

Codex

Volume 1
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Inquiries into the nature
and secrets of Glorantha

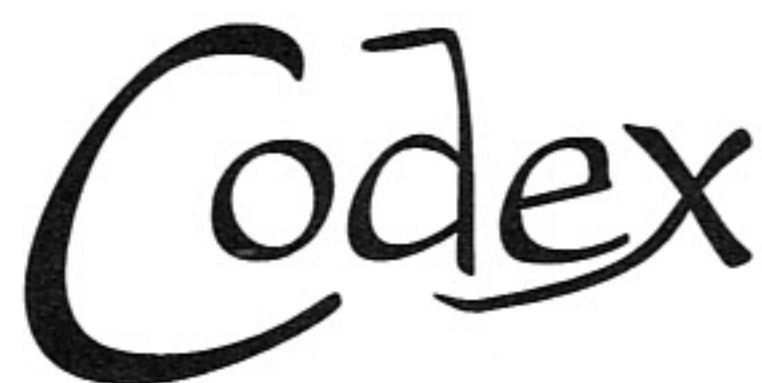
Pavis
Special:
Magics,
Culture,
Politics and
Forgotten
History of the
Old City

Sandy
Petersen:
details on
Praxian
Tribes

Spirit of the
Stream
A two part
adventure in
Dorastor



Toadface the Broo Shaman
& other art intended for River of Cradles



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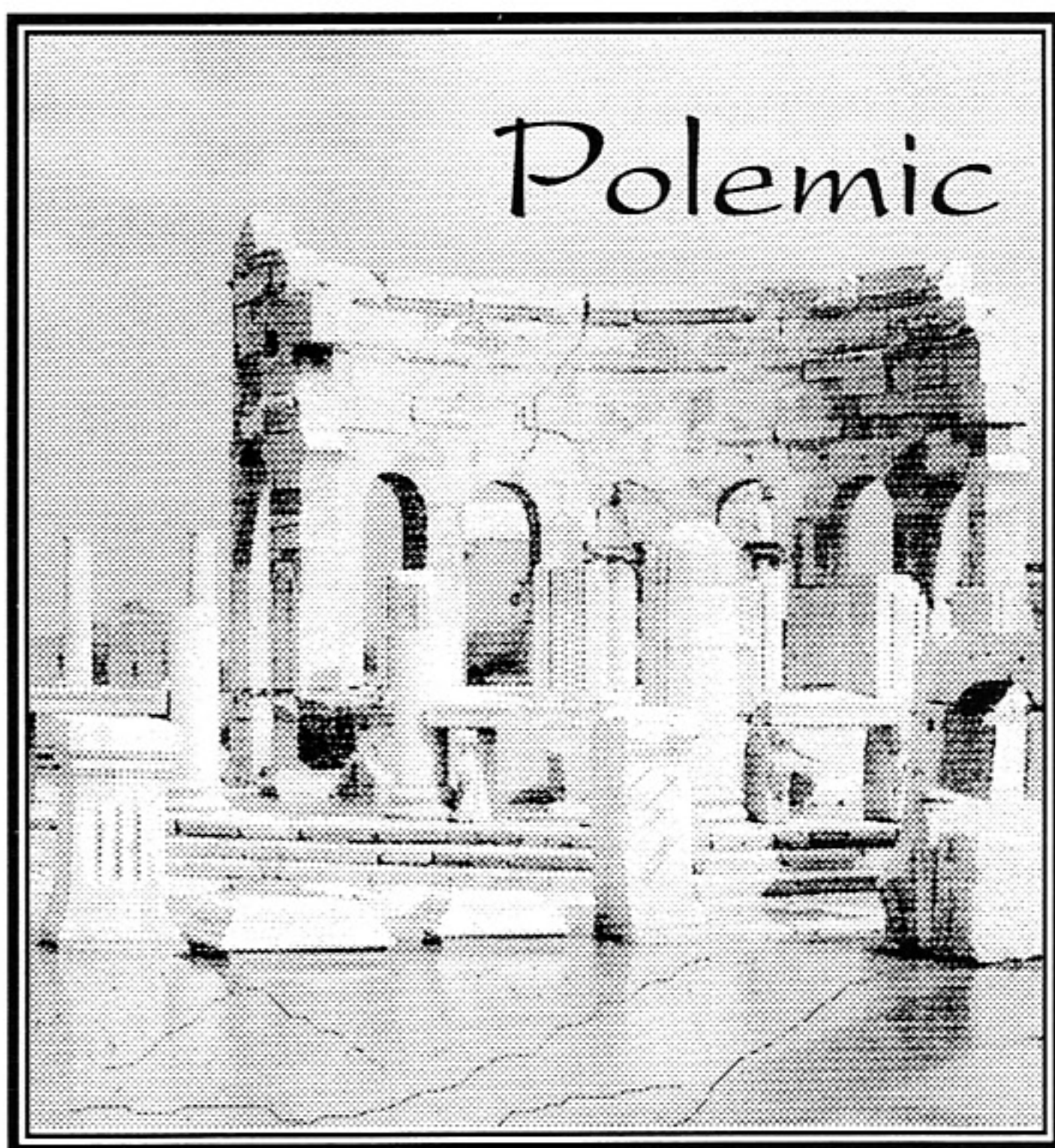
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Subscription information: Inside Back Cover

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Yesterday on the phone, David Cheng asked me "So how is this magazine going to be different from Tales? That stumped me for a moment, since I have a very clear mental image of how Codex will differ from Tales, but at the time, the only objective answer I had was "It will be American." Not a very satisfactory differentiation to the average RQ fan, I suppose.

So, I've been thinking about how Codex will be different from Tales. Here are a few answers:

First off, my editorial taste is different from David Hall's. Not better, not worse (I hope), just different. That means there are things David will want to publish that I won't, and there are things I want to publish that David won't.

I'm not going to spend a lot of time sweating whether or not details of one or another tribe, nation, city, etc. risk being "Gregged" by some later publication from an Official Source TM®. If you are a typical RQ player and Gloranthophile, most, if not all of what you want to know about Glorantha is years away from being published officially. You may not agree with what Codex details, but it will make you think about how you would design it.

On that same topic, there is a simple effect involved in publishing that I urge you all to harness. I discovered it years ago, when I submitted the Ostrich Tribe to HEROES magazine. If you write a piece on something not yet detailed, it has a strong chance of convincing the Powers That Be that your way is the Official Version. If it doesn't, at least it will get those Official Sources thinking about how it should be. So, Codex will publish pieces of my Glorantha, Martin Crim's Glorantha, Clay

Luther's Glorantha, Sandy Petersen's Glorantha, and maybe, Your Glorantha. Hellcrack, I'd love to publish some of Greg Stafford's Glorantha!

There are some things you won't see in Codex. I don't want reviews, rules stuff will be limited to stats in support of scenarios, and there won't be a single thing on a topic that isn't Gloranthan. No variant worlds except to compare and contrast, no Pendragon, no GURPS Glorantha, no "Why everyone should be playing Gloranthan Legacy" articles.

Further, I'm going to mostly avoid those currently-popular articles that read more like fiction than info a GM needs to run his game. I want to give you information in a coherent, usable chunk, free of contradiction, guesses and comments like "some scholars believe that up is down, but in fact gray is plaid." This flies in the face of current fashion, but then, the Codex is also a name for the Vatican's list of banned books. If I was going to follow all the current fashions, I suppose I would have named this Imprimatur.

Finally, I am devoted to a high standard of graphic design and presentation. I hope you enjoy the look of Codex, and I solicit your commentary on that, as well as on the content. I am taking advantage of my access to some high tech gizmos to get Codex to look like it does. I know it can look even better as time goes by.

As you will probably notice, much of this issue is dominated by two authors. While Martin and I have a considerable backlog of polemics and position papers, Codex will be a better magazine if it has a chorus of voices detailing their own visions of Glorantha. Please submit your scenario, town description, broadside, or artwork. See the back page for details.

Future Issues

Issue 2 of Codex will be an all-Western issue, featuring my overview and details of the city of Galastar (including extensive maps), Paul Reilly's related article on tribes of Mortasor and information on ancient evil in Fronela, among other pieces. If you have some Western information, I would love to see it!

Issue 3 might be fiction heavy, depending on the submissions. I already have a lovely piece in hand "Three Sisters", about the Amazons of Trowjang.

Accomplices

Thanks to the writers who agreed to let me use their stuff for free. I could never buy the quality you gave me for free.

Thanks to the graphic designers (Kirk & Cindy Gisiner, Twyla Kitts) consulted on one or another issue dealing with the look of Codex. Particular thanks to Laura Morgan for her spectacular pencil work on Toadface and his broo gang. You'll see more of her stuff in later issues. Thanks to Colin Phillips for taking on British distribution!

Mike

The Spirit of the Stream

A Two-part Riskland Adventure

Martin Crim

This adventure can take place at any time, but the second part should take place in the springtime. Both parts emphasize role-playing over melee tactics. In the campaign as a whole, it explores the adventurers' willingness to become connected to Dorastor.

The Potameid Of Frog River

Oenone (ee-NO-nay) the water nymph has a small but womanly body. At one sight of her face, all men are struck mute and breathless for a moment by her beauty. She has short brown hair. She wears a sleeveless gown in a blue-green hue which seems to shimmer like water. Her legs and feet are bare below the knee. She wears pearls around her neck and ankles, and large lapis lazuli charms at her wrists. She can appear in other guises, too—see the Rites of Spring, below.

Oenone is protective of her stream, shy around strangers, and unforgiving. If someone offends her, she will remain offended until someone makes amends for that person. She keeps her distance, even with friends. She does not speak of her history. If someone could make her talk, they would learn that she went to sleep when Arkat destroyed the land, and she can remember little of her previous life.

Oenone is a daughter of Erinflarth and effectively a priestess of his cult. If a sorcerer or shaman managed to control her, the whole of the Erinflarth cult would pursue the offender, free Oenone, and take vengeance. Other river cults would help if the culprit fled. Oenone is friendly toward water cultists, ducks, newtlings, and other beings with a connection to water. She fears and hates trolls and chaos.

Oenone can dissolve her body at will whenever she is in contact with her waters, and can form again anywhere on her stream after her spirit gets there. In spirit form, she travels 28 meters per SR, or 1.4 km/minute. In that form, she can get from one end of

her stream to the other in less than an hour.

Oenone can regain her divine spells by prayer anywhere in her stream. It takes her the usual amount of time to regain her spells.

Trouble at the Mill

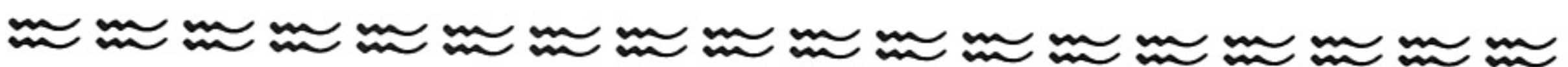
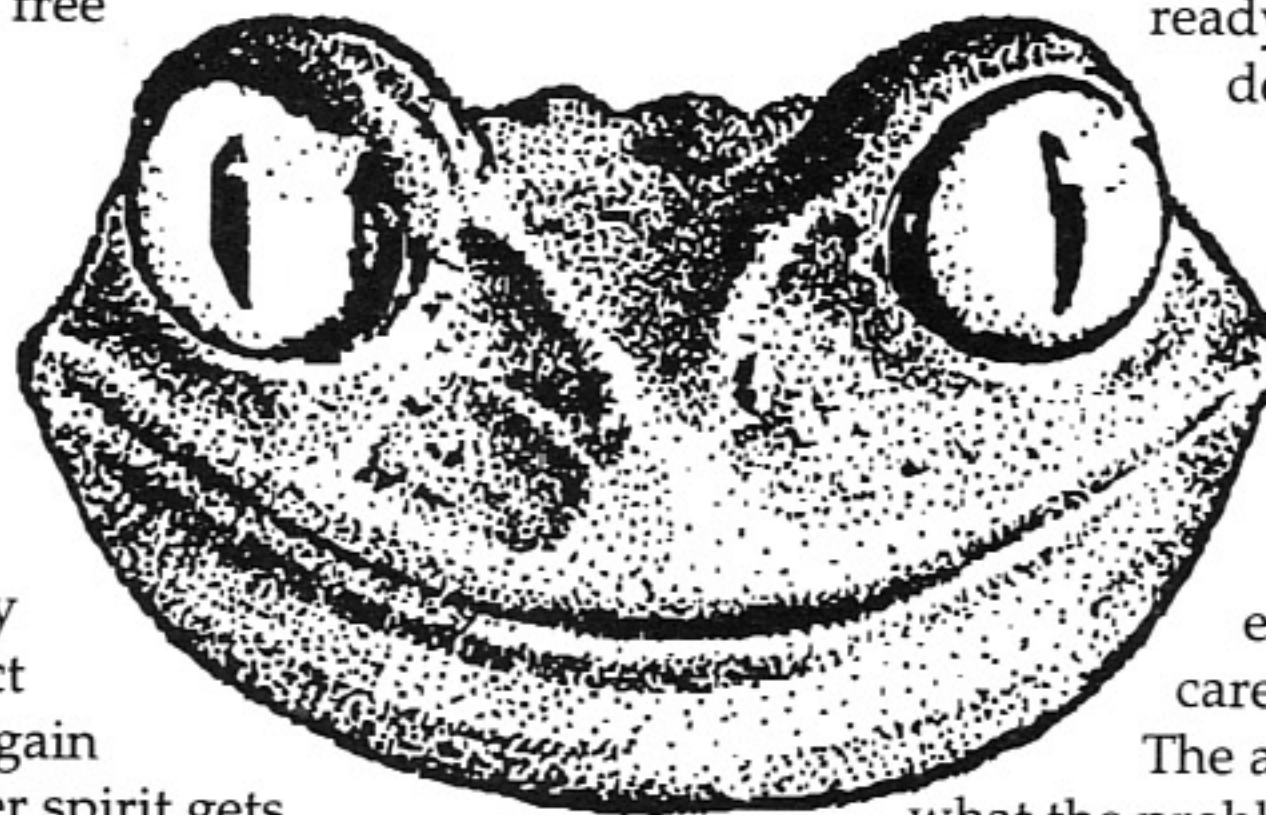
One of the projects of the Frog River settlers is to build their own grist mill. The ox-mill at Hazard Fort is too far, and the trails are too bad for such a trip, anyway. For now, the settlers use draft animals or human power on grind stones located at Burison House, but there is a shortage of both types of power. Estvanos Ranolf is willing to build a small but serviceable mill house on the Frog River, in a central location. It would use the Burison grind stones, powered by a water wheel at the bottom of a small millrace.

(Alternately, the hook for the scenario can be the creation of a ford across the river, by digging down the steep banks. This causes mud to cloud the water, and the concentrated traffic keeps the river muddy downstream. This offends Oenone.)

Mysterious mishaps begin to occur. Several bags of grain spill into the water while no one is around. The millrace gets clogged several times, first with mud, then with water weeds, and finally with frogs. Then the water wheel gets clogged with a big branch. A draft

animal (ox or horse) standing by the mill, ready to pull a cart full of flour, suddenly rears up, tries to break free, then drops dead, all for no apparent reason. A shaman or healer can tell from the several small entrance wounds that it died from being struck in the head with fairy darts. Something is clearly wrong, and the steadyholders look to the adventurers to take care of it.

The adventurers need to figure out what the problem is. The best trackers can find no tracks near the mill. Divination reveals only that the cause is out of the gods' sphere of knowledge (unless



Oenone, Potomenid of Frog River

STR	10	left	19-20/20	right
CON	11		0/3	
SIZ	04		0/11-15	
INT	17	16-18/18-19	0/4	13-15/16-17
POW	28	0/2		0/2
DEX	19			
APP	21		09-11/07-10	
Move 3 (9 swimming)			0/3	
Hit Points: 8				
Fatigue Points: 21		05-08/04-06		01-04/01-03
Armor: none.		0/3		0/3

Weapon	SR	Attk/Par%	Damage	ENC/AP	Range
Dart	2/7	100/-	1D6	.1/-	20/30.

These darts are small fish bones which, if they do damage, sink completely into the target's flesh.

Notable Skills: Dodge 100, Throw 75, Sing 100%, Speak Waterspeech† 100%, Speak Old Dorastoran* 90%, Animal Lore 100%, Plant Lore 100%, Water Lore 200%, Listen 50%, Scan 50%, Search 50%, Ceremony 100%, Enchant 50%.

† Also known as Boatspeech; it is related to Seaspeech.

* Old Dorastoran is an extinct Pelorian Theyalan tongue.

Spirit Spells: Countermagic 5, Entrancing Song (see the box in part 2 of the scenario), Mindspeech 1, Rivereyes (per River God), Second Sight, Speedart, Spirit Screen 3.

Divine Spells (all reusable): Breathe Air/Water 2, Command Undine, Dismiss Magic 3, Extension 3, Purify Water (per Zola Fel), Spirit Block 3, Summon Undine, Worship Erinflarth.

Magic items: Oenone has four Power spirit binding enchantments, which she keeps under a large rock near her headwaters. She can draw on their MP as long as she is in contact with the stream. They have POWs of 19, 15, 13, and 11. She also has a Chalana Arroy binding object (a glass scalpel) with a magic spirit that knows Resurrect, Cure Soul Waste, Heal Body, and Heal 6. It has INT 10, POW 15. Oenone is friendly with the spirit. The scalpel must touch the target of the spell to cast its spells.

Special powers: Oenone can transform into an undine and to command incomplete creatures living in her waters. The size of the undine equals one cubic meter per MP she spends; she must use personal MP for this. The cost to command is one MP per creature; the charm lasts one hour, and the creature may not resist; a command takes 1 SR. If someone kills Oenone's body, her spirit returns to her water. The dead body turns into water, as do all clothes and items of jewelry she wore (even if she did not have them on her at the time). It takes her 4 hours to form a new body after one is destroyed. To permanently kill Oenone, the stream must be destroyed. Oenone can dissolve her body at will whenever she is in contact with her waters, and can form again anywhere on her stream after her spirit gets there. In spirit form, she travels 28 meters per SR, or 1.4 km/minute. In that form, she can get from one end of her stream to the other in less than an hour. Oenone can regain her divine spells by prayer anywhere in her stream, taking the usual amount of time.

the divination is to the god of the Erinflarth or one of its tributaries, in which case the priest has a vision of a stream of blood advancing across the land accompanied by a high wail.)

