

Issue 12

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GHOST PLACES OF PRAX

Andrew Larsen

Ghost Places are places that used to exist in Prax but which no longer do. Travelers who encounter a Ghost Place see and interact with the place the way it used to be at some earlier time, often, though not always, during the Godtime. A few examples of Ghost Places follow.

Ghost Camps

These are Praxian camps, out in the Praxian steppes and Wastes. Most commonly they represent a single family and its small herd, but larger camps have been reported. Some are very hospitable; Tecumseh Walks-Away spent a night of passion with a Praxian woman in a yurt and woke up the next morning on the ground; a very fertile impala cow grazed nearby, perhaps as a reward for the pleasure. But some are much more malevolent. Stories tell of camps where evil and even chaotic things were practiced, such as cannibalism, mutilation of herd beasts, and other abominations. The residents of Ghost Camps are fully tangible, and can be fought and killed like normal men, but some apparently normal men and women prove to be less than human creatures from the Great Darkness.

Ghost Ruins

There are a number of ruined cities in Prax, most notably Monkey Ruins, Hender's Ruins, Winter Ruins, Sog, and Old, as well as the various ruins of Sleeping City Hills. Various Praxian legends claim that all of these have occasionally appeared to travelers as intact cities occupied by various inhabitants. In some cases, travelers have entered Ghost Ruins and found great treasures; in other cases they have encountered powerful beings such as the White Princess. The hunter Unegen Lost-His-Way entered Hender's Ruins during the Sacred Time, spent a several days there feasting with others, and departed, only to discover that his young sons had grown to adulthood during his absence.



Battlefields and Graves

In some cases, travelers during the Sacred Time have reported being attacked by skeletal warriors riding on skeletal mounts. These seem to be remains of great khans and warriors who died on the steppes. A common story is a traveler who sees the body of a warrior perched atop a dead mount. Thinking it merely the funeral remains of a brave, the traveler approaches, only to see the corpses rise up and pursue them. Skeletal Riders do not appear to be chaotic, merely malevolent remnants of an earlier historical time. Skeletal Riders seem to be trapped at a particular place, probably an old battle site or place of cremation. The Eternal Battle is a massive example of a Ghost Place battlefield.

Ghostly Oases

Several stories tell of a mysterious oasis where no oasis is now known. They have been reported in several locations, including east of Dwarf Knoll, north of Monkey Ruins, and several points in the Wastes. The description of these oases are quite similar, a stand of date palms around a small lake filled with cranes, with stone buildings nearby, but shamans argue whether this is one place that somehow moves around or the remains of several oases that were destroyed in the Great Darkness. Several travelers have also reported a serpent suddenly erupting into life during the Sacred Times and washing away men and beasts.

Common Attributes of Ghost Places

Time in a Ghost Place flows differently than normal time, more or less at the GM's discretion. Any given Ghost Place has a 35% chance of running faster than normal time, 35% chance of running slower, and a 30%

chance of running normally. How much difference there is in the flow of time is up to the GM.

Ghost Places are most commonly found during the Sacred Time, but have been occasionally seen at other times, such as the anniversary of a great battle or on particular holy days. On rare occasions, Ghost Places appear during Daka Fal ceremonies, and there are a few examples of them being intentionally summoned, although this is rare and dangerous. Some Ghost Places are accompanied by warning signs such as unseasonably cold weather, storm clouds pushing in quickly, dust storms, and the like. Because Ghost Places are most common during the Sacred Time, Praxians tend to avoid travel during this two week period, to avoid the possibility of falling into such a hazard by accident.

By their nature Ghost Places are unpredictable. Even during the Sacred Time, they do not reliably appear. Some are present for only a few hours, while others last for days at a time. In most cases, those who enter a Ghost Ruin or a Ghost Oasis may only exit it when it is connected to the mundane world. Thus if one enters the Winter Palace when it appears at Winter Ruins, one must leave it before it disappears or else be trapped there until its next appearance. Given that time runs differently in the Ghost Place, those inside it may or may not realize that they are leaving long after they entered. It is also possible that those inside may exit into some point in the Godtime, perhaps falling into a Heroquest or simply meeting gods and spirits unexpectedly. In contrast, Ghost Camps and Battlefields usually just fade away, leaving these inside back in the mundane world.

Locations where Ghost Places tend to occur are also, by their basic nature, good places to contact ancestors and to begin Heroquests.

Skill rolls necessary for these things gain modest bonuses when performed at such locations, even if no Ghost Place is currently manifesting.

Skeletal Riders

Ghost Battlefields are frequently occupied by Skeletal Riders. Riders are basically zombies, but with more skill and intelligence. Like zombies, they have enhanced STR and CON, but do not suffer from the sharply limited DEX. They cannot cast spells. They are normally hostile, but if the party includes shamans or members of the Rider's tribe, they may communicate instead. The example given here is a Llama Rider, but Skeletal Riders may be of any tribe.

Like all zombies, skeletal riders and their mounts must be hacked apart or have their heads destroyed. Impaling weapons do half damage and most missile weapons inflict only a single point of damage. They are immune to mind-influencing magics such as Demoralize or Befuddle, but they are particularly susceptible to Ignite and fire in general, which inflicts twice the normal damage.

Scenario Ideas

Daritai's Camp

Players travelling during the Sacred Time lose their bearings during a dust storm (or an attack by Whirlvishes) and stumble across a small group of Praxian yurts. The campers are Sable Riders, and unusually friendly toward the strangers (which is to say, they don't just try to fight them). The sept-khan introduces himself as Daritai Runs-and-Leaps, and he offers them shelter from the bad weather within his yurt. The khan has two wives and a concubine, while the other yurts belong to his brother and his two sons, all of whom

Skeletal Llama Rider

STR	16	Move	8
CON	17	Hit Points	17
SIZ	12	Magic Points	1
INT	9 (Fixed)	Armor	2 or 3 pt armor
POW	1		
DEX	11		
APP	2		

Weapon	SR	Attack	Damage	Parry	HP
Long Spear	6	55%	1d8+1d4*	30%	12
Lance	5	55%	1d8+5d6*	—	12
Medium Shield	—	—	—	45%	12

* Stone-tipped Praxian spears inflict slightly less damage than ones with bronze heads.

Remember that Llama Riders roll 1d10+10 for Hit Location while mounted.

Skeletal Llama Mount

STR	52	Move	10
CON	24	Hit Points	31
SIZ	40	Magic Points	1
INT	4	Armor	4 pt hide
POW	1		
DEX	10		

Weapon	SR	Attack	Damage
Kick	6	50%	1d8+5d6
Rear and Plunge	10	30%	2d8+5d6



also have wives and concubines. During their stay, however, the PCs increasingly get the feeling that things are wrong. Daritai and his sons seem to be assessing their fighting skills (perhaps through challenges to wrestle, to compare weapons, and so on), and their wives seem to be evaluating their bodies (what first seems like a sexual come-on starts to look more like an animal being judged for its meat). Eventually, the players either discover evidence of cannibalism (perhaps by looking into the cooking-pot) or are attacked by Daritai and his family. Anyone who leaves the boundary of the camp finds him or herself outside with no sign of the camp in evidence.

Skeletal Riders

A party travelling through the Wastes begins to experience odd weather. Clouds roll in and the temperature drops sharply. In the distance, they see what looks to be a Praxian funeral that has been left incomplete. A group of dead warriors are seated in their armor on their dead llama mounts. There are signs of a funeral pyre (ash in the wind, charred plants), but the bodies appear to be only partly burned. If the party approaches, the riders and mounts suddenly come to life; the llamas stand up and wheel around to charge the party. These are typical Skeletal Riders, one per PC. They simply attack, unless the party includes Llama Riders or a Daka Fal shaman, in which case they pull up and seek to communicate. Their leader is Adowaytai Laughing Bull, and they ask help seeking vengeance against those who killed them. Llama Riders will have heard a tale about Laughing Bull's brave fight against a group of villainous Bison Riders (and some PCs may in fact be descended from him). They have been dead for centuries, but perhaps the Bison Riders are somewhere nearby, brought back by the Ghost Place. Alternatively, they ask help

raiding a nearby clan descended from those Bison Riders.

Mryne's Well

While travelling at night, the party encounters a small oasis surrounded with date palms and skullbushes. The oasis teems with life, particularly Praxian cranes, but also a few Eiritha beasts of different sorts. There are a number of low stone buildings nearby, in far better condition than the buildings at most oases. If anyone in the party is familiar with the geography of Prax, they are puzzled, because there is no oasis in this area. As they approach the oasis, they are greeted by a beautiful young woman who calls herself Mryne. If she (or the other dwellers at the oasis) are asked what oasis this is, they simply say that it is Mryne's Well. They seem puzzled if the PCs insist that there shouldn't be an oasis here; they say there's always been water here. Mryne welcomes them, offers them food, water, shelter and healing, but then asks them for assistance. The oasis has been raided regularly by an enemy, and Mryne knows they will be attacked again very soon, and begs the PCs to seek out the enemy and defeat them.

Mryne was a water spirit, one of Camenura's daughters. Her oasis was overrun and destroyed during the Great Darkness, and no longer exists. The players have encountered an echo of this lost oasis. If the GM just wants a simple fight, then the enemy is a band of broos or similar chaotics. For a more complex scenario, the enemy are trolls or dwarves, who are raiding the oasis for other reasons (the dwarves need palm oil or skullbush oil to help repair a broken machine; the trolls are lost and desperate for food). Perhaps the PCs can help negotiate a peaceful solution. Regardless, if they succeed in dealing with the problem, Mryne gifts one of them with a

small skin of water that magically refills once a day—a great gift in parched Prax!

In most versions of this scenario, stopping the enemy cannot change the fate of Mryne's Well; it was destroyed in the Godtime and the PCs are only seeing a shadow of past events. However, if the players are more powerful; then they actually stumble back into the Godtime. The challenges are bigger, but if they succeed, they will have prevented the destruction of the oasis, and when they return, Mryne's Oasis will always have existed.



ZOMBIES IN GLORANTHA

Roderick Robertson

According to Wikipedia (and what more learned source could there be?):

“**Zombie** (Haitian Creole: *zonbi*; North Mbundu: *nzumbe*) is a term used to denote an animated corpse brought back to life by mystical means such as witchcraft. The term is often figuratively applied to describe a hypnotized person bereft of consciousness and self-awareness, yet ambulant and able to respond to surrounding stimuli. Since the late 19th century, zombies have acquired notable popularity, especially in North American and European folklore.”

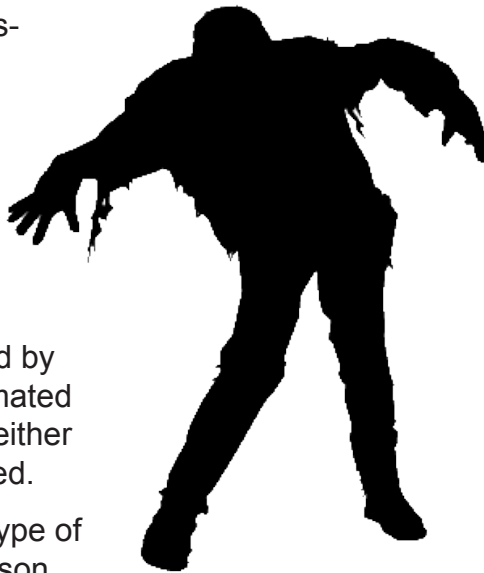
Wikipedia: [Zombie](#)

In Glorantha, animated corpses can have any number of sources. This article intends to list some of the ways that a “zombie” can be created in Glorantha.

