



HEROQUEST



HeroQuest Voices *Peoples of Glorantha*

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A Personal View of Dara Happan Life, The Glorious ReAscent of Yelm
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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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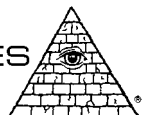
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A Personal View of Dara Happan Life

What My Father Told Me

Who are you?

I am Vuranesh, Third Tier noble of House Urvakus, the greatest House in Induppa. I am Decimarch of the ninth file, an initiate of Vankamant the Hoplite and devoted to Urvakus, our ancestral founder. I am your father; you obey and respect me.

Who are we?

We are members of House Urvakus. It is my ordained duty to instruct you so that you may be a loyal servant of the House, the Emperor, and Yelm. Urvakus the Elleden, one of the sons of Urvairinus, the Soldiers' Emperor, founded our House in the ancient past. House Urvakus provides *elleden*, what the Lunars call hoplites, to the Emperor in return for our status and position within the Light of his Perfection.

What makes us great?

All of Dara Happa is great: we are the holders of the Rich Land itself, the chosen people of Yelm, Emperor of the Cosmos. We are loyal servants of the mightiest Empire under the Sky Dome and no foe can withstand our spears when we deem it worthy to march against them.

Within Dara Happa our House is greater than most—if not in wealth or numbers, then in age and wisdom, experience and magic. Few can match ours in tradition or in so esteemed an Ancestral Founder and most, like the upstart House Yerendesh of South Gate, envy us and would do us down at every turn.

What is the difference between men and women?

Men and women have different roles in the hierarchy of Yelm's design, but are utterly vital to each other.

Men are the ruling hand of Yelm, his servants in war, trade and sovereignty. We are the Rays of his Light, and like Yelm, we have to touch upon the earth to beget our bloodlines.

Women are of earth; they are fertility and growth while we are purity and war. Your mother thinks this belief forces women into subservience to men, but she is mistaken, too taken with her Lunar philosophies of "equality" to listen to me on such matters, although she is a good wife in other ways.

Women and men bridge the gap between earth and sky so that Yelm may have a people to rule, his chosen people. But like the fall Lodril experienced when he delved into the earth too deeply and too wholeheartedly, men must refrain from intense earthly pleasures. Do no more than Yelm requires, or else you will be lost like a lowly Lodrili or a filthy Darjiini, forgoing the purity of Yelm's light.

Be wary when you find your future wife: never revel in the lusts of the Earth, maintain your dignity, purity, and distance, or you will forever be lost to the higher light of Yelm. Perform your duty with her and father sons for Yelm, but never with desire. Duty only, duty always: such is our way.

Where do we live?

We live in the great Dara Happan Empire, which so-called "new nobles" call the Lunar Empire after the Red Moon you see in the sky. Our Empire is ancient, vast, and powerful. The heartland of the Empire is Dara Happa, the rich and populous valley of the Oslir River.

Dara Happa is divided into three lands, each ruled from one of the Great Cities of Yelm, the Tripolis. The southern land is

Henjarl, ruled by the hell city of Alkoth where the berserk warriors of Shargash dwell. They are fierce and deadly, but lack our discipline and resolve. The land of Vonlath is in the center of Dara Happa, ruled by Raibanth, once the Imperial capital and still fond of its pretensions. In the north is our land, Esvuthil, ruled from the star tower city of Yuthuppa.

Induppa, jewel of southern Esvuthil, is our home. Our city stands at the confluence of the mighty Oslir and the bountiful Kesteran rivers. Induppa is built within a circular wall, and its streets radiate from the center where sits the Overseer's Palace and Yelm's Temple: the design was laid out by wise Buserian, the first priest, to symbolize the glory of Yelm. Our city is ancient, its walls strong and well maintained, even though our lands have known long peace thanks to the armies of the Emperor. We have not outgrown our walls like teeming Yuthuppa, or let our defenses slide like the newcomers in Red Fish, who steal our fishing rights and pretend to be Dara Happan, though their Houses are mere centuries old. Our House compound sits near the northern gate; here we have a palace, the temple to Urvakus, barracks, warehouses, drill square, garden, and dormitories for the servants.

How do we live?

As a decimarch, I command nine hoplites in battle. For performing my duty, I am allotted food and comforts by the buseri. I am issued a house in the barracks. This is where I have raised you, as did the countless officers of my rank who lived in this house before us. Their souls imbue the house with its martial essence, and their battle trophies decorate its ancient walls. Tradition is all around us, and makes us strong.

