



HEROQUEST



HeroQuest Voices *Peoples of Glorantha*

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A Personal View of Esvulari Life, A Hymn from the Liturgist
Mark Galeotti



*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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Published by Issaries, Inc. P.O. Box 272914 Concord, CA 94527

Issaries Publication ISS3001

Second Publication December 2003

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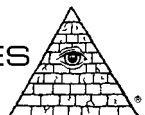
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A Personal View of Esvulari Life

What My Mother Told Me

Who are you?

I am Lady Mesinthe of Beauchief, wife to Sir Chotaran. While he is away on the Crown's Business, I am Provost of Salt Point. And, always and ever, I am your mother.

Who are we?

We are the Beauchief. For five generations, our family has held Salt Point for the Count of Vizel.

What makes us great?

We have a proud heritage. Your great-grandfather Haurstan Book-and-Blade single-handedly converted ten villages of Hendreiki pagans after slaying the horse-demon that terrorized them, and your father has told you of his own feats many a time. Yet glory is not a family heirloom like Haurstan's sword, but a flame that each generation must rekindle for itself. You will make us great, just as will your sons and daughters in their turn.

Where do we live?

Beauchief is a small, but pleasing village at the end of Salt Point, where the cold waters of the fjords crash into Choralinthor Bay. According to the soul-take, as of last year, 402 adults live within the village itself, half Esvulari and half Hendreiki, and there are perhaps another 500 Hendreiki living in small farms and fisherfolk crofts in the rest of Salt Point.

How do we live?

The Beauchiefans are fishers: the little boats go out onto the Bay every morning, while every evening the Hendreiki eel-fishers head into the Great Brackmarsh in their willow-branch coracles. We eat much fish, but most of the catch is unloaded and sold at Vizel of an evening or preserved in the salt pits outside our walls and sold in markets across Esvular. With the proceeds from this trade, as well as the taxes we charge on our Salt Sellers, we buy the grain, meat and other foodstuffs we need, as well as timber and bronze. The soil on the promontory is not very fertile, but we do also have a little orchard, vineyard and vegetable gardens.

What is important in my life?

What do you want to be important? Honor and responsibility, obviously, but Saint Aeol put it most plainly in the eighth canto of *The Examples of Karatch*: "No one can make you do anything. Only you can find your own song, and then only you can sing it. If you do not, that song will never be heard."

Who rules us?

This you need to understand, for soon you will become a man and take your place in the family council. Your father may want you by his side in distant Dragon Pass or else you may serve as my seneschal here in Salt Point.

Heortland's king has long owed fealty to other rulers. Once, it was the Only Old One, then the so-called "God-King," but his union of nations broke when the Pharaoh was killed. Heortland's royal line ended in 1617, when the king died without an heir. A bloody-handed foreign mercenary called Rikard Tigerhearted seized the throne. We spilled no tears when he was deposed by the invading forces of the Empire. They placed Bandal Tigerbane on the throne, but real power rests with the

Imperial emissaries from the far north.

We are not yet sure what to make of these oh-so-polite men and women, with their talk of Lunar inclusion and Solar might. They are so blinded by their fear and hatred of our pagan kinsmen in Dragon Pass that they seem to feel that wind itself is their enemy. Your father fears this will become a problem in the future, but for now they smile sweetly and appoint our knights as sheriffs throughout Heortland and even southern Sartar. That is where your father is now, trying to bring hope and justice to a tribe that has just been 'pacified' by the Empire. I find it hard to reconcile what he writes in his letters with the smooth reassurances of the Lunars I meet, but as Saint Aeol said, "Heed deeds, not words alone."

A long answer to a short question! We hold Salt Point for the Count of Vizel, who has pledged his fealty to the Earls' Conclave. So long as the Earls accept King Bandal and the Lunars as their legitimate lords, worthy of support, then so do we.

What is the difference between men and women?

There are physical and theological differences, but they should not be considered natural laws. It is generally the case that men do the farming, fighting and ruling, while women raise the new generation and keep the home. But here I am, Provost of Salt Point, while your sister Elfine plays not with dolls but mace-sticks and platter-shields, fancying herself already a warrior of Saint Inganna!

What is my lot in life?

You are the son of a knight and in line to inherit the sigils of Beauchief. This is a great honor, and a great burden. There are those who have adopted these new-fangled western ways of sending their young men away as 'squires', but your father and I believe it is more important that you understand your people and your duties. That is why, as well as being tutored by Sacrificer Parsovil and trained by Sir Banfred, you have picked apples and fished the Choralinthor with our Hendreiki, sat by my side as I held the Windsday Court, and walked the Lesser Pilgrimage to the Font rather than riding on your fine Eauban pony.

