggers have vanished from scabbards, mauls have vanished from your hands, and quivers are empty of arrows. The man standing in front of the S door tells you that he is there to keep the riff-raff out. He is not standing directly in front of the door, so perhaps you might be able to dash through the door before he could catch you. It doesn't look too likely though, and after all you aren't sure you want to go through the door. Make up your mind; do you have some scheme for getting

through that door or will you take one of the other two doors? Once you have decided, go to 119.

116

You enter a room from the E. There are doors in the N and S walls as well. A man stands near the door in the S wall. He tells you that he has been told to keep the riff-raff out. However, considering what door you came through, you must be an initiate or higher in a Mobility Rune cult, and that automatically qualifies you as a higher-class person in his eyes. Don't disillusion him. At any rate, you are free to pass through the S door if you wish, but he won't tell you what's behind the door. So here are your choices; S leading to 121, E to 112, or N to 120.

117

The spell bounces back at you with a POW of 27 and 5 extra points of POW behind it. Determine if it succeeds on you. Then return to 36 and try something else.

118

You are back in the salamander room. You thought you were going S, but you enter through what you believed the previous time to be the door in the W wall of the room. If you killed the salamander in a previous visit to this room, go to 107. Otherwise, go directly back to 7. You enter through the W door.

119

There are a number of things you might have tried:

1) Oratory. If you make your Oratory roll on your first try, he lets you in. On your second try, your chances for success are cut in half. On your third try, your chances are multiplied by $\frac{1}{4}$. If you haven't succeeded by then, no amount of future eloquence will work.

2) You could try to Befuddle the guard. He has a POW of 16. You must succeed on the first attempt, because he then casts a whole bunch of Countermagic on himself and draws his sword. You don't have any weapons, remember?

3) You could have tried to dash through the door. This works if you cast Mobility on yourself (proving to the guard that you are the right sort of person). Otherwise, the guard knocks you to the ground, casts his Countermagic, and chases you out of the room.

4) You could have cast Invisibility on yourself, but when he sees you disappear, the guard will move to block the door and then cast Detect Magic (if necessary, with extra Power behind it), so that plan would not have worked.

5) Bribery. Did you think of this? If you offered him at least 200L, he would let you in.

6) If you are female, and sufficiently motivated, you might try seducing the guard. Roll 3D6 for your personal Attractiveness if you have not already done so - it's not the same thing as Charisma. Then, try to roll your Attractiveness times 5% or less on D100 to see whether you succeed. Most of the time, it's very boring doing guard duty. If you're male or non-human, just forget it.

7) Can you sing, act, dance, or play a musical instrument? Like it was mentioned above, this guy gets bored. Try to make your skill % on D100. If you make it, you get past.

You may have thought of other ways to inveigle your way past the guard. The above examples should provide you with sufficient guidelines to evaluate chances for success.

You might believe that your character would have thought of some of the above schemes in this situation, even though *you* didn't. Try to roll your character's INTx2 or less on D100 for each such option; success means that your character thought of it. If you tried one of the "offensive" schemes (2, 3, or 4), the guard will evict you from the room.

If none of your plans succeed, you can try the E door. Or you can go back through the N door. Remember, all your weapons vanished when you came through the N door, so you are unarmed. The N door goes to 123, and the E to 124.

If you succeed in your strategy to win your way past the guard, go to 121:

120

The floor of this room is littered with weapons. Swords, axes, shields, arrows, and bows are everywhere. All are in very bad condition. If you search through them, you find nothing useful or valuable. There are two doors; N leading to 125, and S going to 126.

121

Go to 142.

122

You are back in the room with the shade, only this time it's a medium shade, and is it mad! Lots of luck, pal. Three points of Countermagic are necessary to stop its effects this time, and it does 2D6 points of damage if it hits. Go back to 89 for mood and decor. The next time you come into this room, it will be a large shade. After that, who knows? Perhaps Kyger Litor herself.

123

The room is the same as before, only your own weapons are on a pile in front of the door. Go back to 108.

124

Are you an initiate of a Mobility Rune cult? If not, this door won't pass you. You will have to take the N door, and go to 123. If you are an initiate of a Mobility Rune cult, like Issaries or Orlanth, go to 86, but remember you're still unarmed.

125

Go to 101.

126

You are back in the room with the guard, but you realize that you don't have any of your weapons. They all seem to have vanished as you came through that door. The guard seems to have forgotten that you originally came through the E door. Now he peers at you suspiciously, trying to decide whether you are riff-raff. You may go out back through the N door (123). You can go back through the E door (go to 86, but remember, you are still unarmed). Or you can try to figure out a way to induce the guard to let you through the S door. He is not standing directly in front of the door, so you might be able to dash through before he can stop you. It doesn't look too likely though. Make up your mind about your strategy, then go to 119.