Non-magical Zombies

Some zombies are not raised by an outside force, but are animated by their own spirits, who are either determined or absent-minded.

Frustrated Zombie — this type of zombie is the corpse of a person who died with some great deed undone. Usually, the deed is of a darker nature, such as Vengeance. The spirit of the person is so focused on performing this deed it refuses to die, animating its own corpse in an effort to fulfill its goal. A Frustrated zombie requires a great personal goal, and usually a high ability or social level — unskilled peasants rarely become Frustrated zombies!



There is no magic involved in creating a Frustrated zombie, simply great need. The zombie will pursue its goal, finally “dying” when it accomplishes it.

Absent-Minded Zombie — this zombie simply hasn’t noticed that that it died and should take its final rest. It goes about its daily routine as if it was still alive. Again, there is no Magic involved in creating this type of zombie (though an “Absent-Minded Sorcerer” fits the stereotype).

Magical Zombies

Raising a zombie by magic usually requires Ritual magic, rather than simpler spells or feats. Necromancy is a specific study, limited to a few practitioners in any culture. Casting magic on the Dead is usually seen as a

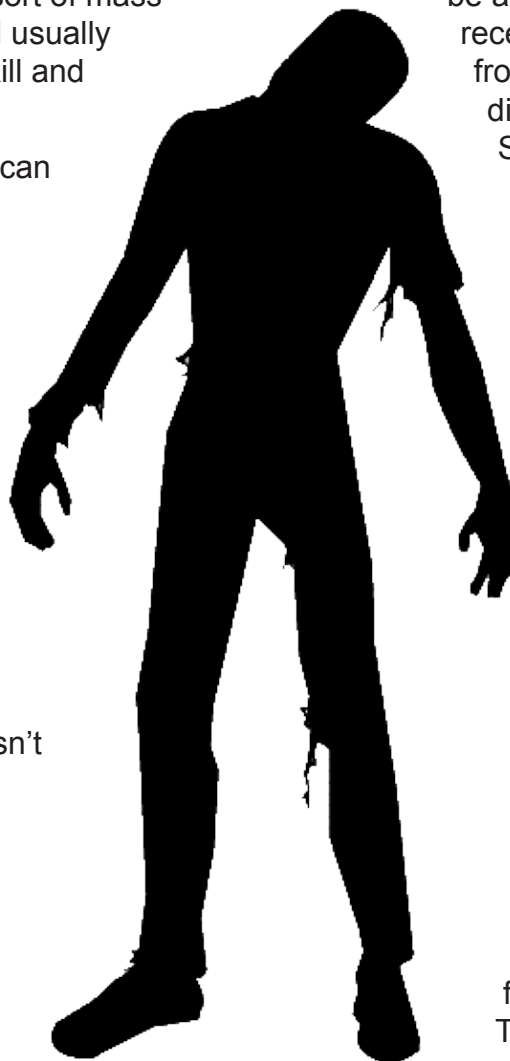
Bad Thing, though Resurrection is generally thought to be a Good Thing. Go figure.

Raised Corpse – this is a single corpse animated by some sort of magic. It has no “spirit” and only does what its master tells it. This is the “basic” zombie, skeleton or mummy. Unless the Necromancer wants to control the zombie directly, it can only perform a limited task, such as “guard this door”. The magic for this sort of zombie is usually theistic or sorcerous in nature.

Army of the Dead – mass animation of Raised Corpses (usually from a battlefield or graveyard) can be accomplished by sorcerers or theists who are well—versed in the Necromantic Arts. This sort of mass reanimation is not easy, and usually requires a high degree of skill and power.

Enslaved Spirit – Animists can raise the dead by re—uniting a spirit with its corpse, binding the two back into an imperfect whole. This is outwardly similar to Resurrection, but the bound spirit is a slave to the shaman. The Enslaved Spirit will have all (or, at least, most) of the memories of its life before death, and it can simulate its old self reasonably well, though someone might notice that “the King isn’t himself anymore”.

A variant is to put someone else’s spirit into the body, which can only fool people that didn’t know the deceased.



Thanatar Heads – The followers of the Than aspect of Thanatar can capture spirits of the deceased into their own ritually—decapitated skulls, using the captured spirits as a source of magical power and knowledge. While not a full—body zombie, it still fits.

Demonic Possession – some Chaos demons can “infect” bodies, killing and re—animating them. See *Soluthor the Creeping Dead* from Rule One issue 6 as an example. This form of Undeath often includes the “infectious disease” type of Zombie Apocalypse that we find in many zombie movies – those that infect others with a bite or wound.

Ridden Corpse – a magician may be able to send his own spirit into a recently—killed body and control it from the “inside”. This is a more direct version of an Enslaved Spirit. The zombie is only active while the magician is “riding” it – remove the mind and the zombie collapses.

Composite Corpses – the “Frankenstein’s Monster” type of walking corpse. Bits and pieces of several corpses are combined (either in a “normal” way, or in a bizarre mish—mash of body parts, such as the Centipede Men or Mock Hydra from *Tales of the Reaching Moon* issue 19). Delecti is a master of making composite corpses. Any type of magic can be used to animate such a thing.

Cursed to UnDeath – some curses can prevent a person from finding rest after death. The spirit is usually trapped in

the body, and must watch its body perform the most heinous crimes, while unable to stop it.

Random Magic – some places or events can raise the dead simply by random chance. The Upland Marsh, the Eternal Battle, and similar phenomenon can cause the dead to rise spontaneously.

Living Corpse — where the mind—deadening effects of magic or drugs produce a mindless “zombie” that is still alive. “Killing” a living corpse is relatively easy – you kill it the same way as you kill any other living thing.

Dealing with True Zombies

True zombies are hard to kill, since they are already dead. They don’t feel pain, are never scared or have emotion, don’t bleed if cut, are usually immune to poison, and don’t need most of their internal organs to function. Depending on what sort of zombie the heroes are facing, “killing” a zombie might be accomplished by destroying a specific organ such as the brain or heart, cutting off the magic that powers it, casting out an empowering spirit, or simply hacking it to pieces too small to be a problem. Beware, however, of the animated dead whose severed parts remain active! A severed head can bite your ankle at an inopportune time, or a hand can drag itself across the floor. Even more dangerous are the undead that can put themselves back together!

Some magic guards a corpse against animation – the Humakti are masters at preventing the dead from rising, as well as putting them down if they do. The funerary practices of most cultures prevent a properly—treated corpse from rising. Cremation, of course, reduces the corpse to ashes, leaving nothing to raise. Unfortunately, wholesale death (such as after a battle or an epidemic) often means

unconsecrated corpses lying around just waiting for the first necromancer to come along.

Zombies, skeletons and minor mummies are variations on a theme. The difference between a zombie and a skeleton is the amount of flesh on the corpse. Some zombies can turn into skeletons as their flesh falls off their bodies; others “die” a final death as their flesh putrefies. Mummies are dried—up zombies. Classic “Egyptian” style wrapped zombies are bodies prepared in such a way as to preserve the body, which makes them perfect fodder for necromantic spells. Other forms of mummification include burial in hot sand, exposure to the hot sun, or burial in snow and ice.

Vampires, Mummy Lords, Liches, and other “intelligent” undead creatures are different from zombies in that they can think and (usually) cast magic. Zombies are mindless – they can be given instructions or follow some other “programming”, but they can’t think for themselves. A closed door (as long as it is reasonably strong) is proof against zombies, as is a ladder (at least until enough zombies gather that they can stand on each other to reach the hero).



Resurrection

Resurrection is available to almost all cultures in Glorantha. Most don't consider it to be Necromancy at all (though some fanatics, such as Lead—Cross Humakti, do). The body and soul of the Departed are brought back together and healed. All magical systems have some way to resurrect the dead: Theists have specialty healing cults such as Chalana Arroy; Animists can seek out the spirit and bring it back to its body; and Monotheists have special grimoires with forbidden knowledge.

The resurrectee will almost certainly experience "Resurrection Sickness", which can manifest in several different forms:

Just Let Me Die – the resurrectee feels that they should not have been brought back to life. They will probably become suicidal and focus on thoughts and images of Death. They may become poets, artists, or musicians in a

"Goth" style, dress all in black, and be no fun *at all* at parties.

Death is Nothing to Fear – the resurrectee embraces an "extreme" lifestyle, taking risks that would turn a Rune—Lord's hair white. Death is no longer a fear; or maybe they need the extra adrenaline rush simply to feel anything.

Death is My Master Now – the resurrectee joins a Death cult, such as Humakt. She is living on borrowed time, and will probably take Geases like "Accept no Healing". She'll will have a specific goal in mind (such as killing Chalana Arroy revivicationists or hunting the Undead).

Life is My Master Now – the resurrectee joins an extreme Healing cult, such as Chalana Arroy. He will probably take oaths or geases to protect life, and never harm it.



CHOON HSING

THE WANDERING LECHER

David Millians

Choon Hsing and his minions wander the cosmos causing good people, especially young men and women, to lose themselves in lust and immoral fornication.

Entry Requirements: Lusty 13

Abilities: Choon Hsing Practice Knowledge, Flirt, Member of [Temple], Mythology of Choon Hsing, Open Spirit World, Sexual Practices Lore, Soul Vision, Spirit Face

Virtues: Lusty

Affinity:

⌘ Lust (Arouse Lust, Fornicate for Hours, Satisfy Self)

Spirits:

⌘ Lust spirit (Arousal 18, Distraction 15, Look Good 15)

Fetishes: Suggestive medallions, explicit tattoos, and tokens of intimate body parts are all common.

Spirit Ally: A few followers gain the pleasure of a spirit ally.

Secret: Ruin Other (Success in this ability gives the target a flaw that sends him into a downward spiral of debauchery. Failure gives the cultists such a flaw, but they don't usually care.)

Secret Requirements: Lusty and two magical abilities of 1⌘2 each.



Holy Days: These vary.

Other Side: Choon Hsing's Palace of Debauchery is the source of his crude magic and techniques.

Other Connections: Many brothels and individual perverts maintain secret shrines to Choon Hsing, not understanding the evil that flirts with them.

Disadvantages: The authorities destroy cultists upon finding them.

⌘Y

WHY HORSE HATES VULTURE

Nicholas Never



No. No, I don't want to hear what they said. If those damned horse-riding despots told you tales of Unnek, they told you lies. Oh, I am sure they believe those tales about Unnek, Queen of the Buzzards, or perhaps Unnek Ever Hungry? But either way, that doesn't change the fact they are wrong, and their holy men should know better. My, my... So many names you know for Vulture. Such a smart one you are! Baskor Blood Beak, Guttas, Glytha... This is what I shall do: I shall tell you about my Uncle Vulture, and you can give him whatever name you want. Agreed?