Then the adventurers need to deal with the problem. This requires contacting the naiad. They can try to entice her to act, but she is clever, and can tell when people are trying to spot her. They can bring in a river priest from downstream to contact her, which would require extensive role-playing. They can try to contact her directly, through a sacrifice, or by having a shaman seek her out. (If one of the adventurers is a shaman, this is a recommended method.)

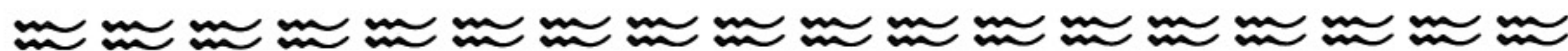
The plot from here on depends on what the adventurers do and say. If they do nothing, one night Oenone destroys the mill entirely in undine form and breaks the mill stones, scattering the pieces. If they impress Oenone with their humility and sincerity, she will become friendly enough that they can begin talking about the mill. If they antagonize Oenone, she may lash out, not only at the mill but at the steeds. If the adventurers keep her happy, she reveals that she is upset about the mill race. She demands its removal. The adventurers may wish to dicker. She listens to their reasons for needing the mill, but acts like she does not understand. (It is an alien problem to her, and she understands but does not care very much.)

The adventurers need to make a one-time sacrifice to appease her, then make seasonal sacrifices to her, or better yet set up a shrine. Oenone starts her demands at three oxen and three magic items now, another magic item every season, and a shrine. (The Frog River steeds only have three oxen between them.) She will accept, at a minimum, sacrifice worship, without the need for a priest to intercede, on Waterdays of Harmony week. Then she will be appeased and stop her interference with the mill. She asks for these sacrifices or the shrine to be at the mill.

The Rites of Spring

If the adventurers made friends with Oenone, she makes a peculiar request of them in the springtime. This happens at her seasonal worship service or when the adventurers give her their seasonal sacrifice. She asks that they return in a week's time with several good men. (An adventurer may ask, "Good for what?" Oenone does not reply.)

If the adventurers want to keep Oenone happy, they should return in a week's time with several men they consider good. Other men come up from Hazard Fort, after hearing the local gossip. These are men of leisure, either layabouts like Worford the Loafer, or housecarls who begged leave. (If the adventurers are rune lords or the like, have opponents comparable to them.)



The Selection

Oenone appears, rising out of her water, and she appears even more beautiful than ever. She bids all the men peace. (She ignores any women present.) Then she announces, "I seek a man to be my husbandman. Such a man must be an outstanding specimen, and so I have devised a test. The man who wins the test, I will take to husband. Come forward, all those who dare my test." (The archaic language she uses is hard to follow, but any Theyalan speaker understands enough to follow the lead of the men who do understand.)

Any men who do not wish to take part in the test can leave, or just not come forward. At least one of the adventurers should come forward, or there is no story. About ten or twelve men come forward. Oenone examines all the men and picks the three handsomest (use STR + APP; break ties on the basis of how impressively the man dresses). The men need not be human, and there is no APP penalty for non-humans. Trolls, however, need not apply. All the men chosen must be past the onset of puberty and not eunuchs.

Oenone picks the three men by handing each of her choices a water iris flower. "This is my token," she says. "You are now well and truly bound unto my test." This is clearly a ritual act, which binds the three chosen men to Oenone. Roll Ceremony to know that no man may abandon the test after this point without offending Oenone. (A special or critical roll means that the man

knows that the effects of this offense could be anywhere from mere disdain to active persecution. The gamemaster must base the actual effects on how much the man offended Oenone.) There is no great significance to the choice of flower, nor to the order she gives them out.

One set of picks is this: Ruddman, Housecarl of Renekot (STR 18, APP 15); Lomi Ulrood, the trickster (STR 10, APP 26—he casts Glamour 4 on himself); and the handsomest of the male adventurers. The rest of this adventure assumes these picks.

The Instructions

"Go you unto the north," Oenone says, gazing up into the eyes of each of the three men in turn, "to the Silk Thread Cascade. There climb to the top, and bring me the first thing which you see there. Return here in three days." It is clear to the adventurers that she must mean Filament Falls. The adventurers have never heard of any other cascade on the Frog River. In any case, any other cascade must be further upriver than Filament Falls, deeper into the Nangtali Plateau.

Oenone then kisses each of the three rivals, in the opposite order in which she gave out the flowers. Up close, she seems to give off an enchanting perfume, and the chaste peck on the cheek is, to each man, a transcendent sensual experience he will remember for the rest of his life. Each of the men feels ready to jump into the Hellcrack, if he could only have another such kiss.



Getting There

Filament Falls is almost twenty keymiles away as the crow flies. Getting there in a day and a half may be hard, because the way is rough up to the falls, with thick vegetation and uneven ground. The falls themselves are 200 meters high. Unless the adventurers have gone this way to the Nangtali Plateau before, they do not know if there is an easy way up. If they have gone up that way before, they know there is no easy way up.

The question here is what kind of preparation the adventurers make, and whether other adventurers should come along. To make the latter decision easier, the adventurers see Ruddman and Lomi Ulrood muttering with their hangers-on, and glancing darkly in the adventurers' general direction.

All of the three rivals leave separately, although one rival may go at the same time on the opposite bank as the adventurer. Ruddman and Lomi Ulrood take their companions. Ruddman has Vestin, Olmi, and Hollin with him, and enough militiamen to have one more in his party than the adventurers have. Lomi Ulrood gets Worford, Scuttlebutt, and a couple other reprobates to follow him (perhaps a Soderfall or two?).

Obviously, each of the rivals is looking to eliminate the others, and afraid each of his rivals will do the same to him. The gamemaster can keep this tension going for some time. One way to play on it is to have arrows come out of the woods at the adventurer rival. To pursue the would-be assassin would take the adventurer off the path, wasting precious time. Strange sounds at night might portend a sneak attack, or might just keep the adventurer from sleeping easily.

The Temptation

The adventurers follow the stream, but have to stay several yards from it because of the thick growth along its banks. As the adventurer rival walks, he sees naked flesh through a gap in the trees. Looking again, he sees a woman bathing in the stream ahead. She is of average height and fits the local men's ideal of feminine beauty: buxom, large-hipped, and with long blond hair. The path carries the adventurers closer to her. Unless they want to thrash around in thick brush, losing half an hour and taking 1 HP damage to each location from thorns, they will have to approach her. If they do, she sees them, and at first covers her nakedness with her hands, blushing demurely. Her manner is extremely alluring and seductive. She waits for the adventurers to speak first, but if they do not, she addresses the rival directly, calling him "Handsome One." She says her name is Orithyia, the sister of Oenone.

Orithyia tries to tempt the adventurer rival, ignoring any other adventurers. She asks leading questions about what the adventurers are doing. If they tell her, she laughs and offers to marry the adventurer on the spot! "For surely, a man as handsome as you does not pass

this way more than once in eighty springs." Any man has to be tempted by this offer. Try to make the adventurer fall for it. "Oenone will never know," Orithyia says, "I'll never tell her."

This is Oenone in disguise. If the adventurer falls for her trap, she disappears into the water. The adventurer can go on with the test, but see "The Winner" below. If anyone else tries to approach her, she sends several poisonous water snakes to attack that person. (She renewed her command over the snakes just before the adventurers showed up.)

Entrancing Song

3 points Ranged, Temporal, Active

If it overcomes the target's MP, this spell causes the target to move toward the singer, oblivious to the surroundings. The target cannot attack, cast spells, or engage in spirit combat while under the spell. The target continues to move toward the singer as long as the singer goes on singing and stays within spell range. When the target reaches the singer, he or she stops and listens to the singing as long as it lasts, or until the spell runs out, whichever comes first. The caster can take no action except to move at a walking pace while singing.

The song is beautiful to all who can hear it, but especially beautiful to the target.

Oenone can cast the spell from under water. Her song then seems to come from the water itself. She uses it to lure a person under the water. Unless that person can breathe underwater or hold his breath for the duration of the spell, he drowns.

The Song

This is a straight magical attack on the adventurer, using Oenone's Entrancing Song spell (see boxed text). Chances are that it will overcome the adventurer's MP. If it does not, Oenone casts it again until she succeeds. It is not immediately obvious that the adventurer is under a spell, or that this poses a danger. Try to get the player to have the adventurer do voluntarily what the spell compels him to do: seek out the source of the beautiful song. The adventurer's friends have to keep him from drowning himself, without hurting him in the process.

The Climb

Ruddman has beaten the adventurers here, and his group has started up. They are about half way up (100 meters vertically, about 200 meters in a straight line). Lomi Ulrood is nowhere to be seen. There are two apparent ways up. Ruddman has taken what looks like the easier climb, to the left (west) of the waterfall. Except for the two ways, the cliffs are sheer. If the adventurers also take the left way, Ruddman's cronies knock a few small rocks down on the adventurers. Depending on the animosity between the rivals, Ruddman may roll down boulders toward them, rig deadfalls or other traps, or otherwise make their lives



miserable. If the adventurers take the right way, all their Climb rolls are normal; the left way gives a +5 to each roll. Both ways are too steep for pack animals or horses. Hunting cats have no trouble going up, however.

Call for 10 Climb rolls, one for each 20 meters (on average). Between Climbs, there are areas where the adventurers can walk normally, or at least rest. The higher up the adventurers go, the smaller the ledges become. The first climb is up a slope of loose stones, then there is a smooth slope to get up, then you have to get up a narrow stone gully, and so on. Each attempt takes a base of 5 minutes. Add or subtract from the roll if the adventurer takes more or less time. Critical: take 1/5 time; Special: take 1/2 time; Fail: waste time, get nowhere; Fumble: get stuck half-way up (another roll at -20 to climb down) or fall (take 3d6 damage).

Each Climb attempt costs 5 FP. Remember to track fatigue, and apply negative FP to all skill rolls. As a rule of thumb, the day's journey to the falls took 30 FP, and a good night's rest restores 25 of that. A poor night's rest restores fewer FP. (Ignore the rules about regaining 1D3-1 FP per melee round. Traveling causes long term fatigue, which takes long term rest to restore. The Endurance spell has no effect on this long term fatigue.) The adventurers need to decide whether to attack the slope in the evening, possibly having to rest part-way up, or start fresh in the morning. Climbing in the dark is at -25, unless the climber has artificial light nearby.

Some members of the party may be slower than others, but bringing a rope means that the first up can make it easier for the rest. Those above can haul up those below, using STR v. SIZ and taking 1 minute. This costs 5 FP per attempt to haul; if more than one person hauls, split the FP cost. Alternately, the first adventurer up can tie the rope to something (except at the top two ledges, where the adventurer must brace the rope with his or her body). Using the rope adds +50% to Climb skill (not cumulative with the +5 for the left way).

With either climbing or hauling, 1 of the 5 FP only returns after an hour's rest. Regaining the other 4 FP takes 1 minute, and crossing the easy ground to the next climb takes about 4 minutes, for a total of 10 minutes per Climb roll.

When the adventurers are a quarter of the way up, Lomi Ulrood shows up and begins to climb while the adventurer rival is exposed on bare rock surface. He uses whichever way the adventurers didn't. This may be time for archery practice. In any case, his crew are good climbers, and reach the top about the same time as the adventurers.

The First Thing Seen

If the adventurer plays this fairly, the first thing he sees is a wolf skull. It is prominently displayed atop a wolf thigh bone stuck in a crack in a rock. It is clearly a territorial marker of some sort, and the adventurer only gets

one guess as to who put it there.

If the adventurer tries to control what he sees, either he sees the wolf skull anyway, or he sees a black bird that scratches his nose just as he opens his eyes, and who then flies away into an impenetrable thicket.

The wolf skull is about ten meters away, in a small rocky island in the stream, near the falls. The stream is about six meters wide (three on each side of the island), a meter deep at its deepest, and quite swift. Getting there (or back) takes a Jump roll (at +10) or a DEX x5 to wade the icy stream. Missing the roll means slipping on a slippery rock and getting dunked. Use normal drowning rules. A person Jumping also takes 1d6 damage to a random missile location from falling. The adventurer needs to make a Swim roll at +25 or a DEX x5 to get his head out of the water, and then another similar roll to get to shore. If the adventurer is holding the skull, he drops it unless he makes a DEX x3 roll. If he holds onto it, he loses the +25 on the Swim roll or must make DEX x3 instead of DEX x5. If he misses three Swim/DEX rolls (or fumbles one), he goes over the first cataract, taking 8d6 damage. If he survives that, he can make another try to get out of the stream. Otherwise, he falls off the second cataract, taking 20d6. There is time to call for divine intervention during either fall.

The wolf skull bears a curse. Whoever removes it from the island causes all game animals near him to be uneasy. Game animals are any which wolves hunt; sentient beings, however, are not affected. This uneasiness makes it hard to hunt, herd, ride, or do anything else with most animals. Place a -15 modifier on any skill roll involved in those activities. A shaman might be able to lift the curse. A Telmor shaman certainly can.

Getting Back

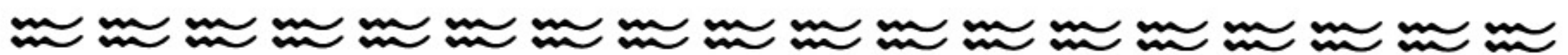
Use this to complicate the adventurers' lives if they've been having an easy time of it. Ruddman and Lomi Ulrood try to waylay the adventurers, and get back with what they first saw at the top. Ruddman saw a giant spider, which he and his henchmen killed. Lomi Ulrood saw a black bird. (He tried to be cute, and opened his eyes while a henchman held a small rock in front of his face. The bird swooped down.) He followed the bird into a thicket, and killed a black bird. He cannot be sure if it was the same one he saw. (If you had the black bird come to the adventurer, Lomi Ulrood saw the wolf skull instead and retrieved it.)

The Winner

If a rival fell for the Temptation trap, he cannot win, even if he is the only rival to return on the appointed day. Ruddman fell for it, but Lomi Ulrood did not. If the adventurer did everything right, and has the wolf skull, Oenone asks, "Has anyone else touched this?"

Whatever the answer she gets, she does not react to it.

Either the adventurer or Lomi succeeded. If the



adventurer did everything right, then Lomi killed the wrong bird, and Oenone rejects him. If the adventurer failed the temptation or did not return with the first thing he saw, Lomi killed the right bird and wins, unless the adventurer somehow keeps him from returning on time. The consequences of having a trickster being Oenone's husband are up to the gamemaster.

Oenone leads the successful rival (if any) off to a secluded part of the stream. The husbandman (for so he becomes) returns a week later, pleasantly tired and mellow, with a bemused, silly grin on his face. No one can get any real work out of him for a few more days. He is boring conversation during this time, in the vein of "Wow. That was totally indescribable. I mean . . . there's

no way to describe it." He wears a single blue pearl the size and color of a robin's egg on a lapis lazuli necklace.

After that, Oenone treats her husbandman very well. She heals him if he is wounded, treats his diseases with herbs very successfully, and will even resurrect him (once, and only if his body touches her water at some time during the week following death). In return, she calls on him if she has an errand away from her river or if something threatens her river. She may also use him as an ambassador to other humans, such as Chief Renekot. Hazard Fort is, of course, on her river.



The Frog River, looking off toward the distant Filament Falls



The Red Moon is unique because it never moves, day or night, from its place in the north-western sky. Of all heavenly bodies, only it is visible all day while the sun shines. Day and night the visible face of the moon is either bright red, black, or both. At full moon it is completely bright red. As its phases progress the red shrinks, replaced by darkness creeping around it. The crescent of darkness grows to cover half the moon, then three quarters, until the last bit of light disappears. When black, the moon is visible in daytime, though not at night. It remains black for two days, when the red light creeps in again and grows to full. The entire cycle takes seven days and nights. However, this change of phases is not the same across all Glorantha: while one place is experiencing a Crescent, another sees the Black Phase. The Red Moon is said to be the body of the goddess worshiped by the citizens of the Lunar Empire.

Elder Secrets, Secrets Book, p.46

Red Gaze of the Moon

Timing Lunar Cycles

Nick Brooke

Before the publication of Elder Secrets, there had been nothing to suggest the days and phases of the Red Moon weren't the same everywhere. Now, though, we get movable Lunar feast-days — which fits the religious experience of our world (consider Easter and Ramadan), to contrast with those fixed Solar worship ceremonies.

It makes for more referee work. But it's a bit more plausible, too (as now the Red Moon's rotation can be understood). The only existing symbolic correspondence between days and phases is surely Wildday = Full Moon, which is what we Sartarites know about the Telmori and the Birth of the Goddess. The others don't make much sense, as shown here:

Dragon Pass

Lunar Phase	Mothers' Day	Fixed Days
Crescent-Going	Irrippi Ontor	Freezeday
Dying Moon	Danfive Xaron	Waterday
Black Moon	Jakaleel the Witch	Clayday
Crescent-Coming	Teelo Norri	Windsday
Empty Half	Queen Deezola	Fireday
Full Moon	Red Goddess	Wildday
Full Half	Yanafal Tarnils	Godsday

A "symbolic correspondence" would surely have the Dying or Black Moons on Freezeday or Windsday, and Deezola's or Teelo's ceremony on Clayday. I see no correlations at all in the table. But this seems to be an argument for the "floating calendar" — find a part of the world where the Black Moon is on Freezeday, and

you've probably found a Jakaleel cult center. For example, 2/7 x 360 degrees counterclockwise from Dragon Pass takes me roughly to First Blessed, where it all began!

