



HEROQUEST



HeroQuest Voices *Peoples of Glorantha*

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A Personal View of Aldryami Life, Facts for Young Elves
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*Legion are the peoples of the world, many and varied are their ways.
All are connected by the cosmic webs of Arachne Solara
Who brings and binds all together, in life as in this book,
Who takes and rends apart those who would tear her webs.*

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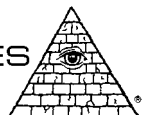
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A Personal View of Aldryami Life

What the Wood Priestess Told Me

Who are you?

I am born of Falamal's seed grown in Gata's loam. I am called Sweet Voice of the Alder, Wood Priestess of the Alder Grove of the River of the Rainbow Trout.

Who are we?

We are the chosen of Grower, the Song of Aldrya. We are the Mreli, the Walking Ones of the grove, guardians and tenders of the life of Aldrya in this realm.

What makes us great?

We are the offspring of Aldrya. We are the keepers of the Cycle and the Song.

Where do we live?

This is our realm: the great forest. Where the trees stand is our home.

How do we live?

We live in the bounty of Aldrya, Creatrix and Giver of Life. We are one with her, one in her, and one outside of her. She gives us everything, and takes us back to her seed when we are tired.

What is important to us?

The Forest is important—nothing else can match that. We live to maintain the wood and all things within its protection. Your life was given so you could protect the trees and growing things.

Who rules us?

The Council of Elders rules us. We have eight members who decide for us there: the Great Tree, the High King Elf, the Elder Sister, the Gardener, the Lightson, the Voice of Mother Earth, the Healer, and He We Name Not.

What makes an elf great?

To fulfill our destiny with Aldrya makes us great. We are born to learn, we wake and dance our lives, we sleep and know our Secrets, and we die to Be the secrets before we are born again.

What is evil?

Oblivion is evil, that which Takes without Giving.

What is my lot in life?

You shall grow to be a strong, lithe elf and join the Marching Aldryami to fight and care for our forest. You will learn to face the things that can destroy us, and will grow courage to fight them. You will enter into the dark secrets of killing for life and of living for death, the twin secrets of Bengara and Veratha that we learned at the Dawn.

What is the difference between males and females?

Females are the seed bearers who increase our race. Males are the pollen bearers, and are expendable.

How do we deal with others?

When you see one who is not of Aldrya, you should run if it frightens you, and send your emotions throughout the Song so that the wind whistles and the leaves flutter with your fear. This way you will contact us all, and we will send the courageous ones to investigate. If you do not feel fear you should hide and observe the Outsider, and when you have a clear image of it in your mind you should dash to your higher ups with the word, and they will send ambassadors to deal with it correctly.

Who are our enemies?

Chaos is our worst enemy, for it is Oblivion personified, the destruction of Potential. The undead are our enemy, for they are a twisted perversion of all we hold true. Dwarves, trolls, and flame are lesser foes, for they are the three faces of the Taker. Humans are our foes, for they have no respect for us or our kin.

Who are my deities?

Aldrya is paramount, for she is Creatrix and Preserver. From her we spring eternal. Falamal is our great father, the first plant. Eron, Halamalao, and Gata are our protectors and nurturers, the strong soils upon which we grow. Bengara and Veratha are the twins who came to us at the end of the Great Winter and restored the Cycle.

HEROQUEST VOICES



Facts for Young Elves

Wisdom from the Gardeners

Where did the world come from?

*First there was Potential,
all that ever was,
all that could be.*

*From it were born Grower and Taker,
together the Cycle,
life and death eternal.*

*From Grower came the Protectors,
Gata, Halamalao, Eron,
earth, light, sea.*

*Then Grower Became Falamal,
the First Tree,
who dwelled at the center.*

This is where the world came from.

Where do we come from?

*We are born of the Cycle,
Taken from the Taker,
Grown by the Grower.*

*We begin life as Falamal's fertile seed
in the rich field of Gata,
born into Seyotel once more.*

There is no beginning to existence, and no ending. Ever since Aldrya, plants have bred after their kind, and elves have bred after our kind. And so it shall be forever more.