Excuse me! It is my fire, and my food. If I tell you I have no interest in lies you were sincerely told by those who follow the Galloping Sun, then you should remain silent. But, since you insist on having horses involved, I will tell you a story about my Uncle Vulture and the Great and Burning Horse, Galloping Sun. I will tell you why my Uncle is so ugly. Ah, I see you are curious enough now to be silent. Sit, eat your stew, and listen. No, you don't get to know what's in the stew; accept food from one who knows its value. My uncle knows the price of a good meal.



Once, Ruling Sun claimed all he sun-shined upon as his domain. The Kith and Kin of Ruling Sun lived with him in a glorious palace, and for a time they were happy, even if their subjects were not necessarily so.

One day, Ruling Sun decreed all members of the household were to have bird companions, and so he summoned the birds to his palace. Vulture, a small and beautiful bird who heard the call, obeyed and flew to the Sun Palace. The Palace? Oh, it was beautiful. Everything was just so, and everyone made sure they acted with the utmost grace

and poise. Vulture was not used to this splendor, and became both enamored with it and self-conscious, a fact that amused the more elegant courtiers. Still, he followed whatever instructions were given, as that is what one did in those days. He waited in line as Ruling Sun interviewed each bird and decided who they were to be paired with.

When it was Vulture's turn, he meekly appeared before the throne, and Ruling Sun asked how he spent his days. Vulture replied, his voice cracking slightly, that he enjoyed flying over the Good Green Earth and see-



ing all the beasts below. Ruling Sun found this quaint, and announced Vulture would be the companion of Galloping Sun. And Vulture accepted this, for that is what one did in those days. Now, Galloping Sun was a Sun Kin, but oh, he was wild and reckless. He enjoyed riding through the heavens at incredible speeds, caring more about his own fun than anything else. The rest of the family sighed, and pretended not to notice, because one didn't speak ill of family. Oh, heavens no, that just was not done.

Vulture tried his best to keep up with Galloping Sun, but his little wings could not flap fast enough and he did not have the strength to go long enough. Galloping Sun found this both irritating and pathetically hilarious. Cringing from taunts, an exhausted Vulture finally asked what he could do. Galloping Sun first laughed, and then thought about it with a sigh. He told Vulture to act like Hawk or Eagle and feast on the flesh of the beasts below. This, Galloping Sun said, would make Vulture grow fast and strong. This had never occurred to Vulture before, as he never ate before in any way. Back in those days, few needed to. But Vulture accepted he would now begin to eat, as this is what his master told him to do, and in those days, one did what one was told.

And so, after spending a few days looking for appropriate prey, Vulture swooped down and caught Meelteel. Meelteel was a large and friendly creature, but he was also rather slow and a little dim. Vulture tried to apologize to the terrified Meelteel, trying to explain he had to do this to be a good servant, but Meelteel was too busy shrieking to pay attention to the apology. And with that, Vulture feasted on Meelteel's flesh, taking large bites out of Meelteel's juicy fat and muscles. This was before death however, so Meelteel quickly grew back what Vulture had eaten.

Just as Galloping Sun said, Vulture grew in size, strength, and speed. The more Vulture ate, the greater he became, and the more he could keep up with his master. Meelteel and its herd continued to be Vulture's primary source of food, much to Meelteel's continued horror. One day, Meelteel began to hide in holes, hoping Vulture would fly on. However, Vulture was determined to be a good servant, so Vulture learned to patiently circle in the sky until Meelteel came out.

For his part, Galloping Sun was having a wonderful time rampaging through the heavens, especially now that he had a sidekick. They would charge wherever they wanted and scaring the subjects of the Sun. Galloping Sun would charge in, burn and crush homes and camps, and Vulture would swoop in and feast on the confused subjects. One day, Galloping Sun bolted through the Sun palace, causing great damage. Ruling Sun, shocked at a giant hole in a wall Galloping Sun made, angrily scolded Galloping Sun. However, Galloping Sun saw no difference between what he had just done and what Ruling Sun tolerated in the past that. Indignant, Ruling Sun exiled Galloping Sun from the Sun Palace, who in turn became even more reckless. Vulture continued to serve and did what he was told.

Soon after, there was a rebellion against Ruling Sun. Changing Storm led a gang into the Sun Palace through the hole Galloping Sun made and threw Ruling Sun out of the palace and down to Earth. He fell so far and landed so hard that he crashed the surface and became stuck in the Underworld. This created Death, a new connection between the Earth and the Underworld.

And this is it all started to fall apart. Angry that their home was now damaged as well, many Beneath kith and kin climbed to the surface, some to escape and others to fight. The Storm Band, the Sun Kin, Beneath Kin, and countless other groups, gangs, clans, and families began to fight and murder and steal. First out of pride, then out of spite, and eventually, to survive. The Chaos Horde, the Ending Things, heard the fighting from where they slept outside everything, and decided to join the fight. People wanted to fight, to kill, to destroy... and nothing does that better than Chaos. For his part, Galloping Sun had moved up in the world. His reckless ways looked good compared to the Ending Things, so he became a leader of sorts. He had grown colder and darker, but his rampage was worse than ever.

And this is when Vulture felt something new. He had felt small and big, proud and apologetic, but now? Now Vulture began to doubt. You see, now when he feasted on flesh, the animals did not always heal, and they did not always live. Vulture had become a killer, and he didn't like that. He began to doubt himself, his path, and most of all, his master. He liked it even less when he realized he had killed Meelteel and Meelteel's last herd-mate. He once tried to broach the subject with Galloping Horse, who went into a fury and silenced Vulture.

The Lean Days were a time of hunger. People hungered for sustenance of all kinds, and what little there was made killers of us all. And those who rode with Galloping Sun, oh, they killed and killed well. About this time Galloping Sun's rivalry with the other Hothead of the Sun, Destroying Sun, grew to pure hatred. They'd set themselves up for a fight long before either realized it, and by the time either saw it coming, it was inevitable. Galloping Sun's warriors prepared him for single combat, strapping on barding and sharpening his hooves, and Galloping Sun ordered Vulture to prepare as well. And then, a miracle happened: Vulture said no.

And here we find the truth that the Barbarians know so well. What's their phrase? Nobody can make you do anything, something along that line. In either case, they have something there. The version My Uncle Vulture later taught was that blind obedience was the first sin, and it was a sufficient one. Sufficient to cause death, to be guilty, to be worthy of great punishment, to allow chaos into the world. Blind obedience is not good, my friend. And Vulture finally realized it, with the world crumbling around him.

Galloping Sun, unsurprisingly, was not particularly appreciative of Vulture's insight, and Vulture had to flee quickly. This was done with little difficulty, as Galloping Sun was too blind with rage to attack effectively, and his minions were too stunned to do anything. Unfortunately, Galloping Sun's woman was able to act, and cursed Vulture so that he could never eat what he killed ever again. This was a truly spiteful act; it did nothing to remove the perceived slight from her husband, causing nothing but pointless misery. Remember, friend: violence may be useful, but waste and spite can not be justified.

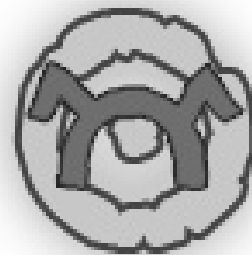
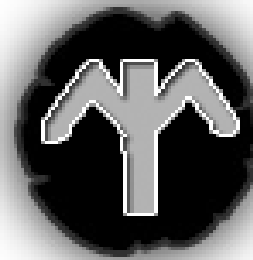


And so, an increasingly hungry Vulture watched from above as Suns Galloping and Destroying came at one another, seething with hatred that had lost its cause. Their battle was horrible. The field where they fought burned

with a lightless fire, and many others died, some from one camp or the other, some unrelated. In the end, Destroying Sun crippled Galloping Sun, leaving him moaning as a river of his own blood slowly washed him into the underworld. Vulture flew down in an attempt to make peace before Galloping Sun was gone, but the dying god would have no part of it. Instead, Galloping Sun grabbed Vulture by the neck to drag him to Hell as well. Vulture's flesh and feathers burned, but he managed to struggle free of Galloping Sun before the dying God passed into Death's realm. The last thing Vulture heard was Galloping Sun ordering his minions to remember Vulture's betrayal and remember his unworthiness. Vulture again made his escape, though he was now deformed by burns as well as hungry.

And so, this is why Horse and those who love the horse hate the Vulture. They see my Uncle as a traitor, blind to the fact that their lord and master was a monster. Of course, at the same time, Vulture had much to answer for, and he was guilty. All were guilty by then, as survival often took more than virtue in the time before the Dawn.

Why would I consort with such a creature? Why would I call a traitor, scarred and cursed, my Uncle? Oh, no, I'm sure you would never word things so indelicately. Tend to the fire and I will tell you about Vulture's redemption in the dark.



THE LIVES OF SEDENYA

PART 4

Greg Stafford

Teelo Imara

Let us discuss Her life as Teelo Imara.

Her Quest was not done.

She had made her Tent, but it was not yet full. It stood like a field of light, surrounded by a garden of beauty. It shimmered, translucent from the outside, solid on the inside.

Yet She was not done.

That tent stood in an Otherworld. Yet, which one? It was not clear. It was not done. She was not finished.

Teelo Imara had Her task before Her. She was surrounded by her most loyal followers, the Seven Mothers and the others who would be called Saints of Her Life. And they, in turn, had with them their followers and devoted people. And they, in turn, had as followers those who would never be leaders, but who would benefit from being followers.

Teelo Imara was back in History, the world of the living, and many tasks lay before Her. But She placed most of those tasks into the hands of Her followers, who carried out those deeds in Her name and with Her power. They did the deeds of humans. When the deeds of a deity were required, She stepped forth.