In fact, if this is so, we'd have:

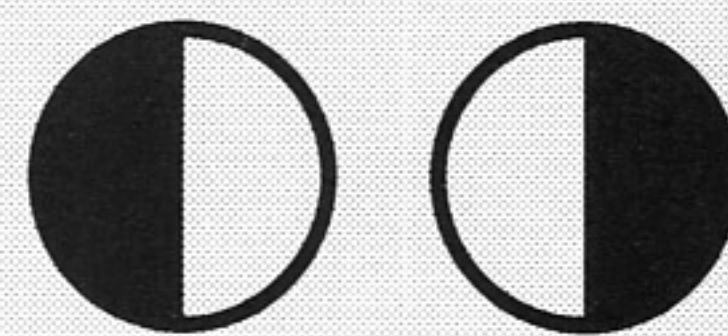
First Blessed

Lunar Phase	Mothers' Day	Fixed Days
Black Moon	Jakaleel the Witch	Freezeday
Crescent-Coming	Teelo Norri	Waterday
Empty Half	Queen Deezola	Clayday
Full Moon	Red Goddess	Windsday
Full Half	Yanafal Tarnils	Fireday
Crescent-Going	Irrippi Ontor	Wildday
Dying Moon	Danfive Xaron	Godsday

And those make *loads* of sense to me! So I am now a fervent convert to the Roving Searchlight Theory of the Lunar Way!



From the Report on the Pacification of Prax, 1613 ST



Mike Dawson

In summary, these are the strategic threats to Lunar security which must be dealt with for final pacification of Pavis and environs:

The Nomad Nations

Our alliance with the Sables must be strengthened, and conversion of their "royalty" deserves continued support. Lacking settled lands in outlying regions, we must rely on the Sable Nation as our client state in the region. With our sponsorship and backing, they can continue to hold all the best lands of the region, thereby showing the value of Imperial friendship. At the same time we deny hostile nomads access to the resources of the valley and the Paps. The presence of the Sables around Pavis acts as a buffer between our legions and hostile nomads, enabling our forces to concentrate on pacification of the valley and the city.

The Noble Houses of Pavis

Secret research and augury suggests that a revitalized Old City is possible, but that it would prove less to our benefit than to the ancient clans who survived the troll occupation. Their understanding of the city outweighs ours by centuries and the Old City holds dangerous magics. Therefore, unless a clan may be brought firmly under Imperial control through conversion, this tribunal recommends a policy designed to continue and increase the dangerousness of the Old City. We should aim at a final result of the end of all human and Mostali bloodlines predating the founding of the New City.

Secret Societies, Cults and Civil Unrest

Traditions of paranoia and secrecy created by the troll occupation continue in Pavic society. Sartarite refugees brought their religious societies and splinter cults here, where they have gained sophistication from Pavic techniques. With no other target or outlet, they will certainly

ly spend their time working against Imperial interests. We must find another outlet for their energies, to avoid their increased control of the general population.

Conclusion and Plan of Action

The threats above fall into the classic pattern: external and internal. The long term stability of the Sable Nation cannot be relied upon, hence Fazzur's Grantlands proposal, explained elsewhere. It is the belief of this tribunal that the internal problems may best be handled with a single policy.

The Imperial government must eliminate or neutralize threats of Old Pavic resurgence, and control the secret societies in the New City. To this end, we recommend a radical solution, one contrary to common wisdom which thereby gains a measure of impenetrability to the discernment of our enemies.

This office proposes to leave the Old City, or Rubble, only partially occupied by Imperial client forces. With only a minor presence in the Rubble, and a cursory gatekeeper role assigned to our forces, we anticipate a wholesale migration of dangerous elements into the lawless no-mans-land of the Rubble.

(Indeed this was the state of the area before our arrival.)

By this arrangement, we separate the secret societies and rogue cults from the average man, depriving them of their easiest recruiting. The predatory nature of the Rubble will be allowed to continue, forcing unwanted elements to deal with incursions from broods, trolls, and other bandit elements. The immediate availability of the Rubble for riffraff treasure hunters provides an outlet for elements of the local population who would otherwise have nothing better to do than plot rebellion. Some of this "adventurer" population of out of work mercenaries, freelance bandits, and exiles will also add predatory pressure on the unwanted elements who will relocate to the Rubble.

"By imposing a tax on
anyone bringing
valuables out of the
Rubble, we force the
Old City families to
keep much of their
wealth there..."



The alternative is to use all available force to pacify and occupy the entire Rubble. Our tribunal believes this unwise for the following reasons:

Current mercenary units and

Legionary strength is required to protect riverine forts and outposts, a task that cannot be reliably given over to client forces. This situation is unlikely to change without the aid of another Legion, or until local Grantlands forces have stabilized and proven themselves trustworthy—probably a generation long task. Until that time, major forces cannot

Our treaty with the Temple of Pavis, arranged with an eye toward adoption of the god into our pantheon, guarantees the rights and laws of the Pavic Council. As such, the old noble houses of Pavis stand to gain significantly from pacification of the Rubble, due to their ancient claims on the lands there.

That gain by the old houses must be prevented, for the resurgence of Pavis as a regional power can only affect the Empire's interests negatively. It must be our goal to see the ultimate extinction of the old blood Pavic families remaining today. This must be achieved at a distance, so no hint of blame falls on the Empire.

Here we see traditional Pavic military equipment from the early 1600's. The central figure is clearly an officer, shown by his crest of zebra hair. A heavily armored archer stands behind him. Armored archers are not unusual in Pavic units, as archery is considered a noble art by the population. The sergeant on the left bears the huge defensive shield known (in this world and Glorantha) as a *pavis*. Designed for stationary defense, protection of archers, and to allow infantry to successfully plug a gap in a wall, it proved very useful in the Rubble during the Nomad Incursions and the Troll Occupation.



WHY PAVIS WORKS

CULTURE OF THE NEW CITY

BRYAN JOHN MALONEY

Pavis shouldn't work, at least not as it is presented in published materials. Such a mixture of cultures ought to make quite a mess of things.

Nevertheless, it can work. In my Glorantha, Pavis is a great zone of mixture and segregation, much like New York of many years ago and Los Angeles of today. I take the separation of Pavis into neighborhoods very seriously, and use the large immigrant-laden cities of the USA as a guide. For the Europeans in the audience, remember that Greg Stafford et. al are from the USA, and their models are very different from what you might know.

Anyway, Pavis' neighborhoods are a lot like the Chinatowns, Little Italies, etc. of large US cities. Various ethnic groups cluster with each other and have little truck outside of their areas, except when this is considered necessary. Sometimes there is violence, but it is a very rare occasion for it to spread beyond a single neighborhood (gang violence at the borders being the most common exception).

What holds this all together? Simply put, inertia. The fact that a city is there is all that is necessary for the city to remain. It would take a major disaster to tear Pavis apart. Now, there is very little "Pavic identity" strictly speaking. What I mean by this is that at least half of Pavis' inhabitants see themselves as Praxians, Lunars, Heortlanders, etc. first and as Pavisites second.

But the other half, being the product of inevitable mixture over the centuries, do see themselves as "Pavic".

What is this Pavic identity? First, it is descended from two roots: The Empire of the Wyrms' Friends and Sartar Orlanthi. However, it has diverged. Old line Pavics take pride in their unique situation, much as a New Yorker who hasn't a bit of Chinese takes



pride in NYC's Chinatown. In other words, Pavis' very mixed status is a source of the Pavic identity. However, the Pavic identity is also one of denial of the mixed status. Thus, there is an underlying tension in the question "Who am I as a Pavic resident?"

Now, Pavis would normally have never developed more than a very nebulous identity had not the Lunars come along. Suddenly, there is a definite "other"—a foreign presence which it is easy to contrast oneself against. A Pavic of Sartarite stock can embrace a Pavic of Praxian stock and say "Look, we both value the storm and the free

winds. We're better than those Lunar tin cans any day." But this alone would not solidify a unique Pavic sense of identity. After all, why wouldn't the Sartarite/EWF-descended Pavics just fly into their ancient Orlanthi Heortlander roots? Some of them are, but many of them are not for a simple reason: The Lunars drove quite a few Orlanthi Heortlanders from Sartar to Pavis County, and the Pavics (including those who live in the County but not necessarily the city proper) suddenly were struck face-to-face with the fact that those they considered to be of the same culture and lifestyle weren't. What I mean is that Sartarite "Orlanthi", regardless of what anti-Lunar propaganda says, are NOT identical to Pavic "Orlanthi". Caught between the need to define themselves in the face of a conqueror and the sudden realization of de facto estrangement from their "brothers" to the north, the Pavics are now painfully developing a common identity. How will this turn out? Only the future can tell.

Refugees & Resentment

Sartar refugees are not as beloved as propaganda would have one believe. Sure, they are technically religious allies against a common Lunar foe, but there are differences and there is friction.

The Lunars in Pavis County actively use these differences as a wedge to drive the Pavic Orlanthi away from the Sartar Orlanthi.

THE SEVEN MASKS OF PAVIS

FORGOTTEN HISTORY OF THE OLD CITY

MARTIN CRIM

When Pavis founded his City, he instituted a religious government along the lines of his native Adari. He borrowed practices from other places as well, such as the Empire of the Wyrms' Friends. One of the more obscure things he borrowed was the idea of the Masks of Government. Similar things exist in other places. Indeed, scholars think that the actual masks themselves came from some other place, or places.

The general idea of the masks is that the person who wears one assumes a specific role in the City's cult and government. When the person acts while wearing the mask, people say that the mask acts, and name the mask as the doer. The masks also have personalities, which replace, or at least overlay, the personality of the wearer. A person can put on and take off the mask at will, but it is highly improper to do so when the wearer is acting in the mask's role. Each wearer of the mask adds a little bit to the history, and thus the personality, of the mask. A little bit of the person's magical essence wears off on the mask. If the wearer's personality clashes too much with the mask's, strange things happen. The person's personality swings back and forth violently. The person may suffer strange moods and hear alien thoughts in his or her head. An unstable person may go mad. There is a taboo on wearing a mask of the opposite gender or a different species, for this very reason.

The people of modern Pavis (1610's) know three masks: Chothis, Altomis, and Wakwakis. There are rumors that the Pavis temple has, but is hiding for some reason, Hudakis. The Pavis cult officially lists Hudakis as lost, along with Jalakis, Yurmonis, and Potonis. Divinations have not revealed their whereabouts, so they are probably either destroyed or inside temples.

CHOTHIS

Chothis (CHO-thiss) is the mask of the Son of Pavis. The Son wears this mask at all public events. It presents a serene and serious face of a clean-shaven man, and has

a serene and serious personality. The one who wears it remains calm, no matter what the situation. He can think clearly, blocking out distractions.

Chothis is also the Steward of the City. Before the Troll Occupation, the Steward had many ceremonial duties. One of these was the installation of all City officers (including other mask wearers), and the priests of all cults within the walls. For performance of this service, the Steward received a customary fee, which he turned over to the cult. In corrupt ages, and during the Troll Dominance, the Steward kept these fees.

Chothis was responsible for the royal palace (now the Blind King's Palace) and the great temple to Pavis.

ALTOMIS

Altomis (al-TOE-miss) is the mask of the Flintnailers. It presents the bearded face of a dwarf. The beard is very small, and lost amid Ginkizzie's real beard. Rumor says that the beard was larger in the past. Altomis has a dour and humorless personality, with a taste for precision and hair-splitting.

Altomis is also the Mason of the City. The Mason, like the Steward, had many ceremonial duties. His include the blessing of all buildings. Before 1237, no one could occupy a building inside the walls until the Mason had blessed it. Nowadays, the Mason blesses all walls and buildings in New Pavis, and any new construction in the Rubble.

Altomis also had primary responsibility for the care of the quarries. The Flintnailers do watch out for the North Quarry and Small Quarry, but the Main Quarry is too close to the Troll Stronglands to control.

WAKWAKIS

Wakwakis (wak-WAK-iss) is the mask of the Master of Zebras, or Constable. It has the angular features of a nobleman with fine and high cheek bones. It has a proud but not haughty look. Its personality is proud, aggressive, and territorial, much like a stallion's, but

also protective and generative, also like a stallion.

Joraz Kyrem wore this mask, even after he became Lord of the City. Before 940, the Constable led the zebra cavalry, and controlled the zebra pens. Since 940, the position has had nothing to do with cavalry. Until the 1500's, however, the wearer supervised the zebra fort.

Since the 1040's Wakwakis has been the mask of the priest with the most seniority after the Son. Nowadays, Fleeter Nemm wears it. Cyrilius Harmonius lobbies hard that he should wear it by virtue of his position as supervisor of the zebra pens.

HUDAKIS

Hudakis (hoo-DOCK-iss) last appeared in public in the 1540's, after the Dragonewts' Dream but before the founding of Pavis-outside-the-walls. He had a dark expression and a dour personality. He was the mask of the Censor and Executioner of Pavis. Priests of Pavis have never worn this mask.

As Censor, Hudakis kept watch over the morals of the city dwellers. He shamed or otherwise punished evildoers, such as adulterers, shirkers, and oppressors of widows and orphans. He spared no one, bringing down even high priests when they sinned. As Executioner, he administered punishment ordered by the judges or priests, such as whippings, mutilations, and executions.

Hudakis had primary responsibility for the Gates, where he determined who might pass and who must remain outside. He also watched over the bridges.

JALAKIS

Jalakis (jah-LAH-kiss) disappeared during the 1200's, in the early part of the Troll Occupation. He had the face of a muscular man of middle years, set in an expression of command. Jalakis was the mask of the Commander of Foot, and his wearer led all infantry that owed allegiance to the city. Balastor wore this mask.

In peacetime, Jalakis drilled the militia and the standing army (mostly archers and pikemen). He enforced order, and was responsible for the distribution of bread in times of nomad attacks or famine. He also built and maintained the city's roads.

Jalakis ruled the granaries and the bakeries, the mills, and the watergates.

YURMONIS

Yurmonis (yur-MOH-niss), like Jalakis, disappeared during the 1200's, in the early part of the Troll Occupation. She had the face of a healthy but not beautiful woman in her thirties. Yurmonis was the mask of the Gatherer of Food.

Yurmonis had responsibility for all the food grown, hunted, or taken from the river, whether inside or outside the walls. The high priestess of Earth (probably Dendara) usually wore her. Yurmonis blessed the fields,

the orchards, and the river. She was the City's liaison with the Garden elves and the blue elves of the Canal.

Yurmonis had responsibility for the Puzzle Canal (which was not infested with chaos so long as Yurmonis held sway there). She also ran the salt mine, controlled the digging and use of wells, and decided where to allow cemeteries.

POTONIS

Potonis (poe-TOE-niss) is the most mysterious of the masks, with no reliable historical record of its use in public. Records from the 800's and 900's refer to it in passing. These records do not describe the mask's appearance. They do say that Potonis was the mask of the City Magician. The records say that he also controlled the city's finances. Mani may have worn this mask, though his clan isn't talking

Potonis provided for the magical well-being of the city, and kept the nomads' shamans at bay. He built the tower platforms with which the city defended itself from attack by air.

Potonis controlled the Pavis Mint, and all other Giant Cradle artifacts inside the City. The records say that he had some role inside the Pavis temple, but do not say what that role was.



SECRETS OF THE MASKS

All of the masks have Armoring Enchantments. Most are now in the 20-25 AP range. These armor points only protect from attacks from the front. An adjustable chain made of enchanted gold holds the mask on the head.

Chothis: This Mask has a binding enchantment holding a human spirit with INT 18, POW 30. The spirit is a priest of Pavis, and knows all of Pavis' spells. It is both serene and Illuminated. It does not answer questions put to it, and the command ability of the binding enchantment does not work against it. It says things to its wearer through the binding enchantment's link. It will not talk to anyone else. Its advice is always sound and farsighted. However, it does not complain if its wearer does not follow this advice. It is also fallible. A cult secret is the story of one Son of Pavis trapped and eaten by trolls, despite following the mask's advice in all things. The cult regained the mask at great expense in lives.

Altomis: Has a binding enchantment holding a dwarven constructed spirit with INT 13, POW 20. It is linked to a 10 point magic point matrix. Due to the binding enchantment, the spirit serves the wearer of the mask. However, the binding enchantment does not allow for the spirit to leave the object. Altomis knows the following sorcery spells at 100% each: Animate Organstone, Damage Resistance, Dominate Gnome, Dominate Troll, Earthsense Projection, Form/Set Granite, Form/Set Limestone, Form/Set Organstone, Holdfast, Measure Rock (instant; gives the weight and dimensions with an accuracy of one decimal place per point of intensity), Sense Organstone, Sense Water, Stabilize Masonry. His other skills are Craft (Masonry) 500%, Devise 100%, Duration 100%, Intensity 100%, Mineral Lore 250%, Range 100%, Read/Write Mostali 100%, and Speak Mostali 100%.

Wakwakis: The spirit in this object has departed. Every time the cult tries to refill the enchantment, it fails. No one knows why. Still, the mask imposes its personality on the wearer. The wearer often has intuitions about how to lead men. (This only happens when the mask is actually on. These intuitions are almost always right.) Something about the mask subtly changes the sound of the wearer's voice. The personality, intuition, and voice effects all enhance the wearer's leadership. The source of these effects is a mystery.

Hudakis: When last seen by the Pavis cult, this mask held a spirit with INT 15, POW 30. It would not cast its spells when commanded to do so, but would cast them when it thought their use proper. It knew Dispel Magic 10 and two exotic spirit magics. One is Detect Lies, a 3 point temporal spell which works like Humakt's Detect Truth, except with a 5 minute duration. The other is a 2 point spell called Execute. It works like Peaceful Cut, but only on beings that have the man rune. That group does not include dwarves.

Jalakis: When last seen, this mask did not have a spirit, and never had had one. It was, instead, a subtle enchantment beyond the skills of ordinary enchanters. It worked on the wearer's mind, channeling his perception and guiding his thoughts in certain ways. Unlike Wakwakis, it had no effect apparent to others.

There is no immediate effect of putting it on, other than a feeling that the mask is comfortable, easy to see out of, and strangely pleasant to wear. A wearer who keeps it on for any length of time begins to note things like the lines of sight from his hotel room, and how many spearmen are needed to hold the door in Gimpy's. Those who already think this way can almost hear and smell the imaginary lunars or trolls coming through the door, or over the next ridge. This makes the wearer calm, not nervous, and able to make plans to deal with just such an eventuality. Of course, if the wearer is someone like a

Chalana Arroy cultist, this creates a strong dissonance in his mind.