Your lot is to rule your people with justice, honor, compassion and understanding. Do that, and when it is your time to pass through Saint Aeol's Peaceful Passage, your soul will be clear and your life-hymn harmonious. Make us proud.

How do we deal with others?

With honor and honesty. We Esvulari have been loyal servants and allies of every ruler of Heortland, even that mercenary Rikard, not because we are opportunists and turncoats, but for precisely the opposite reason: because we are scrupulous in our dealings with everyone. When we take on a responsibility or pledge our allegiance, that means something to us. Even when your uncle Haurlev turned against Rikard, he took the path of honor, personally seeking audience with the tyrant to denounce him. Aeol bless his honest soul, we miss Haurlev so, but still we are proud of him.

Remember that almost everyone has some good in them, and just because others' ways are different that does not make them bad. Treat the Hendreiki as you would Esvulari. They have not yet come to accept that their 'Orlanth' is really Saint Worlath, not yet been baptized into the Aeolian faith, but they

are good people. Some Hendreiki are even lords in their own right, although most are peasants and fishermen.

There are some strangers we must oppose, though. Here in Salt Point, we need not fear the corruption that roars and slithers from the Chaos Woods to the north, nor need we fear the dark men of the Troll Woods. But like all coastal villages, we face the raids of the Wolf Pirates and other corsairs. That is why such a small village nonetheless has an earth rampart and palisade, and why the knights of Saint Ehilm man their stone watch tower, day and night.

But other strangers we would prefer to greet as friends. After all, Saint Aeol did say that "Dialogue is the first option, warfare the last." That is why we call our warrior orders the "Last Optioneers." Yet while it is always glorious to bring the Karatch of Saint Aeol to an unbeliever, you should not try to force them to heed the Word; that is neither right nor sensible. We show our faith by our deeds, and let others come to us.

What is evil?

The worst evils are those that dwell within our own hearts. Arrogance, bigotry, hatred, disloyalty, wasted potential, falsehood, all these are evils.

These evils will take shapes. Personally, I think that this is really what Chaos is, but it is not something about which I know much. But certainly you can see the other manifestations and forms of these evils, like the callous selfishness of the machine-people of God Forgot or the self-righteous impiety of the Rokari. Their church is a western caricature of our Aeolian ways, brutal when we are forgiving, bigoted where we are open.

Who are our enemies?

As I said, Chaos and the pirates who would pillage our towns are our enemies. There are always those who would destroy rather than create, and we must not shirk from delivering them an appropriate rebuff. As he has told us all on more than one occasion, your father distinguished himself in the campaigns against the Two-Hook Bandits of the Upper Bandori. When you are older, you will defeat our enemies as well.

Whom do we venerate?

From Beauchief you can just about see the White Faces, where Saint Aeol's blessed countenance looks out across the bay. When you take the Chalk Road to Vizel you pass right beneath it, and no doubt feel his calm, inspiring presence. Saint Aeol was the true messenger of the Creator, and he baptized and converted the pagan storm gods, awakening them all to truth, from Saint Worlath the Free to Saint Bartath the farmer.

Do you remember your catechism? Here are the main saints whom we worship in the name of the Creator and Saint Aeol:

- Saint Ankormy, the Scholar
- Saint Bartath the Farmer
- Saint Bran, the Smith
- Saint Chalarn, the Healer
- Saint Donandar, the Choirist
- Saint Dormal, the Sailor
- Saint Earna, the Good Wife
- Saint Ehilm, the Watchful Sun
- Saint Inganna, the Warriress
- Saint Ishaar, the Merchant
- Saint Odal, the Hunter
- Saint Taurox, the Sacred Bull
- Saint Worlath, the Free Wind



But we can all be saints in our own little way, even as we revere and respect these great saints of blessed memory. Remember, my son: your life is yours to shape. When Saint Worlath's cheery breath sends the windmill's vanes turning above you, or you watch Saint Ehilm's golden light sparkle on Choralinthor Bay, remember that this is a wonderful world, and it is up to you to play your part in shaping it. Be good.

A Prophecy of the Hero Wars

*Saint Aeol's Peaceful Passage
Unites our world and his,
Extending Joy and Solace
Into the storm's abyss.*

*Until the Day of Closing,
When sacrifice is due,
And heav'nly conflagration
Will every world renew.*

A Hymn from the Liturgist

What the Sacrificer Sings

*Lift eyes unto the heavens,
With blessed air fill lungs
Aeol's Word bear witness
With life, with deed, with tongue!*

Where did the world come from?

*All earthly possibilities,
Were from Creator born.
One Holy Power Invisible,
Our God who made the world.*

Where did I come from?

*This world he did populate,
With life of every kind,
To worship and to honor
His heart, His soul, His mind.*

Why do we die?