127

Each pill is a Vigor potion.

128

You enter a room from the W. There is a ferocious two-headed dragonsnail here, but you quickly realize that it is an illusion. After all, you are initiated into a Truth-Rune cult. You may return via the W door (122) or proceed through the E door (130).

129

When slain, this dragonsnail resurrects after one hour. If it has been slain more than an hour since you killed it you will have to fight it again or retreat. Go to 59.

130

Go to 142.

131

It's just water. Go back to 10.

132

You fall into a deep and intense sleep. Healing and recovery processes are sped up. If this is the first time you have fallen asleep in this room, or if your current CON is 5 or less, this sleep

will have two special effects. First, it will heal 2 points of CON damage if you have taken such damage in this Maze. Second, it will restore 4 points of POW to you, up to your original characteristic POW. Stored POW and the POWs of allied or bound spirits will not be affected. If you had not yet drawn on your own POW, utilizing only stored POW or that of spirits, you get no benefit from this second effect.

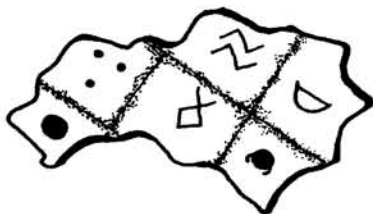
As noted above, you get the above beneficial effects *only* the first time you fall asleep here, unless your CON falls to 5 or less.

You slept for an hour. The W door leads to 26, the N to 37, and E to 38.

133

Each pill does 2D3 points of Healing (roll for how much is done when it is actually swallowed – roll for each separately).

134



135

You realize that this ferocious mollusc of chaos is nothing but an illusion. You take no damage. You may go back through the W door (122) or continue through the E door (130). Of course, the gem was an illusion too, unfortunately.

136

You receive a mental message. "You have one minute to climb out before it attacks." Go to 45.

137

The value of the scroll is 10x100L, up to a maximum of 750 L.

138

The gargoyle is alive and whole, even if you killed it earlier. Go back to 57.

139

You're dead. Sorry.

140

Go to 135.

141

Anyone swallowing this potion will get an irresistible urge to sing, "the ankle bone connected to the shin bone, the shin bone connected to the knee bone..."

142

A chubby little man sits in a comfortable chair in the middle of the room. It is the same amiable fellow who greeted you outside the Maze introducing himself as the "servant" of Shaxry Oborok. "You've certainly taken your time getting here, he says. "I will let you out," he continues, pointing to a door on the far side of the room, "but first we have to do a little gambling. I've got a nice little magic item here removed from one of my previous visitors, less fortunate or less skillful than you. I must say you have acquitted yourself well so far. You can have this magic item if you solve one of my little puzzles. You look like an intrepid and knowledgeable sort, and I'm sure you will have no difficulty with this problem. What you get to wager in return is one of your skills. You have lots of them, and you'll never miss one, I'm sure."

You must bet one of your skills against his magic item. What you risk is the difference between your present level and your

basic chance in the skill. For instance, if you were presently 65% at Evaluate Treasure and had a 10% Knowledge bonus, you would be betting 65-15 = 50%, because your basic chance in that skill is 15% (5% plus your bonus). In order to win, you must roll less than or equal to your skill on D100. Thus, in the previous example, you would have to roll a 65 or less to win the magic item. If you rolled 66-00, however, Shaxry Oborok would get your Evaluate Treasure skill, and yours would drop to its basic chance of 15%. The higher your skill level, the better your chance of success, but the more you risk. You cannot bet only a part of your skill; it must be the entire difference between your current level and your basic chance at stake.

As always, 96-00 is a miss and you lose. However, if you roll a critical hit on your skill, Shaxry Oborok will be so impressed that he will give you two magic items.

If you lose your first bet, you may try again, although he is willing to let you out anyway. He has a virtually inexhaustible supply of magic items from adventurers who fall victim to his Maze, and he is greedy for skills. This is the only way he can get them, because he never leaves the Maze. Only his image goes out into the valley.

Before you start, roll 1D6. This gives you the type of skills that Shaxry is particularly interested in today. 1 = Attack, 2 = Parry, 3 = Knowledge and Perception, 4 = Manipulation, 5 = Stealth and Oratory, 6 = any skill.

If you wish to wager a skill in a category other than the one he is immediately interested in (as determined by the 1D6 roll), Shaxry will make this bet as well, but the reward you receive should you win will be "demoted" one class, as determined by the Reward Table below. Thus, if he wanted Parry skills, but you wished to bet a Manipulation skill which was 75% above basic chance, your magic item would come from those in class 3, rather than class 4.