Note to the GM: this is the kind of magic item has profound effects on the world and need to be rare to avoid confusion. That rarity protects the sense of wonder. They are also hard to run, requiring much input from the GM. You can't tell the player, "It doubles your Battle skill," because a) that takes away the wonder, and b) that over-simplifies what it does. We recommend that there be no more than one such item per campaign.

Yurmonis: When last seen, this mask had a limoniad (nymph of a meadow) bound into it. Storm gods imprisoned her during the gods' war. Eventually Pavis found her, and gained her willing cooperation by bringing her back to her home. However, because of a spiritual crippling, she cannot live outside the binding object. Thus, she uses her powers in the service of Pavis.

Yurmonis's personality is sunny and pleasant, although her current captivity has made her a little depressed. If brought out of her current place, she will be very grateful. She does not think much about the future, preferring to live in the present.

Her meadow is the Fumer Fields. Pavis banned all buildings and fences there in honor of her, and to keep her happy.

She has: INT 16, POW 36, DEX 18. Her spirit magic spells are Befuddle, Control Gnome, Heal 3, Mobility 3, Repair 1, Second Sight, and Summon Gnome. She is also an acolyte of Pavis, and knows the divine spells of: City Harmony, Dismiss Magic 2, Extension 2, Heal Wound, Mindlink, Sanctify, Soul Sight, and Spirit Block 2.

There is a 10 cubic meter gnome bound into the mask, STR 100, POW 35, HP 130, Move 1. In order to release the gnome, the mask must touch earth in which a gnome may form. The gnome's binding enchantment has a user restriction: only a limoniad can use it.

Potonis: This is a GM special, perhaps better to keep as a goal than as a magic item. It is potentially a campaign-destroyer. If the GM does let the PCs find it, he or she should make the mask reluctant to cooperate, demanding proofs of worth and quizzing characters on their magical knowledge. Note that, whether or not the mask cooperates, the wearer will have enormous prestige in Pavis—if he or she can prove that the mask is Potonis. Even a false claim of having Potonis would have wide political effects. A true claim would alter the balance of power permanently. This makes the mask easy to take away from the PCs before it does ruin the game. Everyone will try to get it away from the PCs.

To Make a Mask

It is possible to find books that tell how to make masks such as the Seven Masks of Pavis. They require an enchanter to spend quite a bit of time figuring out how a society, or more specifically, a government, works. With that idea held firmly in mind, the enchanter carves the masks. Then the officers of the government wear the masks during every moment in which they act in an official capacity. They wear the masks in the rituals of the city (or tribal) cult. Gradually (over about fifty to one hundred years), the masks begin to take on their roles, if they were carved well. It is important for the face of the mask to be a portrait, although it need not be of a real person. However, the portrait must fit the role which the officer who wears it plays. Thus, when the founder dies, his government carries on.

When some of the masks became lost, Pavis' government faltered. The City could not make replacement masks. The inhabitants went on governing themselves, as best they could, during a four hundred year emergency. Then Dorasar set up a new government. He knew not to rely on Pavis' crippled theocracy.

GANGS OF THE RUBBLE

A WHO'S WHO OF WHO'S WANTED

MIKE DAWSON

These gangs all live in the Rubble, though most make forays outside of it on occasion.



Fivewinds

Led by Burrasca White, a Vingan woman. These outlaws from Lunar justice are Lightbringers, and predominantly Orlanth cultists with a few Humakti and Storm Bulls. All are infantry types, or at least they don't keep mounts around. They get some surreptitious support from members of the "Free" faction in New Pavis. In exchange, they look out for "Free" interests in Old Pavis.

This band has a wide spectrum of skills, and man-for-man they are the best gang in the Rubble. They are, however, one of the smaller gangs, and they must constantly be on the lookout for lunar patrols. Every member of the Fivewinds gang has a price on their head.

The Fivewinds gang has a hideout in the Main Ruins, and they usually do their raiding in the Downtown and Wyvern Road areas. In these built-up areas they are not hampered by their lack of mounts.

The Fivewinds gang is on good terms with the Sablefoe. They can be recognized by their grey-painted armor and the white linen masks they wear on raids.

The gang normally has between twenty and thirty members, all of "player character" quality and equipment.

Pavis Survivors

These are the famous original defenders of Pavis, maintaining a tradition that predates the Troll Occupation. Heavily hunted by the Lunars, only their extraordinary knowledge of the Rubble, and their wide-based support by Pavic locals keeps them free and alive. Ithas Resh (senior) leads the gang in name, though he is an old man whose son, Ithas Resh (junior) handles the day-to-day work and battle command. Ithas senior's old age and infirmity are the reason that some of the Survivors remain in the Rubble, rather than going out onto the plain with the other refugee Pavisites.

Instead, a central core of dangerous guerrilla fighters remain in the Rubble, guarding their leader, raising their families in their home city, and waiting for their time to come. In the meantime, they ambush Hargan's Zebra Fort traitors, protect Pavic citizens as best they can, and try to avoid capture by the Lunars.

Members of the Survivors are all Pavis initiates, and many of them are members of the same extended family. The Resh family is one of the great old noble houses of Pavis, and

has an ancient tradition of ancestor worship tied into Pavis Cult membership. Many of the clan elders are capable of invoking the aid of powerful ancestors.

The Survivors maintain a small cavalry contingent, mostly by stealing mounts from the traitors at Zebra Fort. According to Lunar supposition, they have an underground stable somewhere north of the river.

The gang fields about 35-45 mounted warriors, with another 10-15 inferior infantry. They prefer to engage with missile fire in running skirmishes. About the same number of dependents live with the Survivors in their fortified, partially underground hideout.

From that hideout, they patrol the Huntlands and the other open areas north of the Zola Fel, and have been known to dislodge a gang from the central bridge if the Survivors thought the gang worked against the best interests of Pavis.

Rumor has it that Ithas Resh (junior) spends much of the gang's time trying to locate Balastor's Axe, or bushwacking parties leaving the Griffin Gate area. Along with that, they are known to be great enemies of Sarken, Pik, and trolls in general.

The Pavis Survivors are difficult to recognize, because the only mark of their membership, a stone amulet with a likeness of the Real City Temple, is kept hidden. They can be easily confused with the Zebra Fort patrols at a distance. Otherwise, their equipment looks like that of any Pavic cavalymen: tall helmets

of hide, small wicker shields for cavalry, large man-high shields for infantry, and compound bows.

Pik's Wanderers

Pik Bad Rhino leads this bunch of tribal outcasts. Most are here because they have nowhere else to go. A loose amalgam of many different tribes, they are held together by fear of Pik and a love of good loot. The only reason this bunch are not Gagarthi is that they have never met a Gagarthi cultist to convert them.

Pik usually keeps about 30 warriors under his control. Some of his followers are members of the "smaller" tribes like Impala and Sable, but mostly his gang members are Bison, High Llama, and Rhino tribe. They move from camp to camp, never settling down so they can never be traced back to a hide-

out. The gang prefers the open ground on the south side of the river, particularly in the area between Oldtown and the Wyvern Gate. Their preferred targets are unmounted and in the open, where they can just trample their victims.

Sablefoe

This bunch all have some special grudge against the Sable Nation, and they stay here to exercise that grudge. When things get too hot for them, they sneak off to the Wastes for a few months, but they always come back to the Rubble. Firearrow Isha leads them, the same Firearrow Isha who set the Sable Queen's tent on fire a few years back.

Like Isha, most of the Sablefoe are members of the Impala Nation, though there are a few other tribes represented, including one Rhino

Rider. The gang normally numbers around 30 braves.

Mostly they keep to an area between Yelmadio Hill, Wyvern Gate, and below the Devil's Playground. This occasionally brings them into conflict with Sarken's Gang and Pik's nomad troublemakers.

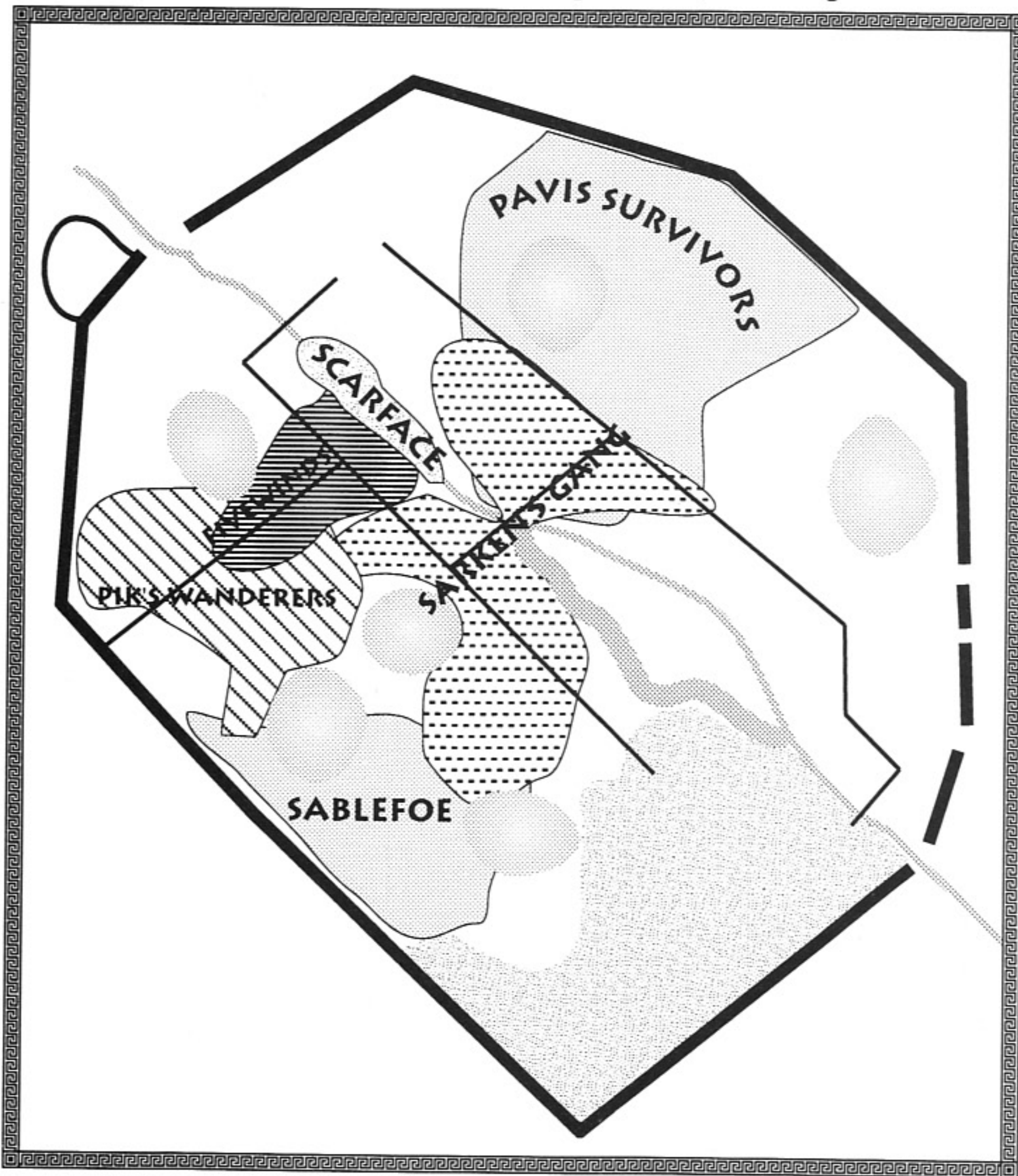
Sarken's Gang

Sarken is Hargran the Dirty's cousin, and works for him in exchange for supplies and political favors. The work Sarken does usually involves tasks too sensitive for the Zebra Fort mercs to handle. Currently, Sarken and his cronies control the Old Mint, stabling their zebras in its walled courtyard. They also raid whatever gang holds the Central Bridge, forcing them to do the work and then extorting a percentage of the tolls. The gang has 75 zebra warriors, recognizable by their headband of zebraskin worn outside their helmet.

The Pavis Survivors and Sarken's Gang are bitter enemies. There are many more members of Sarken's retinue, but they do not have the training, motivation or discipline of the Survivors. Even so, Sarken is no slouch as a commander, capable of running his gang in dynamic sweeps across the Big Grazing, ready to outmaneuver with Mobility spells and rain arrows down on their opponents.

Scarface's Troop

Scarface leads a band of around a dozen baboons, working the riverbank to bushwhack tired adventurers coming out of the Puzzle Canal. They engage with rocks and javelins, and Scarface is well skilled in grappling hook, which he throws into small boats and then hauls them ashore. In his primitive way, he does what he can to attract newtlings to his cause, and he hopes to one day take possession of the Central Bridge with newtling allies. He pictures a combined land and aquatic assault against the residents.



INSIDE THE TARSH GANG

DETAILS ON A PAVIC GANG

MIKE DAWSON

At press time Avalon Hill's latest RuneQuest scenario pack, *Strangers in Prax*, was due for immediate release. In the eternal struggle between creativity and practicality, some of the information originally intended for the book had to be cut. Sometimes an author's sense of what is needed is not as fine as the copyfitter's sense of what will fit. I am certainly guilty of this, and the following information is an example of the sort of thing that ends up on the cutting room floor when trying to squeeze 110 pages of material into 96 pages.

The Tarsh Gang appear in *Strangers in Prax* as opponents for the adventurers to roust out of a fortification. *Strangers in Prax* also recommends establishing the gang in the history of your campaign as possible long term opponents to your main group of adventurers.

To quickly summarize the Tarsh Gang (without infringing copyright), the gang are a bunch of adventurer types held together mostly by their common nationality, partially by bonds of family, and really because no other gang would care much for them. They represent the seamier side of the adventurer lifestyle, one that gives all adventurers a bad name. They are Tarshite the way that people in Chinatown are Chinese—the leaders and most of the members are from the Exile community at Wintertop. As a measure of their disreputability, most of them would not be welcome back home.

All the information necessary to run the gang appears in *Strangers in Prax*. The following material is not complete without that information, so I suppose you can think of this as a sneaky way to motivate you to go buy the book I developed!

Gusan the Brand

He's a huge man, going fat these days, but still strong and dangerous. His clan among the Exiles use a unicorn with a red mane as their mark; Gusan has added to his clan tattoo, making the unicorn a fire-breathing "tri-horn" surrounded with wreaths of flame.

Gusan can be charming and ingratiating when necessary, but his temper is terrible when provoked. He

doesn't care about people, only what other people can do for him.

Personality Traits

Manipulative: Always a schemer, Gusan wraps people around his finger and enjoys every minute of it.

Amoral: He could care less about what effects his actions have on other people. "Tools or fools," as he likes to say. **Intemperate:** Gusan enjoys too much of too many things: food, wine, money, power, cruelty, girls, boys, and farm animals if it comes to that.

Tactics: He uses his great mass to smash through lines into the backfield of a defensive formation. Then Gusan heads right for the biggest, toughest guy, and tries to take him out. He attacks with his Great Axe with his shield slung on his back. The shield protects him from most of the arrows fired by his followers at his opponent, a tactic he encourages.

Doekas Horseeater

Doekas got into the same trouble as Gusan, and suffered the same exile. Doekas' temper is not as bad as Gusan's but it is much easier to provoke him.

Personality Traits

Unimaginative: Gusan always acts as the brains of the bunch, and Doekas follows along willingly. He lacks the imagination or will of his cousin, though he shares Gusan's lack of morals. **Bullying:** Doekas relies on physical intimidation, and the fear the gang members have of his temper. **Cruel:** He acts as Gusan's enforcer, and kills or maims without hesitation or guilt.

Tactics: Doekas likes to work in a mass of the ordinary bandits, bolstering their morale with his presence and discouraging cowardice. He watches patiently for a tough opponent to become engaged with someone, then attacks when the enemy cannot defend himself. While watching for this chance, he supports his men with Multimissiled daggers.

Fila Onehand

This Pavic witch is not really a member of the gang, and

does not spend most of her time with them. She comes to their hideout to check for curses and perform the sorts of duties normally handled by a priest in a community. Fila lives in the Rubble all the time, moving from family to gang to refugee group. Gusan pays her well, and she does her job.

Personality Traits

Pragmatic: Fila lives by her wits, making alliances of necessity and holding no loyalty higher than her skin. She finds the association with the Tarsh Gang useful, but if things go badly, she would disappear over the wall in a second.

Iconoclastic: Even though she is a member, Fila considers the Pavis cult a bunch of elitist noblemen, disinterested in the plight of the poor "bug eaters" who live in the Rubble. **Driven:** Fila holds an abiding hatred for the Black Fang Brotherhood, whom she blames for the death of her family. She suspects Doekas' involvement with the Brotherhood, and hopes to get closer to the gang to through him.

Tactics: Fila uses her spells in unusual and aggressive ways. Along with Befuddle spells on those her Second Sight reveals to be unprotected, the witch Dispel spells opponents need up (like a troll's Jumping spell), casts Control spells into likely spirit enchantments, and if successful, orders attacks on former masters. Fila reserves her gnome until she is actually at risk, releasing it to stop her attacker and cover her retreat.

Pharzeela Bloodwoman

There isn't a one of the gang members whom Pharzeela doesn't hold in complete contempt. In her previous life, she probably would have only met such filth when ordered to execute them for the Earthshaker Temple. She says here because the members of the gang fear and respect her, and because they tolerate her unusual religious practices.

Personality Traits

Honorable: Of all the gang, only Pharzeela considers her honor important, though her concept of personal honor seems strange to many. **Fanatic:** Her living habits seem strange to anyone except Tarsh Exiles. Within that community, people recognize her holiness. These habits include eating raw meat, ritual scarification, celibacy and tolerance for human sacrifice. **Fatalistic:** Death does not concern her. She considers herself dead already, in part due to certain initiations that simulate death. She also recognizes the faults of her compatriots, and tolerates them for lack of any other alternative.