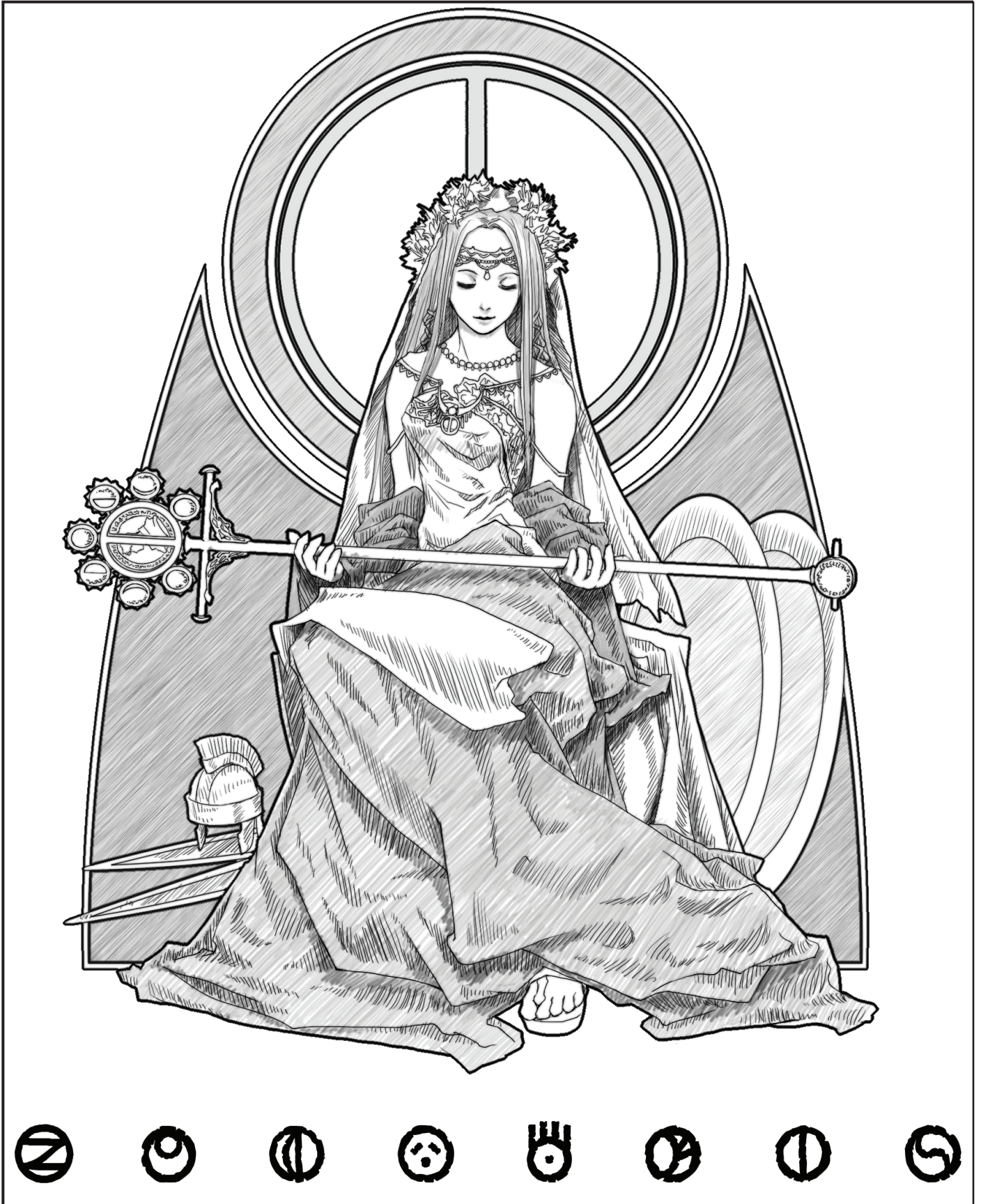
Thus, Yanafal Tarnils led her army in Kostadi and into Dara Happa. But when they stood before the walls of Raibanth, it was She who walked alone to the fore, and stood within

the range of arrows. The archers shot, and their arrows had been blessed and enspelled and empowered and borne by spirits. Yet they fell upon her as flowers, and when the odor wafted upon the walls, all the archers stopped. The orders of their superiors, whether delivered with promise or with threat, were met by stares of incredulity. The archers could not believe that their officers did not see what they saw: a goddess of grace and wonder.

So it was left to the priests, who in their turn summoned the very god of their city. Ancient Raiba, who had been reawakened fourteen centuries before, sat up in his temple. The great statue creaked and groaned as only moving stone can do, and after it stepped from the confines of the building, it took on the suppleness of flesh and grew to proportions suitable for such a being. It walked down the grand Imperial Way, stepping carefully over the astonished soldiers assembled as reserves in the streets.

Raiba gazed over the walls of the city at Teelo Imara, whose own proportions grew to match his. They looked at each other, and after a short time without words heard by any but the most powerful humans, the god stepped over his own walls onto the plain before the city. There he knelt, and paid homage to a deity greater than he.

The priests, watching from the walls of his temple, wasted no time, but gave word to their leaders. And in no time at all, the lead-



ers assembled and opened the gates to their city. They came out in procession, and they offered honey and pearls and the tokens of beasts and grains to Her.

And so it went with the other gods of Dara Happa, even monstrous Shargash, for all of them are wise and perceptive.

Meanwhile, in other lands Her legions fought on.

But this was not Her main work. She had other tasks, more important. She gathered to Her the awakened memories of her former selves. Velortina and Deveria and Davu and Ferandarus were recalled, relived, and rejoined.

But all that was only a prelude.

Her task, at that time, was to make Her place in the Otherworld. To take the tent which was nowhere and place it into the known universe. This was not easy, but She was not weak either.

She tried several times, but each time She was thwarted. She realized that Her opponents were the Old Powers, who had gathered from the Three Otherworlds to resist Her. They prepared an expedition to destroy Her immortal tent again, and set Her work back for another hundred lifetimes. An army of immortals assembled to venture forth from the Otherworlds and bring down Her ethereal temple. Though She had failed at this in the past, this time She assembled Her own army. So it was that She sent Her minions against Castle Blue.

She did not fight there. She remained in Torang, and then traveled to other places and consecrated them. She went to Hagu, to the Tent Cave, to the Stake, and to other places where she had, in previous lives, attempted to make Her temples. In each of those, Her

worshippers gathered, praying and making sacrifices.

The fight was left to Her minions. She assembled the requirements for a leader there, and from the many men and women who struggled to meet them, She selected or constructed Rufus, the Red Emperor. It was a trick of Hers, with parts and powers joined together from an apparent defeat. At another time, a range of Otherworld mountains turned into giants, which were broken by gods into bits, which then changed into birds of fire that incinerated the defenders of Castle Blue. That was a fierce war, and not every victory went to the Lunars, but in the end, the forces of the goddess were successful.

Only then did She go to Castle Blue, and She accepted the homage of the forces of the universe who had thwarted her in the past.

Then She retired to the Dancing Ground. There, with a core of Her worshippers, including the victors of Castle Blue, She performed Her last terrestrial rite. She danced, and upon that ground She created the Otherworld which was to be Hers. Every place and every time where She had tried before to make Her Otherworld was joined in that moment to Her, and when She ascended into the Sky World once again, all of those places where She had struggled were brought with Her. In that way, She created Her Otherworld, which included some of everyplace. The world is made of everything, and so is Her World. She finished Her task of the Impossible, and She created Her Otherworld, which includes some of the Gods World, and the Sorcery World, and the Spirit World.

She rose, and She remade the world.

Yet To Come

She told us:

"We are All Us. We are born, love and hate, we create and destroy. We die, are transformed and return yet again in new form. We all come from The One, unimaginable Taraltara; and to That shall we all return once again. This world and this life is not the end. As illuminated beings it is our duty to protect the weak, to defy the strong, and to teach the Great Secret of Being to all who are yet to attain it. It is our duty and obligation to recall our common origin, our common life, and our common ultimate destiny. We must remember:

We Are All Us



We are all Us

The Victory shall be ours



DUCK PLUNDER

Stewart Stansfield

Spiritburned Artifacts

Description

Centuries-old weapons and armour, typically manufactured from bronze in a Pelorian style. These items have been tarnished by time, and blackened or part-melted by dragonfire, but can be kept to a good edge or hardness by a competent redsmith.

Cults

None

Knowledge

Common; Famous (among ducks only); Few.

History

Towards the end of the Second Age, the dragonewts turned on the Wyrms Mind Collective and brought the last remnants of a mighty empire to ruin. Decades later, when the surrounding human realms grew covetous of Dragon Pass, the dragonewts resisted. The humans united into the Invincible Golden Horde and marched upon the Dragon's Eye in an effort to destroy the dragonewt egg-wombs. The cosmos came to the aid of the dragonewts. True dragons descended from the stars and annihilated the invaders; thousands were slain by dragonfire.

This magical assault was terrible to behold. Death would not end the horror for those souls condemned to haunt the Ghost Hills, but others were even less fortunate. The heat of a true dragon's breath was so great that it could sear the spirits of slain heroes into their weapons and armour, even as their bodies turned to ash. These spirits have remained trapped in their metal tombs for centuries.

Some of these artifacts were scavenged from the battlefields in the aftermath of the Dragonkill; others remain to be found hundreds of years later, whether among the foothills of Kero Fin (where the Red Dragon wrought its terror) or in the soil where the Stag Woods once grew. The ducks—who plundered the Horde's dead with gleeful, squawking abandon—collected several of these items. They found them quite serviceable once they'd pried them from charred bone or brushed the ash off, and have retained many as nest treasures and heirlooms.

Procedure

These weapons were created by the Dragonkill, which exterminated nearly all humans in Dragon Pass. While this act is theoretically repeatable, it's a dangerous and not entirely controllable process.

Powers

Spiritburned artifacts have been weakened by age and the shock of the Dragonkill. Spiritburned weapons have 20% fewer AP and do -1 damage; spiritburned armour has 1AP less protection per piece.

When a person first comes into physical contact with a spiritburned artifact, he or she is immediately engaged in spirit combat, as the spirit seeks to escape its prison and possess that person's body. If the spirit is defeated, it henceforth functions as a bound magic spirit under the control of the wielder/wearer. The INT and POW of the spirit, and the spells it knows, are as shown on the table below.

The wielder/wearer cannot release the spirit from the artifact voluntarily – only a Free Ghost spell (Gods of Glorantha, Cults Book, p. 26) will free the spirit and send it to the Underworld. If the artifact is destroyed, the spirit will be released from its prison but take the form of a ghost. The ghost will attempt to possess nearby beings, including an artifact's former wielder/wearer.

The owner can communicate with the bound spirit when in contact with the artifact, as per an enchanted item. Unfortunately, this is not a good thing. The wielder/wearer is afflicted by a Demoralize spell whenever he or she

touches the item, as the spirit rails endlessly against the horrors of its cursed existence in a bitter and argumentative manner. Ducks take this for normal conversation and are immune to this effect.

Value

Few can tolerate the self-pitying misery of a spiritburned artifact for long. Ducks can, and will pay several hundred lunars for such weapons or armour small enough for them to use. Sometimes a spirit will escape its prison by possessing a duck, only to find its joy short-lived as it realises that being confined to a duck's existence is not necessarily an improvement. Such possessed ducks are usually *really* angry.



Die roll (d6)	Spirit's stats	Spells known by the spirit
1–4	INT 2D6+6 POW 3D6	Spirit Magic: Ignite and Second Sight. The spirit also knows a number of points of additional spirit magic equal to its unused INT (i.e. a spirit with INT 14 would know a further ten points of spirit magic beyond Ignite [1] and Second Sight [3]). These spells may be picked by the GM or chosen at random
5–6	INT 2D6+6 POW 3D6+3	Spirit Magic: Ignite and Second Sight. The spirit also knows a number of points of additional spirit magic equal to its unused INT. These spells may be picked by the GM or chosen at random. Divine Magic: One divine magic spell (at 1D4 points per spell if stackable) picked by the GM

THE GLORIOUS SONS

PART 2

Oliver Bernuetz

The Taming of Votankiland

Part 2 - The Glorious Sons

Of course I remember the Glorious Sons. Forgetting them would be like forgetting family. Once he had gathered all his recruits, Carpathia and his Templars had donned their wargear: full plate, hoplite shield, longspear and great crested helm. We were ushered into two parallel lines and shown how to march. And we were marched hard. With the eternal confidence of youth we had thought ourselves so fit and healthy but Carpathia Three-Boots who must have had at least a decade on any of the recruits and who marched in full armour shamed us. Each night all we were able to do was collapse into a deep sleep while he laughed at us. Next to me in line was a lad from the backwoods who told me his name was Alakoring Windbearer. He had the marks of Orlanth on his cheeks just like my grandfather had, though my grandfather's marks had been faded blue and Alakoring's marks were fresh and raw. Alakoring seemed keen on renewing what he called the traditional rivalry between Yemalio and Orlanth. At the noon break he would remain standing as long as possible and at night he would never complain of his aches and pains despite his slow and stiff movements.

