



HEROQUEST



HeroQuest Voices *Peoples of Glorantha*

Concept: Nick Brooke. § *Project Manager:* Nick Brooke.

Edited by: Mark Galeotti and Nick Brooke, with Chris Gidlow and Stephen Martin.

A Personal View of Doraddi Life

John Hughes, based on material by Greg Stafford & Sandy Petersen

Learning the Right Footpath

Greg Stafford, Sandy Petersen, and John Hughes

Illustrations: Mark Galeotti, Tom Sullivan.

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.



Produced by Issaries, Inc.

P.O. Box 272914;

Concord, CA 94527

All contents copyright © 2003 by Issaries, Inc., all rights reserved. Similarities between characters in Glorantha and any persons living or dead are coincidental. This work and its contents may be freely copied or printed for personal or game use as long as it is not altered. Reproduction or distribution of it or its contents for any commercial purpose, by photographic, electronic, or any other means of storage, retrieval, or distribution, is strictly prohibited.

Issaries Publication ISS 3001

First Publication August 2003

Would you like to know more about *HeroQuest*?

See the extensive Issaries website at www.HeroQuest-rpg.com.

HeroQuest and its supplements are created and owned by Issaries, Inc.

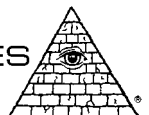
The Glorantha game setting is created by Greg Stafford and owned by Issaries, Inc.

HeroQuest products are published in cooperation by Issaries, Inc. and Steve Jackson Games Incorporated.

To buy *HeroQuest* products, start with your local game retailer.

If you can't find what you want locally, you can buy them online from Steve Jackson Games at www.warehouse23.com.

STEVE JACKSON GAMES
www.sjgames.com



A Personal View of Doraddi Life

What My Uncle Sang to Me

Who are you?

Huda! Old Cronisper made time, and he made plenty of it. So sit in stillness, for I have a voice that must be heard. I am your uncle, Hawaja Kiwartii, leopardskin hunter of Rasout, brother to your blessed mother. I am your uncle, and my lineage continues through you, the son of my sister.

Who are we?

We are the Kiwartii family of the Instamiru or Sweet Clover lineage, presently of the Maddrun Tribe of the Jolaran Doraddi.

We are Doraddi, noble ones, proud Agimori, Keepers of the Right Footpath, masters of the Plain of Ten Thousand Tribes. We are the land clearers, flame farmers, forest-foes, a laughing people gifted most greatly in speech and fine manners.

What makes us great?

The wisdom of our grandmothers makes us great. Pamalt makes us great, as do the rites that he has taught us. We walk upon the Right Footpath.

The Meeting Contest makes us great. Whenever we meet with others, we engage in the Contest, as Pamalt did of old. The Contest binds us together by our skills and our common tradition. Everybody wins.

We are but men, but we too can be great. Never speak of this in front of a woman, nor any man who is unsworn, but I will introduce you to our secret hunter's lodge, the Brotherhood of the Sabre's Claw. There you will learn secrets and powers no woman can ever know. But quiet now, for the bush in which you shelter has ears.

Where do we live?

Ours is the land of Jolar, upon the Eternal Plain of Pamaltela. Oasis settlements dot the plain, a source of water even when the great rivers run to sand, a haven for ritual and trade and celebration. We garden, herd, or hunt according to the temper of the country and the traditions of our lineage.

How do we live?

We live according to the wisdom of women, the courage of men, and the bounty of the plains. Our lineage has always wandered, and although we may camp in one place, planting gardens for a glorious season or even several years, when the grandmothers decide it is time, then we will burn and move on.

Perhaps we will follow the pathways of the Old Ones, the sacred questlines of pilgrimage. Perhaps we will follow the plants in their blooming, or the great herds, or the rains, or even a carnasaur, to feast upon its leavings. We move on, dragging our burdens behind on tent poles, and the red one is born on the plain.