He is uninterested in any skill in which you aren't at least 20% above basic chance. You do not have to wager your best skill first. Once you beat him, however, he loses interest in the game, and will refuse to make another bet.

If you don't have any skills at least 20% above basic chance in the category Shaxry Oborok is most interested in, too bad. You will have to bet something else. If, for some peculiar reason, you have no skills above 20% plus your basic chance, Shaxry Oborok is dismayed and has you defenestrated.

REWARD TABLE

Class	Skill % (over basic chance)	Magic Item Reward
1	20% – 35%	Matrix for (roll 1D4) – 1) Glamour, 2) Detection Blank 3, 3) Glue 3, 4) Repair
2	40% – 50%	Two Healing 6 potions, which will keep indefinitely till used.
3	55% – 65%	Matrix for (roll 1D4) – 1) Vigor, 2) Shimmer 4, 3) Firearrow, 4) Ironhand 4
4	70% – 80%	1D4+4 point POW storage crystal
5	85% or more	3-point Spirit Supporting crystal in a very gaudy bracelet. The bracelet is worth 3000L by itself.

A few final points before you leave the Maze.

1) If you left some weapons behind in the Maze, they will be returned as you leave.

2) On the other hand, if you picked up an amulet with a Death Rune on it somewhere in the Maze, you are compelled to give it back to Shaxry Oborok before you leave. It will shatter if you cheat and try to leave with it anyway.

3) If you answered one of Shaxry's puzzles, your chance of Nysalor Illumination during the next Sacred Time is increased by 1%. You have answered the Nysalor riddle in that skill.

Well, that's the end of the first Companion. We hope it tied up loose ends and opened new possibilities for you; it certainly couldn't have told you everything you would want to know about Glorantha and *RuneQuest*. We'd love to know what else you'd like to read about. To get you started, here are some possible topics. Please don't feel that you must use this form — it's just a handy way to present the information. Incidentally, **THERE IS NO GUARANTEE THAT ANY OF THESE TOPICS NECESSARILY WILL SEE PRINT**; much of this is not written, or is written only in note form. History is more like tending plants than opening cans — some projects bloom, others lay dormant, still others die. Another note: check only 4-5 boxes if you use this form; if you check them all, we've learned nothing.

- | | | | |
|--|---|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> dwarf history | <input type="checkbox"/> dwarf habits | <input type="checkbox"/> dwarf anatomy | <input type="checkbox"/> dwarf cults |
| <input type="checkbox"/> elf history | <input type="checkbox"/> elf habits | <input type="checkbox"/> elf anatomy | <input type="checkbox"/> elf cults |
| <input type="checkbox"/> cults of the Red Moon | <input type="checkbox"/> more Holy Country info | <input type="checkbox"/> Ralios info | <input type="checkbox"/> Kralor info |
| <input type="checkbox"/> RuneQuest 3rd ed. | <input type="checkbox"/> upcoming projects, most of which never get printed | <input type="checkbox"/> supplemental RQ rules, such as "Fire" in RQ2. | <input type="checkbox"/> broo info |
| <input type="checkbox"/> more RQ solo scenarios | <input type="checkbox"/> more RQ stories | <input type="checkbox"/> religious pantheons | <input type="checkbox"/> lives of heroes |
| <input type="checkbox"/> new races | <input type="checkbox"/> Genertelan history | <input type="checkbox"/> maps (name) | <input type="checkbox"/> sea creatures |
| <input type="checkbox"/> more Jonstown Compendium | <input type="checkbox"/> dragons | <input type="checkbox"/> the Blue Moon | <input type="checkbox"/> birds |
| <input type="checkbox"/> dragons | <input type="checkbox"/> dragonewts | <input type="checkbox"/> leave writing style varied | <input type="checkbox"/> the Jrusteli |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Vulture's Country | <input type="checkbox"/> the Redlands | <input type="checkbox"/> Questworld cults | <input type="checkbox"/> unify writing style |
| <input type="checkbox"/> RQ scenarios | <input type="checkbox"/> new illustrations | <input type="checkbox"/> Gloranthan philosophy | <input type="checkbox"/> heroquests |
| <input type="checkbox"/> famous personage stats | <input type="checkbox"/> Questworld scenarios | <input type="checkbox"/> Gloranthan physics | <input type="checkbox"/> RQ letters |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Masters of Luck & Death | <input type="checkbox"/> Gloranthan physics | <input type="checkbox"/> sensory manifestations of battle and Rune magic | <input type="checkbox"/> plants |
| <input type="checkbox"/> RQ crossword puzzle | <input type="checkbox"/> the Machine People | <input type="checkbox"/> Boldhome | <input type="checkbox"/> giants |
| <input type="checkbox"/> new monsters | <input type="checkbox"/> notes on Chaosium house campaigns | <input type="checkbox"/> Lhankor Mhy filing and storage systems | <input type="checkbox"/> new Rune magic |
| <input type="checkbox"/> notes on Chaosium house campaigns | <input type="checkbox"/> Magasta's Pool | <input type="checkbox"/> the spirit plane | <input type="checkbox"/> language examples |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Magasta's Pool | <input type="checkbox"/> the underworld | <input type="checkbox"/> new weapons | <input type="checkbox"/> Pamaltela |
| <input type="checkbox"/> new battle magic | <input type="checkbox"/> new skills | <input type="checkbox"/> Runes | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> pictures of armor and weapons | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