*Alas the One Whose Name's Forbidden
Did our Lord betray.
Though He has truly Risen
We mortal price must pay.*

What happens after we die?

*We go through Peaceful Passage,
Aeol washes sin clear
'Til we can rise to Solace,
One with our God most dear.*

Why am I here?

*While earthly life we're living
We witness Aeol's creed.
A life without his message
Is tragic waste indeed,*

How do I do magic?

*The pow'r of our Creator
Is boundless in its might.
In Aeol's name we call it,
That we may fight for right.*

I have heard of other powers. Can you tell me the truth about them?

*When Aeol wrote the Karatch,
He bade us to unite,
Back into truest harmony
These shadows of the Light.*

...Chaos?

*And yet all Lights have Shadows,
And Chaos does assail
All that is Right and Proper:
'Gainst it we cannot fail.*

...Heathen Spirits?

*In the Creator's world-hymn,
These are but single notes.
One day they will find purpose
And roar from all our throats.*

...Pagan Gods?

*For like the pagan idols,
They one day will convert
And take their place among us,
The Karatch to assert.*

*So pity the poor pagans,
By superstition bound
But Aeol's Word shall save them
From ignorance profound.*

*Worlath for one was lost to us
The pagans used him ill
Saint Aeol showed him just how
His fate he could fulfill.*

*'Orlanth' into Aeol's
Baptismal pool submerged.
And choirs of angels hymned him
As Worlath did emerge.*

*And so the Wind was tamed,
The storm was brought to heel,
And will the Moon then join it
In Aeol's commonweal?*

*For powers elemental,
Are naught without the Word,
Passions without purpose,
Hymns unsung and unheard.*

*Magasta, Yelm, and Xentha,
Imarja and her kind,
Are waiting for Saint Aeol,
Salvation genuine.*

...Western Churches?

*For others speak of Solace,
And claim Creator's writ,
But empty Words suit only,
The dunce or hypocrite.*

*And only in the Karatch,
By Peerless Aeol penned
Has God revealed the Passage:
This mortal world transcend.*

...Aldrya?

*The wood folk are not soulless
But they still won't admit
The Holy Hymn that they all hear
Comes from Aeol's pulpit.*

...Kyger Litor?

*So too the dark men have their own
Sacred song secrets too.
The day will come when they will see
That Aeol all these knew.*

...Mostal?

*The dwarven hives are ordered
By metronomic tone.
How long till they do realize
That they are not alone?*

*For all the races of the world
On land, in sky, at sea
Are bound by common harmony
As Aeol did foresee.*

Saints of the Aeolian Church

Saint Aeol, the Communicator

*He came from farthest westlands,
He spoke of Hope and Life.
He won war with his kindness,
Brought peace where there was strife.*

*Saint Aeol healed the dying,
Saint Aeol saved the dead.
Saint Aeol spoke to one and all
Touched heart and soul and head.*

*The pagan folk he did convert,
New ways they did embrace.
No more was blood shed
sacrificing
Bread did take its place.*

*And when his time was over,
Creator called him home.
And saints and angels see him
Beside his Father's throne.*

Saint Worlath, the Free

*Once a pagan thunderer,
But was no master he,
A slave to bestial passions,
'Til Aeol set him free.*

Saint Taurox, Sacred Bull

*Saint Taurox, simple servant,
Strong in faith and arm,
From the blight of Chaos
Protects his folk from harm.*

Saint Ehilm, the Watchful Sun

*From his sun-bright station,
Saint Ehilm stands his watch.
Though we offer peace to all
Aggression we must scotch.*

Saint Earna, Wife and Mother

*For we'll not let disharmony
Intrude upon the home,
The family and hearth-place
Earna calls her own.*

Saint Bartath, Saint Mister Farmer

*Where honest Mister Farmer,
Will hard work sanctify
And when the day is over
Sing hymns of praise on high.*

Saint Chalarn, the Merciful Beginning and End

*And Saint Chalarn the white-clad,
Our lives and strength prolongs.
The Creator's deep love for us
Expressed through healing song.*

Saint Ishaar, Honest Prophet

*We share ideas and
blessings,
Through gift and fair
exchange.
The Honest Prophet
blesses
Those who this trade
arrange.*

Saint Ankormy, the Word Remembered

*For we cannot diminish
Saint Aeol's Word with use.
Ankormy will remember
And the Karatch effuse.*

The Bishop Saints

*And every generation,
Will add its own saints, too.
Martyrs, heroes, bishops,
Souls rich in their virtue.*

*But we all are determined,
That our parts we will play
To bring worlds together,
And blessed be that day!*

*So, eyes unto the heavens,
With blessed air fill lungs.
Aeol's Word bear witness
With life, with deed, with
tongue!*