The plains are rich in clover, herb, and sweetbush, and with all manner of birds and animals. We hunt or avoid or ward each according to its nature, with spear and bow, line and pit, spell and song.

At the night fires and in the family huts, everyone has their position and place. Our family eats communally from the bounty basket, as of old. Plants and grains and roots and small game are shared equally, but a hunting prize is butchered and distributed according to honor.

Our women control what is close: they own most property,

control stored food, and wield magical power over the chieftains they have selected. Men are appointed by the Women's Circle to deal with what is afar—they become ambassadors and war leaders, hunter's eyes, pilgrim poets, and shellbeaders.

What is important in my life?

Our lineage is everything. It has its own special traditions, it is your guide. You must treasure these traditions, and pass them on to the children of your sister.

We walk in the power of a thousand generations, in the footsteps of Pamalt, the steps of the Right Footpath. Everything that can happen has happened before, and every challenge has been overcome, by Pamalt and his Necklace, by the First Drinkers, and by our noble ancestors. Change is never good. With wisdom, even the new can be seen through old eyes.

Who rules us?

We sit at the bounty basket or by the campfire according to age and honor. Some lineages are called to lead, others to follow. It is our way.

The Grandmothers rule us in magic and wisdom, and they appoint chieftains and tribal kings for a season or a lifetime. Not every lineage can produce a chieftain, and not every lineage can vote in his making. Our lineage obeys the tribal king, but if we do not like the path he is tracking, then we will join another tribe. This is our way.

Most of all we rule ourselves, every woman and every man, guided by the Right Footpath, by honor, by gentle kindness.

What makes a man great?

A great man is known by his burdens, by his friends, and by his lineage. He walks in strength, yet practices kindness and generosity. Only a criminal or a witch deserves your contempt.

Huda! These are my words to you. Be holy and proud. Learn patience in all things. The hasty man eats goat, the cautious man eats game. Remember that words are cast spears—once freed, they cannot be turned back. Speak only what is true, for smoke blinds both the gatherer and the bee.

What is evil?

We have a word for evil things—*kakatarnu*, 'monsters without contest.' Out of the north it comes, we say, and we know.

Pamalt's enemies of old are evil. The great monsters who do not breed true are evil, *kakatarnu*. Elves and old trees are evil. The Ill Empire—they were evil, with their roads and their cities and their slaving raids. We have seen their sowing, we have seen their harvest. They are no more.

Change is evil. Baboons and charnjibbers are evil. Swamps and ruins are evil. Forests are evil—bad spirits hide there and even the noble dead can wander lost forever. Trickery at the Meeting Contest is evil, for how can we trust strangers who have no honor? This we call *Vovisibor*, Filth Which Walks.

Witchcraft and sorcery are great evils, but Sikasso's children walk everywhere, even at night! If you practice these things, it is murder, and you will be speared in front of the entire lineage. How shameful for your sisters!

What is my lot in life?

You will choose a profession from the traditions of our lineage. The women of our lineage are among those who choose our chief, and have powers of prophecy in dance and vision. Our men are famed for our grace in speech and song.

Soon you will be a man, and you will become a hunter, or perhaps a long-legged diplomat, or a dust poet, one day to stand as a praise-singer before a king or mighty chieftain. You will wear a man's leather cloak and your hair in braids; the lineage tattoos of your making will itch when the rain comes.

When your making is complete, you should think to travel. He who never travels knows only his mother's cooking.

I know you will meet a pretty woman. Make sure she is of the right lineage, and remember that a beautiful girl passes by a silent campfire. Why do I say this? An old rock goat does not sneeze for nothing! There will be competition from other men, of course: each gecko thinks his tail the longest! But if a woman likes you, you may become her paramour. Perhaps she will be a girl your own age, or perhaps an older woman skilled in the ways of love, many children and husbands already behind her. Remember to please her brothers and her mother: her own heart will surely follow. Dance before her and make songs by her door at night. Soon you will sleep in her hut.