Tactics: Unless caught completely surprised by a fight, Pharzeela takes time before the fight to pour a red ritual liquid over herself. It looks almost exactly like

blood, and in fact contains some. If the fighting breaks into the courtyard, she tries any number of tricks to end up behind the attackers. Such tricks include playing dead while they pass by or covering herself almost entirely with dirt before the attackers pass by.

Kocho Breaksword

This guy is just plain nuts. It is very hard to get thrown out of the Humakt cult for being morbid, but Kocho managed it. During his free time, he stares at the walls of his room, looking at all the cast off or lost dragonewt weapons he compulsively collects. Not that he **likes** Dragonewts—quite the opposite. They scare him terribly and that usually sends him into a murderous rage.

Personality Traits

Distant: Kocho often sits around as if in a trance, staring at nothing. When asked direct questions, he replies with one word answers.

Blunt: Kocho says whatever he thinks, no matter how crude or uncomplimentary, if he can be prompted to speak at all. **Touchy:** Once you get his attention, the slightest perceived insult provokes a murderous reaction.

Tactics: Kocho barely coordinates with other gang members. If injured, he appears not to notice, driving forward toward the enemy with a wide-eyed, intent, but almost zombie-blank expression on his face.

Tarleti Blackpouch

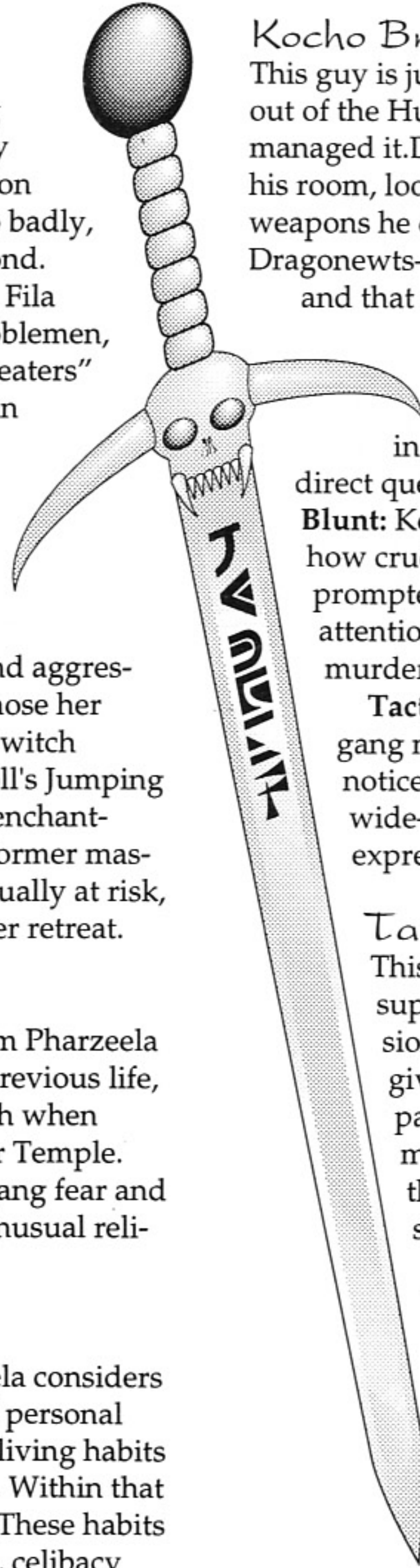
This former Goldentongue keeps the gang's supplies in order, assuring they are provisioned well enough to meet demand. This gives the Tarsh Gang a real advantage compared to other gangs that live hand-to-mouth. Gusan doesn't trust her, but he thinks her worth more than the amount she steals from him.

Personality Traits

Greedy: Even before her excommunication from Issaries, all Tarleti really worshiped was gold. **Dishonest:** She couldn't work a straight deal if she tried. Cheating is just too ingrained in her thinking.

Callous: She can curse like a sailor when angry, and never considers the human cost on the bottom line of her profit margin.

Tactics: Tarleti takes every advantage she can. Given a choice, keeps to the background and ruins people's day with her "equalizer," an exceptionally well made and gorgeously decorated heavy crossbow, concentrating fire on wounded opponents until they die or cannot heal themselves. She also knows how to work the siege arbalest at the top of the tower.



OLD MAGICS OF PAVIS

LANDMARKS OF A MAGICAL

LANDSCAPE

MIKE DAWSON

Pavis is an ancient city, where many varieties of magic have come and gone. Giants, dragonewts, nomads, Godlearners, magical statues, dwarfs, and Pavis himself have all brought their own secret enchantments here. Not all of these magics remained under the control of their original owners. All of them have interacted with each other and the rich magical terrain of Pavis. An old saying among Old Pavisites actually predates the fall of the city: "Kings and Priests come and go, but the Magic of Pavis remains."

Indeed, the magic loose in the Rubble makes it a unique and dangerous place, perhaps one of the most peculiar landscapes available to ordinary people. Many of the magics that remain in the ruins are unique, unpredictable, or have only been reported unreliably, so there is little hope of studying them. Others yield up their secrets with methodical study and proper consultation with local authorities.

PROTECTIVE CIRCLES

The Iffinbix cult, along with several members of the staff of the City Magician, are said to have possessed enchantments that aided in the casting of Protective Circles. Most of the city's aerial defense towers had Protective Circle Matrices in place as well. Legend tells of Jokat Pulos casting "an invisible ring around the Real City, that made all the Skull Bat bison men fall off their beasts when they charged the hill." This probably describes a very powerful combined Resist Damage and Protective Circle.

Since casters of these spells typically had to choose between long duration or great power, the older a circle is, the more likely it is to be low Intensity. This natural tendency is slightly offset, however, by the fact that Pavic sorcerers were more powerful in the past than they are now, and therefore capable of greater Circles.

Not all Circles have their entire circumference above ground. Over long periods of time, they may be buried by debris, though only large debris can pass through the barrier of a Resist Damage Circle. Some Circles also may extend above the ground surface, even though they were cast on an underground chamber. Thus, from ground level some Circles may be only a few inches tall and apparently nearly flat.

RESIST DAMAGE CIRCLES

Moreso than with other types of Circles, the current status of a Damage Resistance Circle depends on the Intensity of the Resistance. If powerful enough, it is possible that no living creature has entered the circle since it was cast. If the circle only makes it difficult, but not impossible for humanoid-sized creatures to enter, then intelligent residents of the area may have used or be using the circle to protect something, commonly a crop or entrance. Circles are useful for preventing trollkin infestations, since a Circle powerful enough to keep out trollkin might be entered by big men or large animals.

Notable for their lack of animal inhabitants, these Circles usually feature extremely dense vegetation. In some cases, this vegetation may be of a very limited number of species, since only the seeds inside the area when the spell took effect may enter naturally.

Some large Resist Damage Circles are so large that they pose significant navigation danger for flyers. Since Circles are invisible, flying creatures may hit the Circle's dome of effect and lose their forward momentum, or injure themselves against the invisible, resistant field of magic.

When left over inside old structures, Resist Damage Circles may end up acting to hold up a structure that would otherwise have collapsed years ago. When the Circle finally expires or gets dispelled, the building or excavation may collapse, as its magical supports suddenly end.

Locally, Resist Damage Circles are also known as Pavic Glass, Trollkin Bowls, Jokat Ropes, Slick Walls, Arrow Turners, and along with the other types, (untranslatable) pudans.

RESIST SPELLS

Explorers or residents without magical perception may not even notice these Circles. They only stop magics being cast into or through them, or attempts to use some magical sight to view into them. A magician using Second Sight, Mystic Vision or Soul Sight cannot see into a Spell Circle, unless the MP of the spell overcomes the Circle. Instead, they see only what their unaided vision would see. Divinations must overcome the Intensity of the Spell Resist to have effect on things inside the Circle.



Rubble denizens call such Circles Spell Benders, Priest-Aways, Hide Mes, No-Sight Spots, Block Places, No Hex Holes, Cast-Aways, and the generic pudans.

RESIST SPIRIT CIRCLES

Ordinary people may never notice that they have entered or left one of these Circles. Only spirits face resistance to passing the Circle's boundary.

Just as people avoid walking up steep slopes, spirits tend to avoid Resist Spirit Circles, even if the spirit is strong enough to force an entrance.

Pavic slang calls these Circles Ghost Holes, Blessing Spots, Run-away Rings, Spirit Walls, and pudans.

FLINTNAIL DOORS

Renowned for its skill with stone and masonry, the Flintnail cult deserves much of the credit for the survival of humans and other Pavis worshippers during the Occupation. Flintnail ability to conceal entrances, vents, spyholes and traps proved crucial to the townsmen in their defense against the nomads and trolls. The same is true for the remaining examples of supernaturally strong stonework: the three bridges, the walls of the great temple, and several lesser fortifications.

Flintnail doors come in several varieties, a fact known only to the fortunate and the blessed. To the typical Rubble resident, a "Flintnail Door" is just slang for something hard to do. Rumors persist among the inner circle of the Pavis Cult that the Flintnail cult has a complete list of every piece of work they have ever done, including the location and operation of every secret door and bolt-hole. If they do, Ginkizzie isn't talking.

The first, and most common type of Flintnail Door, is extremely strong and difficult to destroy or pry open. A few of these still survive, though many stand guard over portals into ruined buildings. Their characteristics vary, but they commonly have twice the strength of a similar door. Some include magical guardians capable of repairing damage or casting defensive magics on themselves. The Fingernail Doors to the priest's quarters in the Great Temple are examples of this type.

The second type, by its very design, is very difficult to find. Well concealed and tightly fitted into surrounding masonry, or even disguised as virgin rock, their locations and methods of operation are usually closely guarded secrets. Every long-standing structure in the Rubble is rumored to have at least one. Over the centuries, a few of them have become commonly known. For example, most Real City folk know that to open the (long empty) Vault of Estangang, one need only depress the tongue of the griffin statue on the right.

HIDDEN FIELDS

Rumor speaks of secret gardens and entire fields of arable land extant in the Rubble, hidden from all but a few members of specific Old Pavic families. Gossip

speaks of rituals performed on certain days by Earth Priestesses of each family, rituals that allow farmers to enter a hidden fertile area, plant seed and then leave until harvest time. Other rumors say that these rituals allow gatherers to return to the time of Pavis' glory, there to harvest the tremendous bounty found before the invasions. Perhaps these secret paths may be walked accidentally under the right conditions.

These rumors, if true, go a long way toward explaining the amazing survival of humans in the Old City during the centuries of Troll dominance. Indeed, it helps to explain the sudden reappearance of whole clans, thought extinct, then reappeared during times of Troll weakness. Of course, they might have just sealed themselves underground for a few years, or just adopted a low profile until the heat was off.

THE BLOOD VATS

Locals hide the location of these pools in the Main Quarry, though they are clearly visible from the air. They guard them jealously against anyone who tries to use them without permission and supervision.

Contrary to their gory name, the Blood Vats serve a peaceful function. Their name comes from a legend dating to the time of Pavis. It tells how when the Faceless Statue's magics wore out, the Mostali came to disassemble it. It bled a little, and the dwarfs collected the blood into stone vats they fashioned at the quarry. The blood dried into a hard, enamel-like material in the vats.

When these vats are filled with very hot water, some small portion of the enamel dyes the water a purplish-red. This colored water makes a superior cloth dye, though the dye remains effective only while hot and in the vat. It requires only a simple salt mordant, maintaining its color-fastness after that.

Over the centuries, extensive use of the vats has worn away the Statue's Blood from the bottom, most used parts of the vat. To obtain enough of the dye, a great deal of water must be prepared, because only one or more meters of water come up high enough to reach significant Blood. The smallest of the vats is 4 meters in diameter, and they are all flat bottomed.

Pavis priests and Flintnail officials dress all in Statue Purple for state functions, and members of the Old Pavis noble houses also dress in the color for important occasions. The deepest shades of material are reserved by law for these classes. Lighter shades made up a significant export business before the Troll Occupation. Nowadays the color is too purple for Lunar fashion, and too red for non-lunars.

The dye stains skin very easily, requiring months to completely wear off. Thus the Hadan family of the Indagos Clan have the nickname "Purplefeet," and carry purple staffs as symbol of their house. Their folk have always controlled the Blood Vats, with the support of the Flintnail cult.

URNS OF FORTUNE, URNS OF PHRASE

PAVIC EXPERIENCE & LANGUAGE

MIKE DAWSON

A single event dominates Pavic history and culture. The Occupation, as the natives refer to it, not by the Lunar Army, but by the trolls. No human force could so brutally oppress the humans of Pavis as Gerak Kag and the other tribes of Pavis did for over 400 years. The strength and magic of the Pavis Temple must be credited with the survival of humans during the Occupation, for surely only a miracle could have preserved men during those dark years.

During the Occupation, Pavis faced many challenges. Forced to live in compounds, underground, or moving from hiding place to hiding place, Pavisites developed an appreciation for being hidden and safe. Unable to count on crops for sustenance, they learned to esteem grilled rat, poached rubble runner, and flocks of pigeons as reliable food sources. They learned to make armor from rubble runner skins, and how to collapse their own tunnels on invaders, even if it meant sealing themselves inside their bolt holes until the coast was clear.

This experience affected what remained of Pavic culture. Lunars almost arrested the nobles who, at fancy banquet soon after the Lunar takeover, served roast dog and rat to the new overlords. Only the most strident protests from Benderri, the High Priest of the city, convinced the Lunar authorities that in Pavis, dog is a great delicacy reserved for celebrations, and rat is a staple of the tra-

ditional Old City diet.

Human languages grow and change with the people who speak it (unlike magical languages, which change only under magical conditions.) The Pavic language changed because of the Occupation, and the easiest changes to see are in the slang and turns of phrase common to Pavic in the 17th century. These examples

exclude borrow words from Sartarite and New Pelorian, many of which are becoming quite common, much to the distress of the conservative families of the Old City. These are examples of "pure" Old Pavic slang; Add them to your campaign to give your players a better sense of the "Pavic experience" and the tribulations of the Troll Occupation.

Slang

Split the pigeon
axe hunting
Balasting/Balasted
block the door
By the Stones (of the Statue)
flintnail door
get some windows
get the skinny (half of the rat, i.e. tail)
got (his/her/its) inscription (in stone)
Jokating/do a Jokat
racked (as in ZoRAK)
flatten
go black

break bread together
a fool's errand
take part in a desperate defense
do an unavoidable job
precedes an oath
something hard to do
move to the new city
treated unfairly, cheated in a deal
permanently dead
lose sense of discretion
killed, murdered brutally
Dispel a troll's Jumping spell
while the troll is in mid-air
turn traitor

Epithets

beardless
bug eater
Stonechewer/milk drinker/yogurt eater
shoveller
squarebeard, oilhead
Stripers
trollbait
(roof) dropper
jumper

stranger, outsider (not from Pavis)
poor resident of the Rubble
nomad
good fellow, hard worker
oldtimer, conservative, Pavic native
foreigner on a zebra, not of the tribe
poor fighter, foolish risk taker
coward
aggressive troll

Praxian Culture

Text in this style by Sandy Petersen

Text in this style by Martin Crim



Tribes in General

Praxian tribes follow their animals' lives and life cycles. When in doubt, pick up a good book on animal behavior and see what it says, then try to apply it to the tribe in question. The tribes are subdivided into clans (each clan has its own khan)

and households. The individual counters in Nomad Gods are generally clan-sized. Some tribes insert a further subdivision of septs between clans and households.

The wife owns the herd animals and most of the goods of the household. The husband owns only his riding animal(s), weapons, and spoils of war. A typical well-off nomad, with an average household consisting of a wife and 5 "others" has around 50 cows. About half the cows are allowed to give birth to a calf in a year. The other half of the cows are used solely for providing milk (a condition in which they won't get pregnant). Male calves are generally eaten, but female calves are usually allowed to grow to adulthood to expand the herd. Most nomads ride male animals, since they don't get pregnant, and they're often larger than females. Foreign animals are prized, because you can eat them instead of your own animals, thus saving one or more of your own calves. Old cows that have stopped given milk are also eaten, as are injured or elderly riding animals. Most nomads hardly ever eat one of their own tribal animals in its prime only as a calf or as an old or sick beast or rarely for a special feast. Of course, this makes foreign animals even more interesting.

During normal times, an Eiritha woman leads the clan. During wartime or other crises, the Waha Khan is in charge. He decides when it is a time of crisis.

The Player's Book: Genertela sketches the Praxian society, but contains some contradictions, overly broad generalizations, and flat out untruths. In an attempt to set the record straight, the following article presents an objective view of the human Praxian nomads.

Praxians are clannish, hierarchical, and group oriented. They

are acutely aware of their relations, and everyone takes an interest in their relatives' affairs. They also tend to exclude outsiders, except when the outsider becomes an adopted member of the clan. Every man and woman knows his or her place in the pecking order, and is very concerned with it. Although no one starves, some people eat better than others (and have better equipment, etc.). Praxians do not think of themselves as individuals first, but as members of various groups: lineage, clan, and tribe. This explains why a person cast out of a tribe usually dies. The person suddenly is nobody's relative, has no place in the hierarchy, and loses his or her identity. To avoid death, an outcast will join almost any group in order to belong to something. This helps the Amazons, Pol Joni, Gagarthi, and Cannibals to recruit. As a last resort, an exile may join the dismounted nomads in Pavis, usually ending up in Badside.

Only the very aberrant leave the clan voluntarily. Someone who is just somewhat aberrant can find a niche very easily. There are roles for the hyper-violent (Storm Bull), the peaceful (Chalana Arroy), the clownish (Trickster), and the creative (as artisans). There are even places for those who prefer the opposite gender's role. Men in all tribes can take on a woman's identity, dressing as a woman, doing women's work, and being part of Eiritha. They often marry (although such a marriage is usually chaste) and adopt children. Such a man is called a *berdache*. Women can become warriors by joining Humakt, Babeester Gor, or Storm Bull. Some take on masculine names.

Praxians feel acute loss when a member of the clan dies. One reason for raiding is to capture persons to fill the gaps caused by death. The prisoner takes on the name and the role of the dead person. (Daka Fal cultists and Waha noble families do not follow this practice.)