We descended out of the hills of Sylila and headed northeast along the Eurustus River for a couple of days until we saw the blessed Oslir. We camped again and then after asking the Goddess' permission we spent the next day crossing the river using local ferries. Once on the far shore we headed north again. A few days later we reached a town called Yarbesh. Off to the northeast was a range of hills and Carpathia Three-Boots told us

that they were the Vanch Hills where the Hill of Gold is located. We were all suitably awed and he promised us that we would see the Hill someday. It took us the rest of a week or so to march until we reached the Bokisin River. We camped again and then crossed that river.

Near the end of the day we saw off in the distance an odd green hill that glistened like precious stone. Someone asked if that was our destination and Carpathia shook his head no. "That is Shargash's city, Alkoth. To enter there you must die. We are to make camp south of Alkoth." We all felt a thrill of fear at being this close to Hell.

At the end of that day with Alkoth still looming in the distance to the north we met a caravan of wagons with covered loads on a dusty road. I can still recall the speech Carpathia Three-boots made to us. He climbed up on the tail-gate of one of the wagons dressed in his full templar kit of partial plate, great helm and crest, large hoplite shield and long spear.

"Welcome recruits to the Glorious Sons. The Emperor in his wisdom assigned me the task of creating new units to support his armies in our war against the vile Carmanians and I have decided to call you the Glorious Sons. Glorious because that is the future I see for you. Sons, because we are all sons of someone and ultimately we are all sons of the Empire."

So did he address us, the recruits he had dragged



kicking and screaming out of our homes and in many cases parent's arms. He was trying to instill a sense of purpose and belonging into us and it wasn't working yet. What did we lads who had just become men or our older brothers and cousins who had never really struck a blow in anger have in common with this titan in plate? His troop of Thunder Delta slingers and the spearmen he had stood to either side of the wagon. But Carpathia Three Boots was a keen judge of men. He wasn't finished yet.

"I see you standing there looking at me and wondering what you have in common with me? You're wondering where do you get your set of plate, hoplite shield and longspear?" With a loud clang he tossed the shield to the ground. With a clash he tossed the spear on top of it. He started unbuckling straps and two of his men clambered on to the wagon to help him. He tossed piece after piece of armour atop the pile he was making. Last to go was the helmet and with almost contemptuous ease he snapped the crest off and tossed the helmet onto the pile. He stood before us wearing only his tunic (and his three boots of course).

"Now we are equal. To go into battle wearing all that metal requires a great deal of training. Yes, you are harder to hurt but you are also slow and awkward. A lighter armoured man can run circles around you if you're alone in that rig. Yes, in masses a phalanx is hard to beat. But the Carmanians have armoured men riding armoured horses. They are even clumsier and more awkward." He gestured and the wagon drivers pulled back the covers off of their cargo. We craned our necks to see and saw javelins and spears, leather armour and large shields. Carpathia nodded and two of the slingers ran up. They quickly buckled light greaves and vambraces and a simple cuirass of boiled leather on. A simple metal helmet without a visor was added and a large shield, two javelins and a short spear were handed to him.

"This is what the Glorious Sons will fight in. My hoplites will be your officers and the slingers will fight alongside us. Everyone will receive this gear and be trained how to best use it. If you prefer a sword or axe and shield to spear and shield or a bow to the javelins that is fine." As he spoke all the hoplites had removed their armour. Soon they

were dressed in the same kit as Carpathia. At the sight of this many of the lads gave a half-hearted cheer. Men started unloading the wagons. As they started showing us how the armour was strapped on Carpathia raised his hand. "Know this. By taking up his arms and armour you swear allegiance to the Emperor Kumardesh. At this point there is no going back." Having no other option we donned the Emperor's equipage. After we were all dressed Carpathia addressed us again.

"Are you ready to learn how to fight, men?" Nods and weak yeses were all he got in reply. He spoke louder. "Are you ready to fight, men?" A little more volume and enthusiasm greeted this. He shook his head and bellowed. "Are you ready to be men and fight?"

This startled us but we returned his shout with shouts of our own. "Yes we are ready to be men and we're ready to fight!"

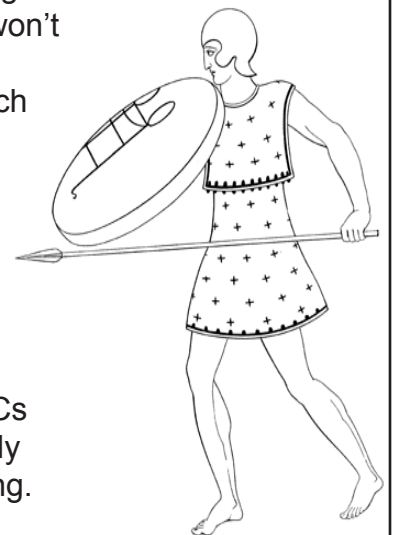
"My life is dedicated to the cause of Empire and the Emperor. Let's see you live up to the name of your birthplace. Make the Land of Heroes proud."

We repeated this oath. Of course we had no way of knowing what that all involved.

After leaving Heartridge the PCs find themselves part of an ever-growing group of young, and no-longer-so-young Alakoringites who have all "volunteered" to serve in the Emperor's army. Carpathia Three-Boots, it seems, has scoured the region known as the Land of Heroes to collect every able-bodied young man in the region.

(Hopefully the war won't spread as far as the Land of Heroes which has been severely weakened militarily speaking.)

Exactly 160 young men have joined the Glorious Sons. It seems to be a large force to the PCs but most are woefully inadequate at fighting.



Carpathia and his Templars herd the recruits from the gentle rolling hills of Sylila to the southern edge of the Dara Happan lowlands. The change is gradual but the countryside goes from the relatively wild hills where most of the subsistence is from cattle and sheep herding to the long settled and flat lowlands where the rivers are very important and mostly crops are grown. The stolid Dara Happan peasants stare at the “wild” hill folk who are in a state of sensory overload. The Sons are up before dawn to perform their devotions to Yelmlio. Then after a hearty breakfast of barley porridge they break camp and march until nightfall eating their noon meal on the march. Carpathia’s aim is to keep them distracted and tired during the trip so they can’t cause trouble. The whole trip from Sylila to Alkoth takes about 10 days in total.

Author’s Notes: My preliminary research for the area was a little hasty so my original background for this campaign turned out to be inadequate. I’ve hopefully fixed that and I have posted a corrected version of the first scenario on my website at: webpace.webring.com/people/lo/oliverb/

Background for the Taming of Votankiland

Much has changed in Dara Happa since the events described in Dara Happa Stirs. The Emperor Karvanyar died fighting the Pentans in 945. His brother Sarenesh succeeded him the following year and ruled until 960. That year Sarenesh was forced to abdicate. Since he had three sons, (Heredesh, Sassacar and Verenmars) the High Priest of Dayzatar divided the Known World among them giving Heredesh Yelm’s Portion (Dara Happa), Lodril’s Portion (Carmania) to Sassacar and Dayzatar’s Portion (Saird) to Verenmars. But Veremars had heard a prophecy foretelling

that “someone destined to unite a people in greatness” was going to be born in the Land of Heroes (a region between Dara Happa and Saird) so he coveted it. His brother Sassacar was suspiciously agreeable and the Land of Heroes, rightly part of Yelm’s Portion, was gifted to Verenmars as well.

The three sons of Sarenesh lived at relative peace and so did most of their successors but things have changed recently. In 1042 the leaders of the Empire of Wyrms’ Friends were betrayed by the dragonewts and slain by dark troll assassins. A great battle was fought against the EWF and the Dara Happan forces were victorious. The kings of Saird being the closest to Dragon’s Pass have long turned their attentions away from Dara Happa and Carmania. Those kings have well earned their sobriquet of dragon slayers in the years since the kingdom was founded. The successors to Verenmars have either forgotten or ignored the prophecy about the Land of Heroes. That portion of the Land of Heroes on the north-western bank of the Eurustus River has fallen under Dara Happan rule and with the great defeat of the EWF a major purging of the region occurred to remove all EWF taint from the region. (A great deal of the Orlanthi taint was removed as well in the process).

The year is 1079 ST. Two years ago during the Mountain War the Emperor Kewetdevsus the Besieger was slain by the Carmanians. His successor’s name is Kumardesh. Shah Massantar rules Carmania and it was his army that slew Kewetdevsus. It is against him that Kumardesh wishes vengeance. Meanwhile Suzaraug the Warhound, King of Saird keeps his face turned towards the dragon lovers. The Dara Happan armies have gathered for war but await the forces of Alkoth before they engage the Carmanian forces.

Timeline

Here's the events that happen in this part of The Taming of Votankiland campaign. Things can easily be added or deleted as needed. Events are described

1) Clayday, Harmony Week, Sea Season

After ten days marching the Sons arrive at their training campsite south of Alkoth. Setting up of the camp.

2) FireDay, Death Week, Sea Season

This is a Shargashi holy day. The episode described below occurs.

3) Windsday, Fertility Weed, Sea Season

The footrace occurs.

4) Wargames

The event known as Wargames occurs sometime after Fire/Death/Sea and before Fire Season. See below.

5) Find the Ball

This event occurs in Fire Season sometime. See below.

6) Freeze Day, Truth Week, Fire Season – Field Trip!

The Yemalio worshippers among the Sons travel with Carpathia and the Templars to the Hill of Gold in Vanch to perform the heroquest known as "Yemalio Serves His Father".

Housekeeping

Whoever has possession of the Spear of the Dawn is called Balazar by Carpathia Three-Boots. This name, like nicknames throughout time and space quickly sticks to the spear bearer. (His fellow Heartridgers can go by the

names Elkoi, Trilus and Dykeno (the masculine form of Dykene) if they haven't already chosen names.

The Trouble With Orlanthi

Among the recruits Carpathia has gathered are a sizeable contingent of lads from clans way, way back in the hills whose people still follow Orlanth. Oddly enough exactly a quarter of the total. Carpathia was doubtful about mixing Orlanthi and Solars together but he decided that he couldn't afford to be picky. Unfortunately the lads prove to be a source of tension. This is mostly due to their ringleader Alakoring (no, not that one). Alakoring wants to be the living embodiment of Orlanth on Genertela and this means he sticks to what he sees as a fairly strict script of Orlanthi behavior. This includes copious amounts of bad poetry and a constant competition with any followers of Yemalio. For some reason he's decided to focus his attention on the young Balazar.

(Actually, it's the iron spear. He saw through The Spear of the Dawn's illusions right away. He's decided to single out Balazar as a competitor since he and Balazar have the only magical iron weapons in the Sons).

The competition quickly escalates to ridiculous levels, especially if Balazar encourages Alakoring. For example if Balazar takes four pancakes for breakfast Alakoring will take five. If Balazar is sent to fetch a javelin for Carpathia Three-Boots Alakoring will do his darnedest to beat him to the armory and get back first with two javelins. This competition is a constant source of amusement to the entire camp. Alakoring's fellow Orlanthi think it's all a bit rich. However they are prepared to go along with it because it provides some much needed amusement. The Templars think it's a riot, the slingers are amused but puzzled by

it all and Carpathia ignores the rivalry as long as it doesn't escalate to the point of unnecessarily endangering any of the Sons.