And you may think then of marriage. If you marry you will make your dwelling far away, and your children will belong to your wife and her brothers, not to you.

Remember that husbands and wives come and go, but you always have a grandmother, a mother, an uncle. We share your lineage. If you find a good woman, you will be happy, but if your bride's mother becomes burdensome, you will always be welcome back home here with your true kin.

What is the difference between men and women?

Women are sap and seed and blossom, while men are root and bark. Women command what is close, men command what is far. For women the camp, for men the plain. A man can sleep anywhere, while a woman should sleep only in a lineage hut with her mother and sisters.

A man must have honor and self-control, a ready wit and skill with words. He must be able to hunt, to dance and sing and make riddle games. He must know the five types of manly speech, and the way of the spear and line.

A woman must be able to keep a secret, and speak wisdom without fear. She must know the songs of lineage and law, the ways of plants, the nine healing soups, the magic of counting and shapes, and the three types of womanly speech. If this is so, then her children will be blessed.

How do we deal with others?

Remember that strangers become fathers, and orphans become chiefs. Treat everyone with respect, patience and kindness, and the word of your honor will pass from campfire to campfire. To snare a prize beast, you must be patient, yes?

Who are our friends and enemies?

What is the difference between an enemy and a friend? Why, only wise words, a contest, and a night amongst the beer bowls! Pamalt says, 'Good talk breaks a strong bow.' Our warriors hunt down monsters and strike raiders and kinless criminals, but we are a noble people who have outgrown the need for war. Remember that buffaloes are born with ears: only later do they grow horns!

Who is the person that lives between two swords but is never cut? It is the tongue! Wise words of courage can always

find an alternative to war. And if your neighbor is quarrelsome, you can always move on.

There is little glory in war. Huda! War is not porridge. To wage it is an admission of weakness. It is to shave the leopard's mane: a brave act perhaps, but a foolish one. There is no gain in such an act. To wage plunder war is worse, an admission of greed—how shameful to our mothers!

Who are my spirits?

Pamalt is our spirit, the spirit of men. When evil threatened to break our world, Pamalt called all the spirits together and created the Necklace to save and protect our land. Every one had their part to play, and each one sits in council on the Necklace. Pamalt is the Chieftain. Faranar is the wife, the spirit of women. Wise Aleshmara is the mother-in-law. The children of their bounty are many.

What is there to do around here?

The women are always busy with gathering or gardens by day, but that is woman's work. Perhaps you will be asked to help with weaving baskets or pounding porridge, or in herding the domestic animals.

Soon you will be a man, and expected to hunt with your age brothers, for that is men's work. Hunts can take many days, but once beyond the camp, well, there is always time for a gourd rattle song, for a riddle or enigma poem, or for dirt games and contests. Soon a shellbeader will lead the counting women on a trade journey to the oasis at Moroskolon. Perhaps you will join them? At the oasis live the *drawthi*, the water people, including those of our lineage too old or infirm for life on the Great Plain. The oasis is always exciting, and there you will find the bazaar, and many shrines, and the enigma school. But beware, for many misfits and kinless criminals shelter there at the oasis.



Learning the Right Footpath

The Chieftain Speaks

Where did the world come from?

The children of Yanmorla and Cronisper were the Esiti, the Old Ones: Balumbasta, Kendamalar, Bolongo, and the others. When their children fought, the elders fled into the sky and earth. Then the children each made their own parts of the world. That is where the world came from. From the family of Yanmorla and Cronisper.

Where did I come from?

The Old Ones were amused by making beautiful and useful things. Sometimes they failed, and made things like jelmre or elves, but they also made the first people. When Pamalt was chieftain, the First-Drinkers learned to have children, and you are their descendant. That is where your lineage comes from, where you come from. From your ancestors' success.

Why do we die?