Why do we die?

*Death fosters life.
Life ends in death.
Each is half of the same power.*

In the forest, at every instant, dead logs and leaves can be seen. But living plants can also be seen. So death, like life, is omnipresent. This is the Cycle.

What happens after we die?

*Trigora tends us.
We must learn to be unborn.
Then reborn.*

Our souls go to the secret holes of Trigora under the earth, where we sleep. We will stay there many years, preparing for our return to the Cycle.

Why are we here?

*The mind cannot fathom
what the heart knows.
Serve Aldrya.*

Without obedience to the forest, our souls and lives wither. We cannot explain this to outsiders, the not-children of Aldrya. But aid Aldrya we must. It is part of us just as sap is part of a tree.

How do we do magic?

*Listen to discover the fruits of your life.
Guardians of knowledge, your friends,
plant true wisdom into your brain at night.*

We learn the secrets of magic from our dreams, from Seyotel, the Song of Aldrya. The Spirits of the Great are all there, waiting, learning, teaching.

I have heard of other races. What is the truth about...

...Akem?

*A dead being whose followers
never realized he was gone.
They are jealous of Aldrya.*

Dwarves are the children of Stone: spawn of the Taker, mindlessly continuing their unceasing war against the forests. We hate them and war against them, but it is all as it should be.

...Ky Gor?

*Enemies in the dark,
born of Darkness,
sworn to kill us.*

Trolls are the Children of Darkness, the special enemies of Halamalao. They hunt us in winter and send armies against us in summer. They eat our trees and poison our spirits with black magic. We People of the Trees use our resources to kill them when possible, sending them back to their dark hells. Though they are our great enemies, they are descendants of the Taker, the foe of Oblivion, and a part of the Cycle.

...Pamalt?

*The Burner is our foe.
Bringer of war,
Destroyer of jungle.*

Pamalt is the ruler of the great southern desert, and so is the child of Kitapah the Flame, spawn of the Taker. Many turnings of the cycle ago he stopped the spread of Errinoru's New Forest and his people cheered our loss. But he is far from here, across the great waters, so you need not be frightened of him.

A Prophecy of the Hero Wars

*There shall come a new Age of the Taker,
When all that is shall be lost,
It shall be called the Age of Weakness.*

*The flames shall burn us from the north,
The rain shall drown us from the sky,
The ghost winds shall freeze us from beyond.*

*It shall be the Age of Strength,
For we shall grow stronger:
Loss is our only way to victory.*

*Remember the lost seeds who drifted far!
Remember the song that is never sung again!
For we shall find them again in our despair.*

I have heard of other powers. What is the truth about...

...Chaos?

*Evil Oblivion.
Not the Grower.
Not the Taker.*

Chaos is the Last Enemy. It entered the world when unbounded Growth cracked the world. It is the only foe that would destroy Aldrya forever.

...Magasta?

*Eron's kin.
half dead,
half alive.*

He was one of the fiercest fighters in the war against Oblivion, who stood by Eron bravely to the end. His children are friends to those elves who dwell in Eron's embrace.

...Orlanth?

*He carries our seeds far,
Until they are lost forever.
The violent bring violence.*

The Orlanth people are brutal and kill each other. They have no song to join them together. When they are enemies, avoid them. When they are friends, do not trust them.

...Primitive Spirits?

*Helpless souls
who have lost their way,
never knowing their fate.*

The spirits can be friends or enemies, but they are always useful. Our shamans use them, especially the Plant Brothers, who recognize us as their kin.

...Sedenya?

*An abomination who kills us
without respect, without reason.
Oblivion reborn.*

The Lunar people speak of friendship, of a time when all beings can live together in happiness. But we recognize them as Oblivion reborn. Remember the burning of our forests. The Lunars may one day forget our enmity. Then they all will die.

...Sorcerers?

*Deluded forever.
Without song.
Doomed.*

The wizards of the west are only humans. Although they are often properly respectful to the People of the Trees, they have no knowledge of Aldrya. Though they do not pretend to such knowledge, they deny the Song.