Praxian leisure activities, like everything else they do, reinforces their group identity. The women perform group activities, like tent repair, cheese making, or kumiss brewing, or do solitary activities together, like gathering or animal tending. The dominant women direct the work, and the dominant women's animals and other property receive the greatest attention. Men drink kumiss together or practice their weapon skills. When they drink kumiss, the dominant man acts as host. (Kumiss is a weakly alcoholic drink made from fermented milk, and hard to get drunk on. On the rare occasions when the women gather enough sweetgrass to make beer, the men get quite drunk.



Nomads also buy or steal beer from farmers.) When they practice with weapons, the dominant man judges, or takes part to prove himself.

All Praxians (except the Pol Joni) see their Sartarite neighbors as good targets for raids. Orlanthi riches and their easy way of life, to the Praxian mind, call out for a good cattle raid. When not raiding, they trade for salt and metal goods.

Praxians also view their eastern neighbors, across the Wastes, as soft, inviting targets. Although the Fever Trees deter many, the Praxians will sometimes raid Teshnos. Raids on Kralorela are harder, because of the Iron Forts. Trading is more likely, and more profitable.

The Pentans, to the north, are universal enemies for the Praxians (except for Pol Joni and Zebra tribesmen), deserving only undying hatred and sacred scorn. Praxians hate Pentans so much that clans of different tribes will unite to fight them. Pentans and Praxians never trade except for prisoners, and often do not take prisoners.

Praxians have stereotypical views of other tribes, and of outsiders. These views vary little between tribes. For example, the Basmoli feel the same way about the Alticamelus people as the Rhino people do.

Agimori

Agimori think of themselves as the premier hunters and fighters of the plains. They have legendary strength and stamina, as well as fire-rune-linked abilities like keen eyesight. They have strict laws against keeping slaves, riding on animals, and dueling, all of which set them apart from most Praxians. They look down on other people as physically and morally inferior. Foundchild the Hunter is the primary cult, but the priests of Lodril are the most prestigious. The women worship ancestors or spirit cults. Despite the different cults, men and women do much the same work, and there are no "men's jobs" or "women's jobs" except religious rites. The Agimori were not part of the Survival Covenant, and care nothing for Waha or his kin. Agimori speak an Arbennan dialect among themselves, but all learn Praxian. The Lodril priests use Firespeech for rituals.

Agimori wear their hair very short and wear no head covering. They only wear leather clothing, and consider wool and other fabrics to be effete. They decorate their clothing and weapons with trophies of their kills, such as teeth, horns, shell, hair, or feathers. They always go barefoot.

Other Praxians grudgingly admire the Agimori for their hunting prowess and impressive discipline, especially in spear formation. The Agimori also have a reputation for being aloof, undiplomatic, and generally unwilling to talk. If taken as a slave, an Agimori either escapes quickly or pines away and dies. Thus, other Praxians either kill them outright or ransom them back to their families as soon as possible.

Other Praxians see the Agimori as the most reliable mercenaries to be found, and willingly pay their high price in herd animals and trade goods. When a Praxian tribe hires a company of Agimori, it effectively bars its rivals from doing the same because Agimori will not fight on both sides of battle. (Killing a

fellow tribesman, even in battle, is murder). Thus, no one wants to be the second to approach the Agimori, and "to hire the Agimori" means to ratchet up the tensions with one's current rival. (To guarantee war, a clan hires broo mercenaries.)

High Llama (Alticamelus) Riders

Clans are subdivided into Septs. Each sept is made up of one or more households, and is rarely larger than a few dozen members. Sometimes it consists of less than ten people. High Llamas don't breed fast, and their owners have very small herds, much smaller than those of other Praxians. Hence the High Llama folk do a lot more hunting and gathering than members of other tribes, who can largely survive off just the milk and meat from their beasts. Foundchild is very popular among this clan. They are the originators and best practitioners of the ubiquitous Praxian sport of hare-sticking, in which the object is to gallop through the desert until you startle one of the Praxian jackrabbits. Then you chase the rabbit, trying to stick it with a lance. If you catch it first, you win. The rabbit often gets away.

The High Llamas do best in areas with trees, and prefer grazing on juicy foliage if possible, disliking rough grass, and often refusing to eat if the proportion of grass to other plants is too high. In the open plains, this can lead to their masters going out and rooting up appropriate plants, then bringing back armfuls of leaves for their mounts to eat. The other Praxians openly sneer at such pathetic behavior and the canard that High Llamas can't even feed themselves is commonly flung at their riders.

The High Llama people, with their small septs, might appear vulnerable, but are well-defended, since they are almost impossible to surprise, with such fine lookout posts. If a High Llama rider decides to flee, too, he generally wins the race, as his speedy animal with its long legs lets him choose the time to fight. Their huge steeds give them an edge in battle if they do choose to fight. They are naturally hated because of their arrogance.

Alticamelus people see themselves as the most powerful tribe on the plains, and with some justification. Although the least numerous of the five major tribes, they are the most effective melee forces in Prax. This comes partly from the advantage their mounts give them, and partly from their discipline and esprit de corps. Their mounts give them height, which aids in scouting and in lance charges. The alticameli also do not raise great dust clouds as the other riding animals do, because the beasts' foot pads are soft (and silent). The riders claim that their beasts are smarter than the other beasts of Prax, but this is not proven.

The Alticamelus people believe themselves more dignified than other Praxians, more far sighted, and more noble. Their clans are larger than those of other tribes, which is more important for military strength than tribe size. Alticamelus clans stoutly resist the threats and bullying of other tribes, secure in their power. Alticamelus riders speak Sartarite or Tradetalk as a



second language.

Alticamelus people are darker skinned than most Praxians. Both men and women shave their heads except for a long ponytail in back. They wear a round felt or leather hat over the shaved area. (Felt is equivalent in armor protection to soft leather.) They wear wool shirts and trews, with wool belts. They are the best dyers on the plains, and often put more than one color into a garment. They decorate their lances with small colorful flags of wool which identify their clan and status. They wear boots of soft leather which come up to mid calf.

Other Praxians see the Alticamelus people as aloof, stubborn, and irritatingly cautious. They see the Alticamelus people as slow to make friends and to compromise. No one was surprised when they stayed away from Moonbroth. That act fit with their aloofness. Every other Praxian assumed that the Alticamelus people stayed away in the hope that the battle would weaken all sides, thus adding to the relative strength of the Alticamelus tribe. There is special animosity between the Impala people (who are excellent archers and slingers) and the Alticamelus people (who are good targets).

Bison Riders

They go in immense herds, as you'd expect. A Bison encampment with only 300 people would be considered small. Even on raids they go in larger groups than the other tribes. They like to do things together, like have big ferocious parties, feasts, and weddings, and they train together to fight in huge masses. During the spring rutting season, the Bison Rider camps are immobile while they mate their beasts and wager on the outcomes of bullfights (between bulls, not bulls vs. people). During the rest of the year, they're on the move, constantly striving to find areas with enough fodder for their mass of hungry animals. Hence, once each year for a couple months, the Bison Riders must find good grassy ground.

Bison Riders are notoriously easy to steal animals from, and hence stolen bisons are quite common in other tribe's herds. This is probably because their herds are so large and mobile, so that stragglers are common. On the other hand, everyone hates being raided by the Bison Riders, because they come charging down on your herd like a ton of bricks, scatter everything, and grab what they can. When they're gone, you have to spend days or weeks re-gathering your scattered herd, and you never find them all, not even counting the ones stolen by the Bison folk. Those bastards.

Bison people pride themselves on being the greatest tribe in Prax. They feel they embody the way of Waha and Eiritha better than any other tribe. They also hate chaos more than any other major tribe, and have a high proportion of Urox cultists. Each traveling group has at least one Uroxi to sniff out chaos and to be the first to charge into battle. (Also, Uroxi are less dangerous to their own kin when kept apart from each other.) The tribe has a high proportion of

Lightbringer cultists, and its shamans favor wind and earth spirits. Since the Battle of Moonbroth, the Bison people have had a special animosity for the Sable people.

Many Bison people speak Sartarite, and a few speak Darktongue (the latter are usually devotees of Raven or one of the other Darkness spirits of the plains).

Bison men and unmarried women wear their hair long and loose; married women tie it back. Men grow full beards. Both sexes wear wide brimmed leather or felt hats. They wear leather or wool clothes, usually of bison skin or hair. They wear knee-high boots and chaps to protect their thighs.

Other Praxians see Bison people as violent and impetuous. In battle, they seek to lure the Bison warriors into a foolish charge. In raids, they stage feints to draw off the Bison warriors, then move in on the herds and unprotected women. In peace, they deal carefully with Bison clans, even by the standards of plains diplomacy (which is very careful). They do this to avoid unnecessarily angering the Bison people, who are quick to take umbrage at perceived slights.

Impala Riders

Typically Impala folk are found in clan ranging in size from a few dozen to a few hundred, each clan ruled by a khan. An Impala Folk clan keeps together during the winter to breed, make cheese, etc, but with dry weather the bachelors are kicked out of the sept, and so go raiding all summer long. With the onset of winter, they return to the sept. Their animals prefer dry areas, and get sick if they stay too long near a riverbed or marsh.

The Impala folk, pygmies all, rarely intermarry with other tribes (who wants kids too big for their tribal animal?). They engage in Strength training quite a lot, so many of them can use Composite Bows (in game terms, they're usually at their Strength Maximum). They're wiry little guys.

Impala Riders are detested by the other clans because all summer long those damn kids with their bows have nothing to do but harass other folks, steal cattle, and cause trouble. Also the Impala folks are masters of riding away from you at full speed, firing arrows as they flee, and this is quite frustrating to many of their foes.

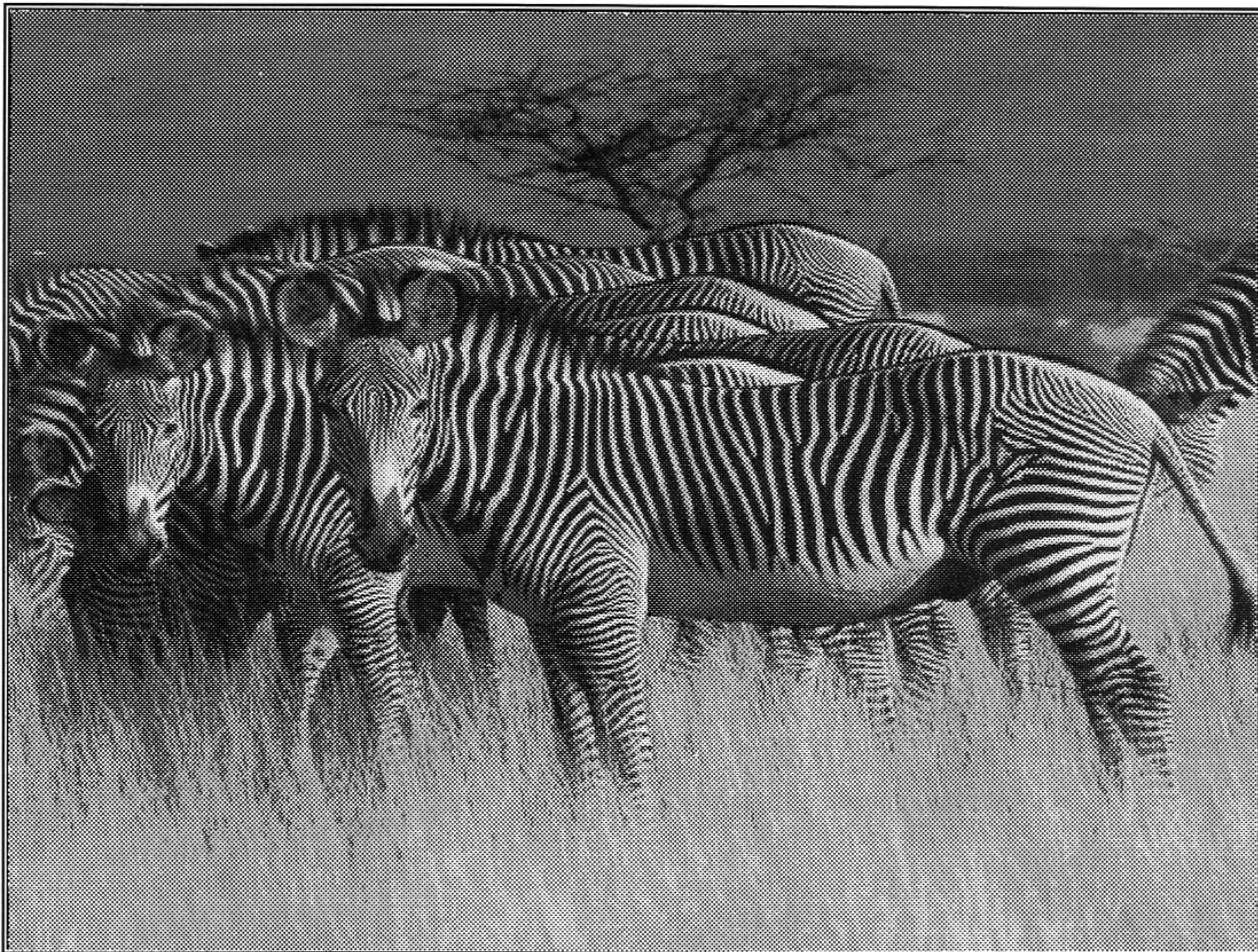
Pygmy riders of the Impala are the most numerous tribe of Prax, and pride themselves on that. Their short stature makes them touchy, and quick to defend their honor and status. They take great pride in felling the mighty with their sling bullets and arrows.

They shy away from melee, and see nothing shameful in running away. "Revenge knows how to wait," they say. Vengeance is very important to Impala people, and they tend to remember wrongs and pursue vendettas. Since the Battle of Moonbroth, they especially hate the Sables and all others connected with the Lunars.

The tribe has a high proportion of Yelmadio worshippers and of shamans who worship various Sky/Fire spirits.

Most Impala tribe members speak Tradetalk or Sun Dome





(a Pelorian Theyalan language) in addition to Praxian.

Impala men wear their hair very short. Women do not cut their hair, but braid it. Impala rider men wear hooded woolen sweaters over leather shirts and woolen pants. Impala women wear woolen ponchos over woolen blouses and skirts. Both sexes wear soft, snug boots of leather.

The Impala folk are the butts of many jokes. Other Praxians see them as cowardly except when they outnumber their foes. They know how the Impala people keep grudges, which strikes them as spiteful and, in a way, silly. Other Praxians compare them to bees, which sting you even though they die from giving you a sting. This reputation balances the other Praxians' natural desire to steal Impala herds for their sweet milk, delicate (by Praxian standards) flesh, and fine wool.

Sable Riders

Sable clans are several hundred people in size, with an appropriate number of herd animals. Each clan is very "nationalistic", with its own history and traditions. One of the results is that every clan has its own special type of system for war (which is why there is such a variety of "tribal weapons" for these guys). They are the most flexible of the tribes, and their animals can survive

almost anywhere. They are the closest to an "average Praxian" of any tribe, and you could do worse than pick a Sable Rider for your own PC.

Right now, Sables are disliked by the other tribes because they're a bunch of arrogant jerks who have displaced worthier groups from the Paps and good grazing land of Prax. No doubt when the Lunars leave the other tribes will find other, more traditional reasons to hate the Sables.

The Sable folk see themselves as the most sophisticated of all the tribes. They were the leaders in trade during the First Age, roamed central Genertela as mercenaries in the Second Age, and did not shrink from change in the Third Age. Before being associated with the Lunars, they monopolized trade with Dagori Inkarth. Even now, they control that trade. The Red Goddess has found many followers among the tribe, which has caused something of a silent schism. As long as the tribe remains dominant and the Lunar connection helps the tribe, however, that schism will not be serious.

The tribe has a high proportion of Seven Mothers and Etyries cultists, which has led to having few Storm Bulls and Lightbringers. As a result of the Lunar contact, most of the



tribe speak New Pelorian as easily as Praxian.

Sable men wear their hair short and shave their faces. They generally wear cuirbouilli helms. Women wear their hair long and decorated with feathers, jewelry, and the like. The women also wear cloth or felt hats. Men and women wear wool shirts and pants, with felt guards sewn onto the outer parts of the legs and arms to protect from thorns. They wear leather boots, often bought from more sedentary people.

Other Praxians see the Sable people as dangerous innovators. They feel that the Sable people have left the way of Waha, and assume that the Sable tribe's misdeeds will bring it down any day now. The other Praxians all hate the Sables for the Battle of Moonbroth and the way the Sable tribe has dominated the best grazing since then. The link between the Lunars and the Sable tribe has intensified the other Praxians' hatred.

Pol Joni

The Pol Joni don't go much into the Wastes, and generally stick to the good ground on the border between Prax and Dragon Pass, though raiding parties are found everywhere in Prax. From Sartar's point of view, the Pol Joni act as a good buffer against the other nomads.

From the Pol Joni point of view, the Sartarites are a useful source of trade goods, and it's good to keep nearby.

Also called the Barbarian Horde, they are a bit like the storm-worshipping Pentans, though it's parallel evolution, not derivatory. Their members are mostly ex-Praxians or descendants of same, with a few Orlanthi outlaws or outcasts. Within the tribe you'll see representatives of every Praxian racial type. The deities worshiped are Orlanth, Storm Bull, and Eiritha. (Ernalda doesn't get much truck with these guys.) They are called the "Bastard Tribe" by other Praxians, not because of their personalities but because they mix animals; riding horses while herding cattle. Their overall behavior is more Praxian than Orlanthi, and they participate in raiding, so you'll find bison, impalas, etc., in a Pol-Joni herd. Barbarian Town is primarily organized for their benefit, and is a little like the trading towns that sprang up in Cossack territory; i.e., a wild brawling place made up mainly of tents and ramshackle huts. Most of the population are transients.

The Pol Joni came into existence about two hundred years ago, founded by a Tarshite named Derik Furman.

Derik's descendants are the royal family. The Pol Joni ride horses and herd cattle. As if this were not aberrant enough, they also accept outlaws as members and have historical ties to the farmers of Sartar and one of their cities, Swenstown. (At the present time, the tribe is about half of Orlanthi heritage and half Praxian.) They pride themselves on being powerful enough to force a place for themselves in Prax. "Just as Umath found himself a place," they say.

