

# Glanthorn

The Glanthon are a folk of the forest, with an innate talent for magic of the wilds, the hunt and the command of birds and beast. Do not let their antlers and deerlike faces trick you: the Glanthon are not a folk to chew idly on greenery. Their jaws have sharp teeth, and any Glanthon would quite happily live on meat for a year, taking such other elements of the diet as needed from spiced meads and rich wines.

## Appearance

The Glanthon are roughly the height of humanfolk, but give an appearance of greater stature as both the males and females sport small crowns of antlers. Their face is superficially deerlike, long and drawn, but they have sharp teeth and their eyes are darkly wolfish. Glanthon skin is covered with an extremely fine layer of pelt, and they differ in colours greatly, from near midnight black, the fawn, tawny colours, browns and the dapple of white or golden chips.

## History

Long ago, the Glanthon lived across many small kingdoms and nine great kingdoms in the wilds and woods of Vasten-Loam. Small wars with humanfolk and other creatures came and went, but the Glanthon either held their domains or grew them. But in the Year 508 of the Second Age of Swords, the most northerly of the kingdoms, Harrows-upon-Shadow fell into bickering with a folk of warlike and magical savages out of the mountains, the Gruagach. The root of the ill was squarely the fault of the Glanthon, though they are wroth to admit it. Because the Gruagach had a kindred with



beasts, many Glanthon discovered they could exert some mastery and control over the folk through use of their ancient arts and charms. Many Gruagach were enslaved and treated as little better than creatures of burden. The attack when it came was vicious: a vast war-alliance of wizard-chiefs descended on the woodland realm of the Glanthon and there was fire and blood. The first of the nine kingdoms fell, and thereafter, a running war raged for three-hundred years: both the Glanthon and the Gruagach are long-lived folk, easily reaching five-hundred years become old age claims them. The war dragged, ebbed and flowed. A turn in the battle came when the Gruagach found arts that protected them from the Glanthon's words of mastery and control. Wooded kingdom after kingdom fell. The Glanthon

retreated until they had but one kingdom left, in the north of the Gloamwood Dells. The vast, shadowy forest was largely the domain of evil spirits of trees, and the Glanthon now found themselves fighting on two fronts. Their numbers were so swollen by refugees from the fallen kingdoms that they needed to built deeper into the woods: this brought them into conflict with the woodland treefolk.

As the enclave of the Glanthon was ringed by swords of iron to the north and claws of wood to the south, the nine royal houses in exile decided on a hard bargain. They sought alliance with Humanfolk, who were still new to the lands, having come out of the east and south within the last thousand years. The Humanfolk lords asked not just for alliance but for gifts and fealty. The Glanthon agreed to the former, giving up ancient

treasures and weapons of old and ancient making, but they balked at the demand for fealty. In the end, agreement was reached: the Glanthon kept their independence but the borders of their realm would be the Gloamwood Dells and never more.

A last battle with the Gruagach was joined on the Bronze Plains to the north of the shadow-woven Gloamwoods. The Humanfolk and Glanthon prevailed. The Gruagach were so utterly routed that they have never been a power in the lands again, but cling only to a few mountaintop fortresses and castellated canyons, hidden and inaccessible.

But the Glanthon found themselves still with an enemy in the woods. The ancient elementals of wood and shadow hated all red-blooded life, including the Glanthon-Folk. A long and tiresome campaign of magic and fire-brands eventually circled the most powerful of the dark treefolk in a valley called now The Dark Heart of the Woods.

As for the alliance with the Humanfolk, it has lasted well-enough. The Glanthon view Humans as short-lived, and although some among them have argued for the armed retaking of the woodland villages and small holdings of humans that now dot the lost Glanthon kingdoms, most hold that Humans are a passing power, a flash in the fire that burns brightly but swiftly and will fade and vanish soon enough.



## Rules

Roll 4d10 and pick three options from the Talent listings below. Multiple rolls increase the Rank of a Talent. If you take the first Talent twice, then you start with the Talent at Rank 2 instead of Rank 1.

1. **Riding Wolf:** You have one of the large white riding wolves that Glanthern use for hunting and war. You will need to list the attributes of the wolf on a Companion Sheet. Rank 2 = Increase your wolf's level to 2. Rank 3 = Increase your wolf's level to 3 (etc).
2. **Wit:** You have the ability to mentally bind one animal of a chosen species to your mind. You cannot control the animal, but you can see through the creature's eyes by concentration and suggest courses of action. Exerting violent mental dominance is possible but will potentially damage the creature's mind, making it listless, lacking in desires and inanimate in habits. Rank 2 = two creatures of the same species may be bound. Rank 3 = three creatures of the same species (etc). If one of your bound creatures is killed you are unable to bind a replacement for a year and a day.
3. **Eyes of Dusk:** You see perfectly well in low light and have good vision in near pitch darkness. Rank 2 = +1 bonus to rolls made when searching or tracking in the wilderness. Rank 3 = +2 bonus (etc).
4. **Beast-charmer:** Animals are friendly to you 1/10. Rank 2 = 2/10. Rank 3 = 3/10 (etc).
5. **Horde-caller:** You can summon a swarm of small creatures, mice, rats, birds and similar to perform a non-combat task such as gathering firewood or even gnawing wood to make a house. You can control the horde for 10 min by concentration but have to rest for 10 min afterwards. Rank 2 = 20 min of control by concentration & 10 min rest afterwards. Rank 3 = 30 min of control by concentration & 10 min rest afterwards (etc).
6. **Hunting Wolf:** You have as a companion one of the hunting wolves that Glanthern have breed with magic to make clever, cunning and strong. Hunting Wolves can speak the Glanthern-Tongue and a smattering Common, and they are unbendingly loyal. You will need to write down the details of the wolf on a Companion Sheet. Rank 2 = two wolves. Rank 3 = three wolves (etc).
7. **Weird of the Beasts:** Any spell you cast that is in the Sphere of Birds and Beasts demands one less Cost than usual. i.e. if the Spell would usually require Three Costs, it instead demands only Two Costs of you. The number of Costs cannot drop below zero. Rank 2 = Spells are reduced by two Costs. Rank 3 = Spells are reduced by three Costs (etc).
8. **Blessings of Nature:** If you are a magician and are Wild-Aspected each ritual you perform restores a bonus +1 Power. Rank 2 = +2 bonus power restored. Rank 3 = +3 bonus power restored (etc).
9. **Hide in Wilds:** You can hide perfectly and undetectably in a wildness 1/10. A standard Test of Skill is also allowed, even if the bonus roll fails. Rank 2 = 2/10. Rank 3 = 3/10 (etc).
10. **Wise to the Ways of Hunters:** Any successful attack against you from a natural animal such as a wolf, lion, bear, eagle, snake or similar has a 1/10 chance of causing no injury. Rank 2 = 2/10. Rank 3 = 3/10 (etc).