...Yelm?

*Ancient Emperor of Dara Happa,
Corrupted by Oblivion.
Not our sun.*

There are some who claim he is our Halamalao, but this is not true. Halamalao is light and peace and sustenance, while Yelm is fire and strife and war. He is the sun god corrupted by Oblivion and now rises in the night sky as the bloody moon.

Sprouts of the Grower

Aldrya

*Mother of all life.
Falamal and Gata's seed.
The heart of our song.*

Without Aldrya, our lives would become formless and void. We would be no better than men, who know not their destination. We would be no better than trolls or dwarves, who are filled with hate. But we have Aldrya, and our souls have purpose.

Bengara

*Twin born in darkness.
Silent death sung out of life.
Gata cries, she strikes.*

Bengara is Veratha's twin, born at the end of the world. She gives unhappy elves an outlet for their fury. Honor them, for their lives are short and grim, and their service to Aldrya is great.

Eron

*Protector in dark.
Great ruler of the waters.
Calming, healing streams.*

Eron is the healing waters, father of the blue murthi, one of our three great comforters during the Great Winter. He is our healer, though he may never heal his own great wounds.

Falamal

*Father of us all,
whose death in the winter caused
all to Sleep again.*

Falamal is the Great Tree whose virility birthed all the elven races and whose wisdom led them until he returned to the Cycle. Those who cannot fight and struggle, but still serve, follow the ways of Falamal.

Gata

*Beautiful mother.
Fruitful and generous loam.
Loving protector.*

Gata is the earth, daughter of the Grower, mother to us mreli and to the green vronkali, one of our three great nurturers during the Great Winter. She is broken and sundered, but still gives to all alike: elf, human, tree, and robber dwarf.

Grower

*The ultimate source.
Great mother of the cycle.
All life in all life.*

The source of all Life in the world, which transformed itself and grew into Eron, Gata, and Halamalao, and then transformed itself again and became the seed that grew into Falamal.

Halamalao

*Protector above.
Unfailing Light in Darkness.
Warms us in winter.*

Halamalao is the sun of light and warmth, one of our three great protectors during the Great Winter. He is parent to the folemi, the white elves, now lost from this world. His warriors guard our sleeping groves in winter.

Land Goddesses

Gata's lost fragments.
Each a princess, each tragic.
Never whole again.

The goddesses of the land each bless their geography and the Great Trees know the name of their Princess. However, there is great sadness in their worship too, for each is so much less than Gata was before the Great Winter.

Seyotel

Silent music.
The great song of Aldrya.
We all hear her tune.

Whereas Aldrya is the mother of all Aldryami, Seyotel is our spirit, sung by the leaves and the tender limbs, by the mreli and vronkali, by the embyli and murthi, by the sprites and dryads, heard by all. She is our mind and our consciousness.

Taker

The ultimate source.
Great father of the cycle.
All death in all death.

The source of all death in the world, which destroyed itself to become Kitapah the Flame, Akem the Stone, and Ky Gor the Shadow, and then became the seed from which Trigora grew. Equal kin to the Grower, and equally respected.

Trigora

Tender of the dead.
Destroyer of the unfit.
The Song's reflection.

When we are Taken and reenter the Cycle we leave behind the song of Aldrya and instead become part of Trigora. She is the Taker born within this world, and all know her dark, gray caverns. She is fearsome, but she is necessary. All of us have visited her many times, and will visit her many more times.

Veratha

Twin born out of hope.
Youthful life, sung out of death.
The virgin of Spring.

We who sleep all winter are awakened each spring by Veratha's touch. She is life from death, Bengara's twin, born at the end of the world. Young children sing and dance to her each spring. She is the most harmless and innocent of all. No evil is in her.

Vronkal

Ancient defender of the Forest.
Hero who saved light from dark.
Still our Protector.

He is the Protector who led a ragged band of survivors through the Great Winter. We are honored to be able to help him today by defending the woods from insects, fire, blight, or trolls.