When Pamalt was chieftain, the world was beset by many evils. Sorcerers and gods invaded and everything was sick and dying. The Old Ones were helpless. Only Pamalt was strong. He led the Doraddi on the Right Footpath to our new world. He created the Necklace, the council of all the good spirits. We wrestled Life back from our enemies. So now everyone dies, just like in the old times, but we also come back to life again some day. That is why we die. Because the world was changed.

What happens after we die?

Like you, everyone has four parts: body, breath, spirit, and mind. As long as your spirit is on the Right Footpath, it is with Pamalt. Death is when your mind and spirit and breath leave your body, which is buried to sprout your lineage medicine plant. Your mind then rests with your breath in the Breath World. When you are ready, your breath dies too, and you go to sit on Pamalt's Necklace, mind and spirit together. After a time, the Necklace may send you back to earth as a child, back to your lineage.

Why am I here?

We are the Keepers. Pamalt gives us wonderful gifts and powers on the Right Footpath. We need to be born, live together, bear children, work in harmony with the world, and die. That is why you are here. To be happy.

How do I do magic?

We learn magic from the breath of the Right Footpath. Every lineage has its special magic skills and powers. To learn magic, you must send your mind to the Breath World. There you meet a challenge to learn the magic. Bigger magics are protected by harder challenges. That is how you get magic. By struggle and courage, just as you get everything good.

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

When the Esiti made beautiful things, they made the Fiwan, the Old People. These were plants and animals and other spirits. Some did not join Pamalt's Necklace, but they are still our friends. Others became our enemies. That is what the spirits are. The life of the Breath World.

...Baraku, storm?

When the Old Ones quarreled, this one shouted the loudest and used his fists and knives against his own family. He fought so hard that he was exhausted, and so his heir, Keraun, joined Pamalt's Necklace instead. That is who Baraku is. The bully who thinks strength is all that matters.

...Falutha, jungle?

The jungle is our enemy. Her minions always plot against Pamalt, and try to blanket our beautiful plains with steaming jungle. That is who Falutha is. The enemy who tries to replace your type of life with her own.

...Qualyorni, troll?

When Pamalt was chieftain, monsters roamed the world. Qualyorni was one, but finally Pamalt gave her the north half of the world and she gave him the south. That is who Qualyorni is. The bad enemy who is too far away to hurt you.

...Sikkanos, the bad wind?

Far south, at the edge of the world, sits the Nargan, a parched land where the earth burns your skin and the air decays your mind. Filthy Chaos things live there, and they send the bad god Sikkanos against us. That is who Sikkanos is. The enemy you can never forget.

...Sorcerers?

When we relaxed our watch against Vovisibor, wicked men troubled us with an evil trick: religion without piety. That is who the sorcerers are. People who care nothing for the Right Footpath and the Breath World.

...Tamakderu, ocean?

He tried once to invade our land. But he failed, because Pamalt and his Necklace were vigilant and brave. Now he is far away, and can only hurt those foolish enough to cross his poison waters. That is who Tamakderu is. The enemy that has been beaten.

...Varama, Sun?

When the Old Ones ruled, everyone enjoyed the Kendamalar's wealth. But pride led to his downfall: he thought he could live without the help of everyone else. He lost his powers, and now he is a slave, a bright orb of fire chained to an unyielding path, trapped by duty to his task. That is who Varama is. The one you can always depend on, because he has no choice.

...Vovisibor, Chaos?

Vovisibor is like an evil counterpart to Pamalt; he, too, is a chieftain, but he rules the gods and peoples of hate. His councilors are Pocharngo, Seseine, Ompalam, and other bad gods. These evil beings are our permanent enemies. Pamalt defeated them of old by creating his Necklace. If we tread the Right Footpath we can kill them, and make sure Vovisibor never rises again. But when we are lax and lazy, Vovisibor returns, stronger than before. Vovisibor brings ignorance, cruelty, greed, and selfishness to us. Only Pamalt can stop him. That is who Vovisibor is. The bad man who has no good in him.