## Talents

If you attempt one of the following Sub-Skills you are allowed to roll 4d10 and take the three dice you want instead of the usual 3d10.

- ◆ **Archery** (Affray)
- ◆ **Quickness** (Prowess)
- ◆ **Traceless Passing** (Roving)
- ◆ **Track** (Roving)
- ◆ **Awareness of Wilds** (Roving)

## Troubles

**Dark Heart of the Woods:** At the very heart of the last Glanthorn kingdom is a valley so overhung with leaves and so shrouded in shadows that the sun barely touches the cold soil there. Evil spirits of trees, the Gloamwood Ancients have been confined to this valley, but they are resentful and always seeking ways to regain their forest home. The Gloamwood Ancients have powers of mental command, as well as prophetic visions of all possible futures. The valley is encircled by encampments and walls guarded by Glanthorn warriors, but the Gloamwood Ancients are ever sending dreams and whisperings to outsiders in the hope that they may lure a person into their realm and make a servant of them for the downfall of the Glanthorn.

**Hungering Mist:** The greatest of the Gruagach wizard-chieftains at the Battle of the Bronze Plains gave up his life to lay a lasting curse on the Glanthorn. He used up all the life in his blood to conjure out of the earth the dead shades of all the Glanthorn already dead that day and made out of them a necromantic construct: a terrible billowing fog of black and grey and green. The fog whispered away from the battle to hid in the Gloamwood and there seek the wizard-chieftain's revenge. The Hungering Mist is made up of the tortured ghosts of Glanthorn slain at the Battle of the Bronze plains: to this day it wanders the Gloamwoods seeking lost or lone Glanthorn. Those it finds, it swallows and infests, sucking out the Glanthorn's love, lust, hopes, dreams and desires, and changing the Glanthorn into what the

Gloanthorn call Death-Walkers or Murk-Glanthorn. These are sallow-skinned, red-eyed Glanthorn whose whole mind is turned to the destruction of their fellow kind. Murk-Glanthorn cannot stand the sunlight, so tend to make homes in hidden caves, and there are rumours of a whole city of Murk-Glanthorn hidden somewhere in the woods. The Murk-Glanthorn themselves breed true, so to speak, and when they have offspring they produce more Murk-Glanthorn. Raids and night-attacks are all that the Glanthorn realm has had to suffer thus far, but it is a matter of time before the underworld realm of the Murk-Glanthorn erupts in an attack on the overworld realm they despise and hate.

**The Madness:** The Glanthorn worship a single woodland deity called simply The Goddess. Some say that the powers and arts of the Glanthorn come from an ancient bargain with her, but the price was a sacrifice every seven years. The sacrifice, in fitting with a wildness Goddess, is not ordered and calm. Once every seven years the Glanthorn enter a week of increasingly frenetic and crazed moods until on the Night of the Revels they turn mad and rove about in groups fighting, robbing, looting and destroying. Usually the madness is turned inward, just upon themselves, but slaves and servants who are not of the Glanthorn Folk are liable to be slaughtered or burned alive in orgies of violence, and many of the week, the young and the old among the Glanthorn themselves do not survive the night. Afterwards, when calm sanity returns, there are funerals and mourning, but the Glanthorn view the Madness itself as a price they must pay and they do not question its sense or goodness.

## Views of the Other Folks

**Humanfolk:** *The Glanthorn are an eerie and weird folk. I hear they abduct young lasses*

*for their chambers, and they do say that when the Glanthon are hunting on a moonlit night, lock your doors all so very tight.*

**Puckrel:** *Glanthon? They're an odd lot. Dour. Gloomy. They've not a bone of humour in them. But they pay well enough for an evening's music or illusions. I suppose that makes them not the worst of hosts.*

**Scriven:** *The Glanthon present themselves as a civilised folk with their great woodland halls and towers, but you will find that they barely have a written word among them. Uncouth, if you ask me. A Glanthon wouldn't know what to do with a book of history past using it as fire-tinder. They keep their histories in oral songs, I hear. Not much better than savages for all their calm pretence otherwise.*