Your mother manages our household, and I listen to her in these matters, and so should you.

What is important in my life?

Obedience to Yelm's will and to the orders of your superiors, showing proper respect, and in turn demanding respect from your inferiors. We are the Rays of Yelm, and you must act with the pride, discipline and nobility expected of us.

Who rules us?

The higher Tiers of the House nobles. Our house is ruled by an Eighth Tier noble whom we only see on holy days and great ceremonies, or mounted on a golden horse behind our lines as our regiment goes into battle.

House Emperor Deregash is a mighty man and a great soldier. His radiant authority is derived from a holy proximity to the Emperor and our ancestors that you or I see as a distant but piercing light. Though I have faced a thousand foes in battle, to stand in the presence of Deregash leaves me tongue-tied and weak-kneed. I have great difficulty in not prostrating myself before his glory, even when he orders me to stand easy.

The ruler of Induppa is City Overseer Raidadesh the Stolid, an old ally of our House and a defender of traditional values. It is he who maintains our walls, forbids construction beyond, and keeps the garrison forces in regular training. Our local ruler is the Regional Overseer of Eastern Esvuthil, Keredenesh Shipwright, who has made the region wealthy but has done little for the soldiers and defenses of our land. The Satrap who rules this region is a distant figure living in Lunar Torang: we care



little for his policies or ways, though we give him loyalty and obedience, for the Emperor appointed him. Though the Lunars, such as your mother, say that their Goddess is all, we know that the Emperor is the Avatar of Yelm and *that*, not his Lunar origins, gives him the right of rule. Often the Lunars forget that being Moonson does not always make one Emperor. We do not forget this.

What makes a person great?

Those of the blood of Yelm are great, hence we rule the lesser peoples of Peloria. Within our ranks, some are greater than others. We all follow one or more of the Ten Masteries of Yelm: these are his ways of living, chosen as your life progresses. Each of us also follows the gods in some manner, whether through devotion to a part of Yelm or to one of the many other Celestial cults. We all belong to a house, league, or association. Our Tier rank on the Ten Step Ziggurat of Yelm is thus determined by a combination of those factors.

For example, though I am only a lowly decimarch, I am a devotee of Urvakus and thus a Third Tier noble, the same rank as my Hundred commander, my brother Gerevesh Shieldbearer, who is only an initiate of Vankamant and nothing more. I obey him while in battle, but in social situations I am his equal and act as such.

What is evil?

Rebellion is evil. Not understanding and accepting one's place in the Universe under Yelm is rebellion and all great evil comes from this. When Orlanatus slew Murharzarm, the Emperor, Yelm was shattered. Every Emperor and noble who has faced rebellion has seen terrible suffering and loss as a result. If the foreigners of the barbarian lands only knew their place and accepted Yelm's rule, strife and discord would not exist, and the world would be returned to perfection, the Golden Age. Sadly, they do not yet accept their place nor our rule, and thus we have soldiers and armies, war magic and weapons. We fight them to end rebellion, end evil, and assert the rule of Yelm above all and everything, as it should be, as it shall be.

What is my lot in life?

You are my third son and tradition states that the first son rules, the second is a priest, and the third a soldier. Like you I was a third son and like me you shall take your place in the spears of our House, perhaps as a decimarch in my place or if you aspire to greatness and excel in heroic virtues, maybe higher.

How do we deal with others?

When introduced to other Dara Happans, even those of Alkoth, show respect and courtesy. They are our brothers and we love them.

The Empire beyond Dara Happa is filled with many peculiar peoples, many of whom hate us for our past victories. With them I counsel grave caution: some may be friendly, others harbor a secret lust for vengeance and will assail you with cunning trickery. How will you know? Learn your histories, and be prepared for anything.

Beyond the Empire are foreigners, the deluded followers of Evil. These we deal with on the point of a spear, and never let down our guard or show one ounce of mercy.

Who are our enemies?

The Orlanatus tribes of the barbaric south are now our greatest foes, but in the past Kargzant's nomad riders troubled our land greatly, and they will doubtless do so again. That is why we must always maintain our defenses and skills.

External threats have always been overcome, for we are Yelm's chosen people, but worse than any barbarian army is the threat from within: from arrogant nobles, dabblers in new religions, and unruly peasants. Only unbending adherence to the ways of Yelm can stamp out such scourges.

Who are our gods?

Ask your brother Helemshal: he is a buseri, and knows these things. I am a servant of Urvakus. He is my god, for he is the soul of our Hundred and the fire on the tips of our spears. Until you initiate you cannot know of what I speak, for it is in the heart, beyond mere words. Go, ask your brother, and he will explain.