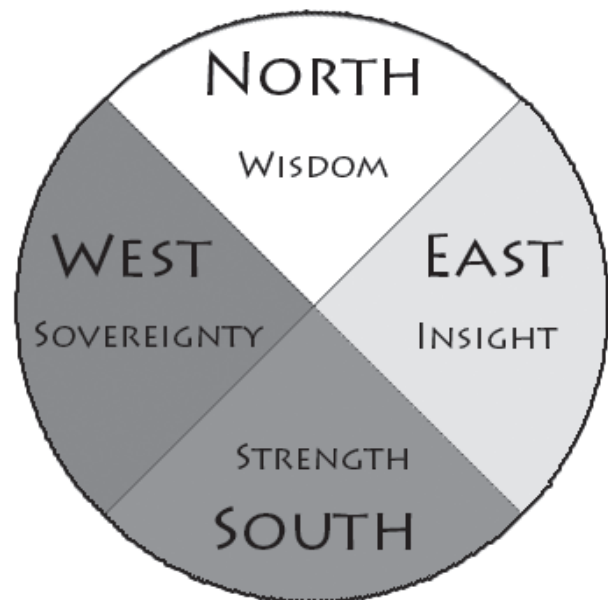
When Alakoring was born to the chief of his village a wise woman took the auguries and had a vision showing that he would be a great hero someday. The vision showed a distant mountain and a magical sword. Alakoring doesn't feel that the Glorious Sons has room for more than one hero and he's determined that he will be that hero. Alakoring bears many of the virtues of an Orlanthi hero. He's brave, heroic and generous with his friends. He bears a magical iron longsword that he found on the very outskirts of Dorastor. Travel there is of course forbidden but Alakoring foolishly accepted a dare to go there. He set off with a party of his friends and kinfolk but only he returned bearing the sword. He feels a great deal of guilt over this and is determined that he will become a great hero and avenge his dead friends and kin. The sooner the better.

1) The Camp

When Yelm was given charge of the universe He built a great ziggurat in a great city. From atop the ziggurat where He sat on His golden throne He looked around Him and named the four directions. Before Him was East or Insight and its colour was yellow. To His back was West or Sovereignty and its colour was red. To His left was North or Wisdom and its colour was white. To His right was South or Strength and green is its colour. He thought this good and decreed that there would be four cities representing each of the virtues in each direction.

The main camp is set-up following the same pattern as Yelm's great city. It is a circle divided into four quarters each representing one of the traditional camps of Solar mythology. The East Quarter is the Yellow Camp which represents Insight. The West Quarter is the Red Camp representing Sovereignty. The South Quarter is the Green Camp representing Strength. The North Quarter is the Alabaster Quarter representing Wisdom. Carpathia Three-Boots explains all of this to the Sons as two of the Templars draw a large circle on the plain south of Alkoth. Once the outer circle is drawn the circle is quartered by the addition of paths laid along the inner boundaries of the camps in the form of a large X.

He chooses four of the Sons seemingly at random to lead each camp. One of the chosen is Alakoring Windbearer and another is Balazar. The other two are called Gromit and Walls. He tells these leaders that they can dice for the privilege of choosing which camp they and their followers will occupy. He tosses a set of gold knuckle bones down and gestures for them to roll.



To simulate this get the player portraying Balazar to roll for him or herself and allow the other PCs to roll for Alakoring, Walls and Gromit. Whoever wins gets to choose their camp first. Alakoring's choices in order of preference are:

South – Green - Strength

North – Alabaster - Wisdom

West – Red – Sovereignty

East – Yellow – Insight

Neither Walls nor Gromit have any actual preference. Balazar's choices are up to him or her. Once the camps are chosen Carpathia instructs the remaining Sons to choose their camp. The numbers interestingly turn out to be perfectly equal at forty per camp.

The leader's first task is to lead their camp in scouring the fields for enough fist-sized stones to outline their camp with. They are each provided with a large pail of paint of the appropriate colour to decorate the stones with. Once enough stones have been collected and painted tents are erected and everyone is allowed to go to sleep before the training begins.

Carpathia tells the Sons of his intentions to remain until the end of Fire Season so they can train. And train they do. Carpathia and his men put the Sons through a grueling regimen of training that involves getting up at the break of dawn to offer worship to Yemalio followed by a hearty but uninspiring breakfast of barley porridge, a few bits of delicious dried fish from the Oslir and some bits of dried fruit. Then they spend the day sparring and running and drilling. The only day they get any time off is Fireday when they spend most of the day in devotions to Yemalio. This extends even to the Orlanthi who Carpathia insists at least become lay members of the cult.

Training lasts from Windsday, Harmony Week of Sea Season to Godday, Illusion Week, Fire Season or roughly 14 weeks.

The Glorious Sons' Equipment

What the Glorious Sons received as equipment is the following:

- Hard leather vambraces and greaves (2 points of protection)
- A linen cuirass with a golden sun emblem in the centre of the chest (2 points of protection)
- A linen kilt (2 points of protection)
- A metal helm (4 points of protection)

This adds up to 11 ENC and -4 penalty to SR.

They also receive the following weapons:

- 1 short spear
- 2 javelins
- 1 target shield
- 1 short sword

This is a further 7 ENC.

On top of this everyone is expected to carry a backpack containing the following:

Equipment	ENC
2 weeks trail rations	1
Backpack	1
Bedroll	1
Belt	-
Boots (Common)	-
Cloak (Common)	0.5
Flint, striker & tinder	-
Gloves (Common)	0.5
Sack (Large)	1
Spare water skin (empty)	-
Water flask (full)	1
Total	6

Any additional equipment will have been added to the encumbrance of the assigned gear, i.e. 24 ENC.

Tactics

Carpathia explains to the troops that they are now skirmishers in the Dara Happan army. As such their jobs will be to scout and harass the enemy. If they face heavy infantry in battle their job is to run away after a round of missiles and then once they are out of immediate charge distance they can regroup and go back to pelting them with missiles. In the case of Carmanian cataphracts their job is to get out of the way and leave them to the phalanxes. Lighter infantry and missile troops are to be their natural prey.

The Sons spend a lot of time practicing tactics that will improve their survivability. The Templars don their plate and pretend to be Carmanians for many of these exercises. The Thunder Delta slingers who spend a lot of their time down by the river show them how to fight missile troops and other light infantry.

During the training each of the Sons gains soldier as a profession and receives the following skills:

Common Skills: Athletics +5%, Brawn +5%, Evade +5%, Resilience +5%, Javelin +10%, Spear and Shield +10%*

Advanced Skills: Lore (Tactics)

*Players can substitute Sword and Shield if they like.

Weapons

Type	SIZ	Reach	Damage	AP/HP	Combat Manoeuvres	ENC	Load	Range
Short sword*	M	S	1D6	5/7	Impale, Slash	1	-	-
Short spear	M	L	1D8	4/5	Impale	2	-	-
Target shield	L	S	1D4	4/12	Impale	2	-	-
Javelin	H	-	1D8	3/8	Impale, Pin Weapon (Shield)	1	-	30 m

At this point they can also spend the remaining 50 points of their free skill points. However they cannot dedicate more than 10 points to any given skill. These can of course include their new professional skills.

Because Carpathia and his Templars are all quite devout they include a lot of religious instruction with their day to day training. This allows everyone to make one experience test as though being taught by someone with a 45% skill in Teaching.

For example Balazar, Lore (Yelmario) 33% makes his experience test. He rolls a 42 and fails his roll. His Lore (Yelmario) goes up 1/5 of his INT score (13 so 3) plus 5 points.

Another benefit they can gain is that each week of the 14 week training period can be used as an improvement roll for increasing either STR or CON.

For example Trilus the Glorious Son has a pathetic CON of 4. He's decided to increase his CON during the 14 weeks of training. It takes 4 weeks before his CON increases to 5, After 5 weeks his CON is now 6, after another 6 weeks his CON is now the somewhat less pathetic value of 7. So after 13 weeks of strenuous training his CON has gone up 3 points!

These characteristic improvement points cannot be combined with other improvement rolls and do not extend past the 14 weeks the Sons spend training.

2) The Drummers

This episode is included to add some Gloranthan colour to the scenario.

We heard them long before we saw them. Suddenly there was a crash of sound like the very Sky Dome had opened up and all the palaces of heaven had come crashing down. We all looked up but all we could see in the sky was Yelm's chariot. We looked around from east to west, north to south before one keen-eyed Son shouted and pointed toward the green wall of Alkoth. A procession was coming around the wall towards us. It was a troop of drummers. As they neared we saw them better. They were big, hairy, scarred, men wearing nothing but loin cloths. Around their necks they wore rawhide strips on which heads were strung. Some were fresh and some were bare skulls and others were all stages between. As they passed I swear that one opened its eyes in terror and mouthed 'Save me'. The procession consisted of a pair of warriors yoked front and back and bearing a great bronze kettle drum between them. On either side another pair of warriors wielded two great skull-headed maces they used to bash a rhythm on the drums. As they drummed they and the drum bearers danced in a shuffling, pounding, earth shaking rhythm. They alternated beating the drums with tossing the skull maces back and forth in amazingly intricate patterns. I counted eight drums and 32 Shargashi.

"Each drum bears the name of a defeated foe of Shargash. They are

said to be the skulls of dead gods." Thus spoke Carpathia Three-Boots who had come up behind us as we watched the procession pass awe-struck. I looked closer and saw that the drums were indeed all slightly different and they did bear an uncomfortable resemblance to a human skull, only larger. "The largest and most resonant is called Orlanth. But that cannot be true can it." Carpathia sounded unsure as he said that. Someone asked whether we could follow and see where they were going. "It's never wise to interrupt a Shargashi ceremony but they have ways of letting people know when they're not wanted. Let us follow cautiously." So like rabbits we followed behind the procession as it wove its way along the trail keeping keen eyes trained on the drummers lest they suddenly turn their attentions to us.

Finally we reach a spot that surprises no one. We had found the burnt circle weeks earlier during our training exercises and had long wondered why there was such a lifeless, charred spot in the verdant fields around Alkoth. It was different now as a tall wooden post had been erected in the centre of the circle. Tethered to the post by a golden chain was a powerful nude man. His eyes had been torn out and he bore the marks of long and thorough torture. He looked odd to our eyes and Carpathia's muttered word of "Carmanian" explained the oddness. We stopped at what we hoped was a safe distance. The drummers, not missing a beat or a step, set up station at the points of the compass. When they took up

their stations the Carmanian stood up straight and stared up at the sky. His mouth opened and he seemed to be mouthing words but we couldn't tell if he spoke or not. Or even if he was capable of speech. He kept it up throughout the drumming though.

If we had thought the drumming was wild and primal before we had been mistaken. The drumming took on a feral tone and the drummers started juggling their skull maces between teams. One drummer would toss his sticks to a neighbouring team, one of whom would grab the sticks beat the drum with a frenzied tattoo and then toss them onward. We quickly realized that one set of drummers were tossing their sticks sunwise and the other anti-sunwise. And then suddenly the skulls were on fire. And still they passed between teams blazing as they flew. And the tossing and the drumming pattern became more and more intricate. And then the sticks were passing perilously close to the Carmanian and the beat became even more intense. And the drummers and the bearers intensified their stomping as if they wanted the earth to open up and swallow them all into Hell.