Anyone who wishes to join the tribe must ride a horse, and part of the Pol Joni adoption ritual protects the new member from the effects of breaking the taboo. (Slaves and sojourners



Pavic officials and bodyguards from the 1600's. The central and left figures show evidence of nomad fashion, particularly in their hats. The figure on the right wears classic Pavic dress, derived from EWF styles.

need not ride a horse if it would offend their religious beliefs.) The warriors are very fierce, because they know they will get little quarter from their foes (and that their mounts will get none). The tribe follows the pantheon of Orlanth, though many women worship Eiritha.

Pol Joni wear clothes in the Sartarite style. The men wear brightly colored sleeved shirts, bound with belts. They wear pantaloons with distinctive leather guards sewn onto the areas exposed to thorns and weapons. They wear wide brimmed hats decorated with feathers, jewels, or trophies. Their leather boots come above the knee. Women wear blouses and skirts, usually in dull colors. Men cut their hair short and trim their beards, but let their mustaches grow. Women bind their hair with kerchiefs. Recent converts must change to the Pol Joni style as a way of expressing their new identity.

Other Praxians call the Pol Joni the bastard tribe, cattle bastards, the illegal tribe, or the impure tribe. They claim to hate the Pol Joni more than they hate other tribes, or even the Morocanth. Some shamans prophesy that the Pol Joni will meet the same fate as the Pure Horse people. However, in actual practice the Pol Joni are just another tribe. They ally with "pure" tribes, visit the Paps to worship, and wander the plains in search of good grazing.



Rhino Riders

Technically, the Rhino Riders are one of the Great Tribes, and supposedly were as large as any other tribe at the Dawn. Now, of course, they're minute. The Rhino Riders have no clans (or, perhaps, they have but one clan coterminous with their tribe), but have little septs. They have tiny little "herds", occasionally consisting of just one rhino, the owner's steed. Alone among the Praxian tribes, they often keep foreign animals just to milk, rather than to fatten for slaughter. They probably eat more vegetable matter than any other tribe, but this doesn't mean they don't like to hunt. They do, but their steeds aren't suitable for all hunting styles.

The Rhino Riders are a solitude-loving folk, who generally live in small family groups. Both the other Praxians and the Rhino folk themselves agree that this is what led to their near-demise, as other, better-organized, peoples bushwhacked the Rhino folk and overcame them one by one. The Rhino Riders still live in small family groups, but they are now organized into septs, and in any given area, all the family groups of a sept are generally no more than an hour's ride from the next family group, and if a family is raided, the avenging Rhino patrols are on the move soon.

The Rhino Riders are still the hardest to beat in a fight of any people in Prax, and that accounts for their survival, despite the limitations of their beasts.

Rhino people are special devotees of Urox the Storm Bull. They are great hunters and raiders—out of necessity, because their own mounts give little in the way of milk and have no wool. Their only friends are the Bison people. Rhino shamans favor spirits of wind or war. Even Rhino Rider women are fighters, using axes and shields. One in ten women, and one in five men, joins the cult of Storm Bull. The most ferocious weapon a Rhino Rider wields is always the rhino

itself, whose charge terrifies all and whose horn can break down stout walls. Many Rhino riders speak Sartarite as a second language.

Rhino folk wear their hair long and loose. They think only slaves cut or bind their hair. They wear leather helms with sun visors. Some wear rhino hide helmets, which are hot and confining. Both sexes wear leather clothing, and many wear the outer skin of a rhino (rhino rind), although it is more work to make than other hard leather. Rhino hide boots are common, although they are inflexible. Some prefer leather boots, with plates of rhino hide sewn on for protection from thorns and weapons. Both are equivalent to bezainted armor.

Other Praxians see the Rhino folk as stupid, terrifying oafs. "If they're not Uroxi, they should be" is a common saying. Rhino people make poor slaves, even when captured as infants. A dead rhino is good for little, the only uses being making armor out of its hide, a magical armoring substance of its fat, and utensils out of its horns and bones. (Praxians hate to waste body parts, but make an exception for rhino.) A live rhino is good for nothing at all. Many Praxians have the same attitude toward the beast's riders. Despite that, they sometimes hire the Rhino folk as mercenaries.

Bolo-Lizard Folk (also Bird Lizard Folk)

(Editor's Note: Ancient communication from Steve Perrin refutes Stafford's name for this tribe, making a case for "Bird Lizard" as the correct title.) These people are traces of the lost Golden Age Folk, the people of Tada. They are proud of their descent. Of course, by now, they've heavily interbred with the other nomad types. Therefore, traces of the Golden Age physiognomy are highly valued among these folk, and are cause for high social rank and desirable marriages.

They worship Eiritha and Foundchild, mostly. Waha is viewed as an alien god, but Eiritha's usefulness is clear. They don't eat their lizards, except in emergen-

Sandy on the Plains—Sog's Ruins

Sog was a minor water deity, a grandson of King Undine. Sog is also parent of the three Father Undines who spanwed the nine Giant Undines. Really, he's no more than a really big undine, but the God Learners picked him out of the mass and used their techniques to make Sog into one of their most important sea gods. There are little peninsulas and places all along Genertela's southern coast named after Sog (I believe there's a Sog City in Fronela).

After the God Learners imploded, Sog sank back to his rightful position — that of being just another name on the ocean pantheon's genealogy.

Sog's Ruins was a God Learner port (then named just plain Sog) during the Second Age. Today, Sog's Ruins is fairly far inland. It is not known whether the God Learners had cleared a channel to it, or whether the sea came further inland in those days.

Anyway, it holds Second Age artifacts and evil curses, along with lots of sea-type spirits. It's kind of like a little bitty Pavis, so far as treasure goes. The monsters include things like intelligent patches of quicksand that pursue you and undines made out of acid.

Though these might sound plenty mean, they're not everywhere at once, and Sog's Ruins aren't any more dangerous than any other ancient heap in Glorantha (for what that's worth). Shamans sometimes try to contact water entities there, with what they claim is much greater success than most places in Prax.

At least one guy (not me) claims that the evil water being inside the Puzzle Canal of Pavis was originally from Sog's Ruins.



cies, and live almost exclusively off hunted prey. They're good hunters, and talented with their bolas. The stupid lizards lay eggs, of course, and then abandon them. The Bolo-Lizard Folk carefully mark down where the eggs have been laid, and then camouflage them as best they can, so that when the eggs hatch, they can be there to catch the young lizards and try to raise them. It takes two or three seasons for the hatchlings to attain a size at which they are able to keep up with the troop, so the owner of a given egg batch generally takes his beasts up into the foothills of the Rockwoods to raise the damn things.

Perhaps because of their lifelong battle against their lizard's instincts (formed when the Wastes were a fertile paradise, and contrary to common sense nowadays), the Bolo-Lizard folk are famous for their cynical sense of humor. They are pygmies, like the Impala Folk.

Bolo people ride and herd giant bipedal reptiles. The lizards are the only cold blooded children of Eiritha, and the Bolo people say that their mounts were Eiritha's first born. (Other tribes say they are only step children.) This cold bloodedness makes the mounts useless at night, but keeps their food and water needs low. Thus, the Bolo people can live where few others can. The Bolo people are small, though not as small as the Impala people.

Bolo men worship Foundchild and have a founder spirit cult which teaches them the use of the Bolas. The women worship Eiritha. Many members of the Bolo tribe speak Tradetalk.

Bolo men shave their heads and wear close fitting lizard hide helms. Bolo women cut their hair close, and wear a loose lizard hide bonnet. Both sexes wear lizard hide clothes, including knee high boots. They wear wool cloaks in cold weather..

Other Praxians admit that the Bolo people took part in the Survival Covenant, but joke that they got cheated worst of all. The mounts they got lay many eggs, but the young take long to grow to maturity and the animals give neither milk nor wool. There is an ancient and never broken treaty of between the Bolo people and the Ostrich people: the Two-legs Alliance.

Ostrich Riders

Probably the puniest tribe in Prax. They're pygmies, and ride big birds. They eat their birds' eggs, which are laid in fairly large clutches. Each Sea Season, the birds sit on their eggs so the tribe is basically immobilized and vulnerable to large-scale raids. Like many small tribes, they mainly worship Foundchild.

Ostrich folk are not part of the Survival Covenant (so the Release Intelligence spell does not work on their mounts). Rather, they descend from an ancient sky people. Emalda placed them under Eiritha's care, which is how they came to be in Prax. They do not honor the Praxian taboo on horses.

Ostrich people see themselves as distinct from other Praxians, being attuned to the Sky powers through their lord

Yelmadio. Before the Dragonkill War, they had a Yelmic ruling class, and they now pursue ancestor worship in an attempt to regain those powers. The tribe also honors Waha and Eiritha.

Ostrich people are small, though not as small as Impala folk, and have a peculiar missile weapon called a "bent stick", also known as a boomerang.

Ostrich people speak Sun Dome in addition to Praxian, and have their own cultic language descended from Firespeech.

Tribesmen wear their hair short and often decorate it with ostrich feathers. They wear leather helms. The women wear their hair braided in mats to resemble plumage. Ostrich people wear clothes and boots of ostrich hide, with quilted down capes to keep warm.

Other Praxians see the Ostrich Riders as oddballs. They will either slaughter or ransom captured ostriches, because they know little of how to care for them. (Ostrich Riders have, however, learned how to keep herd mammals out of necessity.) Ostrich clans make decent mercenaries, and are often go-betweens with the Sun Dome.

Basmoli Berserkers

The plains lion of Prax is now basically extinct. The Basmoli Berserkers, a Hsunchen people, are in the peculiar position of being Hsunchen without their animal cohorts. They are fierce hunters, and



mainly hunt the herd animals of the Great Tribes. Always spoiling for a fight, they are disliked by everyone else. Occasionally the tribe is able to produce a lion (don't ask), but it is always sterile, unable to mate and produce more lions. Still, it is a valued tribesmember while it lives, and it is certainly bad news in a fight.

Basmoli are hsunchen beast worshippers who adapted to the plains of Prax in the Great Darkness. They see themselves as the true people, who alone preserve the links between man and animal. Their prides forage and hunt in the traditional way, poach their neighbors' herds, and fight as mercenaries. In a break from their traditions, they ride Praxian mounts when they can. They do not fight while mounted, however, because they lack the training and the deep magical links to the animals which the animal tribes have.

Most men worship Foundchild the Hunter, but about one in five keeps to the Basmol cult. Women worship Mahome, Eiritha, Basmol, or a spirit cult. The tribe was not part of the Survival Covenant, and does not follow Waha's way. Basmoli speak their own language, with Praxian as a second language.

The Basmoli wear their hair in dreadlocks, small braids made to resemble a lion's mane. Men wear a fur or leather cap and leather clothes. Women wear wool caps and clothes. Men weave trophies and magic items into their locks. Both sexes wear leather boots which come up to the knee or above, and a leather cloak used to shield the body when walking through



thorn bushes.

Other Praxians see the Basboli Berserkers as unstable neighbors, untrustworthy mercenaries, and "not-like-us."

Cannibal Cult

The Cannibal Cult is composed of members of many tribes. They worship and placate the many hungry ghosts infesting Prax (other devastated lands with such ghosts also often have a Cannibal Cult organization). These ghosts are well-known to every shaman. They are hungry, and never fed. They are cold, and never warmed. They are lonely, and never loved. If the Cannibal Cult did not propitiate them from time to time, they would get so hungry that they rose up and killed everyone! What matter if the Cult derives actual magic benefits from their service?

In addition, there is a very Praxian touch to their madness. They believe that everyone else got Waha's decision backwards. They believe that we are supposed to eat People, not beasts. (Hence, they'll eat Morocanth, but dislike herd-men.) Of course, the difficulty of getting enough people to eat means they've got to settle for animals and normal beasts on many occasions.

The Cannibal Cult is not without honor—for one thing, they can only derive magic power from the body of an enemy. They don't eat their friends. In addition, the more powerful the enemy eaten, the more strength they get. For this reason, the Cult naturally cultivates powerful enemies. Of course, this means that the Cult can never be very big—the powerful enemies see to this. Sort of a self-limiting philosophy.

Oases and Oasis People

In Prax and the Wastes, there are really two types of Oases, though these are not distinguished (much) on the old Nomad Gods map. Some of these sites are true oases, while others are ruins, remnants of the Godtime. You can generally tell by looking at the name or other hints. I don't have time to go into each individual site right now, except to mention that Ex, the Monkey Ruins, and the dead place ruins are just ruins, while Horngate (for example) has a permanent human population.

The Ruins are each very different from one another, but all pretty much share the same



Sandy on the Plains—Hyena

Hyenas are the main predator of the Wastes, not counting humans. None of the animal nomads think of them as primarily scavengers, recognizing them as pack predators that can be quite dangerous. The hyenas know enough not to harass a party of mounted nomads, but they'll steal calves at every opportunity. Since they hunt at night, they are regarded as akin to creatures of Darkness, and Morocanth tame them in preference to dogs (most Morocanth dislike dogs and vice versa).

Because hyenas devoured Genert's body, they are accursed, and their peculiar laughing cry is the sign of their mocking attitude towards existence. As it happens, their devouring of Genert also means that their corpses count as "part of Genert", and so certain Issaries merchants, upon encountering corpses of the Praxian species of hyena, are sometimes required to take a pilgrimage to the Krjalki Bog. This is regarded as obnoxious enough that most other Lightbringers will often kill hyenas on sight.

mythic origin (once-civilized remnants). Baboons now haunt the Monkey Ruins. Sog's Ruins are a God Learner remnant from when the coast was further inland. It is now badly infested with broos and worse. Ex is mostly underground (it was a city in the Godtime, and when the Block came bouncing over the world to slam into the Devil, it bounced atop Ex, leaving the city flattened and all its people dead. Other ruins have other weird histories and inhabitants. Most ruins have a water supply and green plant population, because the former city had originally been built in such a place. Ex is one of the few exceptions to this general rule, and has nothing really to offer anyone except for hungry undead and the faint possibility of finding a Golden Age artifact.

The Wastes don't really have Ruins, unless you count the special places in the Tunneled Hills or Krjalki Bog. But as you wander the Wastes, you might find oases.

The Oases all have different mythic origins, but are quite similar once you get there. They generally have a small cluster of buildings, a permanent source of water and, depending on the amount of water available, farmland or at least skullbush trees. Sometimes even date palms if you're close enough to the coast.

It is rare to find an oasis without some nomad group in control. Thus, when you show up there'll be Impala bucks, or a High Llama family band, or (if you're unlucky) a herd of Morocanth with their chained slave-things. The nomads may stay a season, or a year. Eventually they move on (or are moved on by a stronger group), but even if they leave of their own accord, they are soon replaced.



The oases each have a permanent human population who live in the houses, tend the skullbushes, palms, and farms. These Oasis Folk are treated as slaves by the nomads. Racially, they are quite generalized. The God Learners claimed that the Oasis Folk descended from Genert's Golden Age people, but that centuries of cross-breeding with the nomads has produced the present batch. They are certainly a spiritless lot, willing to take all the abuse the nomads can shower down. Any youth or maid showing backbone is soon killed, adopted by a nomad clan (rare but not unheard-of), or runs away to become an adventurer (if he or she is near enough to Pavis or some other out-of-nomad-country site). Most such kids have a high percentage of true nomad blood in them.

Though the Oasis Folk are slaves, they are treated as publicly-owned slaves, rarely murdered, and hardly ever taken away from their oasis, even by the Morocanth. They are too useful as horticulturalists and in other tasks, such as keeping the water supply unfouled, maintaining the buildings (which the nomads often appropriate), and further stuff too lowly for an animal rider to contemplate.

The child of an Oasis Folk woman and a nomad man is considered an Oasis Folk. It's rare that the nomad ever sees his child anyway. The child of a nomad woman and an Oasis man is considered a nomad, with rank similar to that of her mother. The latter is an uncommon occurrence, though.

The nomads take all the profit from the oases, and while trade often takes place at these sites, it is always between nomad groups. The Oasis Folk are considered part of the terrain, but are left enough of the harvest to survive, and sometimes even prosper. The nomads give the Oasis Folk nothing in return except perhaps protection against chaos, if the monsters show up while the

nomads happen to be about.

Unicorn Riders

This is a tribe of Amazons, aberrant women who live without men (except a few slaves). Unicorns are the only intelligent mounts of the plains, and (no coincidence) had no part in the Survival Covenant. All unicorns are males, so the tribe keeps herd animals for mates, milk, and meat (mostly zebras, sables, and horses). There are never enough unicorns to go around, so junior tribeswomen must ride lesser beasts.

The tribeswomen worship Babeester Gor, Foundchild, Eiritha, and a founder spirit, Yeloma, who is Yelmario's sister. They keep an uneasy peace with the Sun Dome, and an easy one with the Pol Joni and Pavis.

Unicorn women keep the clothing styles of the tribes they left, but usually wear armor. They cut their hair short or shave the head. They also scar the face in the Babeester Gor style, even if they do not belong to the cult.

Other people view the Unicorn tribe as nearly as outlandish as the Pol Joni and Gagarthi. They accuse the tribe of kidnapping women, of sacrificing baby boys in unspeakable rites, of usurping men's roles, and, worst of all, of not observing the taboo on horses. They still hire the Unicorn riders as mercenaries from time to time.

Zebra

This tribe was invented about seven hundred and fifty years ago by a friend of the god Pavis. He managed to get it adopted into the Eiritha family and to get Waha to make it part of the Survival Covenant after the fact. (That means the Release Intelligence spell works on zebras.) The tribe has always had close links to Pavis. They also had an alliance with the Pure Horse people, and now have pleasant relations with the Pol Joni. They see themselves as interlopers, despite their adoption into the way of Waha and Eiritha. They remain fiercely loyal to Pavis, and favor civilized folk in general, though they opposed the Lunars. As a result, they have better armor, weapons, and tools than most Praxians. Some of them can even read and write something besides knots in rope.