What else is there to do around here?

The needs of the regiment must be met, from training new recruits, to guarding caravans to distant cities. When not on duty we pray in the temple, bless the table of our family when eating, and compete in sports to maintain our strength and speed. Playing polo makes a man a great rider, but my favorite sport is still shield push: our Hundred has won a dozen trophies in the last ten years.

If you wish to learn more of what it is to be Dara Happa, spend time with your brothers in the library, seek out your peers or superiors and hear their stories and wisdom. Many of our best men gather in the bathhouse or the barracks halls to speak of matters best left behind closed doors, of politics and plans, outrages against Yelm and ways of fighting them. Join us when you are ready.



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The Glorious ReAscent of Yelm

Lore from the Star Seer

Where did the world come from?

First there was One, called Aether: from him came the Many, and from the Many came the One to rule us: Emperor Yelm.

Where did I come from?

Yelm and his brother Lodril, with help from his good wife Dendara, made mountains, cities, animals, and people. They made and ruled the world in which we live today. When Yelm had children with Dendara, his loyal wife, he left the eldest to rule in his place and he was Murharzarm, the second Emperor.

Why do we die?

Murharzarm was slain by rebels who destroyed our perfection and Yelm split into his six parts in his grief. Yelm died and all beings now die, gods or otherwise. This may sound terrible to you and it is! Only his righteous suffering in the Underworld brought the rebels back to obedience when they saw the error of their ways. Thus, from an eternal night we call the reign of Kazkurtum, Yelm reascended and the Empire was recreated as we know it now.

What happens after we die?

We are the rays of Yelm upon the earth and when our earthly vessels die we ascend to the Sky, returning Yelm's light to him. We are judged by his Righteous Gaze in the afterlife. From there we may live eternities in the Celestial Cities of the Sky World or we may be reborn as Yelm decides. It is the way you have used the gift of Light and Life that Yelm has given you in the mortal world that determines your status after death.

Why am I here?

As a noble you are here to serve Yelm and the people you rule. Remember that all of your authority and power is derived from Yelm and he in turn expects you to treat your peasants and servants with true nobility. We lead the lesser peoples with the radiance of our example, with the purity of our essence and the perfection for which we strive.

How do I do magic?

You will worship one of the approved gods, according to your status, and wield his magic. Common people in Dara Happa worship the pantheon and do not initiate into specific cults. The magic they receive is limited, but they have accepted that their role is not to wield magic but to serve. Their empowerment of our ways gives us of the nobility the High Magic, the magic of position.

What is the High Magic? Every time you order a peasant to do something or enter a room, the High Magic is at work. Your position and rank on Yelm's Ziggurat is reflected in your noble aura: all below you in rank can feel it and will be affected by it. Remember how you felt when the Emperor walked past you yesterday on review? How your knees trembled and you desired to prostrate yourself before his noble magnificence? That is the High Magic and it is from Yelm himself—the magic of nobility.

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

...Chaos?

This is the ultimate product of rebellion and is the end of the world. The Lunars claim to control it, but you cannot control rebellion, only destroy it.

...Rebel Gods?

Orlanatus the Rebel slew our First Emperor, aided by other bad and evil gods. He was banished, but returns to plunder us time and again. His rebellion is evil, and he must be destroyed.

...Sedenya?

The ways of the Lunar Goddess are within the purview of Yelm's cosmos, and so she is honored, though like all female deities she can cause great upheavals and must be watched carefully.

...Sorcerers?

Carmanians are sorcerers, and they are evil; some Lunars are sorcerers, and they are misguided. Sorcerers are soulless creatures who cannot see Yelm's light with their hearts, only with their eyes.

...Spirits?

The Darjiini worship spirits and we know what they are like! If you wish to cavort with animals in a field of dung, persist with this curiosity into things that should disgust you!

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

All other races are monsters, and should be tamed or eradicated, for they are the spawn of Kazkurtum.

...Dwarves?

The Iron folk are tolerated for their skills in metal and because they hide away from the light of Yelm, for which we can be thankful. Their god is a valueless thing of metal and stone, without a heart and bereft of the radiant joy of Yelm.

...Elves?

Ah, the tree monsters. Some say they worship Yelm, but I say fire works well with them.

...Trolls?

The digijelm are dangerous monsters, fearsome and magically powerful. Best let the Alkothi fight them for their own darkness renders them immune to much of the power of the Black Ones.