The Shargashi were stomping on the ground ever quicker and the sticks were flying ever faster in ever more complicated patterns when suddenly it was over. With one last mighty crash the drummers struck their instruments, stomped their feet one last time and as one flung their skull maces at the Carmanian. Instead of dropping from the impact of the maces he burst into flames which

reached towards the heaven in a mighty gout. We imagined we heard one last scream before he collapsed in a pile of ash. Sweat pouring down his body one of the drummers approached the pile of ash and raising his burly arms to the heavens uttered a mighty command. The ash pile whirled and swirled and rose into the towering form of an Ashman. The drummer pointed imperiously towards Alkoth and the Ashman tottered unsteadily towards it becoming ever more steady as it went.

Still ignoring us the drummer re-joined his team and forming a procession again they headed back towards Alkoth keeping a more moderate but still impressive beat going as they went. Profoundly disturbed by all this we went to resume our training but Carpathia visibly shaken shook his head no and we returned to camp instead.

3) Shieldpush

Carpathia Three-Boots is a big fan of the ancient Dara Happan game of Shieldpush. (Rules for Shieldpush will be published in Rule One issue 13). He introduces the Sons to the game and divides the four quarters into Shieldpush Teams.

Carpathia tells the gathered Sons the odd myth of The Rose and Dusky Orbs first saying: *"It's uncertain what the origins of this myth are. Some scholars purport that it describes the origins of Shield Push but most devotees of the game dispute that."*

Dawn and Dusk did feud. At first naught but haughty looks flew back and forth but soon they switched to words and baleful glances and finally

with intent of mayhem each hurled their beloved orb at the other. Being full of grace though each caught the other's orb and so avoided lasting harm. But each looked down at what they held with disgust. "What is this thing I hold? This orb displeases me. I wish I had my own to hold once more." Each glared at the other. "Return my orb to me!" Each shouted and implored but neither would risk the other ending up with both.

Dawn turned to her ten golden suitors and Dusk to her ten violet ones. "Fetch me my orb my sister has stolen". They turned to do her bidding but were called back at once. "But take care to shed no blood lest Yelm burn us with His displeasure. The suitors nodded and arming themselves with shields they went to wage bloodless war. The two lines of suitors strained and pushed at each other trying to force the other back. It was a titanic battle but eventually one of the line of suitors managed to force the other back so they could take the orb back to its rightful owner.

You can play an actual league if you're so inclined or you can just abstract the whole business with some opposed rolls. The biggest rivalry is of course that between Balazar's team and that of Alakoring.

This is the challenge that Alakoring is prepared to wager his golden wheel on.

Side note: You can perform a Heroquest based on this but it does require a regulation Shield Push team to do so. It's extremely dangerous for some reason and has a Resonance of 150%.

4) Wargames

Carpathia Three-Boots is sending the PCs to set-up a watch station in an abandoned farmhouse. Alakoring and his main Orlanthi cronies are going to attempt to assault the farmhouse and take them out. Everyone is armed with light clubs and heater shields. The end of the clubs have been tightly wrapped in rags to make them even less dangerous. Everyone in the watch and the assault team has a leather scabbard for their club that contains a thick, sticky paint in their camp quarter's colour. The marks left by the clubs is supposed to let a Templar sent as an observer determine who has been disabled. Everyone is allowed to bring their regular weapons along as well but they have all been peace strapped and everyone is told in no uncertain terms that they are NOT to use their regular weapons on each other. If they do so they will be severely punished. It is up to both parties to decide how they will guard and assault the farmhouse.

The farmhouse is situated in a shallow bowl in the plains an hour's walk from the camp. It has a single room roughly 6 by 10 metres in dimension with a cellar with a well in it. The flat clay roof is too shabby and worn for anyone to walk on but the walls are still stout. It has a rather solid wooden door as well.

Unfortunately there is a good reason why the farmhouse is abandoned. In the cellar of the farmhouse is an old well that leads all the way to the underworld. Years ago the family that lived in this farmhouse were slaughtered by a demon that escaped from hell using the well. After that the well was sealed. Unfortunately the seal was broken by the same earthquake that opened the tomb of Yazur Firelorn. No demons have made the trip from the underworld but a single dehori has made the trip to the surface. It was frightened by the

Dehori

		D20	Location	AP/HP
STR	2D6+4 (11)			
CON	2D6+1 (8)	1-3	Right Leg	-/5
SIZ	2D6+6 (13)	4-6	Left Leg	-/5
INT	2D6 (7)	7-9	Abdomen	-/6
DEX	4D6 (14)	10-12	Chest	-/7
POW	3D6 (11)	13-15	Right Arm	-/4
CHA	1 (1)	16-18	Left Arm	-/4
		19-20	Head	-/5

Strike Rank: +11

Combat Actions:3

Movement: 8m

Traits: Darksense, Lifesense

Skills: Perception 30%, Persistence 45%, Resilience 45%, Stealth 35%



Weapons

Type	Skill	Damage
Claw	45%	1D4+1

Dehori attack with claws and, when engulfing a victim, fearshock. Fearshock is a direct assault on the victim's psyche, presenting him with images of the dehori's hellish chthonic realm - so terrible that, in the most extreme cases, they may cause instant death. When a dehori uses fearshock on a victim, it matches its Persistence against the victim's Resilience in an opposed test. The Dehori Fearshock Effect table determines the result.

A dehori can only use fearshock on a given victim once per round. Unconscious beings are immune to fearshock. Besides to the fearshock attack, dehori generate an aura of intense cold. This causes no damage to creatures near the dehori (though they can certainly feel it), but it does damage creatures wholly or partially engulfed by the dehori. Every round a dehori is engulfing a victim, the victim takes 1 hit point of cold damage to one of the locations engulfed by the dehori. Armour and protective clothing are unable to prevent this damage.

Dehori Fearshock Effect Table

Result	Outcome
Dehori Succeeds, Victim Fails	Victim collapses for 20 minus CON rounds. Roll a successful Resilience test or die.
Both Fail	Victim is Demoralized (as the Common Magic spell). The effects last for 20 minus CON rounds.
Both Succeed	No effect on creatures with normal INT. Creatures with fixed INT are Demoralised (as the Common Magic spell) for 20 minus CON rounds.
Dehori Fails, Victim Succeeds	Victim unaffected, cannot be targeted again for 24 hours.

Note that dehori take double damage from iron and are demoralized (like the Common Magic spell) by magical light. This lasts until the magical light is removed.

proximity to Alkoth but sometimes hunger trumps fear.

A group of dehori (see next page) have chosen this night to creep out of the underworld and see what they can grab to eat before fleeing to the underworld. Unfortunately this is the same evening that Carpathia Three-Boots has sent his green recruits to spend the night in the farmhouse. It's also possible that Balazar and his friends are sent to the farmhouse instead.

5) Find The Ball

One day the Sons come back from their usual training to find all the tents have been struck. In their place a pole with a reed basket has been placed in each quadrant of the camp. The baskets are 7 metres above the ground. The poles are all well dug in and have been heavily greased to make climbing very difficult.

Carpathia walks up bearing a sand timer (like a small hour glass) and a brass horn. He addresses the Sons:

“The purpose of this exercise is to be the first group to find their own ball. In each basket atop these poles a coloured ball rests. The first group to bring their own ball to me will be the winner. The winning camp will not have to perform any chores for the rest of the week. There are only two rules! The first, no violence. The second, no flying. Flying will be met with slingshot! You will gather in the field beside your quarter to plan. You will have one turn of the sand timer to prepare your strategy. When this horn sounds you are free to act as you've planned.”

The no flying rule will be met by loud groaning from the Orlanth as many of their members can use flying magic. A turn of the sand timer is only 5 minutes.

The pole the ball is on corresponds to the complimentary Solar virtue.

Camp Quarters	Ball
South – Green – Strength	Red
North – Alabaster – Wisdom	Yellow
West – Red – Sovereignty	Green
East – Yellow – Insight	White

This is a chance for your PCs to think up their own solution to this problem. The easiest way to get any ball down is to chop a pole down. Each pole has 6 AP and 30 HP so this isn't an easy task. Chopping the first pole down though only has a 1 in 4 chance of finding the right ball though. (The chance obviously improves after the first pole but the other teams may have found their ball before them).

The best thing to do is to determine which pole is the right one first, *then* chop it down. The best way to do this is very Solar. Build a human pyramid and look at each basket to see which one has the right ball in it. This act requires an basic Athletics roll for the group and then Perception + 20% roll to see which one has the right ball in it.

6) Field Trip

Near the end of the training period Carpathia Three-Boots is planning a trip to the Hill of Gold. He wishes to perform the Yemalian heroquest *Yemalio Serves His Father*. This is the traditional initiation ceremony of Yemalio worshippers. Carpathia is joining the ranks of the Light Sons and is going to initiate any of the Sons who wish to join the cult as initiates.

Yemalio Serves His Father

In a time of great excitement and swearing of fealty Yemalio decided that he would go to his father and swear his fealty as well. His mother smiled indulgently at him and said, "Yemalio fealty to your liege is proper and righteous but you are still a baby. You cannot go to your father and swear an oath of fealty. You must wait until you are grown." Saying this she kissed him on the forehead and blew out the lamp and left him in his cradle. But Yemalio said, "I cannot wait. My father needs me. I must go and swear my loyalty to him." So he crawled over the side of his cradle, picked up his rattle and crawled out the window. He dropped to the ground and started crawling off towards the brightness in the distance he knew was his father.

As he crawled along he came upon Griffin who lazed atop a rock basking in Yelm's brightness. Griffin looked down at the young god and spoke. "Where are you off to my tasty little morsel? Would you like to stay to dinner?" Yemalio looked up at the great beast, sat up calmly and shook his rattle at the great beast. The rattle was so loud that Griffin was startled. He ruffled his feathers and arched his back. Sitting back on his haunches he spoke again, "Oh, is that you Son of Yelm? I did not recognize you. Where are off to on this fine day?" "I am on my way to swear fealty to my father." Griffin smiled at him. "Well that certainly is the proper thing to do but you are not a beast like me. You cannot come before your father on all fours. You must march into his presence like a man." Yemalio frowned at this. "You are right. I must walk like a man." Saying this he pulled himself upright using the rock Griffon was resting on. He took a few hesitant steps before finding his stride. He swung his rattle on his shoulder and set off towards the brightness. He called back over his shoulder, "Thank you Griffon."

Next he came upon the Shargash who was guarding Yelm's presence. "Halt" he said. "Who goes there and what is your purpose here?" "I am the Son of Yelm and I am here to swear fealty to my father." Shargash nodded. "That is fitting and proper. But," he said holding up his mace to bar the way. "You cannot go into Yelm's presence garbed as you are." Yemalio looked down at

his swaddling clothes and his rattle and nodded. "You are right brother. But where am I to find the proper garb?" He looked around but the only ones present were himself and Shargash. He looked at his brother. "Would you lend me your clothes so I can stand before my father." Shargash laughed at the idea. "What? And then I would wear your swaddling clothes and bear your rattle?" "Please brother, for my sake?" asked Yemalio. Shargash shook his head ruefully and sighed. "All right then for our kinship." They swapped clothes and Shargash stood at guard wearing swaddling clothes and wielding a rattle. Yemalio put on Shargash's clothes and armour and swung his mace onto his shoulder with great difficulty. Shargash swung the great doors open and gestured for Yemalio to enter.