The Esiti ('Old Ones') of Pamaltela

Aleshmara, old woman

Aleshmara is Pamalt's sister and mother-in-law. She leads a pack of sisters who must approve the actions of Pamalt's Necklace. She holds the Basket of Life, a gift from Earth Mother when she left the world. Aleshmara owns all wealth, knows all lineages, keeps all women's secrets, and rules her daughter Faranar, who lives in Aleshmara's tent with husband Pamalt. That is who Aleshmara is: the woman who gives you everything.

Balumbasta, fire

The spirit of fire is one of the Old Ones. Pamalt made him raise the mountains of the north, which separate the realm of Pamalt from the rest of the world. He has many children, of whom Vangono is the greatest. That is who Balumbasta is. The man who is strong of thew, but not of brain.

Bolongo, trickster

Bolongo is one of the Old Ones, the trickster, the Empty Mask. He helped make the world. Sometimes his help was bad, like when he got Vangono drunk and took his place in the wedding to Enisoyo. Sometimes his help was good, like when he helped make the Necklace of Pamalt. That is who Bolongo is. The fool who cannot tell between right and wrong.

Cronisper, sky father

Grandfather Sky is one of the two elders of the Gods Council. Like all deserving grandfathers, he sits in the back of the tent and smokes his pipe. He mostly speaks only in vague grunts and nods, but when he speaks clearly, or sings, he should be heard. That is who Cronisper is. The old man whose limbs are weak but whose wisdom is strong.

Faranar, the strong wife

Faranar is the daughter of Aleshmara, good wife of Pamalt and mother of his many fine children. She is the spirit of women, who knows the secrets of planting and counting. That is who Faranar is. The strong wife who is not afraid to speak.

Jmijie, traveler

He is the Wanderer, for he cannot stay in one place. Sometimes he strikes people with the wandering sickness. Jmijie created invisible roads that cross the world, and which magicians can travel on. That is who Jmijie is. The wayfarer, half vagrant, half pilgrim.

Keraun, wind and rain

Keraun is the Rainbearer, ruler of the good winds and rain that water the plains. That is who Keraun is. The strong bad person who has seen her wrong and is now your friend.

Noruma, shaman

This great spirit is keeper of the sacred Fire that was Langumal. He knows the strongest spells, even how to contact the Old Ones. He shares his knowledge with chosen lineages, and sometimes comes in dreams to call people to be shamans,

trance dancers, or beast mimes. He communicates with the Breath World. That is who Noruma is. The medicine man.

Nyanka, good water, childbirth

Before the Doraddi met Nyanka they were not able to have children. She gave of herself, and brought healing. That is who Nyanka is. The woman who gives without need of receiving.

Pamalt, Chieftain

Pamalt is headman of the Council, the spirit of men. He is the only Old One to stay strong in the new world. He shows us the Right Footpath, and helps us on our way. He protects chieftains, and he also protects the helpless, orphans, hunchbacks, lepers, and even albinos, whom he created one day while drunk. He created the Necklace Council, which includes all of the good Old Ones who aided Pamalt. That is who Pamalt is. The wise, good, and clever chieftain.

Rasout, hunter, spirit of men

It has always been the duty of men to hunt the beasts of the plains. Rasout teaches reverence for the kill, love of the hunt, and the arts of stalking, trapping, and the chase. That is who Rasout is. The hunter working hard to bring the best food.

Vangono, spirit of war

Vangono found the first spear, shield, and bow, and he used them to destroy his enemies. He is fierce and bloodthirsty, and he sometimes even gets Pamalt, his chieftain, in trouble. That is who Vangono is. The loyal warrior whom you love in war but who makes trouble when it is peace.

Yanmorla, Grandmother Earth

Yanmorla's tent is deep inside the earth, and all the breaths of dead animals go to her. That is who Yanmorla is. The wealthy old woman who has no use for her goods except to bestow them on her worthy children.