See, there is quite a bit to talk about. Please send letter or form to RENEQUEST COMPANION, Chaosium Inc., Box 6302, Albany CA 94706-0302. The sooner you do, the sooner Companion II can see print.

LISTING OF RENEQUEST PRODUCTS

*Just in case you are interested in other products that have been produced by Chaosium for **RuneQuest**, the following is a listing of all titles, their product numbers, and their prices, still in print. To order any of these products, list the title, product number, and price of each item that you want to order on a piece of paper. Total the prices and add \$2.00 for postage and handling. California residents will have to also add 6% or 6½% (if you are in a BART county) sales tax. Payment must be made in U.S. funds. **MAKE SURE THAT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ARE PRINTED (IN INK) ON YOUR ORDER.** Please allow 2 - 4 weeks for delivery.*

*Once your order is completed, send it to **CHAOSIM INC.** Box 6302-RQC, Albany CA 94706-0302.*

RuneQuest (4001)	Book	\$12.00
Hardcover RuneQuest (4001-H)	Book	\$15.00
Boxed RuneQuest (4001-X)	Box	\$20.00
Snakepipe Hollow (4007)	Book	\$6.00
Cults of Prax (4008)	Book	\$12.00
FOES (4009) LIMITED QUANTITY	Book	\$12.00
Plunder (4011)	Book	\$6.00
RuneMasters (4012)	Book	\$12.00
Cults of Terror (4014)	Book	\$10.00
Borderlands (4015-X)	Box	\$16.00
Trollpak (4016-X)	Box	\$18.00
SoloQuest (4017)	Book	\$8.00
Questworld (4018)	Box	\$15.00
Scorpion Hall (4019)	Book	\$10.00
The Snow King's Bride (4020)	Book	\$6.00
Pavis (4021-X)	Box	\$18.00
The Big Rubble (4022)	Book	\$10.00
RuneQuest Companion (4023)	Book	\$8.00

**WRITE FOR A
FREE CATALOG**



RuneQuest[®] COMPANION

The Book

THE COMPANION is a sourcebook of articles, stories, and pictures useful to or entertaining to RuneQuest referees and players alike; its wide variety of subjects and forms will stimulate new adventures in any campaign or fill up quiet evenings at home.

The Companion fills a void left by the demise of Wyrms Footnotes, a magazine dedicated at the last solely to RQ articles; it was then the best source for RQ rules variants and steadily published new Gloranthan arcana.

Frustratingly to many, the earliest issues of the Footnotes were never reprinted, so that only savvy collectors had access to important material for RuneQuest[®] and White Bear & Red Moon (since retitled Dragon Pass). The most RQ-pertinent of those essays and illustrations appear here.

But the majority of the Companion is new material – a lot of research and writing has occurred since the first issues of WF in 1976!

Contents Include

Jonstown Compendium – excerpts from this massive chronicle make clear obscure mythic relations and reveal contemporary and ancient history.

Cults Index – this is an up-to-date list of all cults published by Chaosium.

The Skullbush – a previously-unmentioned bush startles those travelers new to Prax.

Smell of a Rat – a story of fine detective-work in the Lhankor Mhy cult.

The Holy Country – including a 2-page map, this study relates myth and history of the land between Dragon Pass and the sea.

A History of My Black Horse Troop – Sir Ethilrist tells of his battle with a very hungry foe.

Unicorns – a basic essay about these wonderful beings, including ecological notes.

Expanded RQ Cult Compatibility Chart – updates and revises slightly the way that all Chaosium-published cults view each other.

More On Trolls – Additional information about trolls which has come to light since Trollpak.

Walktapus Cooking – a gourmet's guide to walktapus cuts, including a well-tested recipe; handy reference card.

The Maze of Shaxry Oborok – Take your favorite character (or the one you like least) into Shaxry's domain. A RQ solo adventure, playable several times.

Prince Argrath's Entry into Boldhome – A personal record of the hero's return to the Sartar capital.

Cad Goddeu – the late Gene Day's 2-page illustration of this ancient struggle.

Dispatch From Fadabius – first-hand description of Dragon Pass events during the Hero Wars.

History, Stories, and Play-Aids