He turned towards his father's brilliance and hesitated. What if his father was displeased to see him? His father's radiance was fearful to see. He could not see the gods within the great room. He steeled himself though and entered. Once he entered the brightness lessened so that he could see the gods and goddess within. He saw his uncles and brothers arranged in order of precedence and his aunts and sisters along the side walls. Ahead he saw his father on his throne with his mother beside him. She smiled at him and nodded her approval. He walked towards his father and sunk in obeisance.

There was a smile in Yelm's voice when he asked, "Who is this mighty warrior I see before me? He must be mighty indeed to be here before me wearing Shargash's armour and bearing his mace. Arise mighty one and tell us of your lineage." Yemalio arose and after a bit of stumbling explained his rightful place in the world. Yelm nodded and spoke. "Welcome my son why are you here?"

"Father, I am here to prove my fealty and loyalty to you. I would serve you as it pleases you." "Rise my son. You please me right well. It is very fit that you serve me. I would give you gifts so you may serve me better." Yemalio rose and Yelm gave to him arms and armour that suited his status as a soldier. "But every gift comes with a price so as to remind you that it wasn't easy for you to make your way here." Once he was garbed and armed

Yemalio turned to face his kin and they cheered at his righteous behaviour.

Carpathia addresses the Sons:

“Tomorrow the Templars and I depart for the Vanch Hills. Anyone among you who wishes to become an initiate of Yemalio is welcomed, nay encouraged to travel with us and undertake the heroquest we will be performing.”

The gathered Sons start chattering excitedly and exchanging glances. Before anyone has a chance to reply though Carpathia holds up his hand and speaks again.

“I must emphasize that only Sons who wish to become initiates may join us. I also have to state that none of the Orlanthi worshippers are welcome. I do not believe that I need explain the reason behind this. This ritual is only for Sons wishing to become proper initiates of Yemalio. At some point in the future if any of the Orlanthi wish to become initiates of Yemalio as well I will arrange something. However this time the ceremony is only open to the other Sons.”

He says this all without apology and The Orlanthi shrug nervously and look at each other, then assure their fellow Sons that they will do nothing to harm their heroquest.

The ceremony is meant for those seeking to change their status within the cult. Only about forty Sons are interested in becoming initiates and no one other than Carpathia is ready to change his cult status. (Carpathia is going to become a Light Son). The senior most Templar is left in charge of the camp and everyone is quickly made to realize that there will be no goofing off during their absence. Training will continue as usual.

The party leaves the camp before dawn on Wildday, Illusion Week, Fire Season. Carpathia's intent is to reach the site of the Hill of Gold before the dawn of Fireday. The trip can be as eventful or uneventful as you like. This close to the Empire the countryside is fairly peaceful. It is roughly 160 kilometres as the eagle flies to the town of Bikhly. It will take 5 days to walk the distance. The plan is to walk to the banks of the Bokisin River and then follow it until they reach Bikhly.

Carpathia is not a fool and certainly would not take a bunch of green lads into outright danger. He hopes that no one will be performing the Hill of Gold quest while they are at the Hill. He is no God Learner and is going to reenact the myth of Yemalio Serves His Father. He is sure that the enhanced chance he has of performing the quest will ensure that their quest will not be hi-jacked. When they reach the temple of Yemalio at the Hill he makes arrangements to lead his new initiates on their quest the next morning.

The HeroQuest

The heroquest “Yemalio Serves His Father” has a resonance of 50% meaning the difficulty at which each stage is tested against is 50%. All the stages are at the base chance of difficulty and three out of the five stages must be passed in order to become an initiate. (Normally initiation would be automatic if they were the sons of initiates themselves, but none of the lads questing with Carpathia are).

Stage 1 Movement

This stage requires a successful test against **Athletics**.

Stage 2 Bravery – The Griffon

This stage requires a successful test of either **Combat** to scare the Griffon, or **Influence** to persuade him to let you pass.

Stage 3 Kinship – Shargash

This stage requires a successful test against **Lore (Yelmlio)** to remind Shargash of your kinship.

Stage 4 Persistence

This stage requires a successful test against **Persistence** to be brave enough to continue.

Stage 5

This stage requires a successful test against **Lore (Regional)** or **Lore (Yelmlio)** to finish the quest.

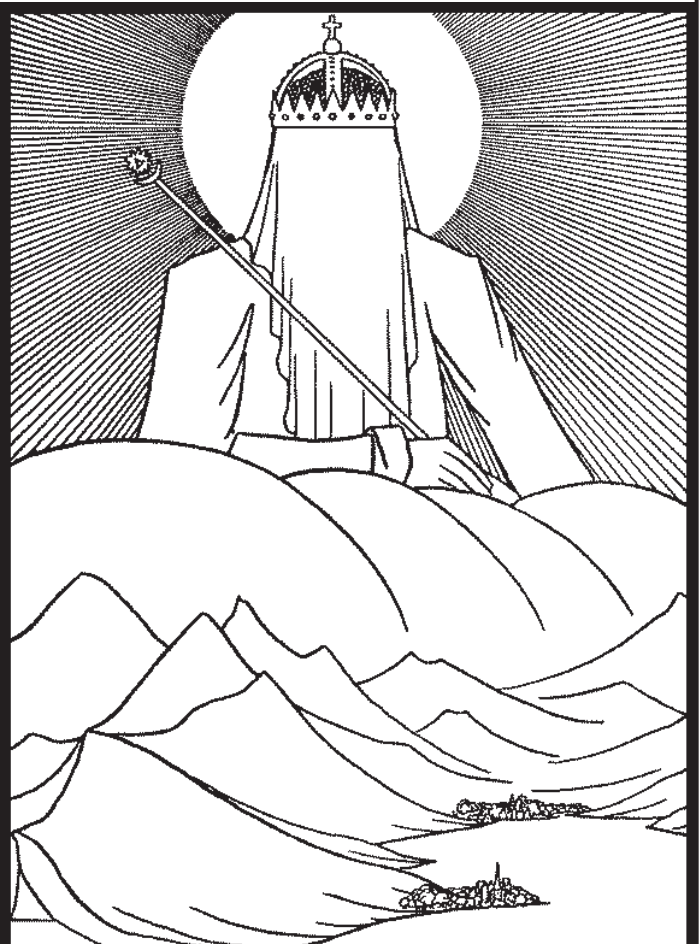
When they stand before Yelm all they can see is a blinding presence. This is because they are unworthy in Solar eyes to worship Yelm directly so they are unable to perceive Him. If they managed to pass three of the stages they become initiates and have the option to accept a gift and its required geases. See page 189 in *Cults of Glorantha* for the gifts and geases. This gift takes the physical form of the gift.

After this stage the heroquest is over and when they leave Yelm's court they find themselves back in the mortal world.

As he is leaving the throne room Balazar is drawn to a window. Beside the window stands a god wearing a blue robe embroidered with stars and holding a copper-covered book. The god gestures at the stars outside the window and says, "The future." If Balazar looks out he sees an unfamiliar landscape of rolling plains and hills. A strange stone arch bridges a stream. When he looks back the god has

vanished. If he looks out the window again he sees nothing but fog.

All he can do is leave the throne room like the others.



Alakoring Windbearer

STR 16
CON 14
SIZ 17
INT 13
POW 11
DEX 15
CHA 13

1D20

Hit Location

AP/HP

1-3	Right Leg	2/7
4-6	Left Leg	2/7
7-10	Abdomen	2/8
11-12	Chest	2/9
13-15	Right Arm	2/6
16-18	Left Arm	2/6
19-20	Head	4/7

Damage Modifier: +1D4

Magic Points: 11

Movement: 8m

Strike Rank: +14 (+9)

Combat Actions: 3 +2 (due to his magic longsword, Wind). Wind is a magical iron longsword that bears Orlanthi runes.

Armour: Metal helm, linen jerkin and kilt, leather vambraces and greaves: -4 Armour Penalty

Weapons: Wind (Longsword), Short Spear, 2 Javelins, Target Shield

Skills: Athletics 81%, Brawn 77%, Evade 78%, Lore (Sylila) 66%, Perception 70%, Persistence 55%, Resilience 74%, Stealth 48%, Survival 70%, Art (Poetry – if you can call it that) 29%

Common Magic 75%: Bladesharp 3, Skybolt (3)

Divine Magic 59%: Pact (Orlanth Adventurous) 60%, Lore (Orlanth) 50%. Flight (Alakoring has a -5% chance to cast all magic due to his iron longsword.)

Weapons Styles: Sword and shield 74%, Spear and shield 46%, Javelin 46%.

*This is his magic longsword Wind which adds two combat actions to his total.

Some sample doggerel:

Oh bright spear of Yelm, it is I son of the Wind

Come to challenge you in combat fair!

I, scion of the Wind would challenge the scion of the Sun.

Come hither and match your might with mine!

Whither goest thou Son of the Sun,

Stay and match wits and blades with me!

*Surely thou art not chicken**

My arms and arms are great and doughty

My breath is strong and mighty

And thou art soft and doughty

I would spin this wheel@ for you

If thou canst best me

You get the idea

* Inspiration may have failed him here

@ He actually does have a wheel he is prepared to wager against Balazar in one of the army contexts. (See below).

Alakoring's Inner Circle of Followers

Alakoring's right hand man is named Torath and the other two are named Pay and Joh. Despite the fact that Pay is actually a young woman in disguise, the three are pretty much interchangeable.

STR	13	1D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
CON	12	1-3	Right Leg	2/6
SIZ	14	4-6	Left Leg	2/6
INT	13	7-10	Abdomen	2/7
POW	11	11-12	Chest	2/8
DEX	13	13-15	Right Arm	2/5
CHA	11	16-18	Left Arm	2/5
		19-20	Head	4/6

Combat Actions: 3

Damage Modifier: +1D2

Magic Points: 11

Movement: 8m

Strike Rank: +13 (+9)

Typical Armour: Metal helm, linen jerkin and kilt, leather vambraces and greaves: -4 Armour Penalty

Skills: Athletics 75%, Brawn 70%, Evade 70%, Lore (Sylila) 60%, Perception 65%, Persistence 55%, Resilience 70%, Survival 70%

Common Magic 70%: Bladesharp 3, Skybolt (3)

Divine Magic 55%: Pact (Orlanth Adventurous) 45%, Lore (Orlanth) 50%. Flight

Weapons Styles: Sword and shield 74%, Spear and shield 46%, Javelin 46%.

Weapons

Type	SIZ	Reach	Damage	AP/ HP	Combat Manoeuvres	ENC	Load	Range
Longsword	M	L	1D8	4/10	Impale, Slash	1	-	-
Short spear	M	L	1D8	4/5	Impale	2	-	-
Target shield	L	S	1D4	4/12	Impale	2	-	-
Javelin	H	-	1D8	3/8	Impale, Pin Weapon (Shield)	1	-	30 m