The Zebra tribe has a many initiates of Pavis, Issaries, Chalana Arroy, Yelmario, and other civilized cults. All the tribe speaks Pavic, and most speak Trade as well.

Zebra men wear their hair short and covered by a wide-brimmed zebra-hide hat. The priests, however, wear their hair and beards braided in the Old Pavic style. The women wear their hair braided and covered with a shawl, in the Pavic style. The men wear zebra hide shirts and pants, and boots of double-thick zebra hide or leather. The women wear zebra hide dresses, and tied on zebra leggings.

Other Praxians view the Zebra tribe as oddballs, horse lovers, and friends of that stinking city that blemishes the plains. Recently, however, Zebra Rider heralds have made themselves useful as go-betweens, which has softened somewhat the gut-level hatred. Zebra riders also make good mercenaries.

Sandy on the Plains—Inora

She is a winter spirit closely related to Himile, and is the goddess of frost the Snow Queen, if you will. In Prax, Inora is viewed as just another powerful spirit to be contacted for her benefits. In less arid country, she is regarded as a malign entity to be propitiated. I imagine that somewhere in Glorantha she has an organized cult, but she's pretty minor. She shows up in Yelmario's Hill of Gold quest as an enemy to be endured just before the chaos monsters come. The spell she teaches at shrines (and to the Praxians) causes all the ground within range to be frozen, and the plants to be covered with frost. When the sun comes up, this rapidly melts and everyone enjoys the moisture. In Sartar, her spell causes the equivalent of an ice storm, and is quite aggravating.



"Fatty Rustypike needs your help, eh? A little trickery he cannot stomach?" Carver chuckled inwardly. The initiate, who lay flat on the temple floor before his kahn, dared to look up. "I wanted to ask my kahn how the Great Urox looked upon such...trickery."

Carver Seven-Faces-Severed sat down on the temple floor. "Sit up and listen."

"Trickery is a dangerous thing and many gods fear it. He-Who-Wields-Death hates Trickery because Trickery stole his Sword from him. He has foresworn Trickery since. Great Urox has been tricked many times, though he always beats up the Trickster in the end. But Great Urox does not foreswear Trickery like his Once-Brother. Great Urox has himself Tricked many times. He is a good learner. I will tell you of

Urox's First Trick

A Storm Bull Fable by
Clay Luther

Urox and Eiritha once lived on the edges of Genert's Garden in a wonderful cottage. They had many herds and plenty of water. Urox guarded the edge of the Garden from enemies.

"One day Trickster, who had just been kicked out of Genert's House for stitching Genert's nostrils together while He slept, decided to go see his cousin Urox and his beautiful wife, mostly because he was hungry and needed a place to sleep, but also because he liked to play with the children and teach them nasty Tricks to play on their parents. On the way to the cottage he spied a bee nest dripping with honey. Though he dearly wanted the honey, he feared to climb the tree to get the nest since the bees would surely sting him. But he devised a Trick to get it, remembered where the nest was, and went on to Urox's cottage.

"Urox smelled Trickster coming and charged over the hill to meet him. 'Go away!' he bellowed at his cousin, 'Do not come near my house!'

"'But sweet 'cuz,' pleaded Trickster, 'I only want to say hello to the Bravest Warrior in my family and his beautiful wife, and to play with his children, who I miss greatly. Let me say hello to you all and see that you live in good health so that when I arrive at Orlanth's camp I can tell him only good news about you.'

"But Urox still said no. 'You only want to steal my wife's butter or teach my children Bad Tricks, most likely. Go away and leave us alone.'

"Eiritha had come out after Urox. She said to him 'Oh husband, remember your Brother's Words of Hospitality. Don't treat little Eurmal so badly. Bring

him to the house with kindness and I will give him some milk. Then you may send him on his way.'

"'Very well, then,' said Urox. 'You may come to the house for milk, but then you must be on your way.' They walked back to the cottage and Eiritha poured them all some fresh milk.

"'Your milk is very fine, mistress,' said Trickster, 'Did you know that Lord Genert drinks his milk with a spoonful of honey? I tried it last time I was there and it is very good. Would you have some honey, mistress, so that I could drink this fine milk after the manner of your Lord?'

"Eiritha checked the cupboard, but could not find any honey. 'Oh dear,' she said, 'I appear to be out of honey. I am very sorry.'

"But the Trickster only smiled hugely, for his Trick might work. 'Oh, that is completely understandable. Honey is very hard to come by. It takes a very brave man to steal it from the bees. I completely understand.'

"'She would have honey if I could find some, cousin! Mere bees could not keep me from their honey!' shouted Urox.

"'Of course, cousin, of course!' replied Trickster, 'I knew that was the case here. Well, my milk is done, for it was tasty and I always eat quickly, so I must be going. Urox, my brave cousin, would you walk me to the edge of your land?'

"After kissing Eiritha on the hand and patting all the children (who were all very sad to see their Uncle leave so soon) on the head, Trickster left with Urox. While they walked to the edge of Urox's land, Trickster said



'Cousin, I know where you can get some honey for your wife. I saw a huge nest, dripping with honey, nearby the stream that flows between those hills. Go and get your wife some honey, with my thanks.' Then he hugged his cousin and left.

"Urox thought about Trickster's suggestion and decided it was a good idea. He followed Trickster's directions and found the nest. What Urox didn't know was that Trickster had followed him and hid in the bushes. Urox climbed the tree and yelled at the bees.

"Hey there, bees! It is Urox, come for your honey. Do not sting me or I will get angry and smash you!"

"The bees had heard of Urox and were so frightened that they hid inside the nest and didn't come out to sting him. Urox plucked the nest from the tree and put it in his honey pot. But as he climbed down the tree, he smelled the Trickster waiting for him. He stopped on a high branch to think.

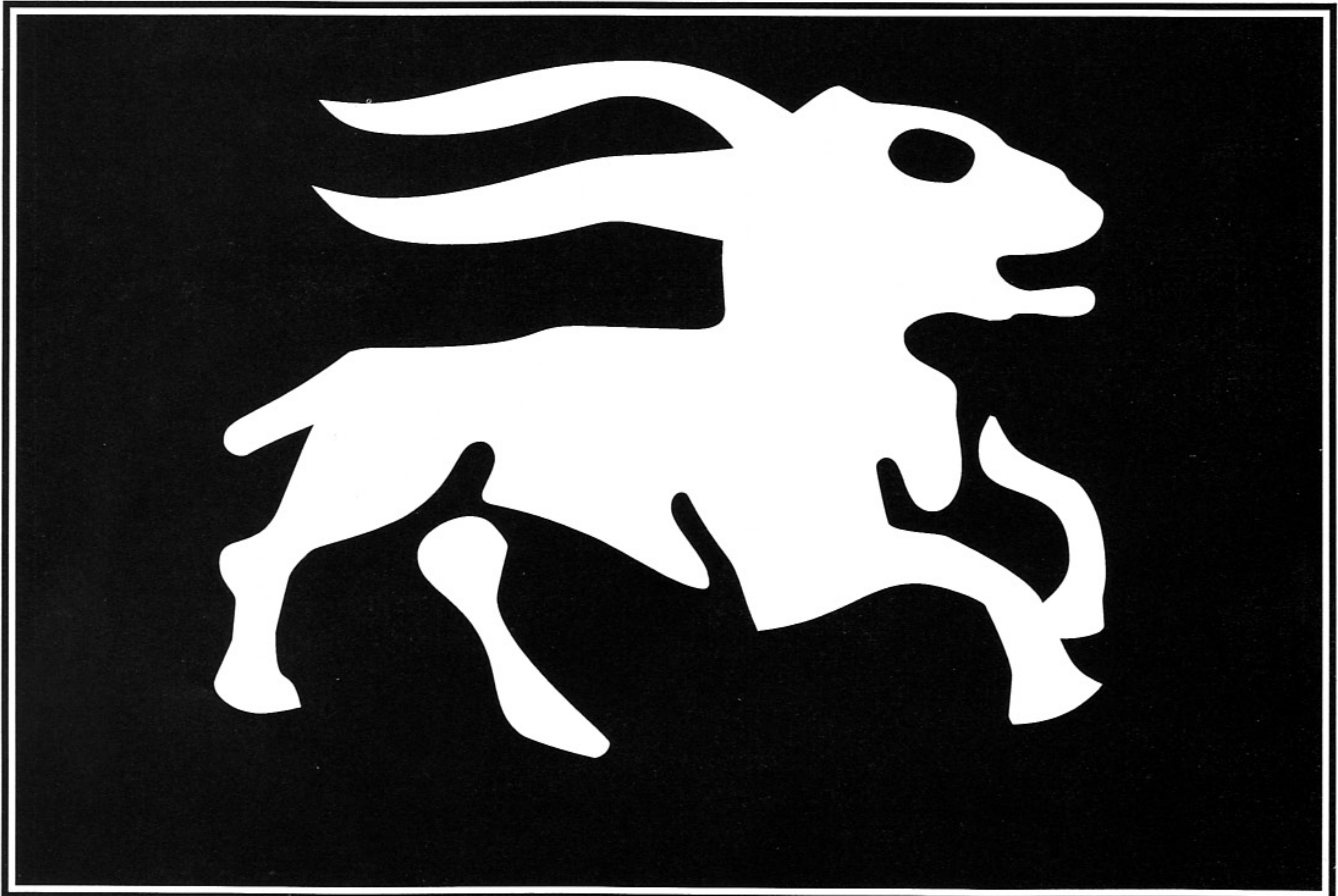
He looked into the pot and said 'Hey now, you bees in there, come out of your nest or I'll burn you out.' The bees, who were still very frightened, came out of the nest and gathered in the pot. Urox then took the nest out, still filled with honey, and hung it on the tree again. He climbed down to the bottom and said very loudly 'Oh my! I am so tired from all this climbing. I will take a nap and set this pot of honey next to me while I sleep so no one will dare steal it!'

"Urox lay down and went to sleep, with the pot next to him. Trickster, who had been hiding all this time, crept out of the bushes, stole the pot, and ran away dancing and singing to himself 'I Tricked my stupid bull-headed cousin again! I Tricked him again!'

"When Trickster was far away from Urox, he opened the pot, saying 'I'm going to eat all this honey in one gulp!' Without looking at all, he poured the bees into his mouth and swallowed them all in one gulp. The bees didn't like Trickster's hospitality and stung him inside. 'Och! Och! I've been Tricked!' he screamed as he ran around looking for something to get the bees out. He tried sticking a twig down his throat, but that only made the bees more angry. He tried eating a frog, but the bees stung the frog and it jumped out of his mouth. He tried swallowing smoke, but the bees climbed down to his feet and the smoke only turned his hair grey. He couldn't find anything to rid himself of the bees so he gave up. Eventually the bees settled down and built a hive in there and started making honey. Trickster has had all the honey he could want, and more some. Trickster doesn't like honey anymore.

"Urox brought home the hive full of honey and made his wife very happy. Waha was made that night.

"And whenever Urox meets Trickster now, he gives his cousin a tight hug and a hard slap on the back."



Subscription & Submission Information

The British edition of Codex costs £2.95 per issue from Colin at the address below. European customers, £ . Checks or money orders only, please for all mail orders. The publication schedule is intended to be quarterly, but depends in large part on submissions. The next issue is scheduled for American release April 1, 1994. Make what you like of that date. British publication will probably be a month or so behind that for the first few issues.

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I solicit your submissions of Gloranthan material for publication in Codex. Due to production limitations, I only accept articles submitted over e-mail or by disk. (Time does not allow retyping from paper.) Disk is preferred to e-mail, though file transfer via AOL is fine. Artwork is accepted in hard copy, but since I must scan everything in, it should be rendered in a format suitable for scanning. (That means black & white ink drawings without large solid black areas. The halftone pencils used in this issue are very expensive.) All rights revert to creators after publication, and creators receive a free copy of the issue of Codex their material appears in. Further, artists who send their work in a usable computer format (Photoshop, TIFF, PICT, EPS, Freehand 3.0) receive their choice of two copies of the issue their work appeared in, or one copy of two issues. The preferred format is Macintosh Word 5.0, but I can read DOS disks and most word processor formats. I also follow most of the submission guidelines for RQ as published by Avalon Hill. (I helped write them, after all.) Finally, a round of beer is on me at RQ Con each year for all contributors. For all contributors since last time, that is.

Finally, I am not interested in trading for 'zines that are not focused on RQ and Glorantha.

Acknowledgement and Thanks

I bought my first copy of RuneQuest when the ink was still wet on the first edition. I guess it was 1977 or '78. After a few minutes of flipping through the book, I knew that RuneQuest was the game for me. I knew it with a certainty that is still vivid after 16 years.

No, RQ didn't exactly change my life. But the friends I have made over the years, the hundreds and hundreds of hours of thought, striving, and enjoyment I have gotten out of it, these things have changed me. The chain of friends found through gaming have been the color and joy of my adult life, or else responsible for putting me where I could find the other things that make up my life today.

Jon Greenberg and I were in high school marching band together. I introduced Jon & his brothers Dan and Andrew to D&D, then I abandoned it for a year while they took it where no one else ever had, indeed where few people have to this day. Their vision and creativity drew me back to gaming, and since then I have never left.

A few years in Wisconsin (home of TSR) left me with a host of friends who used to play D&D before I met them.

Back in Virginia and faced with the question of where to live, of course I moved in with a bunch of the Greenbergs' gamer buddies in Richmond. Brad

Freeman was one of them, and his bright

idea to start up a medieval recreation group at the local university ("to get

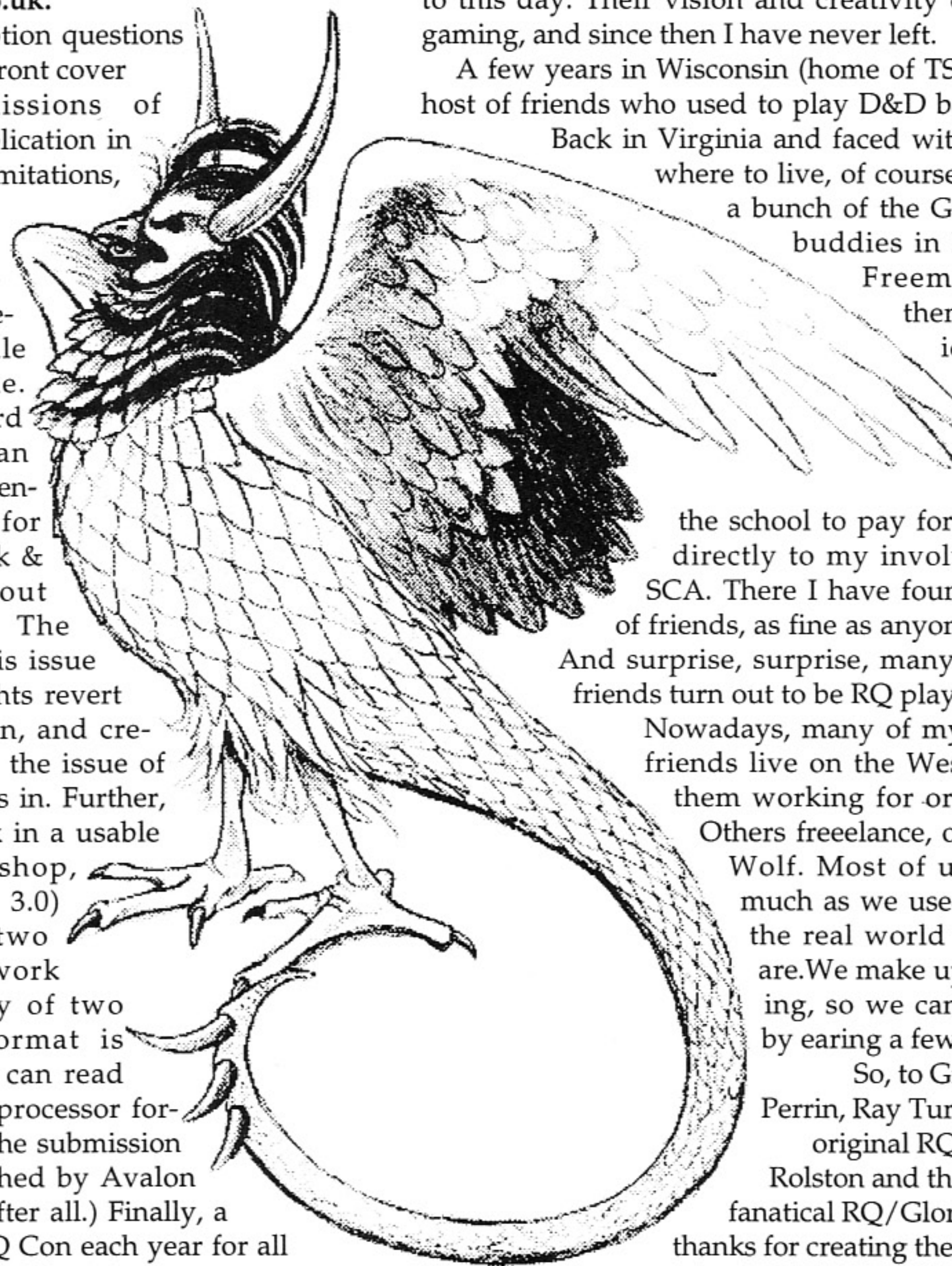
the school to pay for our parties") led directly to my involvement with the SCA. There I have found another group of friends, as fine as anyone could hope for.

And surprise, surprise, many of those Society friends turn out to be RQ players!

Nowadays, many of my fondest gaming friends live on the West Coast, most of them working for or with Chaosium.

Others freelance, or work for White Wolf. Most of us don't game as much as we used to, pressures of the real world being what they are. We make up for that by writing, so we can justify our time by earning a few dollars.

So, to Greg Stafford, Steve Perrin, Ray Turney, and the other original RQ designers, to Ken Rolston and the current bunch of fanatical RQ/Glorantha enthusiasts, thanks for creating the kind of game that attracts such fine people to it. To all the Codex contributors, thanks for your help in making Codex a reality Colin, thanks for taking on distributorship for my biggest market!.



Greenpee the Chaos Chicken, from River of Cradles

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