The Ten Gods of War

Yelm has three weapons: the Spear (Hastatus), Bow (Sagittus), and the Mace (Ulkamoon). All three are available to the Ten Gods of War sanctioned by Yelm and his priests. Currently the Ten Gods of War are Shargash the Destroyer, Urvairinus the Conqueror, Elmexdros the Warrior, Yelm-gatha the Hero, Vankamant the Hoplite, Kastokus the Horseman, Erraibdavu the Hunter, Tarnils the General, Anirestyru the Logician, and Karvanyar the Dragonslayer.



The Gods' Wall

The Gods' Wall is our most sacred monument. It was made at the start of the world, stamped into the eternal cliffside at Eggar-lodril, and on it are the 111 gods and goddesses we recognize, from Emperor Yelm and his court down to the lowly and corrupted Bad Deities of Below.

Yelm

Yelm is the Emperor, all that is noble, martial, righteous, and pure. He has six parts to his soul. All humans, even foreigners, have at least one of those parts, and those of us who know Yelm best have more than one, and are thus powerful or pious.

Yelm is so great that none can worship him in his entirety, so we follow the cults of his aspects. Yelm is Noble, Warrior, and Priest; many cults follow a particular aspect of his power and glory. The noblest Houses follow the Emperor-cults: the Imperial ancestor who gives them favor was sanctioned by Yelm, and so their powers of nobility are rooted in Yelm's splendor and right to rule.

Most people gain their magic from knowing their soul part of Yelm or from following the pantheon and worshipping Yelm Ruler of the Cosmos.

Dayzatar

Distant Dayzatar is the light of the Sky World, and is so far beyond even the Sky Dome that he is beyond any mundane concerns. Only the most devoted priests follow him to spend their lives skygazing.

Lodril

The brother of Yelm wallowed in the Earth and was forever exiled from the Sky thanks to his iniquity, yet he has a role to play. The Lodrili, peasants and lower class urbanites, follow Lodril and his many aspects and manifestations, for he is a Great God, potent in war, in earth magic and in the secret fire that can destroy nations when it is unleashed.

Lodril's Ten Sons and Servants are the main gods of supervising and working Lodrili. Without them the cities, irrigation, fields, canals, and ships that we depend on would not exist. Lodril is the solid ground over which our nobility can tower. Respect him as such, but do not let his children forget their place.

Buserian

The god of priests and sky watching, Buserian is the son of Yelm and god of the bureaucracy. Countless scribes, accountants, and wordsmiths follow his many forms and maintain the Empire. It is they who order the Empire, sort its wealth and allot its resources.

Shargash

Shargash is the great and furious son of Yelm who destroyed the world to save it from Kazkurtum. He is the god of Alkoth and the keeper of demons. His people are fierce and deadly, powerful and mad.

Antirius

The Sun above us is Antirius, the part of Yelm that holds his nobility and the Sunspear. All Emperors worship him, as do the nobles of the many Emperor cults. One cannot be a noble in Dara Happa without giving some worship to Antirius, and one cannot worship Antirius without being a noble.

Erissa

Erissa is the White Lady, the most powerful healing goddess in the world, for she serves Yelm. Where she sees hatred, she brings love. Where she senses pain, she brings comfort. Where she finds discord, she brings joy. She healed the hate of the Rebel Gods so that they saw the evil of their ways.

Lokarnos

The Mover is also vital to the Empire; he provides transport for the goods of Dara Happa with his wagons. He is the source of the gold wheel coin, and his cult is in charge of all transactions of Imperial wealth and goods. Some of his newer cult heroes have begun to trade, much like brazen Etyries of the Lunar pantheon, but this is a mistake, and will doom us to the evils of Lunar commercialism.

Dendara

The good wife, Dendara is the goddess of obedient wives. We love her and honor her ways, for she respects her place and the prominence of Yelm.

Oria

Oria is the great goddess of Dara Happa, blesser of all forms of nourishment and mother to countless children. She is the main Lodrili women's deity and we accord her similar value as we do Lodril.

Oslira

Mighty Oslira is the goddess of the river, tamed by Murharzarm and the source of the bounty we call Dara Happa. She is at times turbulent and troublesome, but the Ten Sons and Servants of Lodril control her, and her priesthood is relatively obedient. She too has many children, mostly traders, fishers, and boaters.

Deshkorgos

Deshkorgos is the God of the Underworld, whom Lodril defeated and bound into a prison with the worst of its denizens. He has a role to play as keeper of demons, and his priests are sanctioned, if despised.

